SEEING LIFE *with* JOHN HENRY *by* George V. Hobart



John Henry Takes a Tango Lesson

THE idea originated with Bunch Jefferson. You can always count on Bunch having a few freak ideas in the belfry where he keeps his butterflies.

Bunch and his wife, Alice, live out in Westchester county, about half a mile from Uncle Peter's bungalow, where friend wife and I are spending the winter.

The fact that Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha had decided to give us a party was the inspiration for Bunch's brilliant idea.

"Listen, John," he macchiavellied; "not one of this push out here knows a thing about the tango. Most of them have a foolish idea that it's a wicked institution invented by the devil who sold his patent rights to the Evil-Doers association. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do, John: We'll put them wise. We'll take about two lessons from a good instructor in town and on the night of the party we'll make the hit of our lives teaching them all to tango. Are you James to the possibilities?"

"It listens like a good spiel," I agreed; "but will a couple of lessons be enough for us?"

"Sure," he came back; "we're not a couple of Patsys with the pump! We can learn enough in two lessons to make good in this boob community. Why, we'll start a tango craze out here that will put life and ginger in the whole outfit and presently they'll be putting up statues in our honor."

Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, we made arrangements next day with Ikey Schwartz, dancing instructor, to explain the mysteries of this modern home-wrecking proposition known as the tango, and paid him in advance the sum of $100.

It seemed to me that a hundred iron men in advance was a nifty little price for two lessons, but Bunch assured me the price was reasonable on account of the prevalence of rich scholars willing to divide their patrimony with anybody who could teach their feet to behave in time to the music.

We made an appointment to meet Ikey at his "studio" for our first lesson the following afternoon. Then we hiked for home on the 4:14, well pleased with our investment and its promise of golden returns.

That night Bunch and Alice were over to our place for dinner. After dinner Bunch an I sat down by the log fire in the Dutch room, filled our faces with Havana panatellas and proceeded to enjoy life in silence.

Into the next room came Alice and Peaches and sat down for their usual cackle.

Bunch and I started from our reveries when we heard Alice say to Peaches, "You don't know what a source of comfort it has been to me to realize that Bunch doesn't know a blessed thing about the tango or any of those hatefully intimate new dances."

"The same with me, Alice," friend wife chirped in. "I believe if John were to suddenly display ability to dance the tango I'd be broken-hearted. Naturally, I'd know that he must have learned it with a wicked companion in some lawless cabaret. And if he frequented cabarets without my knowledge—oh, Alice, what would I do?"

I looked at Bunch, he looked at me and then we both looked out the window.

"For my part," Alice went on; "I trust Bunch so implicitly that I don't even question his motive when he telephones me he has to take dinner in town with a prospective real estate customer."

"And I know enough of human nature," Peaches gurgled, "to be sure that if either one of them could tango he would be crazy to show off at home. I think we're very lucky both of us, to have such steady-going husbands, don't you, Alice?"

At this point Aunt Martha buzzed into the other room and the cackle took on another complexion.

In the meantime Bunch and I had passed away.

"It's cold turkey!" I whispered.

"I've been in the refrigerator for ten minutes and I'm chilled to the bone," Bunch whispered back.

"Can we get our coin away from Ikey?" I asked.

The next morning we had Ikey Schwartz for luncheon with us at the St. Astorbilt. The idea being to dazzle him and get a few of the iron men back.

"Leave everything to me," Bunch growled as we shaved our hats and Indianfiled to a trough.

"A quart of Happysuds," Bunch ordered. "How about it, Ikey?"

Ikey flashed a grin and tried to swallow his palate, so it wouldn't interfere with the wet spell suggested by Bunch.

Ikey belonged to the "dis, dose and dem" push.

Every long sentence he uttered was full of splintered grammar.

Every time Ikey opened his wordchest the king's English screamed for help and literature got a kick in the slats.

He was short and thin, but it was a deceptive thinness. His capacity for storing away free liquids was awe-inspiring and a sin.

I think Ikey must have been hollow from the neck to the ankles, with emergency bulkheads in both feet.

His nose was shaped like a quarter to six o'clock. It began in the middle and rushed both ways as hard as it could. One end of it ducked into his forehead and never did come out.

His interior was sponge lined, and when the bartenders began to send them in fast, Ikey would lower an asbestos curtain to keep the fumes away from his brain.

Nobody ever saw Ikey at high tide.

