



A WASTED JOKE.

BENSON (*who thinks he has found something funny*): It says here, my dear, that by placing an old rubber shoe on the stove while boiling cabbage, the disagreeable odor of the latter may be entirely avoided.

MRS. BENSON (*sweetly*): Dear me! I should think the rubber shoe would smell worse than the cabbage.

A PROMISING YOUNG MUSICIAN.

DRYSON: And you say that long-haired fellow there is a promising young musician?

HESSMAN: Yes, I've been told that as a pianist his touch is extraordinary.

DRYSON: Well, I am inclined to think it's correct. He touched me for five dollars about a year ago.

A PROFITABLE DISCOVERY.

MRS. INQUISITIVE: Your husband must be earning more than he used to. I see you have a new sealskin jacket.

MRS. STAIGHTFACE: No, indeed. He's learned how to fix the gas meter.

FLOR DE CONSOLATION.

BOGGS: What brand is that cigar you gave me?

FOGGS: That is a "consolation."

BOGGS: Whom does it console?

FOGGS: Me. Isn't it a consolation never to be struck for a cigar twice by the same man?

HE KNOWS THEM.

CLERICUS: Why don't you lay up your treasures where thieves do not break through nor steal?

CYNICUS: If some of the people get there who expect to, I'd rather keep mine in my stocking!

EASILY FOUND.

CITIZEN?: Well, how did you find the jail, Shackelford?

SHACKLEFORD (*back from a two weeks' sentence*): Oh, I didn't have to hunt for it; sheriff took me right there.

A FAIR CANNIBAL.

MY love attended at the cooking-school,
Learned to make bread and cakes and pies by rule,
Studied the science of the stew and roast,
And solved the mysteries of quail on toast.

I found her when I went to call that day,
Cook-book in hand, absorbed in "Consommé;"
And, jesting, I much doubted if she knew
What was required to make a first-class stew.

A week had passed; another call I paid;
"I've learned since then," she said, "how soup is made;"
And when my questions took a tender bent,
I found that I was an ingredient.

Frank Roe Batchelder.



BILLY, THE THUG: Shall I rob you first and kill you afterwards, or kill you first and rob you afterwards?

HIS VICTIM: Rob me first—it is easier for a poor man to get into Heaven.