

THESE PICTURES? NEITHER DO WE



#### TRUE CHIVALRY

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed an elderly woman to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded London bus. "Thank you very much!"

"That's orl right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the woman sat down the chivalrous laborer added:

"Wot I ses is, a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she's young and pretty; but, you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me."

#### JUST A HINT

"This piano being my very own, may I take it with me when I get married, papa, dear?"

"Yes, but don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances."—Puck.

#### HE DON'T HAVE TO

City Boarder—I suppose you hatch all these chickens yourself?

Farmer—No; we've got hens here for that purpose.—Judge.

#### TO HIM WHO WAITS

The championship diamond belt for optimism was awarded to a resident of one of the rural districts of Scotland. As the story goes an old man was sitting on the roof of his home during a flood, watching the waters flow past, when a neighbor, who possessed a boat, rowed across to him.

"Halloa, Bill," he said.

"Halloa, Sam," replied the other.

"All your fowls washed away this mornin', Bill?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone too, eh?"

"Well, they said the crops would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows."

"That's all right, Sam! Them windoers needed washin'!"

#### TURNED THE TABLES

A young fellow clad in homespun was standing near the National Gallery in London, when he was accosted by half a dozen genteely-dressed men with, "Just arrived in town?"

"Yes, and a great place it is," replied the young man from the country.

"'Tis so," said another. "How is your mother?" he continued, bent on sport with the countryman.

"Oh, she's pretty well," he replied; "she sent me upon business."

"Ah, what kind of business?" continued a third.

"Why," said the man, "she wanted me to look about for half a dozen of the biggest fools in London, and now I think I've got my eyes on 'em."

#### WHO WINS?

Two Pullman porters, representing different railroads, met off duty and progressed from friendly gossip to heated argument. Their quarrel centered about which one worked for the better road. At last the tall, thin porter settled the dispute with these classic words: "Go on, niggab; we kills mo' people den you fellahs tote."—Argonaut.