



He—"What's that vegetarian doing now?"

She—"Making love to a grass widow!"

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"I wonder if Mars really is inhabited?"

"Don't know, but if Saturn is I'll bet the politicians own it."

"Think so?"

"Certainly; can't you see the rings?"



SHE—"Stop Mester! Can you shew me the way to the Y.W.C.A.?"

HE—"Are you sure you don't mean the Mercy Hall, Madam?"

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The best efforts to make a home attractive sometimes fail.

Recently a district visitor in the East End of London asked the wife of a notorious drinker why she did not keep her husband from the public-house.

"Well," she answered, "I 'ave done my best, ma'am, but he will go there."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've tried 'ard to make it 'omelike, ma'am," was the reply. "I've took up the parlour carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But, lor', ma'am, it ain't made a bit difference."