



COPPERING THE PREDICTIONS.

MRS. CUMSO: *Why, John, you are surely not going out without your umbrella? The signal service predicts rain.*

CUMSO: *Yes, my dear. Therefore I shall need no umbrella.*

A MAN OF MIGHT.

CUMSO: Speaking of strength, Jay-smith is a second Samson.

FANGLE: O, rats!

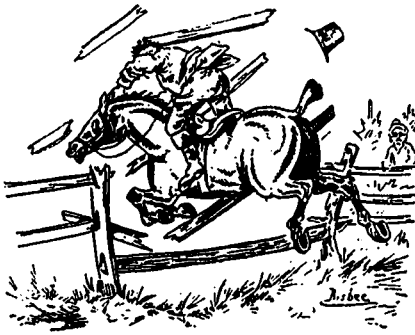
"It's a fact. You know how strong his breath is?"

"Yes."

"Well, he can hold that two whole minutes."

DENTISTS use laughing gas, but barbers still stick to the natural variety.

THE most popular lady is the one who receives the most proposals, of course.



TAKING OFFENCE.

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

FANGLE: I saw your friend, Mrs. Jay-smith, get on the train and leave town with a married man this morning.

MRS. FANGLE (*deeply interested*): Well, I've been expecting a scandal in that quarter for some time. Who was it with, the shameless thing?

FANGLE: Her husband.

THE OLD MAN'S WARNING.

A VOID whiskey and water, my son," said the fond father. "It is a dilution and a snare."