

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton is a New York physician who has won considerable fame by inventing several very useful medical instruments.

The Royal Box.

No member of the British royal family in the direct line can legally marry without getting the consent of the crown.

Recent Inventions.

A revolving plow has been patented in which a gasoline motor drives the cutting wheel.

Echoes of the War.

This European war suggests that maybe the white man's burden is the white man himself.

Current Comment.

"Home travel" clubs will have their work cut out for them this winter.

Train and Track.

The Northern Pacific railway is fifty years old.

Three Strikes.

The average baseball fan appears to have cooled off.

Science Siftings.

It is estimated that 1 per cent of the contents of the oceans would cover the land of the world to a depth of 100 feet.

Free Seed.

No matter if they owned no ground, regardless of their need.

A Dark Deed.

Wife (entering room wringing her hands with an expression of extreme agony).

The Long Wait.

She bade him go, she cared not where His face she hoped no more to see.

Useless Bargains.

He bought a coat for five cents And stored it up to keep.

The Hard Part.

The bachelor friend and the married man had arrived at the home of the latter about 8 a. m.

Great Mistake.

"Advertising ruined me," said the man.

When Women Rule.

"Madam President wishes her to accept a high place."

Made His Eyes Limp.

She was wearing her brand new red gumps.

The Last Straw.

"What's the matter with Willie?" "He's turned anarchist."

Summary Proceedings.

He watched a schooner "hang the aborn."

Unreasonable.

"How could you expect that man to take an abstract view of municipal government?"

Barred.

The centipede wept as it went from the spot.

Knew His Meaning.

"Why did you quarrel with your husband?"

Them New Reds.

She was wearing an up to date basque.

No Audience.

Mother—And so my little man didn't cry when he fell down.

SIRENS AND SONS.

William Brown owns 100 square miles of land in Oregon.

Flippant Flings.

Some of the towns are harder to pronounce than to take.

Fashion Friffs.

There is a good deal of feminine bawling over the new "wasp waist."

Town Topics.

Baltimore is naturally the city of beauty, which is one reason why the Sorists of the country should come here for their next convention.

Cost of Living.

Meanwhile the high cost of living is getting more so.

Ways of Women.

Most women have an idea that men couldn't get along without them.

Pert Personals.

Where is Boni de Castellane in the wrecks of dinner and the crush of worlds?

Industrial Items.

The Philippines produce 40,000,000 pounds of crude salt yearly.

Gillespie—I wonder what sort of a debt collector I would make? Hard-run—You might let me have a five for ten days and find out.

"I do not like him!" murmured Kate. "Such hangovers on a simply fatal!"

He—What has made the professor so wild? She—Oh, he was gassing about botany, and so I asked him if he had ever seen a pink palm.

If every wife will stir the pot Her husband she will hold.

He (anxious)—Didn't I tell you it was a secret and that you shouldn't tell anybody? She—No, you didn't; you only said it was a secret.

I own a creaky motorboat. Sometimes its pace is hot.

Funeral—Young Benedick and his new wife are inseparable, aren't they? Sylvester—Yes, he calls her his altar ego.

The maiden heard that men were rare At the resorts—That all the girls were in despair.

No while success declined to crown Campaigns they waged 'Twas the boy girl remained in town And got engaged.

Bill—And did Lola cry for help when you tried to kiss her? Jill—Certainly not. Why should she want help? I didn't try to run away.

Of all the clever men we know The one we most adore Is he who made the onestep grow Where two steps grew before.

"Don't don't abuse that conductor the way you usually do when he refused to take your transfer."

"No. Look at the size of him."—Detroit Free Press.

If Father Noah lived today And it began to rain He would not build an ark he'd build A hydroaeroplane.

"Why do mermaids sit on rocks combing their golden hair?" "Because they want to get water waves in their tresses."—Baltimore American.

I saw a silhouette go by. I wouldn't take a look. But groundward cast my modest eye And found a pocketbook!

"Isn't it strange how those intellects you?" asked the cheerful idiot. "Not at all," replied the boob. "It is written in bars, isn't it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The party took the wife—Was nothing much before And a little less than half of that behind.

She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed? He—Why—er—I don't know. Your face seems familiar.—Life.

That man cannot be called a dunc Who fills his brain with dusty lore. But when he tells it all at once He's likely to become a bore.

Miss Manchester—You know the old adage, "Love laughs at locksmiths?" Mr. Groucho—Yep. Getting in is easy enough, but getting out is no joke.—Chicago News.

A summer girlie likes a place Where men in swarms arrive And all the other summer girls Are over thirty-five.

"Jinks called me a stupendous ass. What shall I do about it?" "Make him prove his contention."—Philadelphia Ledger.

We can forgive the umpire's sight. Poor, luckless, unbefriended wight! The only time we're mad is when Some one touches us for tan.

Mollie—Why, Chollie, you have a cold, haven't you? Chollie—Oh, yes; I forgot and left off my wrist watch yesterday.—Yonkers Statesman.

The simple man will have his view And from the house tops about it. And soon he proves a fact you knew—He nothing knows about it.

Nodd—Here's a list of European war debts. Don't they stagger you? Todd—Well, they might, old man, but I've just been looking over my monthly accounts.—Life.

The wisest man may dance, 'tis said. It is a program rather neat. All day he labors with his head. The night he gives unto his feet.

"Here's a woman wants a divorce because her husband hasn't talked to her for years." "And she noticed it?"—Baltimore American.

You ask "What god's the epaulet?" In war or on parade. We worn for fear some one might get jabbed by the shoulder blade!

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