

HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A CYCLE-CAR.
DOES HE RUN SMOOTH?

YES, LOOK HOW
FLEXIBLE HE IS
CONSTRUCTED. ONLY, VON
DER ASPHALT IS VET,
HE SKIDS GOING
AROUND CORNERS.



WOMAN AND DOG

An elderly woman, with a small dog upon her lap, while riding in a trolley car, asked the conductor if he would kindly tell her when they got to Hazel street.

After she had got up two or three times, the conductor told her to keep her seat and he would let her know when they reached Hazel street.

Finally he called out, "Hazel street!"

The woman held the dog up to the window and said, "Fido, look! There's where you were born!" Then, turning to the conductor, she remarked, "I'm going to the end of the line."—Fun.

A NATURAL IMPRESSION

Rosemary—A French actress who is touring this country says all men are prevaricators.

Thornton—She probably judges the entire male sex by her own press agents.—Judge.

COLD COMFORT

The refreshment room waiter did not believe in hurrying—in fact, it was a strict rule on that particular railway that nobody should show any haste, on pain of instant dismissal.

But a passenger who rushed in and ordered some cold ham did not know this.

"Bustle along now!" he ordered. "I've got to catch the three-ten, so get a move on!"

The waiter, upholding the best traditions of the railway, strolled away in a leisurely manner and disappeared through a door. That was all that happened.

Presently he returned with the ham and set it down before the foaming passenger. Said the waiter, in a comforting tone:

"You need not be afraid of missing your train, sir."

"Oh, really! Is it late? So much the better, then. I can have a meal in comfort!"

"No, sir; it's not late, sir," said the waiter, smiling. "It's just gone!"

QUITE PREPARED

Young Yeoman—Then, my dear, if you are willing, we will be married at once. But we will not live in the close, crowded city. I will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it and be as happy as turtle-doves.

She—And I shall be a farmer's wife?

He—Yes, my darling!

She—How delightful! And what do you think, John? You won't have to buy a milking stool for me, for I've got one already.

He (in surprise)—You have?

She—Oh, yes, the prettiest you ever saw—decorated with handsome plush and cherry-colored ribbons!

PERHAPS

Father—Now, what's the old hen eating them tacks for?

Harry (just home from college)—Perhaps she is going to lay a carpet.—Ohio Sun-Dial.