



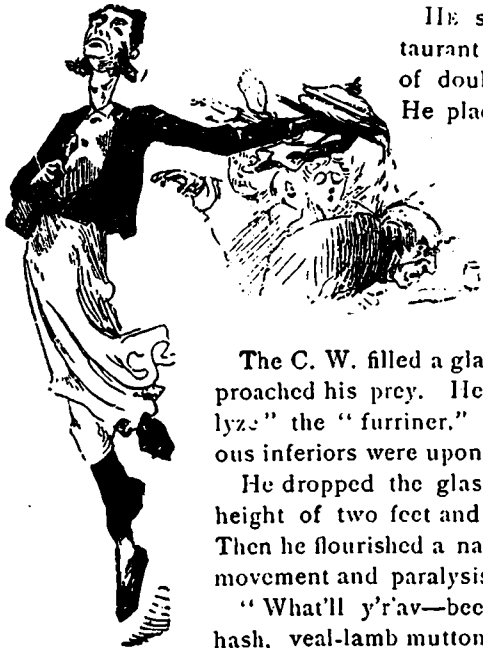
SUSPICIOUSLY CORDIAL.

MISS HONEYSUCKLE (in some trepidation): *Here's the bill for my new bonnet, papa.*

MR. HONEYSUCKLE: *Seventy-five dollars? Why, that's remarkably cheap for so pretty a one; and how well it becomes you.*

MISS HONEYSUCKLE: *Papa, I believe you are getting ready to tell me that I can't go to Saratoga this Summer.*

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.



He stepped into the restaurant with a timorous air of doubt and found a seat. He placed his six feet seven thereon and looked wistfully at the crack waiter through a bushy beard of a centrifugal aspect and seemed to be on the verge of a panic.

The C. W. filled a glass with water and approached his prey. He was going to "paralyze" the "furriner." The eyes of his envious inferiors were upon him.

He dropped the glass to the table from a height of two feet and never spilled a drop. Then he flourished a napkin with a mesmeric movement and paralysis thus begun:

"What'll y'r'av—beefstupork'n' beans 'n' hash, veal-lamb mutton 'r' fish 'n' tatusnun-

ionscorn'sp'ragus 'n' mush er what?"

And the paralytic replied:

"Guess I takerowski, beanskeroutsk 'n' porkeneff 'n' pertta-terinski witschk inionkirtsks. An' give me plentyessenoukerow-ijjzskt!"

The crack w—Ah, well.

Morrill Hazard.



HAROLD DEVERE: *Aw, b'jove; one has to be so awfully careful of these beastly mud puddles.*