

RETURNING THE PLAY

THERE is a story of a man who, to be funny, asked a girl in a bakery how she sold milk, and when she replied, "By the yard," he asked for a yard of it. She dipped her finger in the pan and drew a three-foot line of milk along the counter. The man was not to be so easily beaten. "Is that a yard of milk?" he asked. "Yes," said the girl. "All right. Wrap it up and I'll take it." A tale worthy to match this is told by a writer in the Emporia Gazette.

The captain of a schooner that trades between New York and Savannah is noted for his wit, and on every occasion that offers he looses his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of its target. Sooner or later the stinger gets stung, and this chronic pun artist is no exception to the rule.

On one occasion, when about two days out from New York, he approached a group of sailors who were washing the forward deck, and singling out a big, raw-boned Irishman who was experiencing his first sailor's life, he gravely asked:

"Can you steer the mainmast down the forecandle stairs?"

Quick as a flash came the reply, "Yis, sor, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up."

THE SEAMSTRESSES

NOT long ago, in one of the beautiful public gardens of Vienna, a seamstress found herself sitting beside a quiet, plainly dressed woman who was sewing. They got into conversation on domestic matters, the London Daily News states, and very soon were telling each other how they made their own dresses and those of their children, also.

"I like to keep busy with that kind of work," said the seamstress.

"So do I," agreed the other. "It is a great pleasure."

Then, as confidences were in order, the seamstress continued:

"My husband is a good man."

"So is mine," responded the other.

"Mine works at the railway station, as his father did before him," the working woman went on. "My own father was a wood carver. What is yours?"

"My father is Francis Joseph," said the other, very simply.

She was, in fact, the emperer of Austria's daughter, the Archduchess Gisele, wife of Prince Leopold, son of the regent of Bavaria, who is famous as the most democratic and unostentatious of European royalties.

A GOLF STORY

SCOTSMEN are noted for their can-niness, and a story told by a Lancashire commercial traveler, who was up in Aberdeen a few days ago, shows that the men beyond the Tweed are still worthily upholding their reputation. The traveler in question was asked by a prospective buyer to subscribe to the prize fund for the local golf tournament. He parted with five shillings, and as he was interested in golf he remarked that he would like to be kept informed of the progress of the tournament so that he could look out for the result.

"Oh," said the customer, as he picked up the five shillings and placed it securely in his pocket, "ye needna dae that. The tournament was held last Saturday." This was rather a staggerer for the latest contributor to the prize fund, but he retained curiosity enough to inquire who had proved the happy winner. The guileless solicitor for subscriptions was quite un-daunted, however. "The winner?" he said, coyly. "Oh, just mesel!"—Exchange.

SAW HIM FIRST

ABOUT the year 1707 William Penn become involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courtier," says that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping hole made, through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."

