On the Funny Side

MORE POWER TO HIM!

"My boy, you won't support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed."

"I don't intend to, sir. If I can't make her a credit to her ma I'll throw up the job and tell my troubles to a lawyer."

"Your hand, my boy. I wish some chap like you had gotten hold of her mother about 20 years ago."

Had Nothing But Sense.

Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. He was grave and somewhat forbidding.

One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party.

"Yes," replied the hostess with a bright smile, "you see, he can't talk anything but sense."

Not Large Figures.

The landlord of the building had agreed to put new wallpaper on the rooms. "What kind do you prefer?" he asked. "Something with large figures?"

"Decidedly not," said the new tenant. "They would always be reminding me of the rent I have to pay."

Everybody Pleased.

"Mother," said Tommy, "I just heard you wanted to call her Pearl and he was holding out for Ruby."

"And her grandma wanted to name her Opal."

"Well, how did you get her?"

"Ignored nobody and satisfied everybody."

"Eh?"

"Called her Jewel."

Quick Action.

Bibb—Did your experience of love move her at all?

Babb—Yes; she jumped right out of her chair into my arms.

THEY CERTAINLY ARE

Mr. Mouse: I'm surprised at your living in an old shoe.

Mrs. Mouse: The idea, don't you know how expensive shoes are?

Malicelogical.

On males we had two bee behind
Of which we're mighty proud.
We would behind believe as they
What the two behind be for!

Strange, Indeed.

Gossip—I see the poet will die ruling yesterday with a strange mon?"

Husband (wearily)—The most have been a strange man!"—Cartoons Magazine.

Sometimes He Can.

"Binks is certainly to be pitied; the poor man apparently just can't keep a cent.

"Oh, can't he? Just try letting him borrow $10 from you."

So Annoying.

"I don't like that young author! The other day a friend of the family met her in the street and asked how her daughter is married. What is her new husband?"

"I can't tell you," replied author, with a smile of indulgence, "for I have not yet learned when she told me she was married."

Charge of Voice.

"Here comes Mrs. Gabbins. I know I'll have News that's all over town."

"What's the still, small voice of conscience suppressed in her?"

"Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."

Wished They All Did

Daughter—Half the boys on this plane make me sick.

Father (trying to read)—Play on that half, darling.

One Advantage.

Polly—I can't make up my mind whether to marry for love or money.

Dolly—Well, love is blind, but money talks, at any rate.

Has a Full Supply.

Hub—So you've been to a teacher of physical culture, Mabel, what did he tell you?

Wife—The first thing he told me was to keep my chin up.

Hub—Huh! I hadn't noticed any falling off in that line.

Profits in Sight.

Lovell—Have you noticed how your pedro increase since you hired the efficiency expert?

Chadwick—No, but they will as soon as I pay him.

His Contribution.

Hostess—Is your husband a good speaker, Jessica?

Jessica—Perfectly. Why the only thing that signals ever perceives me with is argument "And when does he eat—Wayside Tales.

Just a Reminder.

"Somebody said the president of the railroad a railroad sandwich."

"Pshaw!"

"Oh, no. There was a note with it which said: 'How would you like to eat one of these?'"

Mean Brute.

"It says here that the average working pace of a healthy woman is about 75 steps a minute."

"Huh, and the average talking pace of a healthy woman is about 75 words a second," growled her brutal husband.

His Load Growing Heavier.

Grocer—Why does old Mellows always look so sad?

Grocer—Why, the poor fellow has to support his grandchildren before he has finished supporting his children.

A PATRON OF THE ARTS

And a Loyal Patron She Was, Only the Art She Supported Was but Deception

By ELEANOR PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

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MRS. LIVINGSTONE adored art—but with a capital A, not the kind whose signboard is the milk-bill-stool or a bejibboned picture that tells a family had lived for some time in a shabby-genteel house on Beacon Hill, ever since. Indeed, Mrs. Livingstone had insisted on her husband's leaving the town of his birth and moving to Boston—the center of Art (according to Mrs. Livingstone).

Here she attended the Symphony concerts (no twenty-five cent tickets), and practiced knowledge of Mozart and Beethoven; here she listened to Paul de Bernhardt from the third balcony of the Boston theatre.

To be sure, she occasionally read a novel or two, if a book of poems a trifle less ancient in theme or character, but never unless the world had already set the author's praises for at least a score of years. The stamp of Time's approval was necessary to Mrs. Livingstone's appreciation.

As they stepped from the train in Indeed, there might only one of the present-day exhibitions who interested the good lady at all, but that one attracted with a power that compelled her time and her both to the others.

Of course he was famous—he had been for thirty years—and he visited the "Inimitable One," and set him up

"Hark! This House Owned by a Very Famous Man!"

in her 2court and crowded joyfully at the fact. She bought every edition of his when published, whether she had editions of her own or not, and she read and pictured, hung and framed, and then bore her two grown daughters, as a matter of course, to see the property; such Mrs. Livingstone conducted about the house with reverent impressiveness.

Mrs. Livingstone was well-complexioned, with the complexion of a well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed woman of high and there were but few grown daughters. Mrs. Livingstone proposed home