

## ALL ABOARD!



### Not His Fault.

A London cabby stood glaring at another cabby whose vehicle had gotten in his way.

"Aw, wot's the matter with yer?" demanded the aggressive one.

"Nothinks the matter with me, yer bloomin' idjut."

"Yer gave me a nawsty look," persisted the other.

"Me? Wull, yer certainly 'ave a nawsty look, but I didn't give it to yer, so 'elp me."

When opportunity knocks at your door responsibility stands behind.

### Currant Cookies.

One cupful of sugar; 2 scant cupfuls of flour, 4 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 eggs, 1 scant teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 cupful of cleaned currants, chopped fine; nutmeg and cinnamon to taste.

Rub butter and sugar to a cream; add spices and the eggs beaten light, then the flour, with which the baking powder has been sifted twice; lastly, the chopped currants. Roll out with quick, light strokes, cut into shapes and bake in a tolerably brisk oven. They are better the second day after baking than on the first.