

TWICE-TOLD TALES

DECORUM

A country girl returned from her first year at college. An old beau called and found her quite superior. He asked for a tale of her college days and was told to say "narrative". Later on he remarked that if he didn't put the window down the wind might "put the lamp out". "Why don't you say 'extinguish'?" she asked him.

Soon they heard a racket outside. The young man rushed out. After a long while he returned breathless, saying that he had found a pig in the yard and the young lady's father trying to get it out.

"Well, what did you do?" he was asked.

"Oh!" he replied, "I caught it by its narrative and extinguished it!"—*New York Post*.

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James Ross and his daughter Janet, from Canada, visited relatives in Chicago recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sight-seeing, always together.

Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go downtown alone some time, jokingly adding, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Aye, ahnty, but he wahnts me," explained Janet earnestly. "He canna thole to stir out o' the hoose his lane. Ye warnna beleeve ho fasht he is onywhere wi-oot me. Ye see, father taa'ks sic braid Scoatch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a' about, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the converrsin."—*Everybody's*.

THE CAPTAIN'S HOBBIES

"Cuss me if I know what to send?" ejaculated Pte. Stubbs, Capt. Licker's flunkey.

"Wot's up?" queried Pte. Green.

"Why, 'ere's my bloke tells me he's off on a little trip in the mountains while on furlough, and asks me to send his drawing materials."

"Well, that's plain enough. You know what a hartistic chap he is."

"Yus; but we know he's something else, too! Ye see, I'm wondering if it's only a corkscrew wot he wants!"

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VAIN POMP

A diner at a dinner in Nice said of New York's new rich:

"It is incredible how many servants these people have tumbling over one another. Pass their palaces of pale limestone fronting the park and you'll see a lackey at every window and two at every door.

"They tell a story about a Fifth Avenue food king, who, blustering into the house at four o'clock in the morning, growled:

"'Hello, where's all the servants?"

"'If you please, sir,' the butler answered respectfully, 'when it came three o'clock I thought you was spendin' the night out, and ventured to send most of the footmen off to bed, sir.'"

"'Humph,' growled the food king. 'Ventured to send 'em off to bed, eh? Fine piece of impudence! Suppose I'd happened to bring a friend home—then there'd only have been you seven to let us in.'"—*Washington Star*.