



new york.—1 time a artist guy
 drew some pitchers which he called
 gess if they are married & they was
 verry good, only you never have to
 gess because you can always tell,
 anny how if they have been married
 verry long, 1 of the young ladies in
 the offfice said the other morning

that's rite, the 2nd. gurl chirps, you
 surely can tell & that's 1 reason why
 i woodnt marry the last man on
 earth, she said

then the hole bunch of them lited
 in and hammered all the husbands
 that is & that ever was until you
 wood think this joint was a black-
 smith shop with a anvil koruss going
 full blast

purty soon they got neerly threw
 knocking the men & it wood have
 ended rite there & then only the head
 book keeper comes in looking like he
 got outer bed on the rong side that
 A. M. and as grouchy as a hungry
 wolf

what's the matter heer, he hollers
 at miss susie which was the lady
 that had started the diskusshun

she draws her self up hawtylike &
 says, i cant see where nothing is the
 matter

o, you cant, he barks at her, well i
 can & beleeve me there's got to be
 more work done heer & less of this
 jabbering or i will be braking in a lot
 of-new help around heer purty kwick,
 you can just put that in your pipe &
 smoke it he says, slamming back the
 cover of his desk which made all the
 other gurls but it didnt make susie
 bat an eye

she stood where she was until he

got settled down & was kwiet again,
 then she turned to 1 of the other
 gurls & said as loud as she cood be-
 cause she wasnt going to take no
 chanet that he woodnt get a earful
 of it

she said to the other girl i wonder
 if the man thinks he is speaking to
 his wife

TODAY'S BELLINGER

The little daughter had been pray-
 ing each evening at bedtime for a
 baby sister.

The other morning her mother,
 reading the paper, exclaimed:

"I see Mrs. Smith has a little
 daughter."

"How do you know that?" asked
 the child.

"I read it in the paper," answered
 the mother.

"Read it to me," said the daughter.
 The mother read: "Born, on March
 9, to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, a
 daughter."

The child thought a moment, then
 said:

"I know what I'm going to do. I'm
 going to stop praying and begin ad-
 vertising."—Tit-Bits.

SOFT SNAPS

