



PIPE TO MATCH MAN.

She entered a downtown cigar store, and the clerk left a regular customer to wait on her.

"I want to get a birthday present for my husband," she began.

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the clerk. "A box of nice cigars now—"

"No, indeed!" she interrupted firmly. "I've read enough funny paper jokes about the kind of cigars a woman buys a man. No, I want to buy him a pipe."

"Certainly. What kind of a pipe would you like to see?"

"One suited to a man of about 45—though he doesn't look so old as that—5 feet 9 inches tall, rather stout, and with dark hair and moustache."

"Jimmy," said the teacher sternly, as she came upon the scene of hostilities, "why are you sitting on that boy?"

"He hit me in the eye!" said Jimmy savagely.

"But didn't I tell you to count one hundred before you let your angry passions rise?"

"Yes, an' I'm sittin' on him so that he'll be here when I get through the counting."

Mrs. Noorich—"No, Mis' Smithers, we ain't just decided yet what kind of car we'll get. I can't seem to make up my mind between a limousine car and a gasoline car. Mebbe you could tell me—does limousine smell as bad as gasoline?"

"There was a chap just in here looking for you, Alex."

"Was he tall or short?"

"Both."

"What do you mean?"

He was a tall man and he said he wanted to borrow a dollar."

A teacher the other day on examination of his class asked what was meant by divers diseases.

No reply was vouchsafed for some time, but on repeating the question he was rather surprised when one of the boys answered:

"Water on the brain."

A gentleman asked the housemaid, "Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"

Bridget hesitated a moment, and then said, "Faith, sir, I think they are in the wash."

"You can't order me around," declared the new salesman. "I take orders from nobody."

"You demonstrated that on your last trip," said the boss, coming in at this juncture.

Nervous Gentleman (from the country): Oh, a little lamb and some potato.

Brisk Waiter (shouting up the restaurant): One lamb, one potato!

Nervous Gentleman: Waiter, waiter, a little less lamb, please, and—and a little more potato.—Tit-Bits.