



THE EASIEST WAY
 Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston wouldn't let Frances Starr play in that city in Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way."

The young lady had a conference with the Mayor about it. The Mayor was firm.

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Miss Starr, "next year I'll come back with a play you can't object to."

"We shall be glad to see you, Miss Starr," said the Mayor. "What will that play be?"

"Why, I am going to have that book, 'How to Know the Wild Flowers' dramatised."—*Saturday Evening Post.*



"Oh, you've heard it before."
 "Well, not exactly the same."

—*J. gend*

SHIFTING THE BLAME

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."—*Success.*

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"Party gowns will be cut lower in the back this year."

"Is that so? Then we'll have to make our belts narrower."—*Toledo Blade.*

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UNCOMMON SENSE

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place.

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More Poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."—*Everybody's.*