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Lloyd's Column

Terrible Tempered Panlow

In the domestic relations court Mrs. Antoinette Panlow explained some of the reasons why she dreads the wilder type of life. She made it clear that she had been associated with her husband in matrimony for ten years and that all interest in life on the plains, tales of valor and revenge, detective stories, and adventurous situations had died in the meantime.

"He's always going to kill some one," said Mrs. Panlow, "and he won't work. Every time the rent is due for years I've had to scurry around to get it for fear he's kill the rent man if a word was said to him. Every time the dumbwaiter bell has rung loud he's said he'd knock the head off whoever rang it, and every time we've been out walking he has been on the verge of getting into a terrible fight and of killing some one. He has a terrible temper."

Magistrate Harris looked intently at the defendant.

"Didn't I see you in Harlem court two weeks ago?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Panlow to the magistrate, "I was there. I made a complaint against th' boy that tends the fruit-stand at our corner. But I didn't tell my wife about it."

"What did the boy do to you?" asked the court.

"He hit me," said the terrible tempered Mr. Panlow, "and I had him arrested."—New York Herald.

Lloyd's Column—Frugal to the End

Not long ago a certain publication had an idea. Its editor made up a list of thirty men and women distinguished in art, religion, literature, commerce, politics, and other lines, and to each he sent a letter or a telegram containing this question: "If you had but forty-eight hours more to live, how would you spend them?" his purpose being to embody the replies in a symposium in a subsequent issue of his periodical.

Among those who received copies of the inquiries was a New York writer. He thought the proposition over for a spell, and then sent back the truthful answer by wire, collect: "One at a time."—Saturday Evening Post.

Lloyd's Column—Gave Himself Away

Washington Critic: A man in last year's clothes was seated at a table in the reporter's room, writing. It was costing him great effort, apparently, for his tongue was sticking

out about four inches, and he shoved the pen along as if it were a plow.

"Who is that?" whispered the city editor to one of the boys who had been coaching the visitor.

"Anarchist," replied the reporter, with a warning shake of the head.

"The devil! How do you know?" gasped the city editor.

"Saw his writing. Spells God with a little g;" and the reporter slipped out.

Lloyd's Column—Mother's Curriculum

Daughter—Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibbli—

Practical Mother—Stop! I have arranged for you a thorough course in roatology, biology, sitchology, darnology, and general domestic husteology. Now get on your working clothesology!

Lloyd's Column—The Road to Reconciliation

Chicago Rambler: Mr. Yonghusband (to rich father-in-law)—I am very much disappointed in your daughter, sir. She has a frightful temper, and I can hardly live with her.

Rich Father-in-Law (who is tired of hearing complaints)—So you have said before. I am very much

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displeased with her; and if I hear any more complaints I shall disinherit her.

Mr. Y (with an eye to the old man's wealth)—O, well, perhaps I spoke hastily. She isn't so bad. In fact, I find her quite charming. I have no complaints to make.

Lloyd's Column—They Sympathized With Each Other

Washington Critic: The small boy had just taken a trip across his mother's lap, and as he came out of the house he gave indications that the passage had been a stormy one.

"Hello, Tommy," said his father, meeting him at the door. "What's the matter?"

"Mother," he replied sententiously.

"So?" queried the father, who seemed to understand the case.

"Yep; trying to get blood out of a turn-up, I guess; feels that way, anyhow."

The father shook hands sympathetically with his son and heir and then posted.

Lloyd's Column—

A negro was arrested for sleeping on a station platform in a southern town. A little yellow nigger, who had had some education, went along to defend him. The old southern justice looked gravely at the pair over his glasses and said: "Ah find you-all were guilty of sleeping on a station platform in the daytime. This is a very grievous offense." He reached out and, pulling a big yellow backed book towards him, thumbed through the book for a minute, then looked up and said: "Ah find, that according to the statutes, A'll have to fine you two dollars and ninety cents; yes, two dollars and ninety cents."

Lloyd's Column—

The little nigger nudged the big fellow and said: "Pay the fine, nigger; pay the fine."

The big negro payed the fine and when he got outside he turned to the little nigger and said: "You-all are some fine friend. He fines me two dollahs and ninety cents, and you tell me to pay the fine."

The little nigger said: "That's all right, nigger; that's all right. That's a' awful ignunt judge. That was a Sears-Roebuck Catalogue he had, 'an' you-all oughta be glad he got among them kitchen utensils, and didn't get over among them organs and pianos."—The Winged Head Magazine, published by the Pittsburg Athletic Club.

Lloyd's Column—

What Rockefeller's For John D. Rockefeller, congratulated on his recent \$5,000,000 gift to the Red Cross, said in New York: "Thank you for your congratulations. So many people, you know, take my giving as a matter of course. I rather puts me in the position of the divine. He was very charitable, and a woman said one day to one of his aged pensioners:

"Wasn't it kind of Dr. Filthly, on hearing you were ill, to walk six miles to your cottage in all this heat with a big basket of fruit and port wine and chicken and coffee?"

"The old woman frowned in puzzled surprise.

"Kind?" she said. "Why, what's he for?"—Washington Star.

