Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Oxford, is

story of how, at a diocesan examin-

ation, one of the questions ran thus:

the Litany from which the Church

ment when, instead of the answer,

"False doctrine, heresy, and schism,"

he read the words, "Bishops, priests,

The approach of the Oxford and

"What is the air composed of?"

Theory.

"How much have you saved?"

"I always believed in saving some-

"Oh, I haven't saved anything:

"Please, sir," replied the child,

prays to be delivered."

put this question:-

thing for a rainy day."

but I believe in it."

"oxygen and cambrigen!"

and deacons."

The Humane Hermit.

Once upon a time a traveler discovered a hermit basking in the sunshine at the entrance of his cave. "I presume," inquired the wayfarer "that you were driven to abandon the haunts of men and embark in the hermit profession by reason of the weariness caused by the efforts of other people to pry into

your business?" "Not so!" replied the hermit. "I took to the wilds because I could not restrain my curlosity about other people's business."

Thereupon the traveler bowed low and said, "For once in my life I see a man who possesses a willingness to take the same medicine that he prescribes for others!"

A Good Thing. Ford-Has Suburbs a well-appointed house?

Shaw-He must have. Since he moved out to Loneyhurst, his neighelse when they want to borrow any-Foiled.

Madge-How was it you didn't have a good time at the reception? Marjorie-I heard a story about a girl who was there, but she kept within hearing all the time, and I couldn't tell it to anybody.

Winter Training. "You have more stamina," commented the delighted manager. "Seem to be able to go a longer route. Your winter training must have helped you."

"I think it did," said the star pitcher. "You see, last winter I only did twenty minutes in vaudeville. This winter I was out with a five-act

Inspiration. subjects. New, for instance, what said the young man. "Yes," replied poetry is there in a pork chop?"

Bad Luck! Postman: "Bad luck, Mr. Doolan! Here's a black-edged letter for

Mr. Doolan: "It's me poor brother Pat, dead! Oi'd know his

One Way. Miss Varney was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday school class the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical she

way of returning good for evil." front seats, raised her hand.

Time Serving. an estate was a soft thing."

Avoiding Offense. when the reverse is true?"

Weakest Cog. about your automobile?"

"You can't write verse on some "She's as pretty as a picture," painted, too."



the matter? Smith (faintly): Just done my good deed for today. Took a cigar from a beastly little kid.

Very apt was a description of the jarvey. He had two passengers with him, one of whom lived in a very rich grazing district. He was produce today, sir; yesterday's cigar pipe or coffin nail in three the greatest fool in Christendomastonished at the bleak, miserable storm ripped up I ake Erie something menths. I've lost all desire for the except the mayor. aspect of the country, they were fierce! passing thru, and so began questioning the driver as to its quality, powers of production, and what it would

feed to the acre. "Well, sir." replied the driver, "it might feed a hare to the acre in summer, but in the winter she would have to run for her life."

a story about a northern member of parliament concerning whom tales were in circulation in his constituency to the effect that now and then he took too large doses of alcohol. The member went north to look into this. To his surprise he was met at the railway station by a brass band and a cheering crowd of his supporters. His chairman of committee shock him warmly by the

"Now about this story-" began the member. "Not a word about that," whispered the chairman of committee; "it's made you the most popular man in the place."

An old worthy who was in the habit of calling each evening at the village inn for a "drap o' the best," found the landlord one night putting a shine on the taps. After a few remarks about the weather, he received his nightly dram. When he had gone the landlord discovered, to his horror, that he had supplied Donald with a half-gill out of the bottle of sulphuric acid which he had been using for cleaning the taps. Every moment he expected to hear of Donald's death, and his relief was great when the old worthy arrived next evening.

"Donald, what did you think o' the whisky ye got last night?" "It was a fine dram, a good warming dram, but it had wan faultevery time I coughed it set fire to ma whiskers."

The Easiest Way. Joe: "What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?" Josephine. "Hold the hammer in ootn nands."

She (fluttering visibly): "Oh, did

He: "Yes. He has been owing our firm a little bill for some time." Wouldn't Do. "Why did you break your engagement to Cholly?"

mustaches that kept brushing my complexion off." Benevolence. Why does an automobile smell?"

To safeguard the deaf and blind,"

"He has one of these whiskbroom

In Luck. He .-- I call Dale a lucky fellow. She. -In what way? He .-- He fell in love with the first

Tweedly?" "Oh, he opened a shop." was caught in the act."

