

**A Mind Reader.**  
 "I say, Jack, I suppose you don't want to lend me a fiver?"  
 "You ought to set up as a clairvoyant, Tom. The way you read another's mind is simply marvelous."

# LITTLE LAUGHS.

Hence the Term.  
 Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?  
 Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.

REASON AND ITS LACK.



"But—aw—why do you say you don't like my face?"  
 "Because."  
 "Ah, but that's not a proper answer. There's no reason in that."  
 "Well, there's none in your face either."

A WISE GIRL.



Dilatory Lover—My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof.  
 The Girl—But I don't live on the roof.

A GOOD EXCUSE.



"It's strange that a strong man like you cannot get work."  
 "Well, ma'am, people want references from me last employer, and he's been dead twenty years."

THE STRONG MAN—A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



IN A BAD WAY.



"He seems to be absentminded."  
 "Awfully. He hasn't enough memory to forget things."

THE BIRD'S REGRETS.



The Bird—And did your mother not tell you that the birds eat the early worms?  
 The Worm—Oh, no, sir.  
 The Bird—Well, I am sorry, but you really can't blame me for omissions on the part of your parents.

A MISS CALCULATION.



BLACK AND BLUE.



ACCOMPANIMENTS.

"Don't you dislike the smell of gasoline that goes with an automobile?"  
 "Not so much as the smell of arnica that goes with it."

THE MODERN SNOB.

"What is a snob?"  
 "He is a man in good society who lives in perpetual fear lest he shall run against somebody who knows him."

Ready to Negotiate.

Her Father—You have been paying attentions to my daughter. You haven't proposed yet?  
 His Lordship—Not yet, sir.  
 Her Father—Now, let us come right down to business. What will you take not to propose?

Fatuity For the Fatuous.

Miss Prim—It's a shame the way Mrs. Rounder's husband neglects her.  
 Miss Gay—But think of the good times it permits her to have!

Proof of His Devotion.

She—Do you really love me?  
 He—Darling, if I did not do you suppose I should have spoiled the creases in these trousers?

Strictly Professional.

"Did those chorus girls kiss and make up?"  
 "No. They make up first."

OVERHEARD AT THE CLUB.



"What a wonderful money saving device the telephone is!"  
 "Yes; for people who borrow the use of it."

Would Like Some.

She—What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?  
 He—I was just looking at the money market.  
 She—Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?

Choice of Letters.

"I think I shall adopt letters as a profession," observed the party with the bulging brow.  
 "Typewriting or sign painting?" inquired the sardonic person.

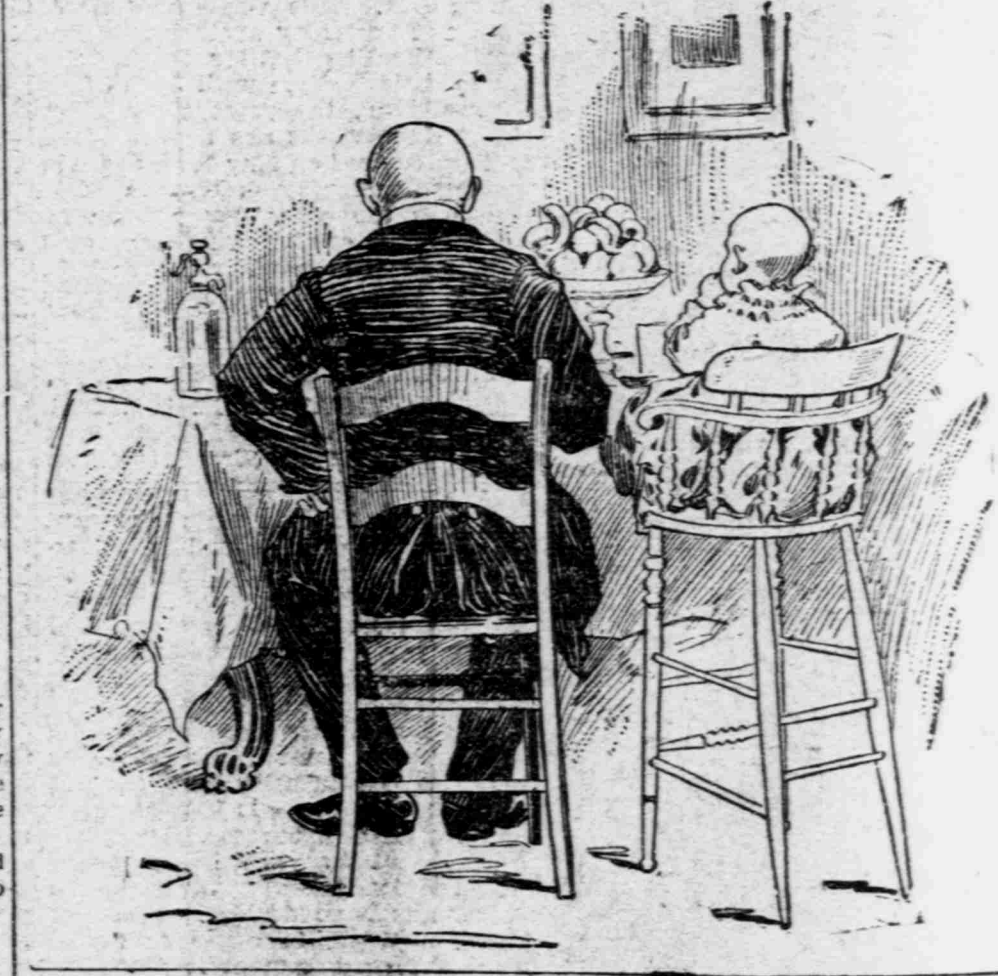
Too Late.

He—Your father ought to know what I have to say to him. I have been coming here so long.  
 She—I'm afraid he has given up all hope.

A Quiet Game.

"Smoke up, old man, smoke up!"  
 "Why, the room is blue now!"  
 "Exactly. No danger of wifery coming in if we can keep it blue."

THE PARENT AND HEIR APPARENT WITHOUT APPARENT HAIR.



A MEAN MAN.

Brown—I actually believe, my dear, that you think more of my dog than you do of me.  
 Mrs. Brown—I'd like to know why you think so.  
 Brown—Well, you never allow him to eat anything you cook.

IN DOUBT.

Ethel—Did Will seem to be nervous when he proposed to you?  
 Frances—I don't know. The janitor had let the steam go down, and I could not tell whether he was nervous or merely shivering because it had got so cold.

More Substantial.

Fred—What did you throw up your situation for?  
 Earle—I'm going to be married tomorrow.  
 Fred—How will you live—on love?  
 Earle—Oh, no. We are going to live on my love's father. See?

Turned Down.

The Masher—Pardon me, but you look like a young lady I know.  
 Miss Clever—Pardon me, but you look like a man I don't know.



THE LIGHTNING ARTIST.

An Imitative Woman.

Mrs. Figg—That odious widow, the hateful thing, has gone and got a dress made exactly like mine.  
 Mrs. Wagg—Oh, that's nothing. She is trying to marry my husband's twin brother.

A Sporting Note.

First Bear—I saw a man shot a minute ago.  
 Second Bear—What for?  
 First Bear—For impersonating me. I think.