

GAVE DEM INSTRUCTIONS TO
FOR SEIDELBERG DURING
GAME, ESPECIALLY VEN WE
RUSSING IT INTO HOFBRAU.

RAH-RAH-RAH!
RAH-RAH-RAH!
SEIDELBERG!
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RAH-RAH-RAH!



AN IMPROVEMENT

A young man called the other day on a certain financier, who insisted on showing him over his magnificent private house, informing him not only where he purchased every article in it, but the price he paid for it. When he had finished he asked his visitor if he could suggest any improvement in the arrangement of the house. "Well," was the reply, "if you were to mark all the goods in plain figures it would save you a good deal of trouble!"

The village schoolmaster had pulled out his twenty-bladed knife, and was explaining to his class how all the implements were useless but for the modest bone handle. "Which part of the knife, therefore, do I make the most use of?" he asked. A boy at the foot of the class promptly responded: "Please, sir, the cork-screw."

THE VALUE OF INSIGNIFICANCE

Paddy once found himself in a position that would have embarrassed anybody other than an Irishman.

Paddy was charged—unjustly, of course—with having removed the greater portion of a potato crop belonging to his neighbor—and friend—Murphy. Murphy, who was a man of uncompromising and dogged persistence, had produced a string of witnesses and an amount of evidence sufficient to have hanged a regiment.

In the minds of Paddy's friends, his fate was sealed when the judge asked if there was any person could vouch for his character. A hush fell on the court—Paddy said afterwards: "It was that quiet you could have picked a pin up!"—then up spake Patrick:

"Sure, yer honor, 'there's the police inspector yonder!'"

"Me, you scoundrel! I've never seen or heard of you in my life, and everyone knows it!" shouted the inspector.

This was Paddy's chance.

"Take notice, yer honor—take notice that the inspector hasn't seen me or heard of me—me that's lived hereabouts for fifteen years! How's that for character?"

And Murphy scowled as Paddy left the court without a stain on his reputation.

A TRIFLING FAULT

A man who had bought a well-known impressionist artist's picture wished the painter's opinion on the hanging of it, and invited him to dinner. The artist expressed his approval of the background, of the height at which the canvas was hung, pronounced the light favorable—indeed, he said, there was only one particular in which he would suggest any change. "And what is that?" inquired his host. "Why," said the artist, "I should hang it the other way up! I always have!"