



By Norman

(The Junior Office Boy Tells of the Hard Lot of a Man Who is Both Careless and Married.)

n. y., wednesday—a poor young newspaper reporter in this sitty thinks he has discovered the meanest guy on erth

that is, he hasn't discovered him, he would like to discover him, and if he aint a very big feller he would hand him something to make him look different

this poor reporter he wares gloves, like most all reporters does, wishing to look like a prosperus sitazen, even if he does have to borrow lunnah money offen his

wife generally on fridys, sumtimes even thursdy

well, all the time he would lose one glove somwhairs, he would always pull off his rite glove to rite sumthing down or shake hands with j. pierpont morgen or sumthing, and he would go away and leave it laying

and his wife she was wild, with him all the time spending 75 or 80 cents for a pare of gloves and then splitting them up

so the next gloves he got, she took and marked into each one of them with indellable ink his name and adress

there, she says, now you will have a chanst anyway to get your glove back the next time you leave it laying on some bar

The Manly Art.

The Lady—What do you want, little boy?

The Kid—Could we pull off a fight between "Butch" Riley and "Puncher" Smith down in your cellar, and could you guarantee dat dere'd be no police interference?—Puck.



THE ONE THEY WANTED

"I understand," said a handsome young woman, entering the printing office, "that you employ only girls, and that you are in need of a forewoman."

"Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?"

"Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself round. She was engaged.