

LEARNING IT ALL

A farmer strolled into a motor sales house. "What's that worth?" he asked, pointing to a small car.

"Five hundred dollars."

"And that?" pointing to a better car.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"And that there one?" pointing to a seven-passenger.

"That one is a fine car and is worth \$1,200."

"I'll take it," said the farmer.

"The car is cash, you know."

"Yes, I got the money," said the farmer, as he pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket, peeled off twelve \$100 bills and paid for the car. "Now, you'll show me how to drive the critter?"

"Sure," said the salesman; "that's a part of the sale."

So they started out, and, after going three miles, overtook a man in a wagon with a mule team. The salesman tooted and honked and tooted, but the man with the mules refused to heed.

Finally the farmer said, "This is my car, ain't it?"

"It is," said the salesman.

"And I paid for it?"

"You did."

"Then," said the farmer, "you run right over that sunnavigun. That's the way automobile drivers always done with me."

BIG CHANCES BOTH WAYS

The famous physician and the eminent clergyman were deep in a discussion which threatened to become acrimonious.

"You see," said the minister sarcastically, "you medical men know so much about the uncertainties of this world that I should think you would not want to live."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the physician caustically. "You clergymen tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world that we don't want to die."—Ladies' Home Journal.

DIOGENES STILL SEEKING

Diogenes was sitting on a fire hydrant when a kindly-faced man addressed him.

"What's wrong with you, old friend?" he asked.

"I've been sorely misused," replied the cynic.

"In what way?"

"As I turned yonder corner, carrying my lantern, a youth approached me. 'Wherefore the glim?' he asked. I replied that I was Diogenes looking for an honest man. The youth laughed. 'You're wasting time in this town, uncle,' he said. 'Your glim is no use here.' And what do you think? He took my lantern away from me, and my hat and my street car pennies, and ran around the corner. The only thing he left me of any value was my collar button. Do you wonder that I appear morose?"

"Not at all," replied the kindly faced citizen. "You are quite excusable. I am a little sorry, however, that in your search for an honest man you couldn't have waited until you met me. But, perhaps it's just as well."

So saying he stooped down suddenly and, snatching away the philosopher's collar button, ran up the nearest alley and disappeared.

A SLACKER

Mother — Now, Harold, that you are through college you had really better begin looking around for some sort of employment.

Harold—Mother, don't you think it would be more dignified to wait until the offers begin to come in?—Philadelphia Ledger.

TODAY'S BELLRINGER

It is told of Gov. Johnson of California that he once went into a Market street barber shop to get shaved.

"You don't come in as frequently as you used to," said the barber.

"No," replies the governor, "it takes my face longer to heal lately."