| YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM. <br> THIS WAS JOBSON'S CONCLUSION ABOUT WOMEN IN GENERAL |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { er } \\ & \text { nep } \\ & \text { np } \end{aligned}$ |  | $\begin{array}{\|l\|l\|} \mathbf{i n} \\ \mathbf{M a} \\ \text { one } \end{array}$ |  |  |
| tt Was Prompted by a Midalght Expertenee With His wife, In which the Revenge That He Had Plamed So Well Weat Sadly Antray. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Mr. Jobson got home from bis offce found a note from Mrs Jobson eaying that ahe bad gone to bear the performance of a long haired pianist and that he'd find his dinner all ready for the girl to serve it. <br> "That's a good thing, too,", maged | bigh boot which the young men wo What was to be done? "Take your boot off," said the pars <br> The suspense and silence were pa | bie parishioners dicted to sulphric speech. He has prayerfally resisted for many years his nataral impulse to wither up the air apon the sllghtest occasion, bat cues he | club. Well, he see Daly, Haggin, Clark and another fellow sitting in the game, and he sashays up, pertlike, and says: " 'Well, gentlemen, any objection to |  |  |
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| Mr. Jobson suikily when hes mattresa the sote. geninses that come over here to this conntry and rake in American dol- |  |  |  |  |  |
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| this conntry and rake in American diol- lars hating Americans all the time, wouldn't call their game at an hour that 'vd permit a toiling man's wife to be on hand at hcme to give him some- |  |  |  |  |  |
| be on hand at heme to give him som. The opportunity was too good for Mr. Jobson to miss, so he declined to eat any dinner when the servant put it on the table. Inatead he sl <br> He wanted to give Mrs. Jobson a les- |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Eastern Carolina Dispatch |
|  | that reminuls me! What mont Boston Transcript. |  |  |  | Old Dominion Line. |
| son. He ate an unsatisfactory dinner at a restacurant and then poked around antil it was time for a variety theater <br>  |  |  |  |  |  |
| to open its doors. He had to watch a lot of poorly played billiard games in order to put in this time and to talk with a lot of bachelors, from whose ways of thinking he had departed. He was bored exceedingly by theater |  |  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { etc. } \\ & \text { lay. } \end{aligned}$ |
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| time. The show bored him still more, but he stuck it out, for he wanted to get home as late as possible, the better |  |  |  |  |  |
| to rob it in on Mrs. Jobson. By 11 o'clock he reflected that he had had a |  |  |  |  |  |
| pretty poor sort of an evening-his evening paper unread, his favorite pipe neglected for a lot of cigars that gave him heartburn, a poor dinner, in't taikwith a slew of men that he didn't want to talk to, and finally a tawdry, cheap variety performance that might have got a langh ont of him ten years before, but was only so mach ribaldry to himnow. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| He took in a couple more biliarard games, however, after the show and threw a couple of cocktails into himself, not because he cared to drink, but becanse he wanted Mrs. Jobson to smell his breath and thus perceive the awful |  |  |  |  |  |
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| consequences of her conduct. <br> Mrs. Jobson was comfortably tucked |  |  |  |  |  |
| in bed when Mr. Jobson got home about half an hour after midnight. She had not even left a light burning in the vestibale or in the bedroom. She son started one of the gas jets going. She didn't say anything. however. <br> Mr. Jobeon had expected to find her |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  of the accumulated $\qquad$ knowledge of the |  |
|  |  |  |  | of the accumulated <br> impurities of a year <br> must now bo elimThe Governor's Unqualified Endorsement $\|$knowledge of the <br> merits of an article. <br> Governor |  |
| ap, fally dressed and in tears. He was disappointed. He was more disappointed that she didn't greet him with re- |  |  |  |  |  |
| piningas. Mr. Jobson saw that she was likely to go to sleep again and that he wasn't causing any grief at all by being naughty and keeping still. So he cleared his throat and said: <br> -Did he play the buck dance concerto in Z minor with his hair, and how was itr" |  |  |  |  |  |
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| There was a lot of sarcasm in the way Mr. Jobson asked this question. Mrs. Jobson didn't turn over at all. "What are you talking about?" she inquired sleepily. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "I want to know if that Dutchman that kept you away from your duty of serving a meal to your husband after his day of grinding lat if you think you'remoney's worth; also |  |  |  |  |  |
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| by these methods, bey 1 "Oh, the recital; that's what you're speaking of, isn't it $\gamma$ 'said Mrs, Jobson |  |  |  |  |  |
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| sweetly. "Well, I didn't ga. I had intended to go when I started out shopping in the morning and left the note |  |  |  |  |  |
| for you telling you so, bat I thought it might annoy you to have me away from dinner, and so, when I concloded my abopping, about $40^{\circ}$ clock this after- |  |  |  |  |  |
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| noon, I decided not to go to the recital. The Fourteenth street car that brought me up town passed the car that took |  |  |  | . |  |
| me up town passed swe your on the car and wondered why you were going in that direction. I suppose you had to go back to your office to work. It's shamefol the way they're overworking you, | $\begin{array}{ll}  \\ y & \text { mor } \\ \text { for } \\ \text { for } \\ \text { rat } \\ 0 \end{array}$ |  |  |  |  |
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| you poor old thing." and then Mrs. Jobson, who knew that Mr. Jobeon hadn't been working at his office, turned over and subside eat 'em," thonght Mr. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Jobson when he got into bed. He was thinking of women in general.-Wash ington Star. <br>  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| There is a barber shop in an up town avenue in New York where music goes with every shave. Never a barber is hired there who cannot twinkle the sweet |  |  |  |  |  |
| there who cannot twinlde the sweet mandolin or plunk the dreamy guitar. The gentleman who can play on no in- |  |  |  |  |  |
| atrument but the razar and the shears has no welcome in this tonsorial parlor, |  |  |  |  |  |
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| for the boss barber is musical and loves to mingle celestial strains with the tortare of the tarber chair. Whenever a chair is vacant, the attendant genins sits him down and performs on his favorite instrument. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Hed Not Fergetten It. <br> The ward לeeler, with whom the ambitions politician had been in consulta |  |  | NEW ADV ERTISEMENTS |  | - Preoterani |
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| bitions politician had been in consultation an hour $=8$ more, shook his head slowiy. |  |  |  |  |  |
| "I don't know bow it will tarn ont," he said. "But I'll do the best I can for you. How abont the liquor question ?" "I was abont to ask it," replied the ambitious politician. "What'll you taket"-Chicago Tribune. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| stars so far distant from this earth that if the giad tidings of that first Christmas 1,800 years ago had been dispatchsd then by an electric carrent which between every two ticks of the clock |  |  |  |  |  |
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| they would not yet have received them. <br> Forethowght. <br> "Amanda" said the husband of the soon to be wildowed young wife, "my last request is that you will not let anybody know there is a large insurance distorbed enjoyment of it for a few years at least."-Chicago Tribune. <br> Where Men Have the Advantage. <br> Interéating Lady Patient-Doctor What do you do when you burn your month with hot coffee? <br> Dr. Fingerfee - Swear. - Roxbury Gazette. |  |  |  |  |  |
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