



Footballer (at the 'phone): Hello, Club House! This is the eighth hole. Send along a little crackers and cheese, will you to go with those drinks.



THE ASTONISHING BLINDNESS, AT TIMES, EVEN OF THE MOST GIFTED RAconteur.

AT A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

President: You must not all speak at the same time. Half of you please stop talking.

SWEET REVENGE.

Mrs. Shopper (after inspecting everything in the store): "I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacys and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment."

Salesman: "Here's a card for one of their salesmen, won't you kindly ask for him?"

Mrs. Shopper: "Ah! A friend of yours I presume."

Salesman: "No, madam; he has owed me ten dollars for the past three years."

NOT ALWAYS INFALLIBLE.

"This hotel has been running for more than twenty years," answered the clerk of a hostelry in reply to a query of a new patron.

"Well, well, missed the latter. 'Circumstantial evidence certainly is deceptive. A moment ago I'd have been willing to wager that the hair brush out there in the lavatory was not a day over fourteen years old."

BOUND TO SELL.

"There's going to be a big demand for those new-fangled divorces!" said Mr. Mumm the other evening.

"What new-fangled divorces?" asked Mrs. Mumm.

"Why, that new kind, where a man can keep his wife, but gets an absolute divorce from her relations."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"It was your first poem, eh? Did the editor accept it?"

"No, he sent it back."

"Any comment?"

"Well, yes; he said my 'handwriting was quite promising.'"

"Well, what do you all think of the thing?" asked a country innkeeper who had been running a gramophone for the amusement of his customers.

"Why," answered one of the audience after a moment's hesitation, "it's like this, it seems ter me. I never cared much about them, tinned meats, and I'm blessed if I likes tinned tunes!"