

Only Theoretical.

Young Married Woman—Do you believe that those women who write for the papers telling how to manage husbands get along better with their husbands than we do?

Experienced Friend—Nonsense, dear! They are not married!

His Remedy.

The other day a little stenographer in a down town office begged some workmen who were putting up a new telephone not to place it so high on the wall as they were doing.

"You see," she said, "I have to use it as much as any one, and I am so short that I can hardly reach it."

"Oh, well, miss," said the humorist in charge of the work, "you can raise your voice, can't you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Lots of These Socialists.

"No, my child, you cannot marry Ravenswood Plunks."

"But, papa, what is your objection to Ravie?"

"My child, he is one of the most objectionable socialists I ever met."

"A socialist, papa? Surely you are mistaken!"

"No, I'm not. He actually demanded to share my wealth with me!"

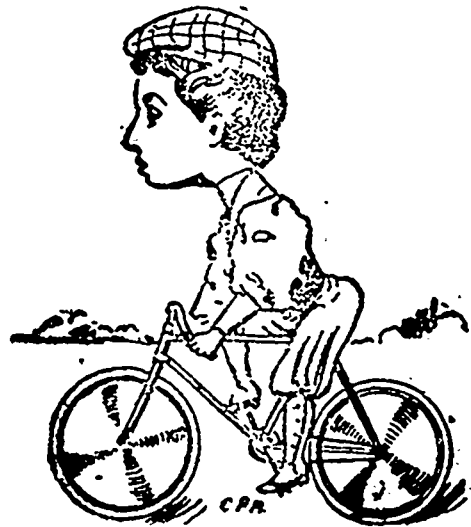
"Ravie did that? Why, papa, what did he say?"

"He said he wanted to be my son-in-law."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Gentle Reproof.

"Why is it that you people have so many revolutions?"

"My friend," replied the South American, "you forget that each country must have amusements suited to its temperament. You also overlook the airy facility which practice gives. Hence your misuse of language. Those are not revolutions. They are merely somersaults."—*Washington Star.*



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