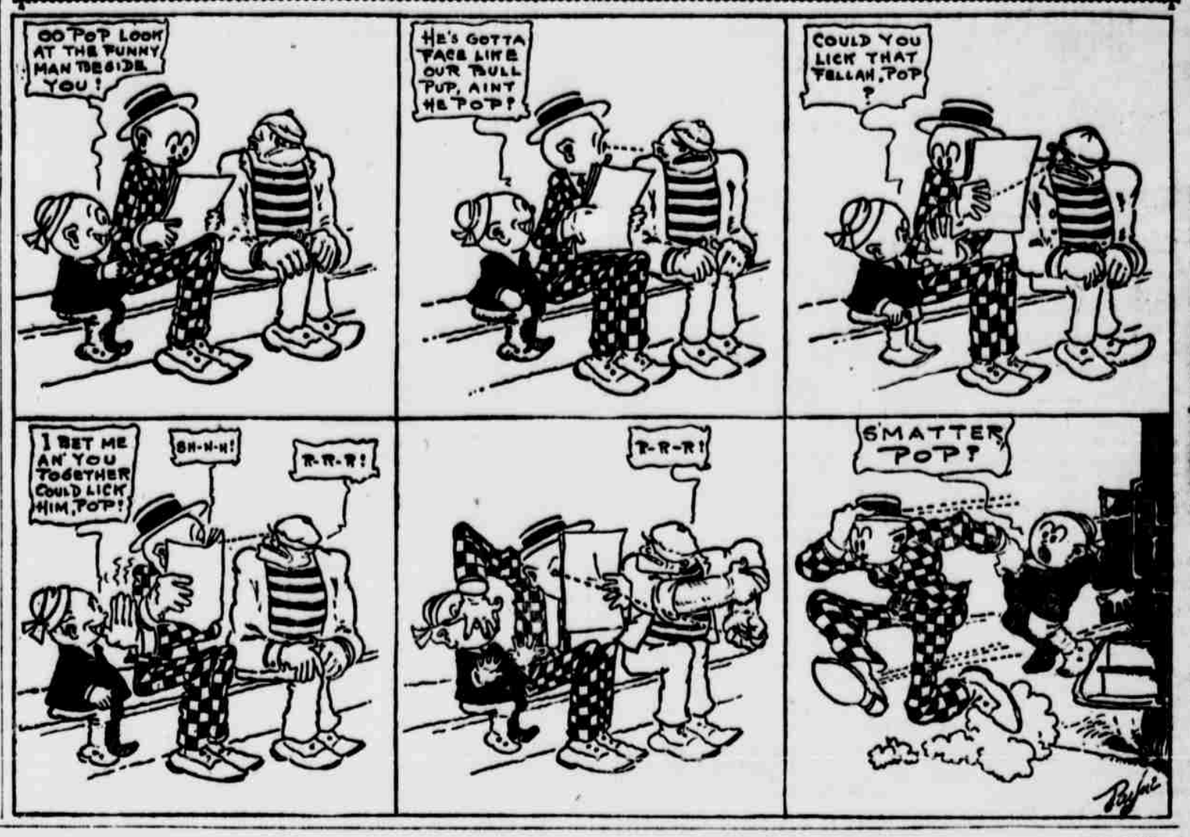
G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t! By Ferd G. Long

S'Matter, Pop? By C. M. Payne



"Them Was the Happy Days!" By Clare Victor Dwiggins

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Just for the Fun of It

"I SEE now how Maybelle manages to have the reputation of being ethereal."

"How?"

"She has eaten a chicken sandwich with eighteen different men."

Just a year or two ago
Alice blue,
As all stylish people know,
Was the hue.

Now that tint is going out,
So I think,
For the girls are wild about
Helen pink.

Over divers tints girls rave,
It is seen.
But we always seem to have
Hetty Green.

—Courier-Journal.

Attention is called to the fact that Justice on top of New York's City Hall has dropped her scales.

It's almost a wonder that she doesn't drop her sword and her robe and make a wild hustle for the fire-escape.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why do you take this country newspaper?"

"It just suits my wife's ideas of journalism."

"As to how?"

"The front page, as you see, is entirely given over to love stories."—Chicago Journal.

Briggs hired a horse the other day to take a little exercise. He got more exercise than he wanted, and as he limped to the side of the road to rest himself a kind friend asked him:

"What did you come down so quick for?"

"What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?" he asked, grimly.—Tit-Bits.

In Silhouetteville By Joe Ryan

"Why do you borrow trouble?"
"It's the only commodity I can get without putting up any collateral."

"Doc told me not to smoke except after dinner."
"You poor chap! And now you'll have to go smokeless till pay day!"

"I see you put up a sign 'No mosquitoes.'"

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel; "but the mosquitoes don't pay any more attention to it than gunners pay to the sign 'No trespassing.'"—Washington Star.

