

SURELY POET KNEW

"SWEETLY UNREASONABLE," SAID HE, OF THE GENTLE SEX.

At Least to the Shoe Clerk His Words Are as Gospel—The Comedy in Selection of her New Footgear.

"When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home," said the cynical salesman, "she goes to work at 'em very quick like a man under similar circumstances."

"The never shoves her toes into the soles of 'em off again to take another look at 'em to see whether she has got the right shoe on the left foot and left shoe on the right foot; pulls 'em all the way on; looks at 'em drearily; says they seem to fit so well that she's afraid they'll get too big by and by; takes another look at 'em; twists 'em around to take a side view, gives a little scream, and exclaims:

"Oh, my, there's a wrinkle all ready! Mercy, how loose they are!"

"Then she looks at 'em again, square in front; works the feet around to find if she can't induce the shoes not to hurt quite so much; takes the shoes off, looks at the heels, the toes the soles, and the interior; puts 'em on again; walks up and down the room once or twice, and declares positively to her husband, sitting by:

"They're horrid! I won't have them at any price!"

"Then she tilts down the looking glass on the dresser so she can see how they appear viewed from all the positions the mirror will reflect 'em to her, backs off, trips sidewise, steps over, nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from impossible points of view, takes another farwallow glance at 'em from all positions, sits down and says:

"They make my feet look too horrid for anything, and as if I were wearing at least three and a half! They never will do in the world!"

"Then she takes 'em off, turns 'em over, inspects them heel, toe, sole and inside all over again, smooths out a wrinkle, pulls at the buttons and says:

"Every button on them will drop off the first time I go out in them, I know! And those heels! They look almost ridiculously low enough to be common sense heels. The idea!"

"Then she draws 'em on again, takes 'em off, puts 'em on again, takes 'em off, puts 'em on again, takes 'em off, puts 'em on again, and the other way, takes 'em off and says:

"John, dear, won't you give me

BEAT THE LOD MAN

LOVER'S FORCEFUL APPEAL UN-ANSWERABLE.

He Didn't Want Mr. Grotzka's Daughter, She Wanted Him, and That You Must Admit Was a Different Thing.

As the young man entered, the old man looked up and frowned.

"Your daughter," began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around here a good deal," he said to me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man, calmly. "I've come to tell you that she loves me, and I love her."

"What?" roared the old man. "She says so herself," persisted the young man, "but when you hear of an exhibition of egotistical impudence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impetuosity. You see, it's just this way. What I want is nothing to you, now, is it?"

"Why—er—not—exactly?" "I might want \$1,000, but that wouldn't matter to you, would it?" "Certainly not."

"You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want, are you?" "Hardly."

"Then what a foolish proposition it would be for me to come to you and say 'Mr. Grotzka, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and furniture; or 'I think I'd like your daughter; or 'anything else in that line, but when you hear of an exhibition of egotistical impudence," said the old man, cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for us, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as a business agent to say that she wants me, and that she wants me very much, and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that, if you care to make the investment, I shall

be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her.

Naturally, she got him. No wide awake business man is going to look a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.

Giving His Parents a Shock. Young Edwin Higgins, much his parents quicken their respiration and look up from their papers the other evening in a hurry.

"Father," began the young man, "how far should a fellow go with a girl?" "Why, eh, eh, that depends," stammered William T. Higgins, the parent. "What do you mean?" "I don't know whether her folks would like it if I went any further. So I just—"

"How far did you go?" broke in the father, excitedly, wondering what sort of a messaliance in the family he might have to face some day with such a daughter for a son.

"Oh, I didn't go any further than the gate. I had a notion to walk clear up to the door with her, but I didn't know whether I ought to or not, so I just stopped at the gate and said, good-by."

The parents were already breathing deep sighs of relief.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHAT HIS MAKEUP LACKED

Really Physician Could Do Little to Aid Unfortunate and Hungry Reporter.

