

The Junior Office Boy

n. y., may 11.—by golly, i dont blaim mrs. joe markus for having her husband haulted into court.

i will ask all the ladys that reads this artikle how they would like it if they wayed 275 pounds and when they come to brekfust they found anti fat advertisements all over their plate

of corse mrs. markus didnt hardly use good judgment when she chucked all the scrambled eggs into her husband's best, and



that was how he come to slam her in the lamp

well, him and her is up befor the judge next day, lookin like a broomstick and a feather bed had come to cort together, and she tells the judge all about it

your honor, she says, this here guy has gone the limmit, and i want sumthing to be did to him so that he will behave

'goodniss knows it aint my fault

that i am fat, and in the next place he aint got no kick coming. i was fatter when this little runt married me than what i am now. ive lost 10 pounds from tryin to live with him

he erns 40 dollars a week, your honor, and i know it, but he says its only 9, and he only gives me 2, and when i tell him that aint enough to buy grub he says i dont need to eat, ive got fat enough to live on for 2 yeres anyway, if i dont eat nuthing at all.

and the worst thing he done was when he brought a lot of jimnasium stuff into the house, and he rote down a list of things i was to do every day. he wanted me to times, chin myself 20 times and punch the bag 1/2 hour

if i am going to commit suicide, your honor, ile do it sum easier way than that

the judge he is a kind of a fat feller himself, and he sympathized very much with mrs. markus. he told mr. markus that if he landed on her agen he would be sorry for it

by grashus, i bet if i was as big as mrs. markus i woul dent wait for no judge to hand that little guy what's coming to him

johny

There must be something to this suffragette business. I saw a girl with a fair to middling mustache yesterday.