WOMEN HUSTLERS

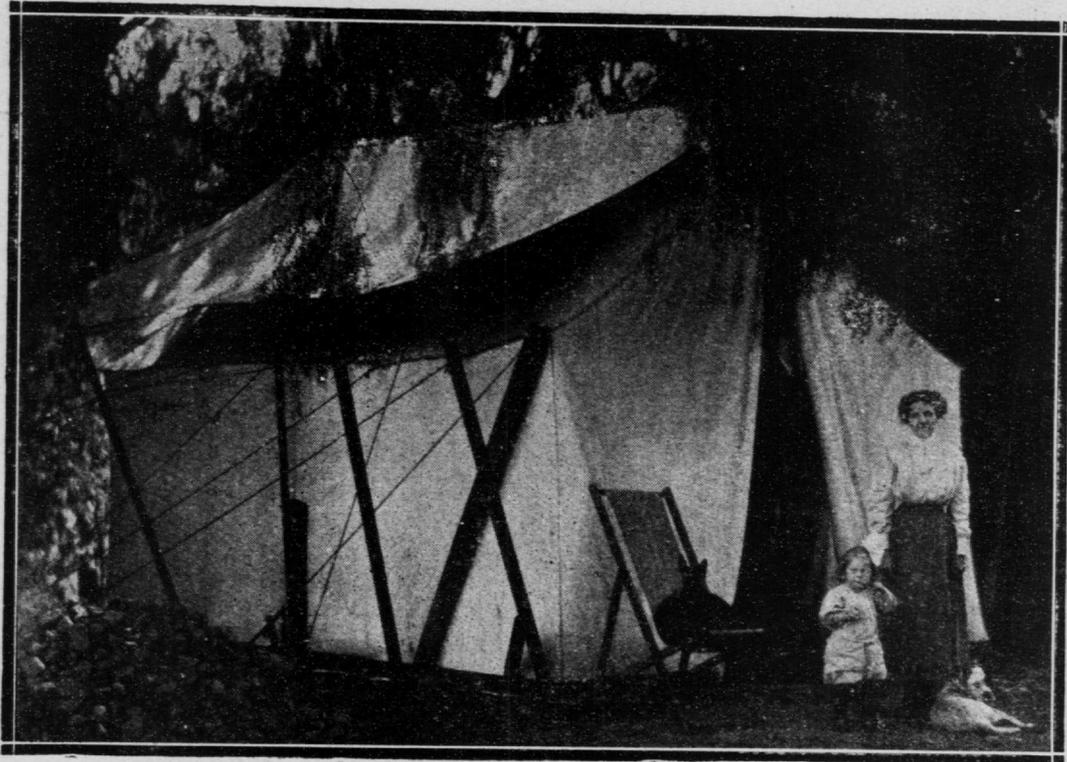
WOMEN who hustle may be divided into two classes—the brainy ones, who, with an objective point ever before their mental vision, collect their forces and eventually come out

winners, and those who, while perhaps as gifted as the former, are what might be termed "general hustlers." These are always in a hurry, always pushed for time, their minds are in a perpetual muddle, and they manage to keep things in a corresponding state of perplexity.—Woman's Life.

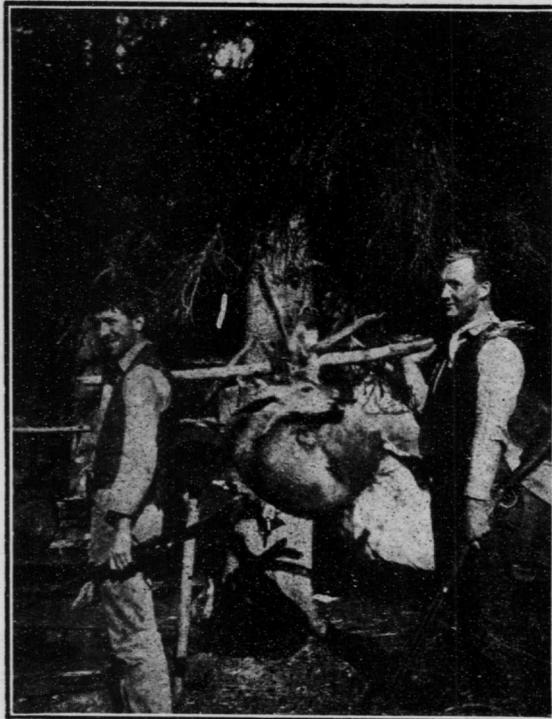
AN EMPRESS' "MAKE-UP"

OWING her rise from the position of slave girl to that of an empress ruling the destinies of some 400,000,000 subjects to her beauty, it is scarcely surprising to learn that, up to the time of her death, the dowager empress of China was extremely vain of her good looks. Nine ladies of the imperial suite were employed every morning to "make up" the empress. Her majesty was rouged regularly every morning until her cheeks flamed delicately against the creamy composition with which the rest of her face had been treated. The lips were carmined and a stubborn growth of hair on the chin and upper lip was obliterated by the application of paint. A slightly double chin caused her much trouble, but she found consolation in the size of her feet, which, although they were never bound in the peculiar Chinese fashion, were the envy of all ladies who were privileged to see them.—Exchange.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I only had one clean shirt in the drawer, and somebody's taken that one.
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Can't you find it?
"No, but I've 'spotted' all the rest."—Yonkers Statesman.



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