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By Mary Graham Bonner

FLY'S VISIT.

"I think," said the fly, "I will sit on your head. It looks like a nice, comfortable resting place, and almost as nice as a ceiling or window pane."

"Comfortable."

"Well," said Mrs. White Hen, whose head the fly was sitting upon, "you needn't do it on my account. I don't want you to sit on my head. You annoy me. I can't get you off even by shaking

"I do not want my head around. to be complimented by you and told that my head is a nice, comfortable resting place, and almost as nice as a ceiling or a window pane. That is, you said that before you actually got on my head, and that was the way you thought it looked.

"Now you must think so because you're sitting there and don't want to move."

"Well," said the fly, "that doesn't always mean so much. It is cold now, and I am here when I really shouldn't be."

"Well, you needn't stay on my account," said Mrs. White Hen again, who was much annoyed by the fly's visit.

"I'm not," said the fly.

"Then, whose account are you staying on?" asked Mrs. White Hen.

"I'm not staying on anyone's account," said the fly. "I'm staying on your head."

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," said Mrs. White Hen, "but I mean that I don't want you and so you needn't stay because you think I do."

"Oh, yes," said the fly, "I understand that was what you meant when you said I needn't stay on your account, and then as I'm very sleepy and lazy and as I've not much more brain anyway I forget what it was you had been saying and only know you were talking about staying somewhere. And of course I was, and still am, staying on your head.

"But you see this isn't the time of year for me. No, if folks saw me they would say: 'Why look at the fly in the winter time. How strange it does seem to see him.'

"It wouldn't be because they would be glad to see me. Gracious, no. If I had to wait for invitations, Mrs. Hen, I would never visit anyone or anywhere.

"You see, I'm none too healthy a creature to have around, and I'm of little use, and so no one cares particularly for me, and I really don't care much either. I'm not very bright, and I don't feel hurt about it as some creatures would.

"One of the reasons I'm not leaving you is because I'm too lazy. If I could see some sugar around or something to eat I would slowly leave you and sit on the food instead.

"But I see no food around."

"Can't you get off my head?" said Mrs. Hen, still shaking her head. Finally the fly got off and went on top of a railing nearby.

"Why are the roosters over there and why are the hens at this side?" asked the fly. "Aren't you friendly?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. White Hen, "but the roosters were having a meeting about the coming spring season and what they thought the future outlook was as regards the market for worms in the ground.

"And we were squatting and sleeping and napping when they began their talk, so we didn't take part in it. You woke me up, you see."

"Good-By."

"I'd be sorry for you if I were not a fly, but a fly isn't sorry for anything. And, too, I feel so tired, there is so little life in me, for it is the winter, and I ought not to have come out. I like warm weather."

"You'd better leave, then," said Mrs. White Hen, "for it gets even colder here at night."

She winked slyly to Mrs. Gray Hen, who had just awakened and who saw that the fly still annoyed Mrs. White Hen, for she was afraid he would come back and land on her any moment."

"Yes," said Mrs. White Hen, "I feel like saying good-by to you."

"Good-by," said the fly, as at last it slowly flew off. "I'm never asked for visits, I'm never asked to stay longer, but then I don't care. After all I'm only a fly!"

Also Extinguished.

Mother—Girls, you don't know how near President Cultureal came to running over me today.

Girls (disappointedly)—Oh, mamma! You might have been so distinguished!

BEAR CUBS PROBABLY UNIQUE

New Species the Result of Mating Canadian Black and Russian Brown, in London Zoo.

A "marriage was arranged" in London some time ago between Teddy, the black bear from Canada, and Daisy, the brown bear from Russia. The result is the first hybrid black-brown bear cubs ever born in the zoo—they may even be unique, for nature let alone produces no hybrids. They are a rich mahogany compromise between their parents' colorings, and are doing splendidly. Along with this news comes word that the ugliest beast in the world, the Matamata turtle, another emigrant from the new world, had been on hunger strike ever since his arrival in London. At home he gets his food in a nasty, treacherous way. He has a shell which looks like a lump of rock on which weed grows freely. He keeps quiet and looks like a pleasant stone for fish to rest under. Round his jaws are a number of long lumps which look like desirable worms. These are his ground bait, and even if the Matamata be asleep a nibble rouses him to snap up a meal.

