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In Lighter vein.

The Uselessness of It.

The doctor—"Isn't it painful to think of the —?"
The professor—"I presume it is. Let us not think of it."

Unwilling Victim.

"Darn this paternalism!" grumbled the man in the loud check suit, as the officer sternly warned him not to go on board the floating poolroom. "After a while they won't let a man have a chance to lose any money at all in this town!"

After a Fashion.

"Senator, I congratulate you. I understand you have been vindicated." "Triumphantly, Johnson. At the first trial the jury disagreed. At the second trial my lawyers found a flaw in the indictment, and the case was thrown out of court."

Vaulting Ambition.

"I suppose, Willie, when you are a man you are going to be an auctioneer like your papa," remarked the caller. "I expect to be an auctioneer," said the little boy with the large head, "but not one like father. He has neither the vocabulary nor the faculty of unique and original expression that a man in his vocation should possess."

The Professor.

"That spendthrift nephew of mine," said the doctor, "is so good for nothing that sometimes I am tempted to operate on his skull with an augur to see if I can find out what is the matter with him." "Don't do that," advised the professor. "Use a silver instrument on him. Cut him off with a shilling."

The Worm Turns.

Garrulous Acquaintance—"Aren't you sometimes afraid that a day will come when you will have written yourself out and will have to quit and go at something else for a living?" Borus (struggling author)—"My dear sir, such an idea is wholly fallacious. You have been talking for fifty years, and you haven't talked yourself out yet, have you?"

Anything for an Excuse.

Mr. Tyresum had buttonholed him at a street corner. "Say, Ruggles," he said, "I haven't told you about my trip to Portland." "I'd like awfully well to hear about it," said Ruggles, glancing at his watch, "but I'm in a hurry just now, I'm getting ready to go on my vacation." "Glad to know it. When do you start?" "Er—week after next."

Paris vs. Evansville.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has a good story of an Indiana man whose birthplace, Evansville, will ever keep a loving memory in his heart. Some years ago this faithful son of Indiana was enabled, by reason of an inheritance, to take a trip abroad. Upon his return the Evansville people were anxious to have his impressions of "furrin parts," a wish with which the traveller obligingly complied. "Tell us all about Paris," some one finally suggested. "Paris," observed the Evansville man, gravely, "is certainly a wonderful place, gents—all things considered, a wonderful place. But," he added, thoughtfully, "Evansville for pleasure."

Beyond Human Ken.

Owing to the numerous breakdowns on the track ahead of it, the Halsted street car was nearly an hour behind time. A passenger with a suit case hastily climbed aboard at a crosstown line intersection. "Is this car going downtown?" he asked. "If it be the will of heaven," answered the conductor, pale but calm, "it is—but there's a wabbling wheel on that daddledy dag-goned beer wagon just ahead, and I'm betting we're going to have another durned breakdown in about a minute."

Lafe Ollet's Witty Retort.

Everybody is laughing at a jeu d'esprit attributed to Mr. Lafe Ollet, a distinguished senator from a certain western state. "Senator," said a waggish friend, assuming an aspect of unearthly solemnity and stopping him on the sidewalk the other afternoon, "I should like to ask you an important question." "What is it?" he asked. "It is this: When is a door not a door?" "When it's a pompadour," retorted the senator, without a moment's hesitation, removing his hat and exhibiting the hirsute adornment that stands straight up from his ample forehead. It is scarcely necessary to add that he gave the "o" in the last syllable of the word its long sound.

Hot One on Mr. Twig.

There is much amusement in official circles in Washington over an extremely droll story related of Secretary Twig, who occupies an important position not entirely unconnected with the state department. It may be said, in confidence, that he is preparing for a semi-official visit to the South American republics. Before he returns he will make a personal inspection of the Panama canal, so far as there is anything to inspect. Knowing this, a friend called on him a few mornings ago and jestingly asked him: "Mr. Secretary, do you expect to do any actual digging?" "That is what I am doing now," instantly answered Secretary Twig, signing his name to a check in payment of laundry bill.

Discouraged.

Full of years and honors, and possessing a competence, Judge Wraxham had retired from the bench, built a fine new dwelling in a desirable part of town, and moved into it. With lamentable short sightedness, however, he built it close to one edge of his lot, and before he had occupied it a year an enterprising capitalist erected a three storey apartment house on the adjoining lot, close up against the judge's mansion, and completely shutting off the light from that side of it. No member of the family took this more to heart than his youngest son, Clifford. One Sunday, not long after this calamity had begun to take shape, Clifford's Sunday school teacher was endeavouring to impress upon the class the necessity of living up to the ten commandments. "Do this, boys," she said, "and some day you will have a mansion in the skies." "Aw, what's the use?" said Clifford. "Somebody'll build a flat alongside it!"

