

NEW-LAID EGGS AND FRESH ONES



The customer: "Please, Sir, I've brought these eggs back, and Murrer says you said they were laid today, so she wants tomorrow's eggs, 'cos these are some-ink awful." From the Sketch.

THE DEAD-GAME SPORTS



The one on the Left: "The evening papers have usually been out some time by the time I get to town, you know!" The one on the Right: "Great Scott, yes, and by the time I get home at night, dear boy, they're shoving the morning ones under the door."—London Opinion.

THE TRAMP'S COMPLIMENT



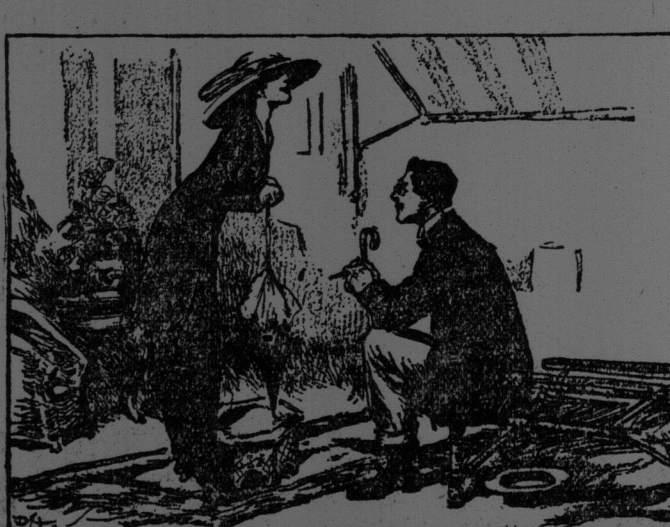
"Will your dog bite me?" "I shouldn't be surprised, miss. 'E's got a uncommon sweet tooth!"—London Opinion.

JUST A REMINDER



"Would you mind, sir, if I moved your valise a little to one side? It's right in the doorway, sir, where you left it, and, begging your pardon, sir, everybody's stumbling over it." "Don't you dare move it. If I don't stumble over it myself going out I'll forget it sure."—Fun.

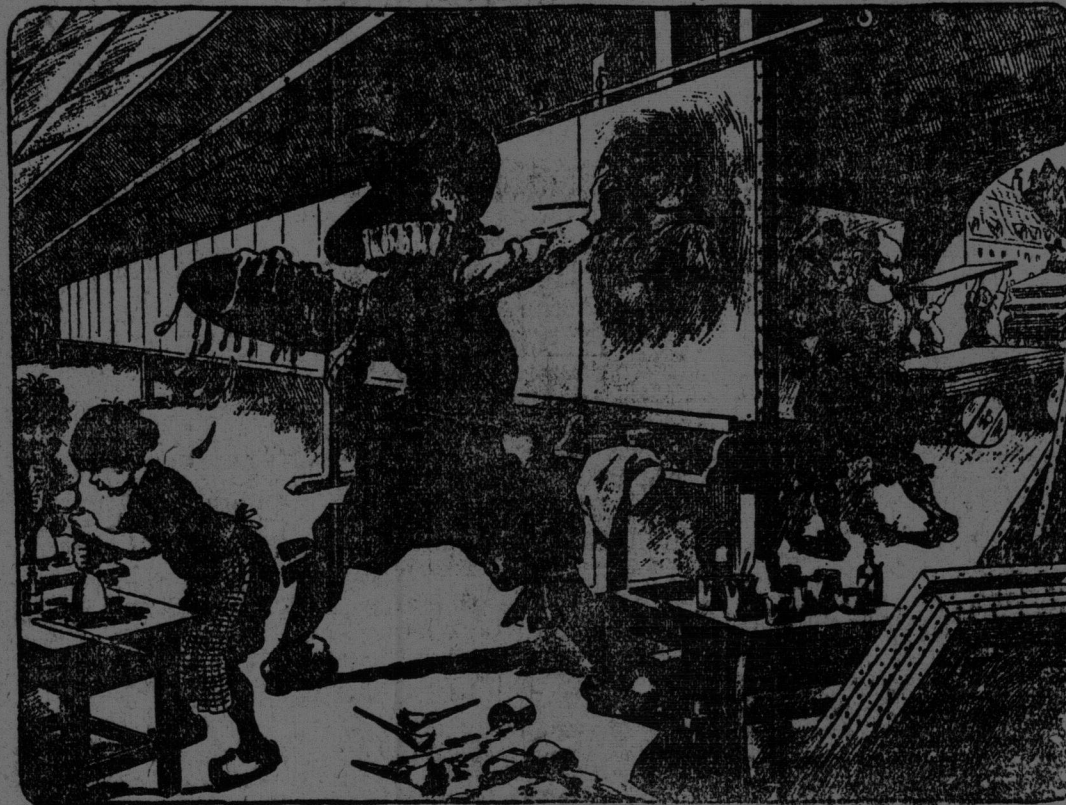
A SURE CURE FOR ALL ILLS



Guest: "Yes, my wife has been ill, but she is out again now." Hostess: "What doctor did you have?" Guest: "The doctor at all. I bought her a new hat!"—London Opinion.

DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES

AN OLD MASTER ON THE JOB



He never could have done all the work attributed to him in any other way.—From Puck.

ADVERTISEMENTS



—From Judge.

A PART OF THE BARGAIN



Visitor (inspecting Newbags' ancestors): "Wonderful the family likeness. I can see you in every one of 'em!" Newbags (retired): "Well, o' course. I made that stipulation!"—London Opinion.

The Head of the House and the Agents

BY WALT MASON

"It is in this way that the agents have got most of Mr. Curfew's earnings in the past. He is well stricken in years and at times has various maladies peculiar to his age; and no matter what disease he happens to be entertaining an agent is sure to come along with a specific for that particular disease, said specific being compounded of barks and buds and healing herbs. The agents surely must be kind readers, if they don't get information from the ravens that fed Elijah.

"How was any agent to know one even- ing last spring that my husband was grieving over the fact that his hair and whiskers were snow white? When he was young they were as black as the raven's wing and he was, indeed, a handsome man. On the evening in question he was almost weeping, thinking and talking of his splendid black whiskers. I tried to convince him that white whiskers were honorable and beautiful if a man was careful not to stain them with tobacco juice, which seems to be a cus- tom of Mr. Curfew's.

"I had to go over to Mrs. Doodle's for a few minutes, and no sooner had I left the abode than an agent appeared at the door selling a new kind of vegetable hair dye, invented after years of research and experiment by J. Hamilton Lewis, who guaranteed that it contained no alum or benzoate of soda. It was what they call the psychological moment. At any other time Mr. Curfew would have pursued the agent to the city limits, but just then, as I have explained, he was brooding over his faded whiskers, and fell an easy vic- tim. He said nothing to me about it when I came home, but that night, before retiring, he steeped his whiskers in the dye, in accordance with the directions on the bottle, said directions being printed in French, Spanish and German, so there could be no mistake. If you could have seen him when he came down the next morning you'd have crawled under the house, ashamed of being an agent. He looked more like a sun- rise than the head of a civilized house- hold. His whiskers were a bright orange. He washed and rinsed them for three days trying to get the color out, but all in vain, and he had to shear them off.

"There was one catastrophe after another in this house because of agents, so the best thing you can do is to fade away and forget that I ever saw you."



Read F. S. Thomas' fur an- nouncement.

DOING HIS BEST



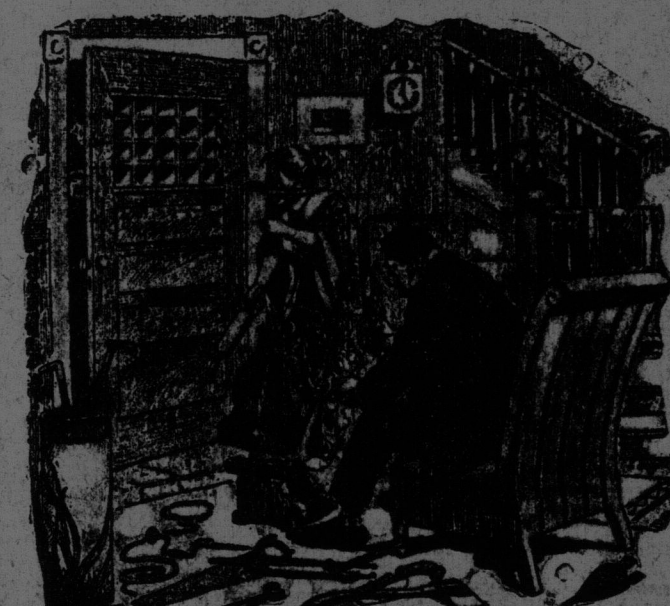
Master: "Price, why don't you toe the line?" Price: "Please, sir, I am toeing it, but I've got dad's boots on."

WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE BROTHER



The Old Lady: "What is the matter with the little boy?" His Elder Brother: "Oh, he's crying 'cos I'm eatin' my cake and won't give 'im any!" The Old Lady: "Is his own cake finished, then?" His Elder Brother: "Yes, and 'a cried while I was eatin' that too."—From the Sketch.

THE WAY THEY FEEL ABOUT IT



Waiting up until after midnight for the servant who promised to be in at ten o'clock.—Puck.

HE DID NOT MEAN JUST THAT



STEPHEN: "Where are your earrings? I never see you wearing them." Lillian: "Oh, I feel such a fool with them on." Stephen: "Ah! but they are so becoming!"—Judge.

THAT WAS ALL



Butler: "Quick! quick! Your wife, sir, is climbing out of the window clope with your chauffeur, sir." Master: "Humph! Ask them, as they pass the newspaper office to an 'ad, for a new chauffeur."—Fun.