TRAMP'S PLEA THAT FAILED

Sufferer Quite Unable to See Style of "Splitting and Hacking" Proposed by Farmer's Wife.

Lawson Purdy, secretary of a charity organization, said in a brilliant address on charity in New York:

"Charity bestowed on the professional beggar is worse than wasted. A gaunt scarecrow with a red nose knocked at the back door of a farm house one bitter December day.

"'Charity, lady,' he croaked. 'Charity for the sake of the Christmas feast wot's approachin'.'

"Here he coughed dismally.

"'Lady,' he went on, 'I got a splittin' headache and a hackin' cough, and—'

"But the wise farm woman interrupted him.

"'A splittin' headache and a hackin' cough?' she said. 'Then you won't mind goin' out to the woodshed and splittin' the kindlin' and hackin' them oak logs. When you're through I'll give you a meal of—'

"But the sufferer with a gesture of rage and disgust was already hurrying off."

Extravagant Animals at the Zoo.

A deer with an insatiable craving for chocolate almonds acted the thief at the London zoo the other day. A child offered it one and the animal snatched the whole bagful—half-a-pound—just bought by an extravagant mother for 75 cents. The cat-bear, or Panda, a captive brought from far Tibet, has developed a taste for sultana raisins beyond all the other side diets experimentally offered him. And sultanas are horribly dear in England now. The gaudy blue-faced mandrill used to save money for its owners by tempting the tame squirrels into its cage and eating them. Its diet at home in West Africa had consisted of roots and fruit interspersed with reptiles and scorpions. Other monkeys are tobacco-chewing fiends, and beg piteously for cigarette stubs. The African otter now much prefers fruits and carrots to fish, and the splendid elephant seal, the only one known in captivity, killed itself by gluttonous indulgence in buns.

The Deed Was Done.

With our baskets full of goodies, a crowd of us enjoy going from house to house and having "picnic" dinners. At our last meeting place our hostess was noted for making weak coffee. This worried my husband, who likes his strong. To please him I promised to go early and offer to make the coffee. Luck was against me, for when I arrived, she had already made it. My husband, thinking of course, that I had done the deed, looked across the table at me, and bellowed before them all: "This coffee is simply rotten."—Exchange.

Jars in Cleopatra's Needle.

Will the workmen who are busy repairing the base of London's Cleopatra's needle disturb the jars which were placed in the pedestal when the monolith was erected? The jars contain British coins, a translation of the meaning of the hieroglyphics inscribed on the monument, a railway guide, a number of children's toys, copies of newspapers, a map of London, a translation into several languages of St. John 3-16, a history of the monument and its journey to London, and many other things. This was after the custom of the ancient Egyptians.

Reminded Him.

A well-known preacher was giving one of his stirring discourses, when he remarked:

"Ah! that reminds me of something I shall never forget."

Then he stopped and thought, and, after thinking and waiting a long time, greatly to the astonishment of the congregation, he said:

"Dear me, I can't think of what it is!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Cruel Agreement.

Maud—This keen air is certainly exhilarating. I feel like a 4-year-old this morning.

Belle—And you look it, dear—ten times over.—Boston Transcript.

Vice's Aftermath.

He (despairing)—Oh, why did I ever learn gambling?

She—That's the trouble; you never learned.

SCORED ON THE CONSTABLE

Official Very Much in Error When He Thought Motorist Didn't Know What He Was Doing.

