LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Knicker—Strange they didn't name the baby after its rich uncle. Bocker—No; he looked at it, and aid he'd give them \$10,000 not to.

He—If you refuse to wed me, Mistress Prue, I shall go and put a bullet through my brain.

Prue—Do you think you are so good a marksman that you could hit a little thing like that?

Disgusted Customer—What is the matter with that clock you sold me last week? It won't run more than eight hours a day. Mr. Elsenstein—Mein friendt, dot vhas a union labor clock, don't you see?

Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there." "But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of me to find a place at the bottom, where there isn't so much room

. He—Ah, I can see that you're not the sort of a girl to give yourself She (insinuatingly)—I suppose not. But you might ask father, don't you

Gracie—Oh, Mr. Nocoyne, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet! Nocoyne—W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it tomorrow.

Customer—"Say, what kind of a crazy novel is this, anyway? It begins with the last chapter and ends with the

Bookseller—"Oh, that edition is in-tended for ladies only."

Miskins—"Wasn't Benedict's death rather sudden and unexpected?" Bifkins—"Well, it was sudden, but not necessarily unexpected. His wife had just graduated from a cooking school."

"Take for instance, the single item of coffee," said the lecturer on tariff reform. "Do you know that each one

There was a hasty exodus of the callers who had been lounging in Methuselah's tent.

"What's the matter?" queried a by-stander. "Has anything happened to irritate the old man?

"No," they said. "Worse than that. He has begun to talk about the winters he has passed through that were worse than this one.'

The traveler, just out of his berth in the sleeping car, walked out on the station platform to get a fresh breath of air while the engine was taking

"What state are we in now?" he asked, addressing the villager who had picked up the mail sack and was start-

ing off with it.
"Doesn't make a darn bit of difference what state it is," sulkily replied the man.

"I see," rejoined the traveler. "It's Nevada."

Poor Aunt Judy always looks as if the world went wrong.

There's a frown upon her countenance the whole day long.

She eats her meals in silence—doesn't

relish them a bit: And her life is full of sorrow-

Her Teeth

Poet—This, sir, is the only poem I ever wrote. Editor—Well, cheer up. Nobody's going to take it away from

Percy Vere—"Now, darling, name the day, and let it be soon!" Dora Hope—"No. Percy. Not even immediately.

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly; you'll break his spirit."
"Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now!"

Languid Leary—"Dey tell me dat Esquimaux eat soap an' t'ink its a

luxury."

Perambulating Pete—"Well dat's wot it is. It ani't no necessity."

Mrs. Crawford-"This lovely Easter hat cost me only sixty-five dollars. Don't you think I look pretty in it?" Crawford-"I'll bet that ninety-eightcent lamp-shade you bought the other day would be just as becoming to you."

The Woman—"George, this is the anniversary of the day on which I promised to be yours—have you forgotten it?"

The Brute—"No, my dear, I couldn't. But I've forgiven it."

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely." "Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch. "He made his money in the grocery business."

Mrs. Spenders-"I wonder what will be the popular styles in bonnets next summer?"

Mr. Spenders—"My dear, women's bonnets will be divided into two styles, as usual—the style you don't like and the style I can't afford."

"No," said the impecunious one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers." "Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked. "I am. I saw a statement in the financial of you consumes on an average nearly fourteen pounds of coffee every year?"
"Not me!" yelled one of his hearers.
"Chicory! I board!"

I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true."
"You misunderstood the paragraph." It didn't say that people were easy.'

> Mrs. Bizzey—"I notice you are cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just want to say that we don't

do that sort of thing here."

Mrs. Newcome—"I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning. Mrs. Bizzey, including an old book on Etiquette', which I might have saved for you."

Teacher (of English)-"Michael, when I have finishel you may repeat what I have read in your own words. 'See the cow. Isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse No, she cannot run as fast as the horse."

Future Mayor (of Boston)—"Git on to de cow. Ain't she a beaut? Kin de cow git a gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow hustle it wid de horse? Nit—de cow ain't in it wid de horse."

"Do you call this a square deal?" wrathfully demanded the keeper of the gambling resort as the police broke the door down and came pell mell into the

"No, sir." said the lieutenant with boisterous mirth. "This is a roundup!" Whereupon he proceeded to load the the patrol wagons! Don't waiting in Fit. great shape. waiting in the alley, and drove away in

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