SAYING THE RIGHT THING

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter, Mary, "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic a few weeks ago."

"Oh, mother, don't go; you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence.

"We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the widow, "I haven't been able to get the week's washing dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."—Tid-Bits.

NECESSARY TO SELF PRESERVATION

"Do you know, Henry," asked Mrs. Figgus, newspaper in hand, "that every time you draw your breath somebody dies?"

"Well, I'm sorry," returned Mr. Figgus, "but if I stop drawing it I'll die myself."—New York Globe.
SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS

Johnson had been one of the most diligent church workers in his town. When the war came he enlisted and came back a wiser, if not a sadder, man.

It was the first Sunday, and Johnson had attended church from force of habit. It had been a long and tedious sermon, but at the close, the minister, seeing his old parishioner with eyes closed as if rapt in meditation, said:

"We will close the services with prayer. Mr. Johnson, will you lead?"

Johnson snapped into it with a start:

"The devil I will," he snorted. "I just dealt."

A young lady was crossing the ocean once and having been ill herself, started to sympathize with an Irishman in the second cabin, who apparently was having a very lively time.

Laying her hand gently on the Irishman's shoulder, she gently said: "I'm very sorry you are so ill, my good man. Your stomach is only weak, that's all."

"Wake stummick nawthin'," answered the Irishman. "Oi'm throwin' as fur as any man on this side of the ship, mum."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"Mister," whined the beggar, "will you give a poor man something for a drink?"

"You bet I will," said the pedestrian, brightening. "How much you got with you?"

HAVE A HEART, GRANDPA

A little boy, sitting on his grandpa's lap, asked innocently: "Can you make a noise like a frog, grandpa?"

The grandfather replied: "Certainly, my boy. But why do you ask me that?"

"Why mother said that if you would croak we would get $10,000."—N. C. R. News.