



"HELLO, CENTRAL!"

"I do have the worst trouble with the phone!"

"What's the cause?"

"The service, of course. Let me show you. Hello, exchange, hello. Why don't you answer? I want Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Julia Brown. What number? Sixty-two Tanglefoot street. Number? I just told you. Oh, that? You mean her telephone number? Why, it's—there, you've gone and put it out of my head. I'll have to look in the book. Dear, dear, the book is upstairs. Well, I never in all my life saw such service!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SIMILAR

"This soup reminds me of something I've tasted before."

"Oh, do tell us what," asked the expectant landlady.

"Well, I can't remember exactly, but it's some place or other where I was in swimming."—N. Y. World.

VOLTAIRE'S RETORT

A visitor one day mentioned to Voltaire that he had recently spent some time with Albrecht von Haller, the Swiss physiologist.

"Ah," said Voltaire, "he is a great man, a great poet, a great naturalist, a great philosopher—a man of wonderful accomplishments!"

"What you say, monsieur," the visitor said, "is all the more creditable to you, inasmuch as Von Haller does not do you the same justice."

"Alas!" replied Voltaire, with a grim smile. "Very likely we are both mistaken!"

YOUTHFUL FINANCIER

"Papa," asked James, "wouldn't you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?"

"Certainly, my son," said Papa, so delighted at this evidence of budding business ability that he handed the youth a dime.

"Well, I saved it all right," said James, disappearing. "You said if I brought a good report from my teacher you would give me a dollar, but I didn't."

RANGE OF CHOICE

Sylvia, supple and slender, and Aunt Belle, bulky and benign, had returned from a shopping tour. Each had been trying to buy a ready-made suit.

Sylvia was asked what success each had in her efforts to be fitted. "Well," said Sylvia, "I got along pretty well, but Aunt Belle is getting so fat that about all she can get, ready-made, is an umbrella."—Youth's Companion.

ALBERT'S APTNESS

Mrs. Hunt (a popular and prosperous pauper)—Now, Albert, what'll yer say when I take yer into the kind lady's drorin'-room?"

Albert (a proficient pupil)—Oh! All right. I know; put on a beautiful lorst look and say, "Oh! muvver, is this 'eaven?"