

To Hold Her On.

The following story is told of President Roosevelt. Once he had to recite an old poem beginning:

"At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supplication
Should tremble at his power."

He got only as far as "When Greece, her knee," when he stopped. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee" and then he broke down.

The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and remarked, "Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go then."

Her "Kismet."

A fashionable woman had a bit of statuary bearing the inscription "Kismet." A housemaid dusting the room asked her mistress:

"Share, ma'am, what's the m'anin' of the 'ritin' on the bottom of this?"

"Oh, you mean 'Kismet.' It means 'fate,'" replied the mistress.

Bridget was limping painfully when out with her sweetheart not long afterwards, and he asked:

"What's the matter, Bridget?"

"Faith," was her answer, "I have the most terrible corns on me kismet."

The Foxy One.

Mrs. Knewbryde was in tears. "You have forgotten already," she sobbed. "You don't care for me any more! You—"

"But what have I forgotten, dearest? Tell me!"

"This is my birthday, and you haven't brought me any present, or said a word about it, and—"

"Nonsense, darling, I remembered it perfectly, but I didn't want to remind you that you were a year older."

And peace and happiness reigned again.

Too Big For His Job.

Admiral Falkersahm, a Russian commander who lost his life in the recent sea fight with Japan, was of great physical proportions and one of the jolliest men personally.

Some years ago he was put in command of a torpedo-boat, but found that he could not get into his cabin, the aperture leading thereto being too small to permit the passage of his huge bulk. He communicated with the admiralty authorities regarding the matter, but for a time they regarded his appeal as a joke and Falkersahm had to pass his nights on deck until he was transferred to a more suitable vessel.

Most Unkindest Cut.

With reference to the humors of country "society" reporting, Mr. Melville Stone, of the Associated Press, tells of the account of a wedding published in a Kansas paper.

One Juror.

"Some years ago, while I was residing at Visalia," remarked Attorney William H. Alford, "I was called to Hanford to defend a petty offender in a justice's court. The defendant had demanded a jury trial, and we put in half a day trying to get a jury, only to find out at the end of that time that we had one lone juror in the jury box."

"Well, I'm willing to try the case with one juror," said the attorney for the prosecution.

"So am I," I declared.

"And we proceeded with the trial. The arguments were howlingly funny, for the reason that the attorney for the prosecution persisted in addressing the lone juror as 'gentlemen of the jury,' and I succeeded in swelling the jury with a feeling of pride and satisfaction by some timely comment on the self-evident honesty, intelligence and integrity of the body. I really thought I had that lone juror won. Then the constable led him out to the jury room, where he might deliberate with himself. In twenty minutes the jury returned with the announcement that no agreement could be reached."

"What!" thundered the justice of the peace. "You get back there again and reach a verdict!"

"The jury was out twenty minutes more."

"The jury disagrees," was the announcement, when the court asked the lone juror if he had arrived at a verdict. "You see, it's like this," he went on to explain. "When I consider the testimony of one side I want to find the defendant guilty, and when I consider the testimony of the other witnesses I want to discharge him. I can't agree with myself."

"And the jury was discharged."

Naturally.

"Three balls!" called out the umpire. "Now's your chance to soak it, mein friend!" yelled an excited pawnbroker in the grand stand to the batsman.

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