



SHE TOOK THE CREDIT.

A little granddaughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones quarrelled with her baby brother, and bit, scratched, and pinched him. Her horrified nurse said reproachfully:

"The devil must have put it into your heart to do such things."

"Perhaps the devil did put it into my heart to bite," said the child; "but I thought of the scratching and pinching."

CITIZENSHIP TESTS.

Mike: "At the next election, Pat, we want a man who will keep out the Japanese."

Pat: "Dude we do, Mike: there's divil a wan of thin kin spake th' English laugwidge intilligintly, th' huy-thins!"

AN EXPIRED PATENT.

Uncle Mose: "See my patent leathar shoes, colonel?"

The Colonel: "They are not patent-leathar shoes. Patent-leathar shoes shire."

Uncle Mose: "I know, suh; but de patent hes expired on dese shoes, boss."

MAKING IT EASIER FOR HIM.

The conventional husband was making the conventional spring-bonnet remarks.

"After I have worried all winter over the money I was trying so hard to save," he said, "I find that you have spent it all for your new hat."

"Yes," replied his sweet young wife. "I want to relieve you of as many of your worries as possible."

THE ONLY WAY.

Scribbleigh says that his last novel is sure to live."

"Yes, he is naming his children after the principal characters."



SEEING THE OTHER HALF.

Fashionable Slummer (anxious to say the right thing): "Beastly weather for motoring, isn't it?"

THE LATEST.

The Great Naturalist: "Here is a specimen of something that I was sure would sooner or later be evolved."

The Reporter (examining it): "What is the creature—a new kind of horse-fly?"

The Great Naturalist: "No, sir; it is a 'honkolocest' or 'auto-fly.'"

SORT OF A SEE-SAW.

The man who saws his own gratewood doesn't see the need of a cheerful little fire, when his wife would like to have one.

He: "I am a confirmed bachelor."

She: "Indeed? May I ask how many girls assisted in the confirmation?"

PROGRESS.

Blacksmiths forge ahead. Money lenders advance daily. Real-estate men gain ground. Gamblers get the upper hand. Tailors press forward.

GREEDY.

He: "What do you think? I overheard Mr Spoonem talking to Miss Phatter in the conservatory, and he told her she was sweet enough to eat."

She: "The glutton! That Phatter girl weighs fully two hundred pounds."

BELIEVED IT.

"There's lots of money in stock," "uite right. That's where all mine went."

WHERE HE GOT THEM.

Mr Quick (calling upon Mr Parvanu in his new town residence): "Them your ancestors up there, Jake!"

Mr Parvenu: "Yes, sir. The whole line of 'em from right back."

Mr Quick: "Well, Jake, they came very near being mine too, and would if I hadn't found a job lot of old portraits round at Stickstein's auction that came £50 cheaper."

HER BELIEF.

"But Mrs. Brown has suffered a great deal for her belief."

"Indeed! I never knew she had any belief except that she can wear a number four shoe on a number six foot."

THAT ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

Mrs Wickwire: "The idea! Here is a story in the paper about a woman suing for a thousand pounds for the loss of only a thumb."

Mr Wickwire: "Perhaps it was the thumb she kept her husband under."



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

Any Pleasant Afternoon.