

OUR A JUNIOR OFFICE BOY

new york—sarkazzem sertinly is a deadly weapon

it all most killed a fond pa who had a mouthful of it handed to him the other day

this man has a boy what is threw skool and has a fine appetite but dont show no grate love for wurk, in-fack he has run in to and out of enuff jobs to fill a book but he never stayed long enuff to draw more than 1 pay on each job

that made his old man purtty sore, you betcher life on that, and so he goes to a frend of hisn and says see here i have got a boy at home and i wood like to have you give him a chanct to make good for you

so the frend gives willium a job and by golly willium kep it, and his father was tikkled all over and say all willium needed was some incurridgement.

but the other day he runs akross his frend again and says i am glad that willium is still with you, lets see now, how long has he wurked for you why, replys the frend, about 3 days grasious me, says willium's pa, you must be mistaken, its more than that o, i dont think so, says his frend, you see willium has only been with us 2 months

REMINDED

"When the autumnal frosts touch the foliage with tints of red and yellow against the gray sky, doesn't that inspire you to thought?"

"It certainly does. The reds and yellows make me think of the job ahead of me tending the furnace and the grays make me think of the dust when I sift the ashes."—N. Y. World.

TODAY'S BELLRINGER

Cy de Vry, veteran keeper of the animals in Lincoln park zoo, once had a hyena which was his special pet. One balmy afternoon when he had caged the boast, a young chapple edged up to the keeper as they stood near the hyena cage.

"Those bars are too far apart," he said. "That hyena might squeeze through if he took the notion."

"Yes—that's what he's laughing at," replied de Vry.

TRICK OF THE TRADE

"He is very popular with his wife of late."

"And him such a flirt! How does he do it?"

"She called him up the other day and said: 'Hello, darling,' and he recognized her voice and replied: 'You evidently have made a mistake; I am not your darling. I have the sweetest, most beautiful wife in the world and she is the only woman I permit to call me darling!'—Houston Post.

NOTHING AT ALL



"I see Prof. Jones will attempt to cross Niagara gorge swinging by his teeth to the tight rope."

"That's nothing. I come clear down from Harlem every morning swinging to a strap."