



SHE KNEW BETTER.

Essie: Why didn't you marry him at the seaside?
Maude: It wouldn't have been safe. He was the only man there.

TRUE NERVE.

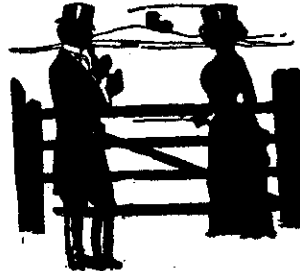
Johnson: 'What kind of a fellow is 'Thompson?'
Bailey: 'Well, he's one of those fellows that can take a glass and stop—provided you treat first.'

HIS MISFORT.

Harvey: 'It's too bad it happened to 'Plumpkin!'
Frank: 'What happened to him now, poor fellow?'
Harvey: 'Too bad he was born.'

HE FLED.

'Here's a story of a couple who married to win a bet,' she said.
'I'm not a betting man,' he returned, hastily. 'Soon after he took his leave, and he really didn't breathe freely until he was a full block away.'



THE TRUTH OF IT.

She: 'Why do married men live longer than single ones?'
He: 'They don't; it only seems longer!'

ONE OF TWO THINGS.

Jones: 'What do you think of a man who had to use a safety-pin to connect his trousers with his suspenders?'
Brown: 'He should either get married or get a divorce.'

TWO REASONS—PERHAPS.

First Lawyer: 'I thought you were retained to defend Gory Dick, the wife murderer?'
Second Lawyer: 'I was asked to, but my conscience wouldn't let me. It was such a brutal crime. And besides that, he has no money.'

CONDENSED MILK.

'Do you buy condensed milk, Ma-dam?'
'I presume that we must, but I never thought of it before. I always order two quarts and pay for two quarts, but it never measures more than three pints.'

POOR CONSOLATION.

The Friend: 'Didn't the parson's visit console you?'
The Widower: 'He's a poor hand at consolation.'
The Friend: 'Why, what did he say?'
The Widower: 'Said she wasn't dead, but gone before.'

EXPLAINED.

A board of physicians were inquiring into the state of mind of an alleged lunatic.
'You told us just now,' said the spokesman, 'that you were the Emperor Napoleon, and now you say you are the Duke of Wellington. Pray explain yourself.'
'Quite right,' returned the patient, cheerfully; 'that was by a different mother.'
They didn't ask him any more questions.

TWO FRAUDS.
I took her to the opera—
She's dear to me—
I made believe that I knew French.
And so did she.
We sat there and we heard them sing.
But neither stirred,
Because we didn't understand
A single word.
We didn't dare to clap our hands,
Or smile or frown,
For fear we'd be the laughing-stock
Of all the town.
So there we sat upright and prim
Through all the show;
I knew her mind and I would give
A lot to know
If while I inwardly laughed at
The maiden she,
Who looked so sweet, so innocent,
Laughed back at me.

THE MYSTERY.
Promoter (at the end of a glowing description of his new scheme):
'There's millions in it!'
Cautious Investor: 'And still you want my paltry £100.'

HARD TIMES.
An old gravedigger who lived in a village at the foot of the Grampians was one day complaining about the dullness of the times.
'Man, John, is trade that bad wilye?' said a sympathising neighbour.
'Bad!' returned John, bringing his staff down with an impatient gesture. 'I have na buried a leevin soul this se-weeks.'

DISCIPLINE.
She was a large woman, with a wide, firm mouth, shaded by an incipient moustache. 'When I marry,' she said, in heavy tones, 'the lucky man must have the advantage of a military education.'
'Why so?' inquired her dearest friend.
'Because he will then know the value of implicit obedience to orders.'



'TO BE OR NOT TO BE.'
'Ah, my fatherland, this is not the least of the sacrifices that I have made for you!'
(The Kaiser, who is the Lord High Admiral of the German navy, has issued an edict forbidding naval officers to wear moustaches.)

A FUSSY WOMAN.

'Mrs Binks seems like a very fussy woman.' 'Fussy?' 'Say, if she built a house, she'd insist upon having all the nails manicured.'

HER PROMPT REPLY.