Uncle Ned's Philosophy.

The landlord finds the feller with a rent in his coat seldom has it in his pocket. The woman that sheds the most tears

ain't always the one that feels the most grief.

The good thing about truth is, it don't have to waste time going round corners.

Unless a feller's got a good memory he's an awful fool to start lying. Sympathy has never filled a hungry stomach.

The rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gathers an awful lot of bumps.

The early bird may catch the worm, but he loses an awful lot of sleep.

Rob dollars by wholesale an' hand out dimes by retail an' you'll be a philanthropist.

Tell secrets to your friends an' it won't cost you a cent for advertising.

The way to stop divorce is to teach the women folk how to cook.

There's nothing on earth will keep a woman's mouth closed as well as a homely set of front teeth.

If every one in the world turned honest some fellers would kick because there was no one to steal their money.

If water was ten dollars a quart, all the common drunks would break their necks to get it.

When a feller makes an ass of himself he must expect to be ridden.

If God took words for deeds, Heaven would be full and the Devil would close up shop.

How Edison Smokes.

Mr. Edison once complained to a man in the tobacco business that he, the inventor, could not account for the rapidity with which the cigars disappeared from a box that he always kept in his office. The "Wizard" was not inclined to think that he smoked them all himself.

The tobacco man suggested that he make up some cigars—"fake" them, in other words—with a well-known label on the outside.

"I'll fill 'em with horsehair and hard rubber," said he. "Then you'll find that there will not be so many missing."

"All right," said Mr. Edison, and he forgot all about the matter.

Several weeks later, when the tobacco man was again calling on the inventor, the latter suddenly said:

"Look here! I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars." "Why, I did!" exclaimed the other, in hurt surprise.

"When?" "Don't you remember the flat box with the green label—cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?"

Edison smiled reflectively. "Do you know," he finally said, in abashed tones "I smoked every one of those cigars myself!"

Dowdy, After All.

In a London milliner's shop a lady, accompanied by a patience-tried friend, was fidgeting among the hats with little idea of what she wanted. In fact, she was not quite sure whether she wanted a hat at all. Another customer was trying on hats near by when a most humorous situation arose.

After trying on nearly every model in the shop, the lady pounced with glee on one she had overlooked.

"Now this is something like!" she said. "Why didn't you show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?"

The friend distinctly sniffed. "It makes you look a hundred, and it's very dowdy," she said.

The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted, "perhaps I won't risk it, after all."

A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you've quite done with my hat," it said, very bitterly, "I should rather like to put it on."

Anecdotal.

The Archbishop of Dublin recently performed a marriage in the family of a wealthy Irish distiller. After the breakfast the distiller thanked the archbishop effusively for his share of the proceedings, and said to him as he

took leave, "The Lord 'And with thy spirit,' have been the rejoinder."

On one occasion the in introducing A. E. F. he could abide neither historian, said: "I rise pleasure to propose the eminent neighbor, Mr. historian, a man whose personal characteristics depicted for us the sad of our first forefathers."

A London newsboy, tomed to shout "Extra ing, recently had a ver became hoarse. Feeling disadvantage, he carried in front of him, on roughly written: "Hus nuisance! I can't sho but I have them all th did not take the boy l his stock of papers t passers-by."

While a temporary so United States, Wong asked a question rega quity of his family. with naive modesty a merry twinkle in his e is new in China; in nothing to boast of as lishment in that countr been there only 2,500 come from a place to east of the Caspian Sea.

"In South America," turned traveller, "ther species of fish which is a set of embryo limbs at times able to hop a and even to climb tre that this is the only ins fishes that can travel o I don't know," comm man. "Right here States I have known fi thousands of miles ov don't say! May I ask y they are?" "Canned s

"Once, in Banbury," kuown American oys dined with an English f ham for dinner, a very baked. The farmer's so his portion and passed "More 'am, father," father frowned. "Don' he said, 'say 'am!' ' the lad protested, in a "You said 'am!' cried th "Am's what it should be In the midst of the se mer's wife turned to n deprecatory laugh and think they're saying 'an

"Why Tommy, you your spelling test."

"No, pa." "Why not, will you?" "Well, you see, pa, tween the new and th cause I couldn't mak whether to side with stick to the President confused and mixed u

When it was propos to allow a man to doctor's degree, at O ly writing two essay celebrated metaphysi down and handed to cillors this doggerel:

"The degree o 'Tis propos To an A doub By a double

What ship has two captain? Courtship.

Time tries all th Bickle's Anti-Consum stood the test of year as a leading specific i of all ailments of lungs. It will soft the most stubborn co the irritation, and rest organs to healthy c will show its value convinced of its effi