

GLEANINGS--WISE AND OTHER-WISE.

An Optimist and a Pessimist
The difference is droll.
The Optimist sees the doughnut,
The Pessimist sees the hole.

"I have brought back the lawn-mower I bought from you last week; you said you would return my money if it wasn't satisfactory." "Yes that's what I said. But I assure you the money was perfectly satisfactory in every respect."

The family were discussing the prospective wedding of the only daughter. "Of course," said the bride-to-be to her father, "you will give me away." "I'm afraid I have done it already, my dear," he replied. "I told George only this morning that you had a disposition just like your mother's."

George: "I can't get any speed out of that motor you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it." Harold: "So I was, old chap; for obstructing the highway!"

"Darling," said the young man, "I'll do anything in the world to prove my love for you." "Then," rejoined the dear girl, "please give up smoking." "Oh, come now," he exclaimed, "that's asking too much."

An English paper tells of a member of Parliament who recently questioned a class of small girls on the daily course of the sun in the heavens. "But, suppose," said he, "I told you that on a certain day I saw the sun rise in the west, what would you say?" "Please, sir," replied one of the girls, archly, "I should say you must have got up rather late!"

A certain judge, owing to his quick temper, sometimes finds considerable difficulty in controlling individuals in the court. On one occasion there was unusual disorder. At last the judge could stand it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court," exclaimed his lordship, "and I shall be forced to take the one step that will stop it!" There followed a long silence in court. Finally one of the leading counsel present rose, and, without the suspicion of a smile, asked: "If it please your lordship, on what date will your resignation take effect?"

Solomon Isaacs was very ill, and the doctor was paying him a visit. The doctor looked very serious, as if he did not think much of Solly's chance. "Well, doctor," says Solomon, "if I've got to die, I die gontendet. My life was insured for five thousand pounds." "Well," says the doctor, "I'm afraid you've got to go; but I think, with the aid of tonics, I can keep you alive for a week longer." "Don't do it, doctor," says Solomon, "de premium comes due de day after to-morrow!"

An English lord who visited America was at dinner given in his honor. A little daughter of his host, who had given him a "good looking at," remarked: "And are you really and truly

an English lord?" "Yes," he answered. "Ah," replied she, "I often thought I would like to see a real English lord, and now—now—" "And now you are satisfied?" he remarked laughingly. "No, no," replied the truthful little girl; "I'm not satisfied, I'm a good deal disappointed."

Mr. Tightfist—"And so you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife from the front of the electric car at the risk of your life? Take this, my heroic man, as an expression of my undying regard." Mr. Rags—"All right, boss. You know better than I do what the woman's worth!"—*From Daylight, Norwich, England.*

A good story is told by a New Zealand clergyman. Some time ago he was in charge of a large and scattered parish, parts of which he visited at rare intervals in a small steam launch. Sometimes whole families of children were found to be unchristened, and the reverend gentleman had his hands full of clerical work of this and kindred sorts. At one visit a settler invited the minister up to baptise his children, but when he arrived no children could be found; they had all run away into the bush, and the ceremony had to be postponed till next time. On his next visit the settler was in waiting on the bank, and, before the clergyman had time to land, he called out, "Come on; I've got 'em." "Got what?" gasped the clergyman. "Got the children," was the reply. The clergyman followed the settler to his house, and there, shut up in hencoops, were the young hopefuls, who were brought out one at a time and duly christened.

The conversation turned upon the speed at which sound traveled. "Sound," said the man with the eye glasses, "travels at the rate of 400 yards a second." "All sound?" asked the old gentleman with the white mustache. "All" replied the other. The old gentleman smiled. "I'm sure you're wrong," he said. "I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of quite 1,000 yards a second, flattery 500 yards, while truth goes only a few feet a second, and even then it often fails to reach its goal, no matter how short the distance."

Jones had just trod on the toe of an old gentleman while getting aboard the tramcar. "I beg your pardon!" he said. "Hey? Speak louder; I'm a trifle deaf." "I beg your pardon!" repeated Jones. "H'm! Peggy starving? Well, I'm sorry. Who's Peggy?" Jones was red in the face now. "You misunderstand, sir!" he shouted. "Hey?" "You misunderstood!" "Miss Underwood, is she? Peggy, who is starving, is Miss Underwood. Well?" "I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Jones. "I begged your pardon and you misunderstood!" "Oh, now I see!" said the old man sympathetically. "It is your Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood. Well, why don't you report the case to the police?"

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