

THE THIRD AUTO

By MIRIAM ELDRIDGE

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"Your name, sir?" asked the clerk... "Edgar Clark Stewart," replied the gentleman... "The only name?" "Cynthia H. Geddes..."

The Goose Tower.

In the early years of the fourteenth century the "free cities" Hamburg, Lubek and Bremen sent a delegation of seventy-seven members to King Waldemar to demand increased rights and privileges in their trade with Denmark...

The Jerbos and the Melons.

An odd lot relative to a little African melon is that related by an old story of Karamoon...

The Automobile.

In some respects the automobile is the most marvelous machine the world has yet seen. It can go out where at any time a horse-drawn carriage could not go...

The Word Gainers.

English words entered from other languages are almost a new order to the language. English Dictionary does not record their existence...

The Self Sacrifices of Fadzeau.

A fine historical dog story is recalled by Mr. Edwin Noyce in "The Dog Law of the World." The incident is connected with the flight of William Wallace to the mountains after Bannockburn...

Ha Dead Her.

A woman said by the railway station ticket agent, "I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes."

Evolution.

Brown, the tall fellow in the theory of evolution? Black sure thing. For six years a young fellow named Jones has been eating an oat daughter, and today she became Mrs. Jones. Judge!

Well Off.

Fred—I proposed to Miss Dingy last night. You don't know I know her. Is she well off? Fred: Yes, I guess so. She refused me.—Stray Stones.

Similar Tastes.

Bacon. Have you and your wife similar tastes? Egbert: I think so. I don't believe she likes her cooking either.—Yonkers Statesman.

Moderation in the Silken String.

Moderation in the silken string runs along through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Nelson.

A Deserter

By EDWARD B. TAPPAN

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One morning in 1863, when the Confederates and Federal forces were fighting in Virginia a runaway regiment of Tennesseeans entered the camp of a regiment of Tennesseeans and said to an officer he met...

Why He Wept.

A man who was walking through a field inadvertently left the door of one of the barns open. A big man sitting in a seat in the middle of the car yelled "Shut the door, you fool! Wery noisy in a barn!"

The Speeder Way.

He simply couldn't help it. He was bored. As a rule if you sleep he counts through a shave to about thirty-five minutes. But today after only fifteen minutes sleep he appeared ever more sluggish than ever.

Making Things Hum in Rome.

The Romans had three recognized methods of appeasing the deities: the tributes and the taxes. The word tributes did not mean any tribute to the gods. On the contrary this form of appeasement was the most degrading inasmuch as it consisted merely of humiliating or torturing noise.

A Shabby Coat Collar.

Very often the collar of a coat he gets to look shabby when the coat itself is good order and it is worth getting a different one through, leaving with the first one a piece of clean cloth and dip it in spirits of turpentine and rub the collar thoroughly with it. Leave it for four or five minutes then rub it again with the turpentine and press it carefully to remove any odor that it may have.

How It Was.

"She's very wealthy?" "My dear, to be sure."

The Particulars.

"You said the work as he clipped his pen in the ink and prepared to fill out the blank. 'Your name please?'" "Annie W. Hupperton."

A R and a Wrong.

"Marriage," remarked the professor "was a law proposed by the ancients."

Mixed.

"Why Harkins, where have you been? You look like a wreck."

Concocted.

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to get married."

Still So Loved Him.

She was like the bird. It is so extravagant. He that is hardy the best quality for a husband, is it? She: Oh, that nobody inquires whether we are or not.—La Bruyere.

Deliver and the Cahiles.

The cabin as a flower that is almost sacred to Scandinavians. When the Senator Deliver was speaking a Swedish settlement from the rear end of a Pullman car a number of Danish...

Setting a Watch.

"The jewels on my watch within a thousandth of a second when he gave it to me today," said the man with a new timepiece, "and this is how it did it."

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The Tramp and the Dog.

"Mrs. Roberts, oh my dear that mag different water-bug you brought home yesterday is gone!"

