ON THE FUNNY SIDE



His Holler.

Customer (in cheap restaurant)—Give me a cup of chocolate with cream.

Waiter (hollering order)—Cake and cow fer one.

Customer — Waiter, make that whipped cream.

Waiter (hollering order)—Chastise Sukey.

If Atlas Had a Shake.

Benham—I think our boy is getting along too rapidly at school.

Mrs. Benham.—What's the matter now?

Benham—He asked me today if Atlas had happened to have a chill when he was supporting the earth it would have caused an earthquake.

Wifey Didn't.

"You brute! The idea of your calling your wife the last rose of summer and other insulting names."

"Hold on, judge! I never used that metaphor. You see, a rose dries up some time."

Was Sure.

"George said he loved me the minute he saw me."

"How's that?"

"He said I was almost the opposite of his first wife, and that was just the kind of a girl he'd always been looking for."

Egotism.

"Why do you carry a lantern in your quest of that rare specimen, an honest man?"

"Merely to be original," replied Diogenes. "Ordinarily a man engaged in such a search thinks all he needs is a looking-glass."

Behind the Scenes.

First Chorus Girl—That vain leading lady thinks she is beautiful. She says her face grows on the audience as soon as she steps before the footlights.

Second Chorus Girl—Thank goodness, it did not grow on me.



ALSO, WHEN SHE'S ABSENT.

"Pa, when do they call a woman an old hen?"

"When she has become hopelessly set in her way, my son."

Shares the Credit.

"The pen is mightier than the sword;"
But if you'll stop and think,
The pen is mighty little use
Without the dip of ink.

The Great Mimic.

First Actor (didactically)—After all, Death is the star tragedian.

Second Actor—I don't know. I always think of him as a low comedian—a mere mimic—because he's always taking some one off.

He Got a Reward.

"When the teacher heard me swear, she asked me where I learned it."

"What did you tell her?"

"Oh! I didn't give you away! I blamed it on the parrot."

Break His Neck.

"I see that a man fell downstairs last week and cured himself of rheumatism by breaking both of his legs."

"The fellow with a sore throat would be taking an awful chance."

Those Jolting Ambulances.

Hospital Doctor—They said you had appendicitis—but I find you're bruised all over.

Mr. Joax—Yes; I guess I am. They brought me here in an ambulance.

He Didn't Stay Very Long.

Caller—Bessie, what did your sister say when you told her I was here?

Bessie—She said, "Great Heavens! That bore here again!"

Very Far-Sighted.

Collector—I'd like to collect this note, sir. It's payable at sight.

Hardup—Too bad, too bad. I'm terribly far-sighted.

Probably.

He—Yes; I've just secured a position as buyer of millinery, etc.

She—Do you mean you're married?

Undoubtedly.

"How did Grafix get into politics?"

"I don't know, but it must have been at night."

Pipe Joint Cement.

A mixture of ten parts of iron filings with three parts of chloride of lime mixed to a paste with water makes an admirable pipe joint cement. The mixture is applied to the joint and the clamp and becomes solid in twelve hours.

Very Creditable.

Twenty million children attend Sunday school in the United States.

CANS FRUITS IN COLD WATER

French Experimenter Declares He Has Had Great Success in Preserving Them That Way.

Food is spoiled by the action of numerous fungi and bacteria; and it is preserved by destroying the organisms by salt, sugar, alcohol, or other antiseptic, or by retarding microbe growth by cold or exclusion of air. A French experimenter, Gabriel Bertrand, reports considerable success in canning fruits in cold water, which keeps out the air. Cherries, red and white currants, raspberries, plums, and whole and chopped apricots were thoroughly washed, placed in 42 ordinary fruit jars, and covered with water—some of it direct from the tap, some of it boiled, and some of it distilled. Every bubble of air being removed, the jars were sealed air tight by strong rubber bands. Slight alcoholic fermentation appeared in some jars in a few days, and in some others during the following weeks of summer and autumn, but 17 of the 42 jars showed no change at the end of 10 or 11 months. No jars showed lactic or putrefactive fermentation. Distilled water gave best results, chopped apricots kept better than whole ones; and it was concluded that the fruit acids extracted in the water by osmosis may have aided somewhat in resisting germ action.

NEED MUCH TIME AND MONEY

Hard Task Ahead of Those Who Dream of Making Desert "Blossom Like the Rose."

"Those who have fought over the salt-encrusted plains of Mesopotamia know only too well what an enormous amount of expenditure will be necessary before such a desert will resemble anything like a rose," says a correspondent. "Before the British engineers brought their electric plants the streets of those ancient cities of Busra, Amara, and Bagdad were well-nigh impassable after the sun had set. To the initiated, Arabian nights are Arabian nightmares. An Arab chieftain said one night in Bagdad: 'We want the English. We hate the Turk. He does nothing for us. He gives us no education, no justice, no electric light, and no drains!' There was no doubt about it, for scarcely had he spoken than down came a torrent of slops from the roof of a house above us. It reminded me of the stories of Old Edinburgh. How much money, we wonder, has been expended in making our own deserts to blossom?"

