



REVENGED.

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University last week. The student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation, the professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me — I feed myself."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



"I thought the restaurants had cut out the small portion?"

"Owing to complaints, we have re-established it; we count it as a large portion, that is all."

—*Le Rire* (Paris)

TOO SLOW RISING.

Sammy's parents were trying to encourage him to form a taste for solid reading. With this end in view, they induced him, by the promise of a substantial reward, to read a certain number of pages every day in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

He began it bravely, and for several weeks stuck to his task without murmuring. Then he began to lose interest in the book. For a boy of his age this immortal work was rather heavy reading, and he asked if he might not be permitted to skip it every other day.

"What is the matter, Sammy?" asked his father. "Don't you find it interesting?"

"It's kind of monotonous," he answered.

"Then suppose you read just one page a day."

"No; I'm tired of readin' about the rise of a republic. Let me try the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' for a while."—*Youth's Companion*.

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A DOMESTIC SERIAL.

Mrs. Littletown—"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear."

Mrs. Neartown—"Yes, it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

Mrs. Littletown—"Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one?"

Mrs. Neartown—"Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."—*Suburban Life*.