



An Hibernian maid, fair and fat,
Knew emphatically where she was
at,
Said she: "Bring your beaux,
But, sure, fer me own, I'll stand
Pat."

Old Lady—"What is that odor?"
Farmer—"Fertilizer."
Old Lady—"For land's sake!"
Farmer—"Yes, ma'am."

HELPFUL HINTS

Lucretia B. writes: "Can you suggest some way to use the scraps of cold corned beef, the bones of turkey, and left-overs from one or two meals?"
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from one or two meals, as Lucretia indicates that she is, there would be more happy households.

For instance, after a turkey has been on the table three or four times, a neat and novel way of utilizing the wreckage is to take it in a large flat pan, walk to the back fence and throw it into the alley.

The scraps of cold corned beef may be pressed into balls, set outside until they dry hard, then used to throw at stray dogs.

A soup bone that has but a few shreds of meat clinging to it can be converted into a neat centerpiece for the garbage can by garnishing it with a few strands of cold macaroni and dusting with fragments of pie crust.

"When I get to heaven," said a woman, "I'm going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote those plays."

"Maybe he won't be there," said her husband.

"Then you can ask him," she replied.