There was surely something wrong with Ikey's switchboard, because he could wrap his system around more Indian laughing juice without getting lit up than any other man in the world.

But Ikey was the compliments of the season, all right, all right.

Ikey had spent most of his life being a bookmaker, and when the racing game went out of fashion he sat down and tried to think what else he could do. Nothing occurred to him until one day he discovered that he could push his feet around in time to music; so he became a dancing instructor and could clean up $1,000 per day if the bartender didn't beckon too hard.

The luncheon had been ordered and Bunch was just about to switch the conversation around to the subject of rebates when suddenly his eyes took on the appearance of saucers and, tapping me on the arm, he gasped, "Look!"

I looked and beheld Peaches, Alice and Aunt Martha sailing over in our direction.

With a whispered admonition to Bunch to keep Ikey still I went forward to meet friend wife, her aunt and Alice.



"He Had Both Paws Working Overtime, and Such a Knuckle Twisting No Mortal Man Ever Indulged in Before."

They were as much surprised as I was.

"It was such a delightful day that Aunt Martha couldn't resist the temptation to do a little shopping," Peaches rattled on; "and then we decided to come here for a bit of luncheon—hello, Bunch! I'm so glad to see you! John, hadn't we better take another table so that your friendly conference may not be interrupted?"

I hastened to assure Peaches that it wasn't a conference at all. We had met Mr. Schwartz quite by accident. Then I introduced Ikey to the ladies.

He got up and did something that was supposed to be a bow, but you couldn't tell whether he was tying his shoe or coming down a stepladder.

When Ikey tried to bend a society double he looked like one of the pictures that goes with a rubber exerciser, price 75 cents.

After they had ordered club sandwiches and coffee I explained to Peaches and the others that Mr. Schwartz was a real estate dealer. Ikey began to swell up at once.

"Bunch and I are going in a little deal with Mr. Schwartz," I explained. "He knows the real estate business backward. He, Schwartz, has a fad for collecting apartment houses. He owns the largest assortment of People Coops in the city. All the modern improvements, too. Hot and cold windows, running gas and noiseless janitors. Mr. Schwartz is the inventor of the idea of having two baths in every apartment so that the lessees will have less excuse for not being water broke."

Ikey never cracked a smile.

"In Mr. Schwartz's apartment houses," I continued, while Bunch kicked my shins under the table, "you will find self-freezing refrigerators and self-leaving servants. All the rooms are light rooms, when you light the gas. Two of his houses overlook the park and all of them overlook the building laws. The floors are made of concrete, so that if you want to bring a horse in the parlor you can do so without kicking off the plaster in the flat below. Every room has folding doors, and when the water pipes burst the janitor has folding arms."

"Quit your joshing, John! You'll embarrass Mr. Schwartz," laughed Bunch somewhat nervously, but Ikey's grin never flickered.

"Is Mr. Schwartz deaf and dumb?" Peaches whispered.

"Intermittently so," I whispered back; "sometimes for hours at a time he cannot speak a word and can hear only the loudest tones."

Aunt Martha heard my comment on Ikey's infirmity and was about to become intensely sympathetic and tell him how her brother's wife was cured when Bunch interrupted loudly by asking after Uncle Peter's health.

"Never better," answered Aunt Martha. "He has spent all the morning arranging the program of dancing for our little party. He insists upon having the Virginia Reel, the old-fashioned waltz, the Polka and the Lancers. Uncle Peter has a perfect horror of these modern dances and Peaches and Alice and I share it with him." Then she turned to Ikey, "Don't you think these modern dances are perfectly disgusting?"

Poor Ikey looked reproachfully at the old lady a second, then with gathering astonishment he slid silently off the chair and struck the floor with a bump.

Aunt Martha was so rattled over this unexpected effort on Mr. Schwartz's part that she upset her coffee and Ikey got most of it in the back of the neck.

When peace was finally restored the old lady came to the surface with an envelope which had been lying on the table near her plate.

"Is this your letter, John?" she asked, and then arranging her glasses, read with great deliberation: "Mr. I. Schwartz, Tango Teacher, Care of Kumearly and Staylates' Cabaret, New York."

Peaches and Alice went into the ice business right away quick.

Aunt Martha in pained surprise looked at me and then at Bunch and finally focused a steady beam of interrogation upon the countenance of Mr. Schwartz.



"Ikey Tried to Bend a Society Double."

Ikey never whimpered.