"Now, suppose, children, one of

"Then," said Elizabeth firmly, bors never think of going anywhere "he would strike you again to get another apple."

there were ladies present. "Why,' he at length exclaimed." ingenuously, "should I say 'hello'

"What's most liable to get broke "The owner," replied Mr. Chug-

the young woman, with a glance at "I can see you've never been real her rival's complexion, "and hand-



GOOD DEEDS AND HAL WEEDS.

Waiter, you made a mistake-I ord- smoking." ered a clear soup.

He-A poet is born, not made! She—That's right! Blame if on the

He-Since you lost that bet, I think I can claim the forfeit. She.-I really don't know what you Mr. W. M. R. Pringle, M.P., tells mean; and, besides, some one might

girl he married.

"What became of that fellow "Doing well?" "No-doing time. He

handwritin anywhere!"

your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple. That would be one A litle girl, sitting in one of the "Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher. "what is it?"

"What are you making such a fuss about? I thought being executor of "Perhaps it is sometimes, But I have to wind up the affairs of a clockmaker."

The man glared at the telephone. He would fain relieve his mind, but



The Sympathizer (to fellow-scout in distress): Hullo, Smith, what's

"Good morning." Several months later: Beyond Control. wilds of Mayo, given by an Irish Guest (in Buffalo restaurant) - have cured myself of the habit of for not conforming to ancient cus-

"Sure of that?" Waiter-That's the clearest we can "Absolutely. I haven't smoked a serving that he thought the landlord

weed."

"Yes; and you owe me just ten dollars. Remember our little wager?" "I do. You win. But my bill is twenty dollars. You owe me a tener, young chap. . . . Thanks. | Good morning."

"Eh?" everything when his ship comes in."

Her Line of Interest. "John, did you read about this Denver millionaire giving his wife a keeper, with a hopeful expression. diamond tiara?"



Disgusted Spectator (to bandy-legged half-back, who has let the ball slip thru his legs): "Na then,

Some Fish. Cook: "The gang has the laugh

on Beambrough.' Frye: "What's the idea?" Florida, he sent what he said was a postcard picture of a big fish he

caught." Frye: "Is that so?" Cook: "Yes; but, you know, he is a brifle nearsighted, and the postcard he picked out bore the picture

of a submarine boat." The Source. Mr. Hoyle was a most indulgent father, but of late he had commenced to think that his son Arthur was taking advantage of his generosity. "Why, when I was your age, young man,' he said one morning,

after a particularly urgent demand for more funds, "I dion't have as nauch money to spend in a month as you spend in a day." "Well, dad, don't scold me about it," said the youth. "Why don't you go for grandfather?" Heroic, but Effectual.

"Doctor," said the young man about town, "I want you to tell me what to do to cure myself of smoking. I've sworn off a dozen times, but it does no good. I'm a nervous wreck." "Why do you come to me for advice, young chap? The only way to quit smoking is to quit, and you can't do that. You lack the will

BOWCI. "Think so?" "I know it. I'll bet you ten dollars on it-and leave it to you." "It's a bet, doc. Good-morning."

gently that you don't know it all. I

"That's good!"

Overdue Now. "How is DeFer financially?" "All at sea."

"He says he's going to pay up

you keep posted on current events?"

The Only Way.

Women are the real conservatives. endowed with a keen sense of humor, after all. If they can't do things and is rather fond of telling the Cook: "When Beanbrough was in the way they've always done 'em, they are likely not to do 'em at all: Which wise reflection is prompted by a story from the athletic club.

A large crowd of the wives and unmarried sisters of the members were taking advantage of the bath. ing-pool facilities the other lafternoon. There were so many of them that they had to dress in relays. It was while the third section was dressing that a cry went up from one of the dressing-rooms. "What's the matter, dear?" called

"Why, I don't believe I'll be able to get dressed in time to go shoping with you," wailed a voice in re-

"What ceems to be the trouble?" "The floor is so wet in here that I can't sit down to put my stockings on!'

Exceptions, Foote, the comedian, dined one day at a country inn, and the landlord asked how he liked his fare. "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except the mayor," cried the

"I except nobody." said he. "But you must!" screamed the "I won't!"

