# COMIC CUTS.

## NOT SHE.

Artist: "Yes, I have work for you. I am painting a ballroom scene and wish you to pose as one of the young ladies."
Modest Model: "What? In fashionable evening dress? Never!"

"Catch me quick! I'm going to faint."
Said Marjory.
And into my arms she fell—ah, me.
Hers is a form of witchery!
But when I tried her face to see,
"My faint is only a feint."
Said Marjory.

## GOING TO EXTREMES.

"Mrs. Jones seems to be heartbroken over her husband's death."
"Yes; even her hair has turned black again."

## NOT A BIT OF IT.

"She is a girl of uncertain age, I believe."
"No. She's been the same for the last ten years."

## OVERSIGHT.

"Burglars? Gracious!"
"Yes. And, would you believe it, they took my diamond necklace without ever discovering the ton of coal that was under a handkerchief in the other corner of the drawer."

## NO THANKS.

Polite Old Stranger (very nearsighted)—Pardon me, madam, but I think you've dropped one of your parcels.

## A PARTING SHOT.

Departing Boarder — I'm sorry we couldn't get along, but I hope you are willing to let bygones be bygones.
Landlady — Does that include your board bill, Mr. Jones?

## IN PROSPECT.

"Why did you tell my daughter that you have a prospect of five thousand a year?"
"Well, I have, now I've married her."

## A SAFE MORTGAGE.

Angelina—Edwin, promise me you'll never describe me as your "relict."
Edwin—Dearest, I never will. I'd die first.

## NOT SO BAD.

"Distressing thing happened at our house this morning."
"What was it?"
"Our cook ran away with all the spoons."
"That's bad.
"Not so bad as it might be. She carried off my wife's cookbook too."

## STORING UP KNOWLEDGE.

Mother—Helen, what made you ask Mrs. Knowit how to make tea? You know you don't like her tea.
Helen—Yes; but, you see, I think I ought to know how not to make it.

## HIS DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Visitor: "Who is the old woman, Fritz?"
Fritz: "Hush! Not so loud. That's what came with my wife."

## EXTRACT FROM THE RULES OF A LOCAL GOLF CLUB.

The committee shall have the power at any time to fill any vacancy in their body.

## "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."
(An Appreciation.)

She: "They don't seem happy together. He once told me that his wife was the light of his life."
He: "Ah, but the light was always going out."
She (catching the idea): "And leaving him entirely in the dark."

## ON HIS SHOULDERS.

"The chap who comes out best in these times of political excitement," chuckled the wily courtier, "is"—
He surveyed the sawed off necks of the victims of the royal executioner's latest job.
—"the man who keeps his head."

## A HENNERY JEST.

"Where's that egg I launched yesterday?" said the ancient hen with the buff bloomers as she put her head on one side in a highly reflective way.
"Guess 'twas mislaid!" squawked a spring roosterette as he fell over his own legs in a wild effort to escape.

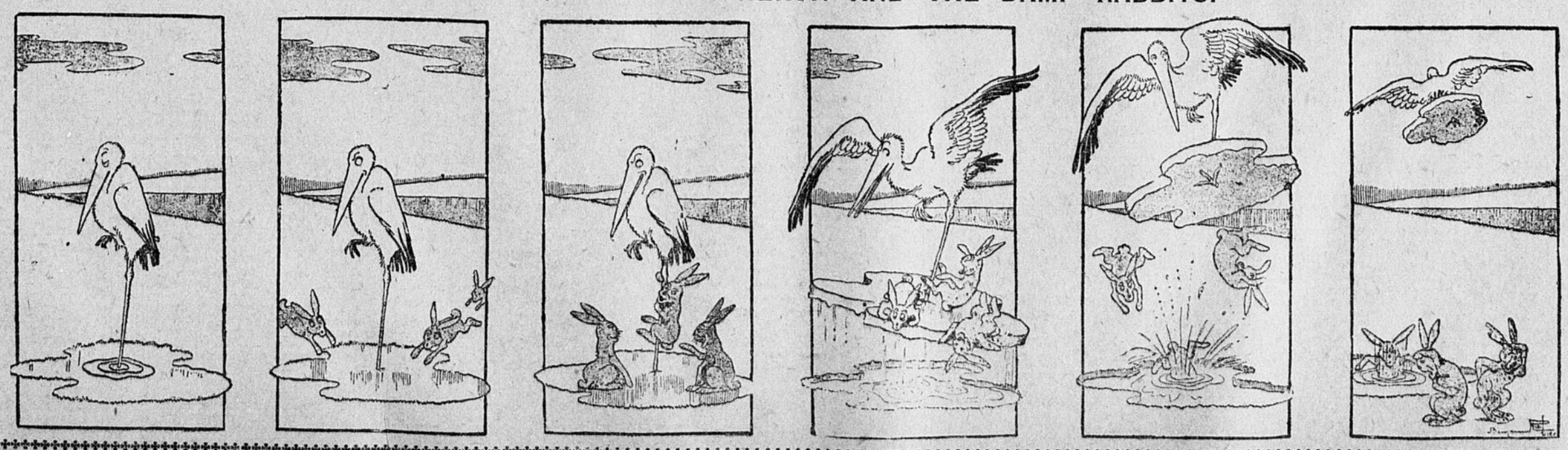
## THE TYPEWRITER SIREN.

For books my clerk has little u's,
But though she is not y's;
She makes me watch my p's and q's
What time I watch her i's.

## CASH AND SENTIMENT.

'Tis very sad so oft to see
A politician smart
With one hand in his pocket and
The other on his heart.

## A FROST; OR, THE WILY HERON AND THE DAMP RABBITS.



**Ambitious Boy.**
"I heard you give your readin' last night," said the little boy. "I wisht I could read like you."
"I am delighted to hear you say so," replied the eminent elocutionist.
"Yes, sir, I wisht that when I came to the hard words I could just chew 'em up like you do 'stead of havin' to pronounce 'em."

**Loved and Lost.**
"So you loved and lost?"
"Yes. I was fool enough to bet a friend $50 that she wouldn't marry me."

**Didn't Like Ma.**
"Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl."
"Ah, yes, but I don't like mother of pearl."

**The Point of View.**
"Bilker, you ought to be ashamed to wear such good clothes when you owe me so much money."
"No. You ought to be proud to lend money to a man who wears such good clothes."

**Not Like Him.**
Mother—How often have I told you, Tommy, that you should never let the sun go down on your anger?
Tommy—I can't help it, mother. so ain't no Joshua. wit. dy?" as- lot."

**About the Size It.**
Little Clarence—Pa, what is a wunk? hose
Mr. Callipers—Purwunk is—er—the husband o emancipated an, my son.