Then Bunch took the letter from the open-eyed Aunt Martha and leaped to the rescue while I came out of the trance slowly.

"It's too bad Mr. Schwartz forgot his ear trumpet," Bunch said quickly and Ikey was wise to the tip in a minute.

Peaches sniffed suspiciously and I knew she had the gloves on.

"Mr. Schwartz's affliction is terrible," she said with a chill in every word. "How did you converse with him before our arrival?"

"Oh, he understands the lip language and can talk back on his fingers," I hastened to explain, looking hard at Ikey, whose masklike face gave no token that he understood what was going on.

"I thought I understood you to say Mr. Schwartz is a real estate dealer," Peaches continued, while the thermometer went lower and lower.

"So he is," I replied.

"Then why does his correspondent address him as a tango teacher?" friend wife said slowly, and I could hear the icebergs grinding each other all around me.

"I think I can explain that," Bunch put in quietly. Then with the utmost deliberation he looked Ikey in the eye and said, "Mr. Schwartz, it's really none of my business, but would you mind telling me why you, a real estate dealer, should have a letter in your possession which is addressed to you as a tango teacher? Answer me on your fingers."

Ikey delivered the goods.

In a minute he had both paws working overtime and such knuckle twisting no mortal man ever indulged in before.

"He says," Bunch began to interpret, "that the letter is not his. It is intended for Isadore Schwartz, a wicked cousin of his who is a victim of the cabaret habit. Mr. Schwartz is now complaining bitterly with his fingers because his letters and those intended for his renegade cousin become mixed almost every day. These mistakes are made because the initials are identical. He also says that—he—hopes—the—presence — of — this—particular — letter — in—his—possession—does—not—offend—the — ladies because—while—it—is—addressed—to—a —tango—teacher—the—contents—are—quite—harmless—being—but — a—small—bill—from—the—dentist."

Ikey's fingers kept on working nervously as though he felt it his duty to wear them out, and the perspiration rolled off poor Bunch's forehead.

"Tell him to cease firing," I said to Bunch; "he'll sprain his fingers and lose his voice."

Ikey doubled up his eight fingers and two thumbs in one final shout and subsided.

"I'm afraid we'll miss the 5:15 train if we don't hurry," said Peaches, and I could see that the storm was over, although she still glanced suspiciously at poor Ikey.

"And, Bunch, you and John can come home with us now, can't you?" Alice asked as they started to float for the door.

Then Ikey cut it as we started to follow the family parade. "I'm hep to the situation. It's a cutey, take it from little Ikey. I'll have to charge you $8 for the sudden attack of deafness; then there's $19 for hardships sustained by my finger joints while conversing. The rest of the hundred iron men I'm going to keep as a souvenir of two good-natured ginks who wouldn't know what to do with a tango if they had one."

As we pulled out of the Mayonnaise I looked back at Ikey to thank him with a farewell nod.

He was half way under the table, holding both hands to his sides and making funny faces at the carpet.

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THE LOST BABY

By MARY P. MUNSON.

Nora Mulcahy bent over the little bundle in the hallway. A faint cry issued from among the masses of fine linen and wool. It was an abandoned infant.

Nora's husband John had just left for the factory. Nora glanced timidly about her. Then, with resolution, she gathered the bundle into her arms and sped up the stairs with it to the little four-room flat at the top of the tenement. A few moments later she was crooning over the little girl as she rocked her in her arms.

The Mulcahys had been married five years and had had no children. John was the kindest and most considerate of husbands, and this was the only cloud upon their married life. But often Nora wept secretly over the home of two, and in imagination felt the little fingers of the unborn pulling at her gown.

That day she went about her work happier than she had been for months. When John came home she whispered to him mysteriously, her finger upon her lips.

"What!" cried her husband.

"She's a little darling," said Nora. "Oh, John, say that we can keep her."

"Let me look at her," said the husband, and, entering the bedroom he bent over the crib, which had been improvised out of a large packing case.

"Nora, girl," he said, "this child isn't for the likes of us. It's a rich woman's child. Nora, it's"—his voice dropped—"it's the Van Nest baby. You know, the one that was kidnaped last week and everybody's making such a hullabaloo about. Look at the letter!"

He turned the corner of the linen garment, and Nora saw the letter N upon it.

They went back into the living room and argued the matter pro and con, Nora in tears, pleading that the child could be kept.

"It isn't possible, girl," said John, shaking his head with conviction. "The police would get wise to it, and that would mean years in the penitentiary. The kidnapers got scared and dropped it here—that's the truth about it."