"Bill" Inglis, who used to be on the ship news assignment for one of the Cincinnati papers, revisited the scenes of the former labors the other day. On ship news they still remember Mr. Inglis as the biggest eater that ever took lunch with the steward of a ship.

The ship news men have to be on the job about five o'clock in the morning and the first chance they have to get a square meal is when the first ocean liner appears in the harbor. Then they make up for arrears. Inglis hailed the physician of the liners on the occasion of his visit. He knew the doctor pretty well. "Doc," said he, "there's something the matter with me. He gave me symptoms. 'Had, had,' said the doctor, shaking his head. "Go right down in the boiler room, Bill, and suck your dry. I've got to look you over thoroughly. I'm worried."

"Inglis turned pale. 'Is—is—is it anything serious, Doc?'" "The doctor wagged his head speechlessly. 'How is your appetite, Bill?'" he asked, solicitously. "Are you able to eat. What did you take yesterday?"

Mr. Inglis recounted the details of his gastronomic orgy of the day before. "For breakfast I had cakes, coffee, a cereal, some eggs, a steak, and a couple of sausages. Then I took a lunch on the Philadelphia—fully lunch."

"I have called," said the candidate to the man with the balding face, "to know if I may count on your vote at the ensuing election?"

"Art a moment," growled the freckle-faced candidate in a voice like a wounded church organ. "Are you able to ask you something. Are you in favor of this 'new electric-lighting scheme?'"

"I am," said the candidate proudly. "In fact, I think I might say that I am one of the prime movers in the improvement. The balloting man rolled up his sleeves and closed his fist, which bulged like a cabbage.

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A DIFFERENCE.

Then get off my doorstep," he cried. "Get off while you're all in one piece. I'm the lamplighter.—English Exchange.

Special Occasion. Visitor (in factory)—Great Scott! What precautions! You've got so much safeguarding apparatus here that I don't see how you find sufficient room for your hands to work.

Manager—It's rather inconvenient, but you see it is only for one day. The factory inspector makes his annual visit this afternoon, so we'll have all things back in shape again tomorrow.—Flick.

The Last Straw. He was round-faced, fat and good natured. When the wind took his hat, as he crossed Prospect avenue near the Rose building, and blew it into eight mud puddles and half way up the side block, he merely smiled good-naturedly.

Some kindly disposed man up the street overtook the hat and brought it to him with the mud dripping from its brim. Even the sweatband was saturated with oozy mud.

"I've got an office right over here in the Gaxton building," said the obliging stranger. "Come over and we'll clean it up for you."

In a few minutes the fat man came out wearing his hat once more. It was still soiled, but not so muddy that he couldn't put it on without looking as if he'd only half finished washing it up after a minstrel show. Once more the north wind took up the headgear and blew it away with devilish glee.

Bill the man was good natured. He chased it for about 40 yards, and merely grinned at the additional strata of mud it had gathered. Just as he got hold of it still another gust of wind blew it out of his hands. It rolled not more than a half-dozen feet, however, and lodged against a waste paper box. But the fat, good-natured man had endured the last straw. He sunk his heel into the derby, then jumped on it with both feet until it was a flat, forlorn hunk of muddy felt.

And then and there he abandoned the fitting, migratory lid.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Still with Us. Mrs. Stubbs (reminiscent)—Ah, for the good old days, John! Mr. Stubbs—What old days, Maria? Mrs. Stubbs—Why, the days of our grandparen'ts when there were so many brass knuckers.

Mrs. Stubbs—If 'n' Maria, there are plenty of knuckers around now and all of them seem to have an abundance o' brass.

High Brow Drama. "A prominent producer is going to stage one of Henry James' sentences." "How does he propose to arrange it?" "Two commas to a scene, and intermissions at the semicolon."

N BOYHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS

Youth's Natural Exuberance and Show on the Ground Makes Unfortunate Combination.

"Is there snow on the ground?" "Yes, there are three or four inches at the soft and beautiful. It covers the earth like a white creature. Last night there were millions of bits to melt in a night; this morning there are none."

