

THE SCRAP BOOK

With and Without.

LIVING without an income appears to be a much easier problem to a lot of society men than living within one.

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Then the Boss Boiled Over.

CARPENTER—"Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

Assistant—"I did. It was a quarter past ten."

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The Easier Way.

"WHEN you lie awake at night, do you count sheep going over a fence?"

"No; I count automobiles that pass at full speed."

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Rev. Smifkins: You ought to be ashamed to be seen smoking that disgusting cigarette.

Friend of Delinquent (waiting for a whiff): Garn, there's cheaper'n these.—*The latter.*

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Local Colour.

"SERVE the champagne in tin cups, Oscar," directed the owner of the bungalow. "Very good, sir." "These hunting parties like to rough it a trifle."—*Washington Herald.*

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Commencing Operations.

THE Millionaire: "Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?"

"Not absolutely; but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—*Life.*

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Speed Thrills.

SLOW Waiter—"Have I ever been in the country, sir? No, sir. Why do you ask?" Tired Customer—"I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on the fence and watch the tortoises whizz by."

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A Testimonial.

"EVERY TIME the automobile breaks down I notice you examining your state license." "I do that for encouragement. The license says I'm competent to operate the machine."—*Houston Chronicle.*

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The Retort Courteous.

"NOW," said the suffragette orator, sweeping the audience with her eagle eye, "I see Mr. Dobbs sitting down there in the third row—a man who has condescended to come here to-night and listen to our arguments. He has heard what I have had to say, and I think we should like to hear from him, and get a man's view of our cause. Mr.

Dobbs, tell us what you think of the suffragettes."

"Oh, I couldn't, m-m-ma'am," stammered Dobbs. "I rur-really c-couldn't. Thu-there are l-l-ladies pup-present." — *Harper's Weekly.*

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A New "Cuss Word."

HE—"I never can remember what this plant is called. (Considering). Oh, sarsaparilla!" She—"Alois, you really shouldn't use such bad words when things don't come to you quite readily."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

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Truth Will Out.

RICH Banker (to his daughter's suitor)—"Don't talk so much of love; you know that what really attracts you is the 80,000 marks that my daughter will get when she marries." Suitor—"What? No more than that?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

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On a Business Basis.

MOTHER—"I gave you a nickel yesterday to be good, and to-day you are just as bad as you can be." Willie—"Yes, ma; I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday." — *Boston Transcript.*

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A Candid Critic.

MISS GUSHWELL—"I like grand opera in Italian so much better than in English! Don't you?" Musical Critic—"Oh, yes; unless you understand Italian or follow the translation in the libretto closely, you don't need to find out what awful rot it is."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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What Else Could He Do?

AT breakfast, recently, Andrew Carnegie indulged in a piece of pie. A diet reformer present remonstrated.

"Why, Mr. Carnegie," he said, "do you eat pie?"

"Of course," replied the noted philanthropist benignly, "what do you do with it?"—*Success.*

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Might Be a Baseball Hero.

A BOY in a Chicago school refused to sew, evidently considering it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man. "George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must; and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?" "I don't know, time will tell," said he, seriously.—*Popular Education.*

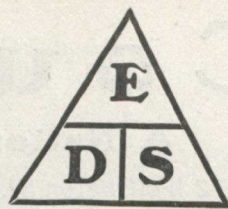
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A Nice Distinction.

IN the heat of revivals regrettable things are sometimes said. Deacon Washington, coloured, says the *Detroit Free Press*, was holding a meeting in the Nolahucky chapel, and being wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, he cried out, "I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay!"

Instantly Calhoun Clay rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear, and the deacon promised to apologise. So at the next meeting the old man said:

"I desire to retract mah last night's remark when I stated that I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay. What I should have said, dear brethren and sistern, was—I see befo' me nine chicken thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay."



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