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THE THINKING GERMAN

By SARAH BAXTER

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Being a woman with no children and not content with the occupation house-keeping alone gave me, I decided to go into the business of raising squabs for market. Having ample room in my back yard, I erected dovecotes there and put in a dozen pairs of pigeons.

Behind our place, facing on another road, was a shanty in which lived a German cobbler named Hans Schreiber. One night, hearing a noise in my back yard, I went out with a dark lantern and dashed in on Schreiber getting over the back fence. He was warned that the next time he was caught in our yard he would be prosecuted under the law. He put on a great deal of injured innocence, but continued to steal my squabs. Finally I caught him again, had him arrested and the next morning appeared against him in court.

"Judge," he said to the court, assuming the expression of a martyr, "I leaf it to you, wedder a poor man like me can afford to eat squab. How would I know I like squab if I don't know how they taste? I got to pay 'em first, hauf't I, to know wedder I like 'em?"

"That's a very reasonable argument," Hans said the prosecutor, taking up the case. "But it won't work. Did you never taste any kind of game-duck, quail, snipe?"

"No, I never." "Do you take me for a shabby man?"

"You've eaten young chickens, haven't you?"

"Proffers! You think I can afford to eat proffers? All 'r proffers go into 'r houses of shentlemen like you. Pater, you 'r proffers are two years old! I don't like 'em."

"How can a proffer be two years old?" asked the prosecutor. "I should consider a chicken two years old a pretty aged bird."

"A proffer not pe two years old? You 'r go to 'r root storage house. You 'r no free, four, five years old."

"Were you trying the cold storage men?" said the prosecutor. "We're trying you, Hans Schreiber, for stealing Mrs. Perkins squabs. What did you eat for breakfast this morning?"

"Anything else?" "What and coffee?"

"Did you see you didn't eat squab?" "Hans, did you ever hear of Herr Roediger?"

"No." "He discovered a process by which one may look inside the body and see what's there."

"Hans looked uneasy."

"Now I'm going," continued the prosecutor, "to see one of these machines to look inside your stomach, and if I find squabs there his honor will send you up for a long term. If you will confess I'll ask him to let you off with a small fine just enough to pay for the birds you have stolen. Now will you submit to the test of confound?"

"At last I'm principle of 'r machine!" asked Schreiber.

The lawyer was a bit staggered. "The principle is that a peculiar light called the Roediger ray illuminates a man's inside and shows what is there."

The prisoner uttered a wobble, then said: "I like to see how dat is done. You show me vat you hat for breakfast dis morning, and I tell you what I do."

"Come, come," said the lawyer sternly, "enough of this! Send for the machine!"

He hesitated to an attendant to go to an optician near by and bring a certain instrument be designated. When it arrived the German looked at it with much interest. It consisted of two brass cylinders, with glasses at each end, mounted on an upright.

"Now, Hans," said the attorney, "before apply the test I'll give you one more chance. Will you confess?"

Hans hesitated. The instant of investigation indignant with his race struggled with his fear of detection. At last he said:

"If you 'r the squab in my stomach how long for I go to jail?"

The lawyer looked at the judge, who was watching this new method of trial with interest.

"Thirty days," said his honor.

"I risk it," said Hans. "Look into my stomach!"

"I withdraw the charge," I said, coming to the lawyer's rescue.

"The charge is withdrawn," said the judge struggling to suppress laughter.

"Prisoner, if another such charge is made against you and you are proved guilty I'll send you up for six months."

"I want to see," said the prisoner, "vat you trah my stomach dis morning!"

"That's not necessary now," said the prosecutor, "since the charge has been withdrawn and his honor has dismissed the case."

"Judge," protested Hans, "I want to know if the machine can do the wonderful things the shentlemen says it can do. I'm ready to go to jail to find that out!"

The judge winked at the prosecutor, who placed the tubes against the German's stomach and, after pretending to look into it, said to the judge:

"Since the case has been dismissed, your honor, I will say that squab is plainly visible in the man's stomach."

"How, how?" laughed Hans. "Dot machine is no good! I didn't eat squab dis morning! I eat a chicken egg. I took from another woman's dovecote!"