He: I saw a beautiful smile illuminate your face as my arm stole around you. Tell me, darling, what were you thinking about?
She: About the pins in my waist.

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

I dearly love birds, he gently sighed. And then she didn't do a thing but hasten to open the piano and softly began singing 'I wish I were a bird.' They are looking for a nest now.

HE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

Pater (in an undertone): It's eleven o'clock, Maud, and I'm going to retire. What is Mr Smith waiting for?
Maud: That's just what he's waiting for, papa.

HORRORS OF CRIME.

'This is a strictly judicial proceeding,' said the factious footpad, who kept the revolver pointed at his victim's head while the other footpad went through the victim's pockets. 'I am holding you for robbery.'

CRUEL REVENGE.

'Mr Burk's marriage didn't come off.'
'What was the matter?'
'His tailor was an old rival and didn't get his wedding suit made in time.'

A SAD CASE.

'I suppose you want a piece of pie,' said the young housekeeper. 'No, ludy, I don't,' replied the tramp; 'but I'd be 'tankful fur a ole suit o'black clo'es, if yer got 'em. De poor feller wot yer gave a piece o' pie ter yestidy wuz a brudder o' mine.'

THE IGNORANCE OF YOUTH.

'Pa, who is Shylock?'
'Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school every week, and don't know who Shylock was!' said the father, with a look of surprise and horror. 'Go and read your Bible, sir.'



OF THE SAME MIND.

Mr Courtney (flatteringly): 'I had the blues awfully when I came here to-night, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine.'
Miss Fisher's Little Brother: 'Yes; father himself says she'll be a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon.'

THE GOLF LINKS.

Lofter: 'Indeed, Miss de Vine, I must say it. You are the star of the links.'
Miss de Vine: 'Now, that is very nice of you. And you are the first to discover me, too.'
Lofter: 'Then may I have an astronomer's reward?'
Miss de Vine: 'What is that, Mr Lofter?'
Lofter: 'The right to give you my name.'

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a millionaire,
His head was soft as dough,
And everywhere that Mary went,
Why, he was sure to go.
He followed her to church one day,
And then they had a row,
Arranged by Mary. Mary lives
On alimony now.

SO INCONSIDERATE.

'It becomes my painful duty,' faltered the man, 'to—'
She needed but to look once into his face to divine the awful truth.
'If my husband has died tell me at once!' she shrieked. 'Don't you understand I shall need every moment to get my mourning ready?'



Our Choirmaster (after lamentable failure on part of pupil)—'Confound it! I thought you said you could read at sight?'
Pupil—'So I can. But not first sight.'

A USEFUL IMPEDIMENT.

'Your office door sticks badly at the bottom.'
'Yes; I keep it that way so I can have time to get busy before people come in.'

PROBABLY STILL SMOKING.

The Old Lady (deaf): 'Has your grandfather quit smoking yet? The last time I saw him he told me he was going to do so soon.'
Her Young Visitor: 'My grandfather died last week.'
The Old Lady (still deaf): 'Yes? Has he quit smoking yet?'

UNITY.

'But,' they expostulated, 'you have painted the milkmaid on the wrong side of the cow!'
'Yes,' replied the painter, 'quite so. But kindly observe that I have painted the cow without any joints in her legs! What of it? Why, she can't kick, of course!'
It is now well understood that art, while it may be unreal, is not necessarily devoid of unity.

HE COULDN'T WEAR TROUSERS.

It is told of a certain Bishop that, while dining at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the Bishop approached the boy and asked: 'Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?'
'Yes, sir,' said the boy, with a glance at the Bishop's knee breeches. 'You're all right, only (hesitatingly) won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?'

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

A pretty girl applied at the general delivery window of the post office, and smiling at the bashful clerk she twittered: 'Is there any mail here for me?'
'I—I—I beg your pardon, Miss,' replied the clerk, blushing in four colours all warranted to wash.
'I said is there any mail here for me?' she twittered again, with a smile, pinks.
'I—I don't know, Miss. I'll ask some of the other boys. I'd like to be, but you come too late, for I'm already bespoken by another girl.'
The postmaster gave the young man a few lessons before he let him take charge of a window again.