"Of what use is the snow?" "To hide the pile of ashes in our back yard, and to give the red-headed boy a run for his money."

"Does the red-headed boy welcome the snow?" "It is his delight. If the earth were covered with peanuts he wouldn't look any more gay. There's a reason."

"And will the red-headed boy go forth this morning?" "Why? He is already on the spot. Behold him!"

"Has he hit the grocer in the ear with a snowball?" "Yes, it was a snowball; but the grocer is ready to swear it was a cubstone."

"And has the butcher's boy got one in the neck?" "Two of 'em."

"And the motorman?" "Right on the chin."

"And the venerable old gent on the rear platform—why does he look as mad?" "Because the snowball is working down the back of his neck, and he has no ax with which to kill the boy."

"No, the red-headed boy has plunked an old woman between the shoulders. Doesn't he remember that she has a mother himself?"

"No, he does, and he remembers that it she is silly enough to get out on the street a morning like this, some boy will plunk her."

"Now, he has plunked the hat of Senator Swell. Has this boy no reverence?" "Not on such an auspicious occasion. There comes his dear Sunday-school teacher. Watch and see her jump!" "But why does the boy do these things?" "O, because he is just a—boy.— Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.



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Hendrie Boulevard Sub-Division

Offers a Big Money-Making Opportunity to the Man who Gets There Today

The future of Hendrie Boulevard is positively assured by the sales that have been made, and by the plans already going forward for the building of substantial homes.

While we do not wish to publish the names of those who have already purchased lots, the agent on the ground can satisfy you as to the desirability of your prospective neighbor.

Property values will double within the next few years. Some of the very choicest home sites are still left. Don't fail to select yours.

There has been some misunderstanding as to how to reach Hendrie Boulevard Sub-division. For those who wish to investigate this property, take a Pontiac local car, remain aboard until it passes through Royal Oak, leaving the car at the first stop this side of Hendrie's Corners. Ask the conductor to point out to you the office tent.

LOTS \$250. TO \$1000. EASY TERMS

NO LOTS LESS THAN 50 FEET FRONT BOULEVARD AND WOODWARD AVENUE FRONTAGE FROM 100 TO 375 FEET.

HENDRIE BOULEVARD

is only ten miles from the City Hall. Street cars—twenty-minute service—pass this property on two sides, but do not go through it. It is one mile and a half farther from the City Hall than the Grosse Pointe Country Club, where lots are selling for \$100 a foot.

Hendrie Boulevard will never be damaged by the rush and dust and dirt of street cars passing the door, and yet, without taking frontage on a couple of blocks, splendid interurban service will always be available. There are other advantages, such as telephone, electric light, village water, good schools and churches, and an increasing social community.

Values are rapidly advancing in this section, and Hendrie Boulevard offers you a big money-making opportunity. Values are increasing tremendously. Our Woodward Avenue, at Brookfield Hills, fortunes are being asked and given for home sites, and yet Brookfield Hills is twenty minutes further out than the Hendrie Boulevard.

A few years from now Woodward Avenue will be built up suitably all the way to Birmingham and beyond. Hendrie Boulevard property is getting woefully scarce. Hendrie Boulevard has been held for just such a time. It was purchased principally for the time when Detroit would intensively turn its face Northward in its search for homes that time has come.

The desire for property on Woodward Avenue via is phenomenal. Hendrie Boulevard is the very choicest section between Detroit and Brookfield, and yet the prices of home sites are so low. We want to sell it quickly to the right people, as we own a lot of other property in the same section that will be made more desirable by the development of Hendrie Boulevard.

Remember—There are only 167 home sites in all. The choicest selections are for those who get there first. Prices range from \$250.00 to \$2,500.00. Woodward Avenue lots from \$12.00 to \$15.00 a front foot. The terms are very easy.

Building Loans will be Provided for Lot Purchasers.

HENDRIE BOULEVARD LAND CO. 422 Hammond Building, Detroit, Mich.
Sales Agent—ERNEST J. SHIPMAN, Office on property.