

BEGONE, DULL CARE

ON THE ROAD

Heavy Tragedian (seated at a railway hotel before a roast chicken and small potatoes)—Prithee, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?

Landlord—A machinist? Yes, sir.
Tragedian—Then take to him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its underlying bosom, for we dine anon; and do it quickly. Your peas you need not carry, for those, with dexterous management, we can swallow whole. Away!—Punch.



SHE—What sort of linguist is Capt. Rapid?
HE—Why, he—he speaks golf perfectly.—Judy.

SORRY SHE SCREAMED

The young man kissed her and she screamed.

"What's the trouble, Kitty?" demanded a stern voice from upstairs. "I—I just saw a mouse," she fibbed.

Presently the young man claimed another kiss, and the scream was repeated. Again came the stern voice: "What is it this time?"

"I just saw another mouse."
Then the old man came down with the cat and a mouse trap, and sat in a corner to watch developments.—Modern Society.

TRUE INDUSTRY

"I say," said the office boy to the cashier, "I think the gov'nor ought to gimme a half crown extra this week, but I suppose he won't."

"What for?" asked the cashier.
"For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about my work all las' night."—Tit-Bits.

TOO MUCH LUXURY

A man who had been three times married and as often left a widower was reported to be thinking of a fourth time entering into the blessed and comfortable estate of holy matrimony.

A friend ventured to ask whether there was any truth in the rumor, and received this sagacious reply:

"Na, na; what wi' mairryin' them, and what wi' burvin' them, it's ower expensive."—Answers.

THE DEATH OF GAMING

"All gambling must be stopped within the jurisdiction of this court," thundered the judge.

"Bet you a fiver it can't be done!" said the sporting counsel.
"Put up your money," said the judge.—Puck.

HAWKSHAW OUTDONE

Her Father (sternly)—Genevieve, you are engaged to some young man.
Herself—Oh, father, how did you discover my secret?

Her Father—The gas bill for last quarter is suspiciously small.—Judge.



"Whenever you want a hot bath, sir, just let me know, and I'll see you have it!"
Bystander.

REASON FOR IT

"Why is Maud so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"—Judy.

REMEDYING MATTERS

He—Do you know that as long as I have known you I have never seen you dressed in white?

She—Indeed! Are you, then, so partial to the color?

He—Not exactly that; but whenever I see a girl dressed in white I am always tempted to kiss her.

She—Will you excuse me for a quarter of an hour?—Judge.

NATURALLY

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age.

Arthur—And did she?
Willy—I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest.—Life.



SHE—There's Mrs. Toodle. She seems quite reconciled to the death of her first husband.

HE—Yes; but I'm afraid that her second never will be.—Illustrated Bits.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE KITCHEN

A woman of this city had to discharge her waitress and cook, who were sisters. She had occasion to call up the person through whom she had originally obtained these jewels. The latter said, laughing:

"I should like to tell you of the character that they gave you."

"Oh, do," said the other. "I insist."

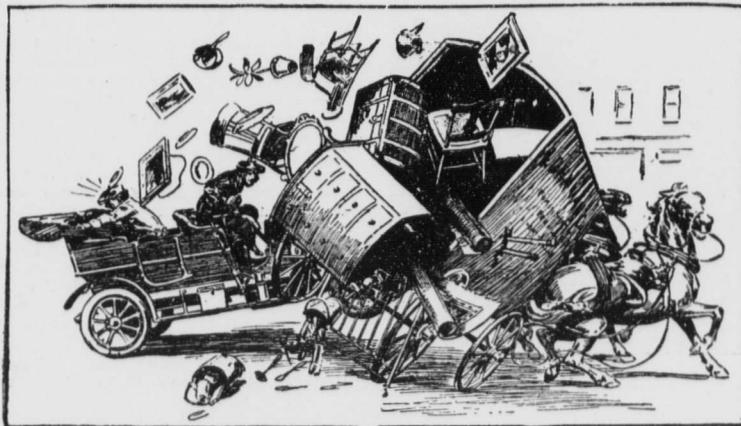
"Well, the cook came to me at once. 'I don't think them people is married,' she remarked. 'No married man is that polite to his wife.'"—Penny Pictorial.



CUSTOMER—M'yes, that's better, but you'll have to alter it a little over the hips, for I'm taking up a new appointment on Monday, and the principal informed me that his firm was very particular as to correctness in figures.—Pick-Me-Up.

LONG INDEED

A teacher asked her scholars for some very long sentences. One boy wrote: "Imprisonment for life."



MOVING DAY.—Punch.

ONLY PARTLY TRUE

She had been at the seaside and in the country all the summer, and her industrious fiance had been working and waiting for her during the long, long days.

Now she had returned, and he had been hearing many things of her and was sore displeased.

"They tell me," he said, painfully, "that you flirted desperately with no fewer than six men this summer."

Her cheeks flushed and her eyes blazed.

"Who told you that?" she asked, angrily.

"Several people. It has been common talk."

Her anger gave way to sobs.

"Oh, Frank," she pleaded, as she flung herself on his neck, "it isn't true—it isn't true."

A great load was lifted from his heart.

"No, Frank," she went on, "it isn't true; there were only four."—Leslie's Weekly.

THE PALMS

"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel the Palms. Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place!"

"You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay!"—Pick-Me-Up.

WHY NOT?

Aunt Spinsterly—I hope that your opinions uphold the dignity of our sex, Mamie, and that you believe that every woman should have a vote?

Mamie—I don't quite go so far as that, auntie; but I believe that every woman should have a voter.—Sketch.

SHOCKING EASE

"Gosh, I guess those city folks meant what they said when they told us that they came up here to get a good rest."

"They're taking it easy, eh?"
"Taking it easy. I should say they are. Would you believe it, not a one of 'em has got out of bed before 6 o'clock any morning since they've been here."—Detroit Free Press.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.
"Ours."—London Opinion.

MISTAKEN AGAIN

Dick—What a sweet little girl that Miss Lurke is! It is a wonder she can endure such a vulgar and noisy maid.

Charlie—What maid is that?
Dick—Why, the big freckled creature with the red hair and the croaky voice.

Charlie—Bless your heart, old man, that is Miss L. herself! The other is the maid.—Sphere.