Lloyd's Column—

Went to His Head "He is building castles out of clouds, and some time his creditors will come and gently ooze him onto the boundless spaces of desuetude, where the whangdoodle wears a nightcap, and the daddaw swings by its tail from the swusss tree like a pendulum with whiskers on it."

It is with these words that "State Press" of the Dallas News describes the fate of the country publisher who continues to try to conduct a newspaper at a loss. How awful such a fate is may be imagined by the reader—and the words of "State Press" are not exaggerated.—Houston Post.

Lloyd's Column—

Rejected the Hen's Job Little Tommy had been naughty. His mother did not know what to do with him. She wanted to confine him somewhere, but he showed signs of breaking everything in any room she put him into, and he threatened revenge at every suggestion. She bethought herself of a place where there was nothing to break, and where he could not work any serious revenge. He was borne into the garden and locked up in the chicken house. He was silent—this was something beyond his capacity to talk about; but as his mother was going away his head appeared at one of the little openings.

"Mama!" His mother stopped.

"Mamma, you can lock me in here if you like, but I won't lay any eggs!"

Lloyd's Column—

Missed a Few Beatrice—"Is it true that sailors have a girl in every port?"

Midshipman Harold—"Well, I'd hardly say that—there were several places we didn't touch on our cruise."—Judge.

Enthusiasm

When one's brain is sort of heavy And one's heart is downright sad, That's the time to be a booster, That's the time you must grow glad.

When your friends have turned a shoulder And your job has had a stab, That's the time your courage shrivels

If you don't brace up, my lad.

When the sky has lost its rainbow And the clouds are hovering nigh, There is just one "World's Best Tonic"

That will shove you straight to high.

But to mope with sad repin'ng Why the world will pass you by, 'Cause your pluck and vim will shrivel

And enthusiasm die.

If success has been denied you By a black-hand stroke of fate, Enthusiasm is your tonic

That you've got to take and take.

So then, be a zealous booster, And wear a gladsome face, Give your friends a shouting welcome.

That's the way to win life's race. —Selected.

Lloyd's Column—

Lacking One Dimension

Alfred A. Knopf, New York's Russian expert, said the other day: "The Russian revolutionists are mystics. They're idealists. They now invite the German populace to revolt, but revolution demands a democratic spirit, and the German people, so far as a democratic spirit goes, are as deficient as the very fat old lady who got stuck in the door of a car and could get neither out nor in."

"Sideways, ma'am. Try sideways," the conductor shouted helpfully.

"Oh, drat the feller," panted the old lady. "I ain't got no sideways." —Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Lloyd's Column—

Might Have Been True

"Typographical errors," said Dean Howells, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written, 'The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient for the millmen.' I set it up 'milkmen.'—Christian Register.

Lloyd's Column—

Why He Wept The boy came into the house weeping and his mother was naturally solicitous. "What the matter, Willie?" she asked.

"The boy across the way hit me," he replied.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that," she returned. "Show that you can be a little man."

"I ain't crying for that," he retorted. "He ran into the house before I could get at him."—Philadelphia Press.

Lloyd's Column—

Kitchen Diplomacy

Mr. Exe—"Did you tell the cook that the beefsteak was burned?"

Mrs. Exe—"Mercy, no! She would leave instantly. I told her it was just right, but that we preferred it a trifle underdone."—Boston Transcript.

Lloyd's Column—

Not Too Far

A suggestion for homeseekers is that in addition to a meatless meal and a wheaten meal they institute daily a beetless meal. But we stand firmly and strongly against any establishment of an eatless meal.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Lloyd's Column—

Killed the Joke

Jones asked his wife: "Why is a husband half dough?"

He expected she would give it up and he was going to tell her it was "because a woman needs him," but she said it was because he was "hard to get off her hands."

Jones was silent for the rest of the evening.—Chicago Herald.

Lloyd's Column—

Father—How is it? I find you kissing my daughter. How is it?

Merry Young Man—Fine, sir; fine. Mrs. Stubbins—Do you like cod-fish balls, Mr. Fox?

The New Lodger—I don't know, Mrs. Stubbins, I never attended any.

Lloyd's Column—

Had an Advantage Heck—"Yes, I have met your wife. In fact, I knew her before you married her."

Peck—"Ah, that's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't."—Boston Transcript.

Lloyd's Column—

"What are you going to make your son Charley?" I asked.

"Well," replied Charley's father, "I made a doctor of Bob, a lawyer of Ralph, and a minister of Bert; and Joe is a literary man. I think I'll make a laboring man of Charley. I want one of them to have a little money."—Life.

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Will drive away the cloud of gloom And coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, With manly kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars, And doesn't cost a cent.

—Good Luck News.

Lloyd's Column—

An Irishman who was rather fond of strong drink was asked by the parish priest:

"My son, how do you expect to get into Heaven?" The Irishman replied:

"Shure and that's aisy! When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door, and open the door and shut the door, an' keep on doing that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness' sake, Mike, either come in or stay out.'"

—Lloyd's Column—

Ed. (in auto)—"This controls the brake. It is put on very quickly in case of an emergency."

Co-ed—"I see, something like a kimono."—Milestones.

—Lloyd's Column—

"How kind of you," said she, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said the young man in great embarrassment, "there is, but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

—The Disston Crucible.

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