



GRADUAL EXTINCTION OF THE LATIN RACE.

IN ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT, THE BLOND HERR PATATKOFF AND THE DARK-EYED SIGNOR GUBERITANTI APPLY TOGETHER AT MISS ROSKLEAF'S ACADEMY FOR THE POST OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR TO THE YOUNG LADIES. VERY MUCH TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF HER FAIR PUPILS, MISS ROSKLEAF COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT GERMAN MUSIC IS THE SAFEST, AND PRUDENTLY SELECTS HERR PATATKOFF.



"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor). "HADN'T YOU BETTER COME ON THE CARPET, OLD FELLOW! I'M SO AFRAID YOU MIGHT SLIP, YOU KNOW."  
 Guest. "O, IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—THANKS! THERE'S A NAIL AT THE END, YOU KNOW!"



"OH!"

(Algernon is devoted to Science, and makes his young bride read all the new Scientific Books to him.)

Mrs. Algernon. "REALLY, ALGERNON, ALL THIS ABOUT DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS, AND BIOSTATICS, AND BEE-DYNAMICS, AND MOLECULARS, AND CONCRETES AND THINGS, SEEMS TO ME RATHER EXTRAORDINARY! YOU CAN'T GENERALLY ACCUSE ME OF PRUDENCE, BUT IS THIS THE SORT OF BOOK THAT MAMMA WOULD QUITE APPROVE OF MY READING, LOVE?"



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mistress (who can't bear Kitchen Music). "ISN'T THAT COOK, MARY, SINGING 'THE MINSTREL BOY'?"  
 Maid. "YES, MA'AM."  
 Mistress. "I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D LEAVE OFF!"  
 Maid. "YES, MA'AM—SO DREADFUL OUT OF TUNE ONE CAN'T JOIN IN, MA'AM!"



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Eligible Bachelor. "SHALL I FOLLOW YOU UP, ANSWER; OR LEAVE NUMBER FOR LETTER?"



CRASS IGNORANCE.

First Snail. "LET'S SEE—TO-MORROW'S—WHAT'S 'T'RAY, S'VERY?"  
 Second Snail. "TUESDAY, ISN'T IT?—OR MONDAY? WAS YEST'DAY SUNDAY? IN MY MIND—(yawns)—MY MAN'LL BE HERE F'WEDNESDAY—F'WEDNESDAY SUNDAY FELLOW—TELL US LIKE A SHOT!"