

## WIT AND HUMOR

The city chap who had got work as extra farm-hand during the harvest was not quite able to respond to the four o'clock pounding on his bedroom door the first morning as promptly as he had anticipated. He lingered among the sheets for a quarter of an hour past the appointed time and then dragged himself out, and by half-past four he was stumbling across the field where the old farmer was hard at work. "Fine morning," said the newcomer, briskly. The old fellow lookd up sourly. "Yes," he grunted; "it was."

Of all "aptitudes," the mechanical is least likely to manifest itself in a feminine brain. The young woman whose visit to a locomotive works is described here was doubtless interested in what she saw, but her account of the processes observed leaves the reader to doubt her entire understanding of them.

"You pour," she told a friend, "a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stove lids and things into a furnace, and then you turn the red-hot stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and shouts.

"Then you pour it out, let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam into it, and it goes splendidly, and they take it to a drafting-room and make a blueprint of it.

"But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully, and they tie it to the other thing and you ought to see it go!"

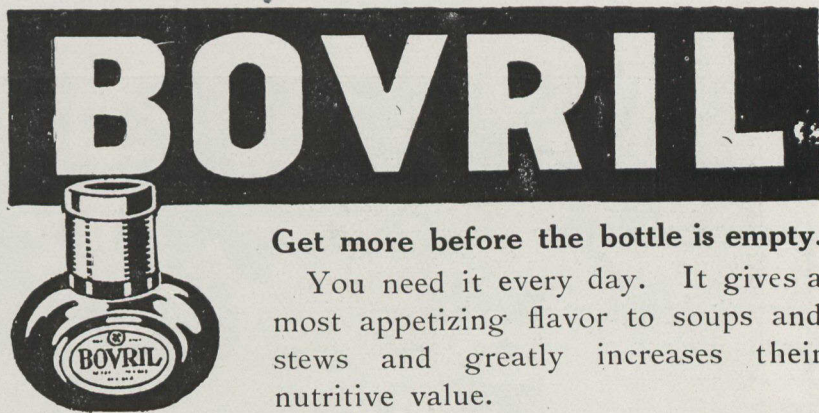
In a quiet street in the suburbs on a card displayed in a front window, appeared the following inscription, "A gramophone for sale," while in the window next door another card appeared with just the word "Hurrah!"

According to a daily paper, the dressing rooms of some of our leading players are filled with "lucky cats," amulets, and other mascots. This shows a modesty and a lack of self-confidence which is equally touching and unexpected.

"Caution, reduce speed to 10 miles an hour, under penalty of law," was a sign which had often annoyed drivers over a New Jersey turnpike. But a practical joker added a cipher to the speed limit, and when the next stranger came along he stopped a moment to see that he had read aright, then exclaimed: "Gee-whizz, I guess they're real live wires in this country; I've got to go some, now!"

The struggling author boldly entered the editorial sanctum. "I have come with my latest story," he announced. "That so?" ejaculated the busy editor. "Let us hear how it runs." "Well, this is from the first chapter—'Caspar had been standing as motionless as a block of granite. Suddenly he dropped on his knees before the beautiful girl with the alabaster brow and boldly proposed. It was then that she answered with a stony stare and handed him a marble heart. Then—'" But the busy editor reached for the clipping shears. "Young man," he thundered, "you have made a mistake. Take that story down to the nearest stoneyard. This is an editorial office."

An American philanthropist made a business of getting jobs for men just out of jail. A notorious cracksman came to him with a letter of introduction from the clergyman. "I've the very thing you want," said the philanthropist, when the jail-bird had dilated adequately and with pride upon his exploits. "I'll see my friend Briggs. Come around to-morrow morning." The cracksman, encouraged at the prospect of honest work, appeared promptly at the appointed hour. "You're to go to work at once," said the philanthropist. "My friend Briggs is producing a melodrama. In it is a scene where a burglar enters the room and cracks a safe. It'll only take you a few minutes, and you don't have to speak a word—just execute the job with the minute detail that will make it look real. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week." The convict dolefully shook his head. "Sorry I can't take the job, boss." "Can't take it?" Why it's the chance of your life." "Can't help it, boss; I promised my mother I'd never go on the stage."



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