



When a woman is as good as pie she will not make tart answers.

Why does a man's hair turn grey before his moustache? Because it is about twenty years older.

Mr. Paddock Field: Remember that you took me for better or worse. Mrs. Field: Oh, Paddy, I know that I took you for a good deal better than you are.

Ethel (looking at a statuette of the Venus of Milo) —It seems to me, Maud, that the women in ancient times had larger waists than they have now. Maud —Well, perhaps the men had longer arms.

Age comes to every man, but fate
Is kind to woman fair,
For when she reaches twenty-eight
She stops right then and there.

"What," said the judge, "you here again?" "Yes, your honor. When I think of how kind the prison officials are and how cold the world is, I come to the conclusion that it don't pay to be honest."

"Of course you will give me away, papa?" said the blushing bride-elect. "I am afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old man, nervously; "I told your Herbert this morning that you had a disposition just like your mother's."

Patient: How do you dare to advertise, "Teeth extracted without pain?" Dentist: Why, I didn't hurt you while extracting that tooth. You were under the influence of gas." Patient: I know. It is your bill that pains me."

Mrs. Gibb—I think your new house is a delightful one, Mr. Jones. Only yesterday I was telling my husband that I thought you a very level headed man. Johnny (interrupting) —No, ma, you didn't say quite that; you said flat-headed.

She was the daughter of a preacher who didn't believe in dancing, and she had been to the dance the night previous, much to the old gentleman's dissatisfaction. "Good morning, child of the devil," he said. "Good morning, father," pleasantly responded the daughter.

He—Did you know Miss Grayson had just finished a novel she's writing and that you had been studied for the main points of her leading character? She —No. Why, I do feel complimented. He—Yes.

At the turning point of the whole story she puts her heroine in one of your charming evening toilettes.

Mr. Greyneck: Well, Johnny, I hear you have been over to my old friend Edgeley's, playing with his little boy. Johnny: Yes, sir. Mr. Greyneck: Did you see Mr. Edgeley? Johnny: Yes, sir. Mr. Greyneck: What did he say to you? Johnny: He said he guess'd I was a chip off the old blockhead.

"Do I understand you to say," said the prosecuting counsel, looking hard at the principal witness, "that upon hearing a noise in the hall you rose quickly, lit a candle, and went to the head of the stairs, that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs, and you did not see him? Are you blind?" "Must I tell the truth?" stammered the witness, blushing to the roots of his hair. "The whole truth," was the stern reply. "Then," replied the witness, brushing aside his damp, clinging locks, and wiping the perspiration from his clammy brow, "my wife was in front of me."

On March 6th.



CUSTOMER—Hello, Tommy, what's the meaning of that notice up there?

TOMMY—Well, you know, since the elections the Reilly men's faces have got so long that it takes twice as long to shave them now.