"I don't often make a mistake in my official calkerlations," admitted Constable Sam T. Slackputter, the redoubtable sleuth of Petunia, "but I'll have to own up that yesterday evening I pretty nigh done so. A stranger, that looked like he represented a fair-sized fine and a nice little fee, came along in his motor car, sorter wabbling in his progress and singing, 'My Irene Is the Village Queen. Rum-tum-tiddy! Er-rum-tiddy-tum!' and so forth.

"'Halt there!' says I. 'Consider yourself under arrest!'

"And b'gashed if he didn't stop and cuss me for everything he could lay his tongue to! 'What are you trying to arrest me for, you blankity-busted, lop-eared, red-necked hick?' says he.

"'For being so bone-dry drunk,' says I, 'that you don't know what you're doing!'

"'Like torment, I don't!" says he. 'I'm cussing out a blankity-blanked, mutton-headed, tin-starred boob!' says he. 'That's what I'm doing!'

"Well, of course, I seen he did know. So all the action I could take was to haul in my horns and wave him onward with as much dignity as I could manage to assume on the spur of the moment."—Kansas City Star.

PORTER HAD FELLOW FEELING

Witness of Osculatory Exercises Meant to Do Good Turn in Putting Gob Wise.

The gob was on shore leave and nappy because he had found a girl as affectionate as he. His joy was dimmed, however, for a bluecoat had forbidden spooning in the park and his girl had tabooed it in the streets. But life took a new turn when he saw a man kiss his wife farewell in front of the Pennsylvania station, New York. He rushed his girl toward a crowd hurrying toward the Philadelphia express and bade her a fond farewell. When the crowd thinned, they joined a throng for Washington and repeated the act. They repeated it again before the Chicago train.

This was too much for a colored porter who had been watching. He stepped up to the gob. "Boss," he said, "why don't you go downstairs and try the Long Island station? Dem local trains am a-leavin' mos' all de time!"—Everybody's.

Fire in a Gold Mine.

All the pumps available, assisted by a newly blasted subterranean drainage tunnel, have been engaged for six weeks in drawing water out of a famous South Dakota gold mine. Meanwhile, of course, the mine and all its workes are idle. The flooding, costly at it has been, was not accidental; two creeks and the water supply of a good-sized town were deliberately turned into the shaft. Fire in a gold mine is unusual, but it occurred in this case because a vast accumulation of disused timbers had been stored in a drive, away down at the 2,200-foot level. A blasting operation ignited the timbers and the raging fire that followed was only extinguished when the mine had been completely flooded. Working day and night, it is estimated that the task of drying out the mine will take another two months.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Fit Not Needed.

A rather plainly dressed young man went into a furnishing goods store and asked to see a suit of clothes. "Oh, don't bother about fitting it, just wrap it up as it is—and, by the way, put in a hat."

"What size, please?"

"Any old number around seven will do."

"Any shirts?" ventured the clerk, wonderingly selecting a hat.

"Yep, throw in three or four, and don't mind the size, for I was a private in the A. E. F. for over a year, and I'm afraid if I got any duds to fit me now I won't feel at home," said the former soldier.—Tenshun 21.

Too Soft.

For a week I slept every night with gloves on my hands and used cold cream to soften my fingers. I wanted to meet a girl all the college boys were praising and show her I was a "gentleman."

"When she was introduced to me at a fraternity dance she thrust out her hand and gripped me hard. She couldn't conceal her disgust.

"Gracious, what a hand for a man!" she said, telling those around us that I had a palm like an infant's.

Sicker I never felt in all my life. The cold cream had done its dirty work.—Chicago Tribune.

Apprehension in Crimson Gulch.

"What has become of Bill the Barkeep?" asked the traveling man.

"He's acting queer," replied Cactus Joe. "He mopes around the garage or the paint store all day long. He's so lonesome-like, since prohibition struck, that we're afraid he has quit bein' sober and industrious, and took to drink."

The Reason.

"The man yonder bears a charmed life."

"You don't say so."

"He falls in love with every girl he meets."

A Hint.

She—Did I hear anything fall?

He—I think not.

She—Excuse me. I thought you dropped a remark.

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