George Ade at a recent farewell supper to a departing London celebrity hit off the latter's besetting weakness neatly.

"You sail away, sir," said Mr. Ade, "with the assurance that America's press thinks highly of you, her stage thinks highly of you, her people think highly of you, but, sir, nobody thinks more highly of you than you do yourself."—Portland Oregonian.

The Day's Good Stories

Jumped Seven Feet.

"ANY news down my way?" repeated the farmer, as he stopped his team and bit a chew off his plug. "Wall, I kin give you a little bit, I guess. It hain't earthquakes nor cyclone, but it does purty well for our place."

"Well?" queried the tollgate man.

"Wall, the news is that Jim Williams's wife's canary bird got out of the cage the other day and she had to chase it more'n two hours to get it back."

"That isn't much news."

"Nope, I s'pose not; but I was saving the best for the last."

"And what is it?"

"Wh-y, a tin peddler came along and bet Joe Harkins that he could outjump him, and Joe held in breath and jumped seven feet and won the bet, and it's already settled that we are to run him for the Legislature next fall."

Romance and Reality.

JACK LONDON, at a publishers' dinner in New York, said of industry: "The boy who starts at the bottom in some big concern thinks all he needs to do is to work his very best and then his employer will raise him up till, finally, he is made general manager.

"As a matter of fact, the truth lies nearer Lawson's case.

"'Lawson,' said the head of a rich firm, 'I have noticed that you work with amazing zest. No detail of the business is too small to escape you. No task is too hard. You are first to arrive in the morning, you are the last to leave at'——

"'Oh, thank you, sir; thank you, sir,'" cried Lawson, expecting his salary to be doubled.

"'Hence, Lawson,' his employer ended with a snarling laugh, 'I'll ask you to dig out the first of the month. It is men of your calibre who get a business down pat and then go and start rival establishments in the next block.'"—Washington Star.

Sure of his Facts.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR. at the recent reunion of the Bible class of which he is vice-president said of a somewhat abusive magazine writer:

"He attacks his country's greatest man, but when I read his attacks I can't help thinking that he is rather like old Uncle Rastus.

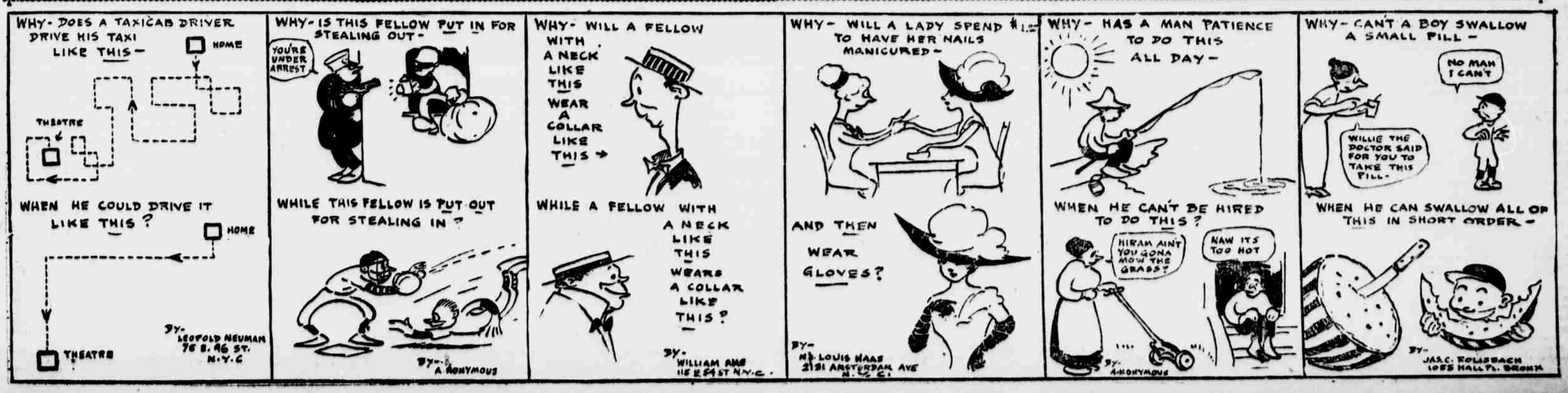
"Uncle Rastus, testifying in a certain lawsuit, refused to be sworn.

"'Ah will affirm,' he said.

"'But, Uncle Rastus,' the Judge said, 'how is this? Last week, in the Calhoun case, you swore readily enough.'

"'Yo Honah,' Uncle Rastus solemnly said, 'Ah was mo' mah o' mah fac's in dat case dan in dis one.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Why? --- ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

One Dollar Each Paid for the Best "Whys." Can You Think of Some? Send 'Em In.

Your Name, Date and Address Should Accompany Each "Why" Contribution.