

YOU'RE TO PICK UP
BUT SHELLS AND TRASH.
REMEMBER!
DON'T SPEAK TO ANY
OF THE VISITORS—

GOLLY!
I SEE
HM.



GOING TOO FAR

"My fell in love with a girl at the glove counter. He bought gloves every day for a week. To discourage his attention she became a manicurist."

"Then he had his nails manicured every day, I s'pose?"

"Just so. However, I don't think he'll follow her any farther."

"Why so?"

"When she got employment with a beaut."

PATIENT SEARCH

A man entered the cloakroom at the end of a banquet and began to gush in silk hat after silk hat.

"Hold on, boss! Wot fo' yo' amashin' all dem high hats?" demanded the attendant.

"I'm looking for my own," the gentleman answered. "It's an opera hat—obscure, you know. None of these seem to be it."—New Orleans States.

CHRONIC COMPLAINT

Patient—I thought of enlisting, doctor, but I seem to come over all swimmy-like in me eyes at times. D'you think it's me liver wot's wrong?

Doctor—Well, when do you especially notice this?

Patient—Well, I d'know—I fancy it seems to come on mostly ov an evenin' after I've 'ad 'arf a dozen drink or so.—London Opinion.

ONE IN THE FAMILY

Small Boy—"Say, mother, what is a desert?"

Mother—"It is a place where nothing grows."

Next day in school the small boy was asked what was a desert.

"Papa's head," came the immediate reply.

AN OLD GRUDGE

Lady—I'm afraid you don't like work, my good man.

Tramp—How kin I, mum? Work's what killed by poor wife.

SAY

B'GOLLY FELLERS
TH' BEST WAY
TER GET A
BETTER JOB
IS TA DO BETTER
AT TH' JOB YOU
HAVE!

Yours truly,

William.

