

In a Lighter Vein

In a certain public school is a little girl pupil who is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography, and it seems impossible to teach the study to her. The other day her teacher, made impatient, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however.

"And did your mother read the note, Rosie?" said the teacher.
 "Yes, ma'am," was the reply.
 "What did she say?"
 "My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography, an' you didn't get married."

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her.

The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her:
 "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."

Ban Johnson, president of the National League, tells of his experience in a New York restaurant.

"While attending a conference in the East," relates the baseball magnate, "I was presented with a handsome Boston terrier. That night, accompanied by my four-footed friend, I visited an up-town cafe. Presently a waiter, formerly from Chicago, accosted me, and announced, 'No dogs allowed. You'll have to take him out.'"

"Come, come, old man," I replied, "he's offending no one."

"Can't serve people who have dogs, I tell you!" continued the waiter wrathfully, collecting an armful of dishes from an adjoining table. "You'll have to get out!"

"Just then a friend of mine dropped in, and said in a cheery tone: 'Well, well, Ban, glad to see you! How's baseball?'"

"Before I had time to reply, I was startled by the crashing of dishes. Turning quickly I beheld the waiter rushing toward me with outstretched hands.

"Hel-lo, Ban!" he exclaimed, cordially, slapping me on the back; "Didn't know you! What'll you have—what'll the dog have?"

Attorney General Jackson of New York was criticising in Albany a certain excuse that had been offered him. "It was a slim excuse," he said. "It reminds me of the excuse of the lightning rod agent.

"In the days when all the world swore by lightning rods, a farmer had two costly ones put upon the new barn. But only a week or two later there came a violent thunderstorm, the barn was struck, and in a few hours all that remained of it was a heap of charred black refuse.

Next day the farmer sought out the lightning rod agent.

"Fine lightning rods you sold me!" he shouted. "Here's my new barn been struck and burned to ashes!"

"What?" said the agent. "Struck by lightning?"

"Yes, sir; by lightning."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night. Last night."

"The agent's puzzled frown relaxed a little.

"Ah," he said. "It was a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was," said the farmer. "It was pitch dark."

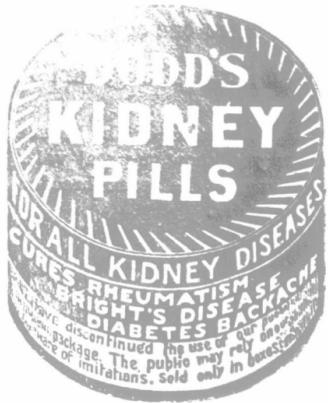
"Were the lanterns burning?"

"What lanterns?"

"The agent looked amazed, incredulous.

"Why," he said, "you don't mean to tell me you didn't run up lanterns on the roof on dark nights?"

"I never heard of such a thing," shouted the farmer. "Run lanterns up! Why



"Well," said the agent, "If you don't know enough to keep your lightning rods showing you can't blame me." — *Buffalo Enquirer.*

When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young congressman from Tennessee whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor.

"I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."

"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean.

Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered: "My Little Nell."

"Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you."

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"I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story. 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' sir," retorted Dickens, flushing.

"Oh!" said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"

A professor in the University of Berlin who came over here a year ago was much surprised the first time when he travelled in a sleeping car to be asked by the porter for his berth ticket. "My berth ticket?" he said. "I have my passport, I have my letter of credit, and I have even in my trunk my certificate of vaccination; but the railway company should want my berth ticket, I do not see." "But," said the porter, "I must know whether you have lower or upper berth." "Upper, of course," said the German. "Look at my passport; does it not say 'Well and highly born'?" — *President Hadley in 'Yale Alumni Weekly.'*

Little Margie on her first visit to a farm was told to wander about the farm and search for eggs. Some time later the child returned almost in tears.

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dearie?" asked her mother.

"No," replied Margie, wearily. "I think it's mean, too, 'cause lots of hens were standing around doing nothing." — *'Lippincott's.'*

"Good morning," said the claim agent, cheerfully, to the patient with a broken leg and a head in bandages. "I have good news for you. Yes, sir. The company feels sorry for you. It is willing to forgive and forget. Soulless? Why, man, it's all soul."

"Ready to pay about five thousand?"

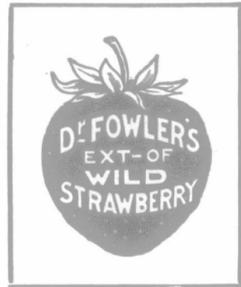
"No-o, not exactly that. But I am authorized to sign its agreement not to prosecute you for letting yourself get thrown on the right of way and blocking rush-hour traffic." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

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RECENT CURES BY D.D.D. IN CANADA

Mrs. Sarah E. Hollingsworth, Picton, Ont., writes: "Every other remedy I had tried would help for a while, but D.D.D. cured completely. It also cured a friend of mine who suffered untold agony before using it, and whom no doctor could help."

Mrs. Henry Harvey, Black Lake, P. Q., Canada, says: "I had been a sufferer from facial eczema for about ten years. I was treated unavailingly by several doctors and remedies. About two years ago I saw D.D.D. advertised. I at once decided to give it a trial and sent for a sample bottle, which cured me in a couple of weeks, and I have not had it since. D.D.D. has been a god-send to me as well as many others."

Mrs. William Fox, Chancery Lane, Brockville, Ont., Can., says: "Gladly I give you consent to use any letter I may have sent in praise of your wonderful D.D.D. Prescription. My little daughter's head still remains clear of the horrid scaly disease. Her father and I both notice how much brighter she is and her light hair is simply beautiful, so thick and glossy, after six years of suffering. It seems wonderful that less than four bottles of D.D.D. should have cured her after so much money spent on the X-Ray treatment, failed."

J. Gillespie, 570 Beverly St., Whitby, Ont., Can., says: "I have found in my own case, D.D.D. does all that is claimed for it."

Mrs. Wm. Noxon, King St., Peterborough, Ont., Can., writes: "I have used D.D.D. Prescription and I feel safe in recommending it to all skin sufferers as a remedy. I suffered so much from eczema that I knew of D.D.D. that I had never heard of before. I am so grateful for what it has done for me. Sign the coupon and get your free sample bottle. I am sure that many others are so grateful."

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