

# OUR JUNIOR OFFICE BOY

new york.—a man came over to our house last nite to have a peenuckel game with my pop & they was talking about sending there boys to colledge which i dont want to do becaus i dont like studying any better than i like a splinter in my toe

this man says to pop, i am going to send my boy to a universatie when he gets old enuff

pop says what for, why dont you start him in bizzness life

o, if i did that, the other man replied, he wood only grow up to be the presidend of the firm & that wood be the end of it

but if i send him to the universatie he stands a chanct of getting a job with a leegue base ball team & i shall get some free passes to the polo grounds.

& if he cant hit it up that high he may get to be a good football player & then we woodent have to lfgher a man every spring to come & move the planner to sweep the carpet under it.

but suppose, my pop inkwired, that he shoodent make either 1 of them

o, then he cood get on the debating teem & be a star orator which wood fit him to be a senator or a barker for a cirkus

and if he coodent make none of them jobs he cood all ways get to be a professor & get a pension from mr karnegay

that nite after the man had gone, pop says to me, johnny you keep your nose gloosed to your job in the bizzness world, and we will take the monee & send your sister to the colledge, i gess its alrite for a gurl to have plenty of edjikashun.

## VERY PARTICULAR



Cook—Clear out o' here, ye sassy little brat!

Little Mabel (with dignity)—I never allow anyone but my mother to speak to me like that.

### A HELPFUL HINT

"What do you think of these cigars?" asked the proprietor of the Tote Fair store at Petunia.

"Well, they're not much for smoking," replied the customer, "but I reckon if they were stewed they would make pretty fair catnip tea."

—Judge.

### SOFT SNAPS