"You must!" At length a petty magistrate took Foote before the mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of "Doc. I've come to break it to you years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling tom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time ob-

Had Better Keep Mum. One acternoon the bookkeeper employed by a certain concern bulged into the private office and timidly approached the desk of the

"Mr. Jinks," said he, after some hesitation, "during the past week I have been doing the clerk's work as well as my own, and this being payday, I thought I would remind you of that fact." "Let me see," responded the boss thoughtfully. "You make ten dollars a week and the clerk makes five

dollars. Is that right?" "Yes, sir," answered the book "Good!" smiled the boss. "Then, as I figure it out you made half a "It's in all the papers. Why don't week for yourself and half a week for the clerk. I will tell the eashier to fix the amount at seven dollars and fifty cents.'

Mistress: "It is perfectly disgust-

ing. If you continue like this I shall

Servant: "And a good job too.

have to get another servant."

Two servants would be none 100 many for this house." The Real Question. "My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?" "Why," said the son ,irreverently,

"I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?" Marcella: "Mr. Beanborough seems to be greatly bothered with indigestion." Waverly: "I should say so! He refused to attend a moving-picture

show the other evening because one of the scenes had a banquet in it." Landlord: "That feller who just swaggered past? Oh, that's Bill Brown, an' he's a terror to autymobilists, I tell you'

Landlord: "Worse; he's the chly motor-repair man within ten miles." "To what do you attribute your longevity?", asked the reporter. "My which?" queried the oldest

First British Workman: "I see

"Never had it. As far as I can

stairs must be several miles long!" Occupant of Office: "Why didn't

Cyrus: "Not much! I jes see one of 'em full o' people fall down that hole there!" Lame Duck: "Did you see the look that chaperon gave us?"

Lame Drake: "She must thing we

are doing one of those new, vulgar

Not For Him.

dances." Or Just Right. Tommy: "Pa, what is an anom-

for his neck.'

Hocked. Freshman: "Why don't they wear watches with full dress?

Dormite: "No one could get them Another View. "Muh po', b'reaved brudder," consolingly said good old Parson Bagster, addressing the newly made

widower, "it is a solemn thing when

a man loses de wife o' his buzzom."

Meeks. "But sometimes it's a heap

"Yessah." replied skimpy Brother

sight solemner when he don't."

All Off! The insane patient was seemingly fishing. A bent pin on a bit of twine, tied to what had once been an umbrella handle, was dangled above a dishpan absolutely dry within. And every once in a while the poor fellow would glance down at the floor beside his chair and "Name the three evils mentioned in move his hand as if caressing some-

thing. "What's he think he's doing?" Judge of the examiner's astonish- asked the visitor. "Catching fish for his pet pelican there at his side," replied the at-

tendant. "But there isn't any pelican." "Well, there aren't any fish."

The bride was overwhelmingly Cambridge boat race reminds one of pleased with the progress she was Lord Avebury's story of the small making in cooking, and hubby was child at an east-end school. The always so encouraging and so kind class had been having some instruc- in making excuses if by any chance tion in elementary science, such as she did make a mistake when guests that air is composed of oxygen and were present. This same opinion of nitrogen, and so on. The examiner her forbearing husband might have continued indefinitely had she not inadvertently made use of a bit of slang. Noticing that Harry was a trifle downcast when the dinner was about half over she exclaimed. gayly: "Cheer up, Harry, the worst

is yet to come!' Her husband glanced up quickly and, with a despairing look, inquired: "What! have you made a

BE THEN TO ANY MY

meaning or conscience, asked a class

mouth, and someone came in-what

would happen?"

make it do that?"

small voice.

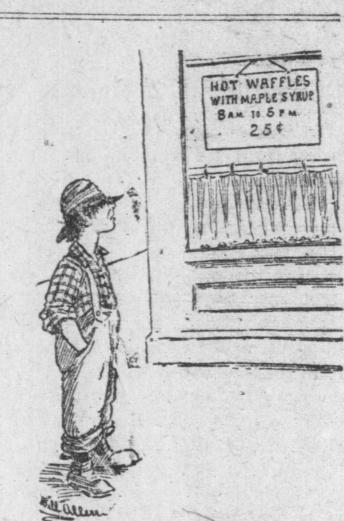
Sages assembled in the black-

smith's shop were discussing tha Cyrus (entering a sixteenth-floor veracity of old John Perkins, when office of the Syndicate Building. Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in. perspiring and panting)-Them "What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you come up in one of the elevators

you call John Perkins a liar?" "Well," answered Uncle Bill, slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much-when feedin' time comes, in order to obtain any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em

for him." This is from Australia: "Gentlemen, a member of this house has taken advantage of my absence to tweak my nose behind my back. J Pa: "An anomaly, my son, is a hope that the next time he abuses poet with a collar that is too small me behind my back like a coward he will do it to my face like a man, and not go skulking into the thicket to assail a gentleman who isn't pre-

sent to defend himself."



