

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when bluest.

The foundation of domestic happiness is aith in the virtue of woman.

It is surprising how much we will take from a rich uncle—if we can get it.

Farmer: Why don't you fellers do sumthin'? Commonweal General: Lack of a workin' majority.

We do not like to be lied about, but most of us probably lie more about ourselves than anybody else ever does.

Tompkins: Did your new play meet with a warm reception? Van Clive: Well, rather; the critics literaly roasted it.

Miss Beaconhill: Are you interested in psychical matters? Charley Beecker: Oh, yes! I spend half my time on a wheel.

"I hear Bilker lost his job; wonder if he's struck anything since?" "Er—yes; all of his friends and two-thirds of his acquaintances."

Would-be Settler: How is the death-rate about here? Old Citizen: Waal, it's pretty cheap just now since the town doctors got to cuttin' prices.

"Is Miss Fosdick still president of your Society for the Suppression of Slang, Miss Skidds?" "No, she got too fresh and we turned her down."

"You live opposite the Vanasters, I believe, Mrs. Knickerbocker," said Mrs. Cumso. "No," replied Mrs. Knickerbocker stiffly, "the Vanasters live opposite me."

Medical Examiner: Have there ever been any symptoms of insanity in your family? Applicant for Insurance: Yes—er—that is, my sister once refused a man worth half a million.

Wife: I don't believe in women voting; at least I should never want to be a leader in politics. Husband: And why, my dear? Wife: Ugh! I should so hate to go to the penitentiary.

Salesman: Now, this is a book I can highly recommend; I have read it myself. Mrs. Noonah: Oh, then, it would never do; I don't want any second-hand books. Haven't you any that haven't been read?

Clerk: I want my photograph taken; but it must be as unlike me as possible. Photographer: An unusual request! May I ask the reason? Clerk: I'll tell you in confidence. You see the photograph is for my employer's daughter; and if he saw it and recognized me he'd discharge me forthwith.

Mrs. Yerger: Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam? Tommy: Yes, ma. "I was going to give you some to put on your bread; but I've lost the key to the pantry." "You don't need the key, ma; I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside." "That's just what I wanted to know; now just wait until your father comes home."

Charlie Dulltimes recently kept a record of the business transacted by him during one day of the present depression, with the following gratifying results. His callers were:

A stranger to borrow the directory.  
A man who wanted change for two dollars

A boy to sell matches or feather dusters.  
An accident insurance agent.

A man who wanted Charlie to cash a check.  
A girl collecting subscriptions for a woman's home.

A book-peddler.  
A friend who wanted a small loan.  
Charlie's tailor.

Another friend who wanted a loan.  
The Most Worthy Begum of the Order of Indian Rajahs, who tried to sell Charlie some tickets for an entertainment to be given "for the benefit of the order."

A woman to ask what floor Room 69 was on.

Another friend who wanted five dollars "until Saturday night."

The tenant from across the hall to use the telephone.

A boy to borrow the railway guide for Mr. Snifflins.

A man looking for a "party named White." The bootblack.

The janitor to clean up the office.

And yet they say that away out in the suburbs a fair maiden sits and sadly wonders "Why Charlie doesn't propose?"

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