

I SEE—YOU USE DER BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEM. BUT HOW DOES HE TURN AROUND?

DOT'S EASY. HE DOES DOT VEN HE COMES TO A "Y."



ON THE SAFE SIDE

"Yes," said the fond mother, as she looked at her sturdy little son; "there goes the boss of this house!"

"And the other children don't mind?" queried her friend.

"Oh, no; he gets everything he wants, bless him! But why doesn't Bridget come along with the tea-things?"

Investigation proved that Bridget had taken French leave for the afternoon, and her return home at ten that night was greeted with dark looks from her mistress.

"You don't say you're returned?" she said coldly. "Who, pray, gave you permission to go off for the day?"

"The boss, mum."

"Now, don't tell lies!"

"Sure, mum, ye told me the other day if Oi wanted a holiday I was to ask the boss, Oi gave him a sugar-stick, and he said he didn't care if I did!"

REASON QUITE VALID

The train was somewhat full. Still, although he couldn't find a corner seat, there was really plenty of room for Algernon in the third-class "smoker" which perforce he had to enter. Plenty of room, yes; but on the seat beside him lay a sack, which gave off a most fearsome smell.

"I say," remarked Algernon to the yokel on the further side of the offensive bundle, "do you mind removing that sack from the seat?"

"I do," replied the countryman. "I mind very much."

Algernon was silent for a while. Then:

"Unless you remove that sack," he sighed. "I'm afraid I shall have to call the guard."

"Then call the guard."

And the countryman continued peacefully to pull at his pipe.

"Also the engineer," he added, "and the fireman, and the station-master."

Algernon's lips said nothing, but his eyes said much. And at the next station he duly carried out his threat.

The guard, being a peace-loving man, tried to settle the dispute by tactful, persuasive methods.

"Come, come!" he pleaded, after a lengthy argument. "Why won't you do as the gentleman asks, and shove that bundle on the rack?"

"Why?" replied the countryman. "Because it ain't mine."

URGENT CASE

"Drs. Smith and Jinks are going to operate on Hawkins."

"Necessary?"

"Yep. Dr. Jinks wants a new car, and Dr. Smith has a heavy note coming due."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

HOPE SO, ANYWAY

Blobbs—Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?

Slobbs—I hope so. Few of us really know each other here.—*Philadelphia Record*.