Record Pecan Crop.

San Saba, Texas, has won national reputation as the home of the paper-shell pecan. This season has been particularly adapted to this species of food and 1919 will go down in history as the banner year for San Saba pecans. A conservative estimate gives the present crop as 50 or 60 carloads. The product from a single tree is selling for $45 per tree unthrashed, while the retail value is from 17 cents to 25 cents per pound. Many of the trees have an average of 800 pounds. One buyer has contracted for 350,000 pounds.

Ex-Pastor Puts Up Fight.

The Rev. Walker Toliver, founder and for twenty-seven years pastor of the Zion Primitive Baptist church at Harrisburg, Pa., resigned his position because the congregation refused to advance him a loan of $25 on his salary of $60 a month. Then the elders of his congregation "unfellowshipped" him as a member of the "Second Ketocan Baptist association." The Rev. Mr. Toliver then started another church of his own and declares that more than half his old congregation has flocked to his new standard.—Exchange.

Microcline.

Microcline is a variety of feldspar, characterized by cleavages at right angles to one another. It has a vitreous luster and is white to cream-yellow in color, and sometimes red or green. The beautiful green varieties are known as Amazon stone and are occasionally cut for semi-precious stones. The ordinary microcline, which is found both as crystals and in masses in granitic rocks, is of common occurrence; excellent specimens are found at Magnet Grove, Arkansas.

Ladybirds.

Don't worry about trying to get rid of ladybirds. They are great benefactors to gardeners, on account of the fact that they lay their eggs in the midst of the plant lice on vegetation. As soon as the eggs are hatched, the baby ladybirds promptly fall upon the lice, gobble them up, and so preserve the plants.

One Lesson of Grim War.

Henri Pate, deputy from the Seine, points out that one of the lessons France should learn from the war is the value of athletics. The rapidity with which the American and British armies were trained and put in the field he attributes to the superior physical condition of an athletic race.

Making a Lion Love a Lamb.

Mr. Bostock has told how he succeeded in making a lion and lamb firm friends.

"I placed in the lion's cage all sorts of toys of the animal variety—cotton sheep, horses, rabbits—in fact, a regular Noah's ark," said Mr. Bostock. "Then I specialized on manufactured sheep, but it took a long time for the lion to find out that they were not good to eat. Finally a live lamb was introduced. At first the lion looked surprised, and then lay down and gently pawed the stranger. The lamb did not like this and drawing back a pace or two butted the lion in the mane. This appeared to amuse the lion greatly; he playfully rolled over on his back, while the lamb butted again. Now they are fast friends, and an insurance company would be justified in taking the lamb as a first-class risk."—F. H. Cheley in "Stories for Talks to Boys."

SOME SMILES



Worse Than Appendicitis.

"What's the matter, old top? You look sick."

"I've just undergone a serious operation."

"Appendicitis?"

"Worse than that. I had my allowance cut off."

Odious.

Hill—McShorte has sold a poem to Scribblers, entitled an "Ode to a Fair Lady."

Halls—Has he? Well, he is more competent to write verses entitled "Owed to a Landlady."—London Tit-Bits.

Murder Will Out.

Lester Ledfoot—This floor is very slippery. It is hard to keep on your feet.

His dance partner—Oh! Then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was accidental.

Too Late to Begin.

"Why did old Kloseman insist that his wife give away the bride when his daughter was married?"

"Oh, he said he'd never given away anything yet and he was too old to begin."

The Boss Was There Before.

She—What did your boss say when you told him you took me to the football game.

He—Gave me his sympathy when I told him I had to explain all the plays to you.

He Should Know.

Village Fire Marshal—I was just readin' in this history about the burnin' of Rome.

Head Pipeman—What started it, chief; crossed wires or a lighted cigarette?



MISANTHROPIC.

"When Brown is happy he tries to sing."

"Yes. Some of us don't care how miserable we make others, so long as we're comfortable.

Cross-Examination.

The lawyer to the witness clings
With questions deftly wrought,
And makes him say a lot of things
He never knew he thought.

Too Much Promising.

"I haven't seen your son for several years. He seemed then quite a promising lad."

"That's the proper adjective; he's been sued twice for breach of promise."

One Flaw.

"She acts as though she thought she was the queen of Sheba."

"Oh, no. She would never think she was anybody who had to go to somebody else for wisdom.

His Guess.

Burrows—By the way, what was the denomination of that bill you loaned me?

Leaders—Episcopalian, I imagine—it keeps Lent so well.

Choice of Abodes.

"I gotta have a place to live."

"I understand," said the real estate man, "and maybe I can fix you up. Now, which would you prefer, a portable shed or a tent?"

Not Guilty.

Colonel Southerland—Well, Rastus, did the judge find you guilty of stealing chickens?

Rastus—No, suh, colonel; I was released on s'picion.

His Status.

"I knew a man once who ate a ten-pound turkey with trimmings on a bet."

"He must have been a man of consuming ambition."

Cautious.

