



**A SOCIAL MARTYR.**  
 "I have been a philanthropist in my way," remarked Cayenne. "I have made enemies of my own, but I have restored the breaches between other people."  
 "How?"  
 "By making disagreeable remarks. People who had been enemies for years have hurried to make up their quarrels in order to tell one another what I have said about them."

**NOT A CONVERSATIONALIST.**  
 "That girl can't talk a little bit."  
 "Is that so?"  
 "Quite true. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was 'No,' and I had to propose to her to get her to say that."

**SHE BACKED OUT.**  
 Patience: You say while abroad she had a chance to be presented at Court and didn't accept?  
 Patricia: Yes; she heard when she got in the presence of royalty she'd have to back out of the room."  
 Patience: Well?  
 Patricia: She backed out.

**THE EXCEPTION.**  
 Church: I see Andrew Carnegie began business as a telegraph messenger boy.  
 Gotham: Well, it's comforting to hear of one messenger boy who "got there."

"No, sir," said Mr Meekton, warmly, "no man would dare say I am hen-pecked!"  
 "Why not?" asked a near relation, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.  
 "Because, if he did, I'd tell Henrietta on him."



**AN AMATEUR.**  
 The Plasterer: I thought you were working on old Kay's new house.  
 The Painter: So I was, but we had a row and he said he'd put the rest of the paint on himself.  
 The Plasterer: And did he?  
 The Painter: Yes; at least that's where he put most of it.

**WOMAN'S WIT.**  
 "I got a cigar at your place, yesterday, and it was rank," said the customer.  
 "Who waited on you?" asked the dealer in the weed.  
 "Your wife."  
 "Well, you know it's pretty hard to get the best of a woman."

**WHEN PAPA INTERRUPTS.**  
 Irate Papa (entering most inopportunistly): Now, I draw de line at kissin'. If there's any kissin' to be done I'm goin' ter do it!  
 Daughter: O, papa, don't you dare kiss him!

**HIS WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.**  
 "Why don't you work for a living?"  
 "You want to know why I don't work fur a livin'?" asked Meandering Mike.  
 "Yes."  
 "Dat's funny. I never tought about it dat way. I've always wondered why anybody else does."



**AFFECTIONATE.**  
 Lady Friend: The dear little mits seems very fond of you.  
 The Father: Fond of me! I should think he is. Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society.

**NOT MILK.**  
 The milk waggon was upset. The lad who was in charge stood by the roadside weeping bitterly.  
 "Tut, tut, little boy," said a sympathetic stranger, "there is no use in crying over spilled milk."  
 "I'm not, mister," answered the honest youth between sobs. "I guess you don't know much about this business if you think that."

**FICTION.**  
 "Does your husband write fiction?" asked the friend of the famous author's wife.  
 "Only the notes he sends me explaining why he doesn't come home to dinner," replied the wife of the famous author.

**PROMISES.**  
 Successful Candidate: I shan't forget the promises in virtue of which I have been elected.  
 Political Manager: That's right. Bear them in mind. With a little brushing up they'll probably elect you again.

**THEIR FIRST WINTER.**  
 His Wife: Shouldn't we put something in the advertisement about our reason for selling?  
 The Suburbanite: Why—er—to be truthful, we might say that we wish to sell on account of the weather.



Willie: Say, Ed, your mom's callin' yer, an' I bet she's mad.  
 No, she ain't. She's callin' "Eddie."  
 If she was mad she'd be callin' me "Edward."

**LOCATED.**  
 An Auckland gentleman tells of a neighbour of his who went home at a rather unusual hour of the day and said to the family servant:  
 "Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"  
 Bridget hesitated for a moment and then replied:  
 "Faith, to tell ye the truth, I really believe they are in the wash."

**DISCRETION.**  
 "So you made a great hit in your presentation of 'Hamlet,' Mr Barnstormer? I suppose the audiences called you to come out before the curtain?"  
 "Called me? They dared me!"

**ALL ALIKE.**  
 Professor in Logic: Mr Smith, what is the universal negative?  
 Smith: Not prepared, sir.

**HOW HE WON HER.**  
 Ardent Suitor: I lay my fortune at your feet.  
 Fair Lady: Fortune! I did not know you had money.  
 Ardent Suitor: I haven't much; but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet.  
 He got her.

**A WOMAN OF RESOURCES.**  
 "Madame," said the maid, "the dyer has brought your silk dress back and says it is impossible to dye it to match your hair, as you requested."  
 "Well," said the lady, "ask him what he would charge to dye my hair to match the silk. The colours clash as they are now."

**NO SYMPATHY THERE.**  
 "I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father.  
 "Well, you needn't come to me for sympathy," replied the father. "I have troubles of my own."

**FOR CUTTING IT SHORT.**  
 Barber: You're next, sir. Hair cut?  
 Peppery: Yes, and here, put this in your pocket for yourself.  
 Barber: Thank you, sir. I don't often get my tip before I begin, and I appreciate—  
 Peppery: I don't want you to consider that a tip, but "hush money."

**AN INSTANCE.**  
 Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."  
 "Just fancy," exclaimed Bridget; "accordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan av 'is sines another gits more developed. For instance, a blويد mon gits more sines av 'e'erin' an' touch, an'—"  
 "Shure, an' it's quite thrue," exclaimed Pat.  
 "O!ve noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."

**A SMART COMMERCIAL.**  
 Recently a commercial traveller said to a second knight of the road, "I will wager anything you like that you cannot spell three simple words, that I will give you, within half a minute."  
 "I will take that on," said the other. "Well, here goes," said the first man, as he pulled out his watch. "London."  
 "L-o-n-d-o-n."  
 "Watching."  
 "W-a-t-c-h-i-n-g."  
 "Wrong," said the first man. "What?" exclaimed his companion in surprised tones. "I've spelled the words you gave me correctly. I'm certain—"  
 "Time's up! Why didn't you spell the third word, W-r-o-n-g?"

**REASON ENOUGH.**  
 "Mary," said the young matron's mother, "it seemed to me you were very cold to John this morning."  
 "Yes," she replied, "I'm beginning to suspect him."  
 "The ideal! You have no reason, I'm sure."  
 "Haven't I? I dreamed last night that I saw him kissing another woman."

**SHE WASN'T THERE.**  
 Woman (to dry goods clerk who has been showing blankets for half an hour): I thank you for your trouble, but I really didn't intend to buy anything. I'm looking for a friend.  
 Clerk: Well, if you think she's in these blankets, I'll go through them again.

**CARRIED TO EXTREMES.**  
 "Admiration of foodstuffs is being carried to extremes nowadays," observed the man with the incandescent whiskers.  
 "What's wrong—been finding fish in your milk again?" asked the man with the foolish smile.  
 "No; but a friend of mine is in the oleomargine business, and he has just bought a carload of artificial hair to scatter through it and give it the semblance of the real article."

**IN THE GRAVE.**  
 Bacon: A man can't take any money with him when he dies.  
 Egbert: Oh, I don't know. I had a friend who owed me £2 die last week. I guess he's taken it with him all right.



Fwedly (slightly near-sighted): Who—aw—is that vewy stylish and fine-looking man at the othah end of the room, Mrs Greable?  
 Hostess: You are looking at your own reflection in the mirror, Mr Lightpayte.  
 Fwedly: Aw—you flattah me, Mrs Greable!  
 Hostess: No; the mirror does that.