Whispered to Him Mysteriously.

"Then you're going to take it back, John?"

"I guess you'll have to, Nora. I can't carry a baby. But listen, girl! Do you know there's a reward of five thousand dollars?"

"I'd rather have the baby," Nora sobbed.

"You're talking nonsense, Nora," answered the husband. "Five thousand dollars is a sight better than somebody else's kid. Do you know what we'd do with it? We'd go home to the old country, first and foremost. And don't I see us in a neat little cottage, with a pig and a garden, and—"

Nora at last acquiesced in the plan. She was to take the baby back to the Van Nest house the following morning. John, indeed, had wanted her to do so that night, but she had pleaded so hard that she had persuaded him to let her keep it until the morrow.

And, now that its loss seemed inevitable, they began to discuss the future. Five thousand dollars seemed an enormous sum to John. His own wages were twenty-five, and they had put by a comfortable sum out of that, by frugality. Moreover, John was slated for the foreman's position when old Richards retired, and that would mean ten more. However, $5,000 would enable them to start life as their own masters.

Nora listened to John's prognostications with less enthusiasm than she pretended. She doubted John's ability to carry out his farming scheme. A farm was all very well in one's old age, but in youth one needed the impetus of work. And then, there was the baby. That night she cried secretly as she held the little form against her. The little girl had seemed almost to know her, and the chubby arms were stretched out in recognition when she went near. She fell asleep at last and awakened with a splitting headache.

John understood what was wrong. He did not attempt to say very much that morning, and his kiss was unusually tender as he wished her goodby. He even stopped to take the clean little hand in his own work-stained one. Nora knew that John had begun to feel an attachment for the child. She could hardly bear the duty that lay before her.

However, after she had done the morning's work she put on her new cloak and best bonnet and took the baby out into the street. It was a wonderful sensation to sit in the car, holding the child in her arms. Everybody looked at her and beamed on the baby, which they thought was her own.

At last she reached the Van Nest house and, tremblingly, she rang the bell. The butler, who answered the door, looked searchingly at her as Nora, in faltering accents, explained her mission. He ushered her into the drawing-room as if she had been a person of quality, and it wasn't a moment before a young woman entered the room and looked at Nora—sternly, Nora thought.

Nora had planned her speech, but now it all left her. She stood up before Mrs. Van Nest, holding the baby.

"Indeed, ma'am, I didn't steal her," she was crying, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. "She was left at the door yesterday morning, ma'am, and when I showed her to John last night he said it was your baby, and people were advertising for it and it'd have to go back. And so I brought her this morning, ma'am, as soon as the work was done."

Mrs. Van Nest seemed to soften a little.

"You have no children of your own?" she asked.

Nora remained mute, and the tears fell faster.

"I believe you are honest," said Mrs. Van Nest, coming forward with an expression altogether new. "So many impostors have been trying to trade on us since our—misfortune. You wouldn't believe how brazen people will be to get $5,000. But that isn't my baby."

Nora, staggered, looked at Mrs. Van Nest with eyes that could hardly see through the mists that gathered before them.

"My baby was recovered yesterday," Mrs. Van Nest continued, "and none the worse, I am happy to say. Besides, he is a boy."

"Oh! Might I see him?" breathed Nora.

And then, with their common interest, the two women proceeded side by side to the nursery, where Nora bent in wonder over the prettiest baby that she had ever seen—except the little one which still lay in her arms.

John that night, arriving at the door of the flat, was amazed to hear the crowing of a child within. Angry for a moment, he mastered himself and went in sternly. Nora's arms were about his neck in a moment and stifled his protests.

"John, it isn't hers!" she cried. "And what do you think? She's promised to be godmother at the christening, and—and the five thousand is going to the baby for her education, and—oh, John, we're going to keep her, and there's a chance of a position for you as manager at their country home, and—and we're going to keep her, John!"

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Perspiration Shows Health.

One hears so many complain against excessive perspiration in hot weather when, as a matter of fact, if the body did not perspire we might well begin to worry. A great number of women spend the greater part of every summer in trying to stop the flow of perspiration entirely. If they could succeed they would be still more miserable, for those who perspire the least feel the heat the most. The effect of the sun is to open the pores, which releases all the moisture in the flesh. The astringents used to prevent perspiration cause a surface dryness and toughen the skin, but none of them can stop the perspiration. The only way this can be done is by cold, which closes the pores.

