

TALES WORTH THE ONCE OVER

Some time ago an office boy answering the telephone for the first time in his life, and not knowing how to use it, was told that when the bell rang he was to answer it.

When, therefore, he heard it ring, he picked up the receiver and shouted:

"Hallo! Who's there?"

The answer came back:

"I'm one hundred and five."

"Go on," said the boy. "It's time you were dead."—Philadelphia Record.

"Mr. Jones wants a windy-pane 12 inches by 14," remarked young Patrick Mulrooney, entering the glazier's shop.

In the shop was a smart young assistant who wanted to have a joke with Pat.

"Haven't any that size," he replied gravely. "Will one 14 inches by 12 do?"

Pat looked thoughtfully for a minute. Then he replied:

"He's wantin' it at once, and this is the only shop in town. Give me wan o' 'him. P'raps if we put it in sideways, no one will notice."—London Answers.

Old John, the orangeman, that historical personage who presides over the affections of Harvard men, was showing strangers through the yard at Harvard. On every hand they saw the college seal, bearing this motto: "Christo et Ecclesiae." Not being on speaking terms with Cicero, Caesar, and the other Romans, this did nothing but to arouse their curiosity. Finally they asked John. "I say," said one of the visitors, "I see these words everywhere. Can you tell me what they mean?" John looked carefully at the Latin inscription, bit his pipe a little harder, and then replied, gravely: "O! don't jist know, but Or t'ink it means 'To hell with Yale.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A San Francisco clergyman recently at the close of his sermon announced that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of his parishioners exclaimed, "why, my dear doctor, you have never told us one word of this before. It leaves us unprepared. What shall we do?" "Brother," said the minister solemnly, "I shall not leave town."

"Don't you care for any postcards today?" asked the postal clerk, as he handed the man the stamp he had requested. "No, not today," said the man. "Or some stamped envelopes. We have some new ones." "No, thank you." "Would you like a money order?" "No." "Or perhaps you would like to open a postal savings account." "I do not." "Then let me advise you to rent one of our letter boxes." But the man had fled. "Who was that fellow, and why did you ask him all those questions?" asked a fellow clerk. "That," said the other clerk, "is my barber. For years when he has shaved me he has bothered me with recommendations of massages, shampoos, hair cuts and hair tonics. I am even with him!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

According to the story they are telling in New York the German Kaiser was complimenting a soldier named Einstein, who had distinguished himself on the field of battle. "I am told," so the Kaiser is quoted as saying, "that you are a very poor man and the only support of your aged parents. Because of your poverty you shall have your choice between taking the Iron Cross or a hundred marks." "Your majesty," inquired the canny hero, "vat is the cross vorth in money?" "Not much," said the emperor; "it is the honor that makes it valuable. It is worth perhaps two marks." "Vell, den," said Priyate Einstein, draw-

ing himself up to his full height and saluting. "I vill take the Iron Cross and ninety-eight marks in cash!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darkies, in calico smocks, stood squirming in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's name' atter flowers, ma'am. De bigges' one's name Gladiola. De nex' one, she name' Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littlest one named?"

"She's name' Artuhficial, ma'am."—Everybody's Magazine.

The moving picture director was having trouble in getting one of the scenes right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal was far from satisfactory. "Think, now," said the director, coaching her; "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?" "No," was the girl's frank reply."—Seattle Argon.

Jock Donaldson, an old bachelor residing in Aberdeen, who earned his livelihood by selling firewood, had a donkey and a cart that he went his rounds with. He therefore had to hire a small shed for a stable at a rental of four pounds, this entitling him to a vote. Hard times, however, began to tell on the sale of his firewood; so much so, in fact, that he had to dispose of his donkey and give up the stable. On the polling night he made his way to the place of voting with the intention of recording his vote as usual. The policeman in attendance told him his name was not on the electors' list that year, and at this Jock flared up and angrily asked for an explanation. The policeman said: "Aweel, Jock, ye see, ye hinna got the donkey noo." "Oh, aye, I see; it wis the donkey that had the vote, an' no' me!" replied Jock, earnestly.—San Francisco Argonaut.

They met immediately preceding the author's reading. The author—who was trying to make a ripple like a genius—had thought it would help him to be late.

Said the pongee face: "My, you here! Well, I never!"

Said the black streak: "I love him, don't you? What have you been reading lately?"

"Everything."

"Chambers?"

"Oh, yes."

"And McCutcheon?"

"Oh, yes."

"And McGrath?"

"Oh yes. Wasn't McClure's good last month?"

"Dandy! And Munsey's was grand."

"Perfectly all right. How was McGlynn?"

"Do you mean to say—"

"And—oh, dear—who wrote 'The Rosemary'?"

"I forget. Lovely, and—"

Here the author came in. Whispered the pongee face to the black streak: "So glad to have had this chat. I do so love a real literary conversation, don't you?"—Life.

A little boy applied to a society woman for a place in her garage.

"What is your father," asked the woman.

"He's my fadder," was the reply.

"Yes, I know that," said the woman, "but what is he?"

"Oh! Why, he's me stepfadder, mum."

"Yes, yes," said the woman impatiently. "but what does he do? Does he drive motor cars, or work in a factory, or what?"

"Oh, I see, mum," said the small applicant

eagerly, with a dawning light of comprehension. "No, he ain't done nothin' since we've had him."—Town Talk.

The Washington Star relates that Representative Vollmer, answering at a luncheon an attack against his armament exportation bill, said: "These men understood it as completely as the young lady misunderstood the lasso. A young lady, pointing to the lasso coiled on his pommel, said to a cowboy: 'What is that line for?' 'To catch steers and hosses, ma'am,' the cowboy answered. 'Indeed, said the young lady, looking rather astonished. 'And what bait do you use?'—What's Doing.

Indeed, we sometimes think that Colonel Roosevelt never will fully accustom himself to not being the president of the United States.—Boston Transcript.



American Beauty Beer

is a light brew of
the Pilsner type.

You'll like this beer
as it contains none
of the distressing
after effects found
in other beers.

Phone your dealer or
Hy. 17 for a case

Salt Lake Brewing Co.

SECOND WEEK

Walker's
CORNER 32ND SO. AND MAIN

American Day
Sales

Buy, boost and use goods
made in the U. S. A. and

SAVE MONEY