EASTER MORNING "Gee, nin e hours! I wonder how long they'd let ye eat for a nickel?"

Just a Skirt. "Did you pass the make-up?" "No; she must have turned down a side street."

Proverbial. "Why is little WAlie painting a big T-I-M-E on his kine?" "He wants to make sure it will What She Gave.

"Ah!" he sighed. "if you only gave

me the least hope I-" "Gracious!" interrupted the hardhearted belle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave to any man." "I have eggs as cheap as thirty cents, ma'am, but I wouldn't guar-

antee 'em."

silence.)

"Well, send me a dozen, please. They'll do to lend the neighbors." "I represent the dignity of labor." said the man in his shirt sleeves. "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax: "and you can work in your shirtsleeves and speak your mind, and quit work when your regular hours are thru. I've got to wear a high

and keep busy sixteen hours a day. I represent the labor of dignity." "You 'air's getting thin, sir. Let me sell you-" "That's all right. I put something on it every morning." "May I ask what you put on it,

hat and guard every word I speak.

"Where will Mrs. Dobs go now" and that both her daughters are married? To her son-in-law's house in Birmingham, or to that of her son-in-law in Leeds?" "One wants her in Birmingham A clergyman visiting a school near and the other wishes she would go

"My hat!" (Operation finished in

Wife: "I wonder if Mr. Van Dusen Windsor, and trying to illustrate the - to Leeds." 'What dutiful sons-in-law!" "I beg your pardon. The one in Birmingham wants her in Leeds; the "Supposing one of you stole a one in Leeds wants her in Birmingpiece of sugar and put it in your ham."

Stonemason (in witness-box de-

"I'd get a thrashing," piped a scribing assault): "He walks into my yard and rams me up agen one o' "Yes, but your face would be- me own tombstones." come red, wouldn't it? What would Counsel: "Did he hurt you?" Stonemason: "Hurt me! Why. I've "Trying to swallow the sugar got Sacred to the memory of



"Oh, look, Bill, what a shame—the arms are broke off."

"Yus: wonder whether the Suffragettes done it?"

The Dentist's Daughter (anxious to explain the presence of a young

man in the passage): Oh, Ronald darling, here's father coming. Quick.

You'll have to say you've come to have a tooth out.

Another One Dissatisfied.

Husband: "Oh, yes! Van Dusen

wasn't always married, I don't

To Music.

"Here, waiter!" said the rude

man in the cafe. "Tell the orches-

"Yes, sir. Might I inquire why?"

"I want to hear the Toreador

tra to play 'Carmen' while I eat this

hasn't seen better days?"

beefsteak."



ENCOURAGING HOME INDUSTRIES. The Sculptor's Maid-of-All-Work (to importunate image-vendor):

Nah, git. You 'eard. Bung orf. We makes them things! How It Was. "Your wife used to like to sing. He: "I called to see your father and she played the piano a lot. Now

we don't hear her at all. How's "She hasn't the time. We have two children." "Well, well! After all, children

are a blessing!"

Something Harder. "There's nothing so hard to ride as a young bronco," said the west

"Oh. I don't know." replied the

man from back east. "Did you ever

try the water wagon??"

"Oh, Will," she said, moving a trifle closer to him, "I am so glad you are not rich! 'They say that some of those millionaires receive threatening letters saying that some-

to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?"

thing dreadful will nappen to them if they don't pay the writers sums of money." "Oh, is that all? replied Will.

"Why, I get plenty of such letters." "Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I mean-I've known you long enough She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze.

"Yes, I the It you have," she said.

"What prefix do you wish to sub-

stitute?"

Guest: "Aha! the village constable, eh?" inhabitant. "Your longevity," repeated the

remember, I ain't never had no such complaint."

it says 'ere a workingman in France 'as just woke up aht ov a trance larstin' seventy-seven days, an' tho 'is wife repeatedly called 'im by name 'e was oblivious to the fac' that she was there" Second British Workman: "Mar-

velous! Wot a gift, "Erb."