

HAD TO OBEY ORDERS

An old colored uncle was found by the preacher prowling in his barnyard late one night.

"Uncle Calhoun," said the preacher sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling 'round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling 'round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal, "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

SELF-EVIDENT

The eminent lecturer had just finished his two hours' talk and he was walking back to the hotel with one of the committeemen.

"Do you think the people heard me distinctly?" asked the lecturer earnestly.

"Some of 'em did," said the bored committeeman as he stifled a yawn, "for I saw 'em get up and go out."

WANTED TO HELP OUT

"They say Mrs. Brown hasn't paid her servants in three months."

"Why does she keep so many of them, then?"

"She says she feels it her duty to give employment to as many as possible in these hard times."

THE SILVER LINING

The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism. "Every bone in my body aches," he complained bitterly.

"That's all right," said the optimist cheerfully. "You ought to be glad that you are not a shad."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE REASON

"How long did your last cook stay with you?"

"Oh, about five hours."

"How did that happen?"

"The afternoon train back to town has been discontinued."

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!



Fall

In the fall Mother Nature's business fails and goes into bankruptcy.

The smell of burning leaves and moth balls fills the ozone. The wind is pretty brisk on account of the wind-up of campaign speeches.

In the a. m. the air is snappy; at noon warm, and along about 5:30 the thermometer does a downward skid that makes the Philadelphia Americans look almost as high as the price of potatoes.

Hoarse throats flourish in the fall, owing to world's series and college yells, but it gets clothing salesmen the worst.

The frost gets on the pumpkin and some vaudeville acts, and the cobwebs grow thicker in the pocket-book.

We turn around to give the iceman the merry ha! ha! and the coal man comes along and steps on our corns.

The kids scare each other with candle-lighted pumpkin faces, while the grownups turn green at the sight of the forgotten janitor's mug.

All the birds go south except the sparrows, panhandlers and other bum birds.

SOME CANDY THAT

"Gee whiz! Dey got cherries an' strawberries an' all kinds of fruit covered wid candy. What kind shall I get, 'Rastus?'"

"Get me a chocolate-coated watermelon."—N. Y. World.