Serious Thought.

"If women voted—" said Miss Cayenne, pensively.

"Well?"

"I'm wondering whether some of them would be willing to elect to office the same kind of a man they're willing to take a chance on marrying?"

She Didn't Call.

Him—"Would you call for help if I attempted to kiss you?" Her—"Yes, if necessary; but I don't see why a big, strong chap like you should require any help."

AN OLD RUSSIAN CHURCH

Remains of a Building and a Few Relics Still Exist at Fort Ross, Cal.

At Fort Ross, Cal., some fifty miles north of San Francisco, there are the very interesting remains of what was once a church of the holy orthodox religion—as the members of the eastern or Greek church call their faith, says the Youth's Companion. It was in 1809 that an expedition of the Russian-American Fur company came south from Sitka, and made a settlement at Bodega bay, which they called Port Rumiantsof. Two years later they chose a position for their main post about twenty miles farther north, a little beyond the Russian river, which they called the Slavianka. At this point, which they named Ros or Rus, they built a fort with watch towers and mounted 40 cannon.

The settlement was ostensibly only a peaceful trading post and a center for sealing operations. There was no reason, however, in the character of the Indian inhabitants of the region, for a post of such strength to hold the territory as a Russian colony and, by gradual settlement farther south, to offer an effective challenge to the claims of Spain to the coast region.

The fort was built of heavy redwood timbers. It was about 100 yards square and contained the quarters of the officers and men, workshops, warehouses, granaries, a windmill, and, of course, bath houses. The population varied between 200 and 400, inclusive of some Aleuts who were employed in the sealing and sea otter industry. The fur business grew to be large and very profitable. Sir George Simpson, the governor of the Hudson Bay company, who visited Fort Ross in 1841, reported that up to that time no less than 80,000 sea otter skins alone had been taken and marketed by the Russian-American company. In 1813 the Russians built a church, and there the gorgeous ritual of the Greek Catholic church was conducted until the close of the Russian occupation.

Most of the tea raised in Burma is pickled and eaten as a condiment.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



LITTLE JIMMY MUCH KISSED

Disclaimed Any Intention of Rubbing Off Caress of Noted Woman—Was Trying to Rub It In.

Little Jimmy had reached the conclusion that everybody in the world had kissed him or wanted to very badly. He could not help being a boy that all the ladies wanted to pet and bestow their kisses upon. In fact, Jimmy longed for the day when he would have a say so in the matter of being kissed. One day a famous woman came to call upon his mother. Jimmy chanced to enter the parlor and was directed by his mother to come up and see the noted Mrs. So and So. Jimmy knew what was coming, but he could not prevent the occurrence. The visitor took him by the hand and gently gathered him up into her lap, and as she let him down to the floor again she graciously bestowed a kiss upon his pouting lips. Jimmy jumped away from her and began to rub his lips in a vicious manner.

"What, you are not rubbing my kiss off, my little man?" questioned the woman. Jimmy was puzzled for a few moments, then replied:

"No, ma'am; I'm just rubbing it in," and then vanished through the door.—Louisville Times.

Injured Feelings.

"When you married me you said I was the only woman in the world for you."

"So I did, my dear."

"Do you still think so?"

"Why, of course."

"Pshaw!"

"Why the skepticism, my love?"

"I think you might at least take your pipe out of your month to say it!"

Pleasing Conversation.

"My dear, I know he says a great many things about your good looks."

"What of it?"

"It is mere flattery."

"Well, maybe it is," said the girl, "but it sounds good. I'd rather listen to that sort of talk than literary conversation or opinions about the length of the war."

NO DOUBT.



Weary—Dere wuz one feller in de ark wot would made a good railroad president.

Ruggles—Who wuz it?

Weary—Why, de feller wot watered de stock.

Theory and Practice.

First Able-Bodied Male—Woman's place is in the home. As I was telling my wife—

Second Able-Bodied Male—By the bye, Bill, what's yer wife doin' now?

First Able-Bodied Male—Workin' in the cannery.—Judge.

Some Job.

Gayboy '15—Struck a job yet, old top?

Grinder '15.—Well—er—not exactly. I've been quite busy, though, trying to sell my prize thesis, "The Solution of the Great Problem of the Unemployed" to some magazine.—Puck.

Blind to the Biscuits.

"Do you believe the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach, Mrs. Pilcher?"

"Certainly not."

