

JOHNNY'S LETTER



new york—I gess peepel in this town & the st. car conductors are about as tuff as they make em annywheres & if they can pull a goak at the eckspense of some pore person they is just as happy as they used to be in nero's time

she was a mightey nice motherly sort of a woman that hadent been in noo york long & was purty shy of things specially the st. cars which they got none of where sha lives

this littel old lady when the car stopped she asts the conductor, please sir, if i step on the rail will i get a electric shock & the conny looks at her & winks at the other passengers on the back platform & says to her, no mam, not if you don't put the other foot on the wire over-head

then they all haw hawed at her & she felt imbarressed

but a guy whose name must have been evrett troo or something like that walks to the conductor and grabs him by the coller & says get rite down there & apolergize to the lady & the next time cut out them jokes on old lady's, & he gave the conductor a cuppel of bats on the jaw & he was pinched but the judge said he'd have done the same thing to a man who wood poke fun at a lady what was old & a stranger in the city

WILL IT WORK BOTH WAYS?

Mrs. Brown—The trousers which I have washed for Ike have shrunk so much that the poor child can hardly put them on.

Her Friend—Try washing Ike; he might shrink, too.—Tit-Bits.

CHESTNUT CHARLIE



HARD LINES

"What are you crying for, Jamie?"

"I've been a-goin' to both the Methodist and the Presbyterian Sunday schools for six weeks, and I just found out they are goin' to have their Christmas tree on the same night."
—Life.