



Under the Jingle Tree with Bab

A TUBERCULAR expert has declared that kissing in the morning is very dangerous. He may be right, but the fellow who indulges in it too promiscuously after dark is in a heap more danger, if his wife hears of it. Who fears a tubercular germ compared to an angry wife?

There is no place like home, to the fellow who hasn't one.

You cannot judge a man by his clothes, but it is easy to estimate a woman by her facial adornments.

A fellow who loudly proclaims that money isn't everything seldom reaches that stage until he has plenty of it.

The lower the gown the higher the price.

Many women are not so bad as they are painted.

The mother who used to rave when dad went to the "Black Crook" show now sends daughter out on the street with less clothes to cover her charms than the actresses then wore.

The fellows who are so well-flattered before election often find themselves well-flattered afterward.

More horse sense and less horse power would improve motor driving.

"Clothes do not make a man."

"Mebbe not, but where would a lawyer be without suits?"

AN ELECTRIC WRINGER?

Wednesday night of last week Doc called up Jack and asked him over for a game of penny ante. Jack said he couldn't come because he was washing.

"Washing what?" asked Doc.

"My B. V. D.'s," said Jack.

Just then central cut in and said: "I'm (w)ringing them."

"Constantinople," said Bishop Brewster at a Portland missionary meeting, "is a beautiful but unkept city."

He smiled and added:

"See Naples and die. Smell Constantinople—same result."

Two locomotive engineers met on the street. Bill sang out to Jim: "We voted to strike at the meeting today, but I didn't see you there."

No," replied Jim, "I couldn't get down town on account of the street car men's strike. Those fellows haven't any consideration at all for the public."

TO SOME IT'S LIKE THAT.

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress, "Where bane your son? I am not seeing him around no more."

"My son?" replied the mistress pridefully. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yes, I know yoost how you feel. My broder, he bane in yail six times since Thanksgiving."

The man who never stops to think

Through haste is oft bereft.

The man who stops to think too long

Stands round till he gets left.

"Do you know what it is to go before an audience?"

"No. I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did."

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of an Eldorado car.

"Hold on," came a feminine voice, "wait till I get my clothes on." The entire carfull turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

"And how is your husband, Mrs. McCarty? Is he as hard a worker as ever?" "No; John ain't worked a day for seventeen years." Is he incapacitated?" "No, ma'am; he's dead."

Read Head Consul Talbot's message in this issue to every Modern Woodman who wants to get ahead. See page 16.

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