Post—I say, old man, will you join our Big Brother club?

Parker—Let's see the girl I'm to be fraternal to first.—Judge.

Showing It.

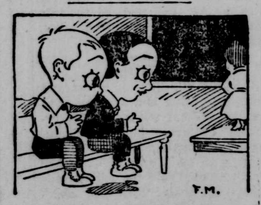
"Bibbs is a live wire."

"I know he is. He touched me for ten dollars this morning and I was shocked."

Professional Duty.

"Why did you leave the dentist you have been going to so long?"

"I found he was getting on my nerves."



YOUNG PHILOSOPHY.

"D'ye know, I think teacher can see behind her."

"Well, she said her eyes was going back on her."

GET RESULTS FROM HOLIDAY

Vacation Days Should Be as Carefully Planned as Is the Work of the Year.

To the question, "What will you do on your holiday?" some might reply, discerning a possible tilt against the strenuous holiday, "Nothing!" That would be as wrong as doing too much. The perfect holiday, for the average worker, should be on crescendo and diminuendo lines, observes a writer in London Answers.

You pass into your fortnight or three weeks quietly. Your body is, literally, a machine. It has been doing work—hard, monotonous work—for a year. To switch it on suddenly to something quite different is to ask for trouble.

The walkers to Bridgton don't plunge at the walk. They begin with short walks, to get themselves in trim.

So whatever you are going to "do" on your holiday do it slowly and quietly at first, so that the machine of your body may "change gears" without jar, break or mishap. Then by the middle of your holiday you will be in good trim and the best of health.

And it is necessary, if your holiday is to do you real good, and build you up for another year's work, that you should gradually slow down with your holiday activities, resume your work without, as it were, having to make yourself do it.

Who has not known that post-holiday feeling of not being able to settle down? It is the result of living a holiday at high pressure and ending at high pressure. Let the steam off gradually, so that you may pass from your holiday back to your work without effort.

REFUSED TO ABANDON GAME

Plucky Terrier Died With Fox It Had Run to Earth and Killed in Combat.

What is believed to be an unprecedented end to a combat between a fox and a terrier is reported from the Lake country.

A stout hill fox hunted by the Blencathra hounds for three and a half hours on the mountain heights above St. Johns-in-the-Vale sought sanctuary in a fissure of rock in a crack near the skyline of Wanthwaite. Here he faced one of the gamest terriers belonging to the pack and, scrambling to a shelf in the rocks, was able for some time to give as fierce punishment as he got.

The terrier killed the fox, but refused to leave it and followers and hounds had at last to quit the crags so that they might make the descent of one of the most dangerous ravines of the mountain range before darkness. When huntsman and whip returned next morning to the crag they found terrier as well as fox lying dead outside the borran.

An examination of the terrier showed that the fox had inflicted no mortal wound upon him. The terrier had dragged the fox out and then, loth to leave it, had laid down beside it. It was clear that he had died from exposure during a bitterly cold night. No similar case has, so far as is known, occurred before.—London Times.

When in Doubt, Add 10 Per Cent.

A Wall street man was negotiating with a country tinsmith for the renewal of the rain gutters on his house. Inquiring cautiously about the cost of copper gutters, he was surprised to find that they would cost him at the rate of more than 50 cents a pound, though the metal sells in ingots around 19 cents.

"Well," said the smith, "you see the men that work the metal up in the shop get $9 a day. The shop adds 10 per cent for the workmen's insurance and aims to make at least $1 a day on every man. When it comes to me, I figure the cost of the materials and labor, and I have to add 10 per cent to the wages to cover insurance cost, too. Then I have to add 10 per cent to the whole thing for overhead, 5 per cent for the use of the car and 13 per cent for being a boss. So I really don't get any profit on the job at all. All I get out of it is my living, you might say."—Wall Street Journal.

Smile and Sneer.

A smile is like a blossom tossed
Upon the path of Spring;
A sneer is like the sudden frost
That leaves it withering.

What's the Use?

Connie (remonstrating)—But, my dear Winnie, I haven't said a word.

Winnie—Nevertheless, I know what you were thinking, and there's no use saying you weren't, for I wouldn't believe you if you did.

His Job.

"The new man, who is an ex-pugilist, wants to know what special duty in the hospital you want him to do."

"Let him attend to the insomnia patients. He is just the man to put them to sleep."

A Professional Secret.

New Cashier—The boss says this is a new style cash register and that you'd show me how to work it.

Old Cashier—I'll show you how it works, but I won't show you how to work it.

Never Satisfied.

"With fireless cookers, smokeless chimneys, dustless sweepers and noiseless shoes life ought to be happy in the home."

"Not until we can have payless bills."

Could Be Worse.

"Cook, I don't like to mention it, but the food disappears rather quickly in the kitchen!"

"Well, mum, I admits I eats 'earty, but no one could call me gorgeous."

Rough on Them.

"He's always boasting of his ancestors."

"Yep. Too bad his grandchildren aren't going to have any ancestors worth boasting about."

H. H. ODELL

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