

SUPERSTITION AGAIN

Not by any means the finest restaurant in the town, the Cafe de Fricassee was not to be despised, however, even for the seaside.

Old Mr. Wasser had dined there the first three evenings of his holiday, but there was one point of mystery, one element of quaintness. Invariably he ordered one dozen oysters, and quite as invariably the waiter placed before him just eleven of these well-known bivalvular molluscs—eleven and no more.

On the fourth evening the same trouble arose. Mr. Wasser looked closely at the plate, tested the multiplication again and again with his finest arithmetical acumen, and then summoned the waiter by means of the cracked, unmusical gong beside him.

"Waiter," he said indulgently, and yet withal firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Now, in my young days one dozen comprised precisely twelve. Why, then, varlet, dost always bring but a pultry eleven?"

The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. Likewise he went "Ahem!"

"Sir," he said, calmly and evenly, "none of our patrons care to sit thirteen at table!"



FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

It happened last August. Tommy Smith, a lad thoroughly English in every way, went to spend a part of his summer holidays with his cousins, the McCannies.

For weeks past he had been looking forward eagerly to this trip, but when it actually came about the visit proved a sorry disappointment to him. At any rate, Tommy took violent exception to the exceedingly plain food provided for him in his cousins' house.

For six mornings running his breakfast consisted of nothing more interesting than plain oatmeal—a

state of affairs intolerable to Tommy, accustomed as he was to a healthy repast of eggs and bacon.

Hence, on the seventh morning, when again he found the same dull, stodgy fare before him, he turned to the younger of his cousins and plaintively inquired:

"Freddie, don't you ever have milk with your porridge?"

Freddie laughed.

"Eh, James," he said to his elder brother, "the lad thinks it's Christmas!"



THE MASTER WORD

By Berton Braley.

In days of old when wizards dwelt
Within a world of fancy,
When imps and gnomes and pixies dealt

In spells of necromancy,
They had strang phrases full of dread
Uncanny incantations
Which, with the proper cadence said,
Caused wondrous complications.

With queer conniptions, dire and dark,

The magic words they muttered,
And thunder rolled at each remark
These old magicians uttered.
We have no witches nowadays,
No wizard dire who chortles,
And yet we have one master phrase
Which plays the deuce with mortals.

It brings them joy, it brings them bliss,

It brings them endless trouble,
It makes a Mrs. of a Miss,
Turns single into double.

It brings you peace, it brings you strife,

It lights the skies above you,
It is the Master Word of life—
That little phrase, "I love you!"



Heard at a Restaurant.—Chatty Walter (glancing out of window)—
The rain'll be here in a minute or two now, sir. Customer—Well, I didn't order it; I'm waiting for a chop.