



PROUD FATHER: "Well, my boy, and what kind of sheep do you keep on this farm?"

LAND AGENT (in pupil stage): "Oh, er—big—woolly beggars." —Punch

SHADY

He—"Don't you think she has rather a good complexion?"

She—"It strikes me as being just a trifle too impressionistic."—*Scribner's*.

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GENEROUS

Grandma—"Johnny, I have discovered that you have taken more maple sugar than I gave you."

Johnny—"Yes, Grandma, I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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THERE WAS A REASON

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife; "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it! What do you suppose I want you to economise for, anyway?"—*The Pittsburg Observer*.

AN EXAMPLE

"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"

"Well, this month's gas bill is one."—*Toledo Blade*.

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REFUSED TO BE AUREOLED

Sunday School Teacher—"If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

Willie—"Not for mine, then. I had one of them things put on a tooth once."—*Puck*.

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NO NEWS

Visitor (who has been going for the last half-hour)—"You know, I'm not physically strong, but I've got good staying powers."

Hostess (wearily)—"Yes, we noticed that."—*M. A. P.*

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BRIBERY

Mrs. M.—"Who did you vote for?"

Mrs. N.—"I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street car last week."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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UP AGAINST IT

"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theatre to get a breath of fresh air."—*Washington Star*.

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EXPLAINED

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks, the younger exclaimed:

"I cannot think what has upset that tall, blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."—*Penny Pictorial*.