

"ST ADOLF'S BEEN
WORKY, AND PAINTED
AT HIS WORK.
SHE WE TAKE HIM
TO HOSPITAL!
LOOKS LIKE HE
DYING."

NO— OF
COURSE NOD!
DER IDEA!
ID IS TOO
EXPENSIVE.



THE MISSING TREASURE

Mr. Timmins considered himself the "ideal husband." Mrs. Timmins didn't agree with him. The trouble was that her husband had an entirely exaggerated idea of his capabilities to run the house—in his spare time!

One morning, just as he was leaving for the city, a large female sailed up to the front door. Mr. Timmins informed his wife that this was a new cook he had engaged the previous night.

When he arrived home in the evening he found his wife peacefully reading a magazine, and exclaimed:

"There, my dear! See what a blessing it is to have a capable husband! Here you are able to read a book while the cook does the work. No fuss, no worry! And how quiet she is! No one could tell she was in the house."

"She isn't!" she said. "She left this afternoon!"

NO DAMAGE

In a Tennessee backwoods lived a farmer who, although he had never seen a railroad, yet had his opinion of them and the mischief which he understood they might cause.

Great, then, was his consternation upon learning that a right of way for a railroad was wanted through his farm. Finally, land enough for the purpose was secured and the road built.

The day the first train was to pass the neighbors persuaded him to go with them to see it. As the train disappeared someone said:

"You see, Bill, it didn't hurt anything after all."

Bill was surprised, but hated to abandon his contention that a train would ruin things.

"Waal, yaas," he said. "I reckon that ye mought say so, but ye see, the goshdurned thing come through here endways. Ef it had come sideways it would ha' busted the daylight out er every cow on the place."

SAVING THE SITUATION

It is, say the philosophers, during the second year of married life, when the glamour of newness is wearing off, that danger arises. The man then begins to settle down; but the woman is by nature retrospective.

Much tact, therefore, is needed to harmonize the present with the past.

Fortunately, little Jenkins was eminently tactful.

"Jack," said his wife to him one day, "I don't believe you love me any more—at any rate, nothing like so much as once you did."

"Nonsense, dear!" replied the husband, in a caressing, soothing voice. "But why?"

"Oh, I don't know." A pause. "Lots of little ways." Another pause. "Why do you always let me get up and light the fire now?"

"Because, darling, being able to come down to a nice warm room always makes me love you more."