



SHREWD KID.

"Now, my child," said the kind old judge, "which do you prefer to go with?"

"That depends," answered the fashionable child. "Is mother to get large alimony?"

"Yes."

"Large enough to embarrass father financially?"—Kansas City Journal.

AT THE BAZAR

Helper—We're going to have a big crowd here, and it'll be some job to keep 'em moving.

Manager—That'll be easy. Take down that rear exit sign, post up the word "Free," and they'll all bolt for it.—Judge.

THAT CHILD

A child sat in a movie tent
And missed most ev-ry scene,
The man in front was corpulent
And cut off half the screen.

—Baltimore Sun.

PEACE POSTPONED.

John T. Reprert says his nine-year-old nephew came home from school and said he had been told to write an essay on "Peace."

His mother left him at work on the essay when she went up stairs.

When she came down again a half hour later the essay was only begun and the boy was nowhere about.

"She found him down at the corner fighting a boy from the next street," reports Reprert.—Cleveland Press.

PERSISTENT

"There was once a President," said Senator Bourne, "who received, early in his administration, a letter which proved to him that there is no such thing as discouraging an office seeker. This letter read:

"Dear Mr. President—I understand you are going to take a month off to destroy the big mountain of letters asking you for jobs. If everything else is gone, I would like the job of destroying those letters."—Dallas News.

FASTING AND PRAYER

Old Mammy Mary Persimmons called one day on the village lawyer.

"Well, old lady," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Ah wants to divo'ce mah husband," said Aunt Mary.

"Divorce your Uncle Billy?" cried the lawyer. "Good gracious, why?"

"Bekase he's done got religion, dat's why," said Aunt Mary. "an' we ain't had a chicken on de table fo' six weeks."—Ohio Farmer.

HAD IT BEEN!

Wine Drummer (to widow of dead customer, a composer)—May I ask how old your husband was when he died?

Widow — Only 40. Who knows how much more he might have done?

Wine Drummer—Ah, yes; and if we calculated it at only a hundred bottles a year!