"You have other views, then?"

"Most assuredly. Tickle his vanity, and he'll eat anything."

A Luxury Denied.

"Don't you think we give too much attention to the frivolities of fashion?"

"Yes," replied the business man. "But the only way to make money is to follow the fads. I haven't any time to be serious."

Why, Certainly.

Flatbush—My wife is always on the wrong side of a question.

Bensonhurst—How do you know she is?

"Because she never agrees with me."

Standing for No Foolishness.

"Don't you dare call me a liar, sir!"

"I was merely going to question your veracity."

"In that case, be sure you make it a hypothetical question."

Odd Result.

"That terrible old gossip, Mrs. Gabby, is not reliable in anything she tells."

"Yes, I notice, what she says, goes."

HOW HER HUSBAND GOT EVEN

Wife Tidied Up His Desk Beautifully, and to Reciprocate He Straightened Up Her Sewing Room.

A busy housewife came into the sitting room with a determined look in her eyes.

"I really shall have to punish those children," she began.

"What have the little beggars been up to now?" asked father, looking up from his newspaper.

"Why, they've made a mess of my sewing room," explained the wife. "Needles, reels of cotton, scissors—everything has been hidden away in the most unexpected places. It is really exasperating."

Her husband laid down his paper and smiled benignly.

"I did that," he said, calmly. Then in answer to a questioning look, he went on: "You tidied up my desk so beautifully the other day that I thought it only fair to return the compliment. So I tidied up your sewing room."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Took No Chances.

Lady (to maid, who has announced her intentions of leaving to get married)—I hope you realize, Mary, that matrimony is a serious matter?"

Mary (earnestly)—Oh, yes, mum. I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, an' looked in a sign book, an' dreamt on a lock of hair, and been to a palmist, and they all say it's all right. I ain't one to marry reckless-like, mum.—Passing Show.

A CARELESS CANINE.



Gentle Willie—Why dost thou weep? The dorg but took a piece out of your pantaloons!

Wearie Walker—When he grabbed, pard, he caught hold of more than the pants!

Always Something Doing.

"There hasn't been a change on this bill of fare in twenty years," growled the grizzled patron. "Have you restaurant men no ingenuity?"

"Guess we have as much as the next fellow."

"Then why don't you get up a new dish occasionally? The corner druggist has a new kickshaw at the soda fountain every time you amble up to it."

A Bad Investment.

Mrs. Naggs—John, we'll never be able to save a cent if you don't quit being so extravagant.

Naggs—Why, my dear, I don't think I'm at all extravagant.

Mrs. Naggs—Of course, you are. There's that accident policy you bought nearly a year ago, and you haven't used it once. If that isn't extravagance I don't know what is.

Solace for Poor Luck.

"Even when a man fails to catch any fish, the outing does him good and he comes back in better health," said the optimistic angler.

"Perhaps that is true in some cases," replied his bibulous friend, "but I find that the less inducement there is to pull a cork out of the water, the more there is to pull one out of a bottle."

Conceited.

"How conceited she is."

"What makes you think so?"

"I proposed to her and she said she wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"Well, what of that."

"I was the man she was referring to."—Detroit Free Press.

Not an Expert in Ice.

"I'm so sorry the cream is sour!" said young Mrs. Torkins.

"Everything in the refrigerator appears to be spoiled," commented her husband.

"It's the ice man's fault. He will bring around artificial ice, and I can't tell it from the genuine."

The Art of Oratory.

"Did your speech change anybody's mind?"

"I wasn't hoping to change anybody's mind," answered Senator Sorghum. "I tried to find out what the majority of the voters thought and then convince them that I was with them."

Far Removed.

"Do you know that I come from fighting stock?" asked Mr. Pillbeck, in a threatening manner.

"Umph!" replied Mr. Wallick, not at all impressed. "I suspect you've been coming a long time and haven't stopped yet."

After the Trial.

"Now if you are acquitted," said the lawyer, "you can go on the stage."

"But suppose I should happen to be convicted?"

"Um. In that case, I suppose you'll have to write a book."

A Strong Opinion.

Fritz—You know Limburger cheese improves with age.

Fred—I don't believe it. I think it smells just as bad when it's twenty years old as it did the day it was made.

Equal to a Cat Concert.

Mrs. Hixon—Is your husband a sound sleeper, Mrs. Dixon?

Mrs. Dixon—Well, you would think so if you were to hear him snore.

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