

A TRICK OF THE TRADE

"Stop!" thundered the client at the barber, who was cutting his hair. Then, he continued, in somewhat milder tones:

"Why do you insist upon telling me those horrible, blood-curdling stories of ghosts and robbers while you are cutting my hair?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," replied the barber, "but, you see, when I tell stories like that to my clients, their hair stands on end and it makes it ever so much easier to cut."

MODIFIED

The week after her father bought an automobile, Julia, aged five, said her prayer like this: "Forgive us our transgresses as we forgive those who try to pass us!"—Life.

DODGING

"Will you give me your name, please?"

"Pardon me, miss, but this isn't leap year."

NOT MEANS



Johnny writes as follows

new york—The magazine editors lunch club has got a pritty good goak on one of their members.

the club is quite some institution, as lunch is a very imporrent occasion with magazine editors.

all unagazine editors goes to lunch at 1 o'clock and gets back to work at four, its a rule of the union, and noboddy was ever known to brake it

well, the uther day the club had been eating for about 2 hours and was just getting nicely warmed up on the job when an outsider that had been invited begun telling one of the editors how mutch he liked a review the editer had written about a new book

beleave me, mr. brannigan, he says, your dope on that there book is all to the mustard

it's got the best plot i've seen in a munth of sundays, the characters are reel humen beings, and the dilog is full of the old pep

well, well, says mr. brannigan, you don't tell me, would you mind telling me the name of the book again, i guess i'll have to read it

and as like as not maby he will, if he gets time before or after lunch some day. johny

REBUTTING A LIBEL

A judge once said to a terrible criminal:

"And you actually had the heart to murder this poor man for a matter of 50 cents!"

"Well, your honor," said the criminal, with an injured-innocencé air, "what do you expect? Fifty cents here—and 50 cents there—it soon mounts up."—Washington Star.