

FATTY DEGENERATION OF THE HEART.

She: Papa saw you going into a hotel to-day, George. He: No, he didn't. She: Why are you so certain? He: I'd have had to pay for another drink if he had.

Ethel: Grace asked George whether he would love her any more if her hair were some different colour.

Edith: And what did George say? Ethel: Why, he merely asked her what other colours she had.

Mrs. Youngwedd (boastfully): I may not be much of a cook, but my husband has never twitted me about the better cake and pies his mother used to make. Mrs. Keene: No, dear; his father used to run a bakery.

I asked her why her lips were ruby red. Then kissed her. "Now yours are," She said.



A FLY COP.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blanderly, "my boy Willie has been through all the alimentary schools."

"Alimentary?" questioned the caller. "Oh, I see, you are going to make a loud specialist of him."

"An Atlanta judge has ruled that a man must kiss his wife twice each day." "What crime had the woman committed?"

The Friend: I suppose it was hard to lose your daughter?

The Father: Well, it did seem as if it would be at one time, but she landed this fellow just as we were beginning to give up hope.

Patience: And did her father follow them when they eloped?

Patrice: Sure! He's living with them yet!



WHAT IT WAS.

Mrs. Idler: "Let's see! Was n't there some scandal concerning that Broad-head girl?" Mrs. Chatter: "O yes! Don't you recollect? She married for love!"

If you want to make a living, you have to work for it, while if you want to get rich, you must go about it in some other way.

"She says she would let her husband go hungry before she would cook a meal for him." "That is what I call true love."

"You look worried, dear. What's the matter?" "My husband is ill." "Too bad! Is his condition critical?" "Worse—it's abusive."

She—I dreamed last night you bought me a new hat. He—Well, that's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money.



"You wouldn't strike a little fellow like me would you?" "No, but I'm after that fly on your forehead."

Mr. Jaxback: My dear, I was one of the first to leave.

Mrs. Jaxback: Oh, you always say that.

Mr. Jaxback: I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home.

"There is a belief that summer girls are always fickle."

"Yes, I got engaged on that theory, but it looks as if I'm in for a wedding or a breach-of-promise suit."

"I never judge a woman by her clothes," observed Bekins. "No," put in Mrs. B. sarcastically, "a man who gets to as many burlesque shows as you do wouldn't."

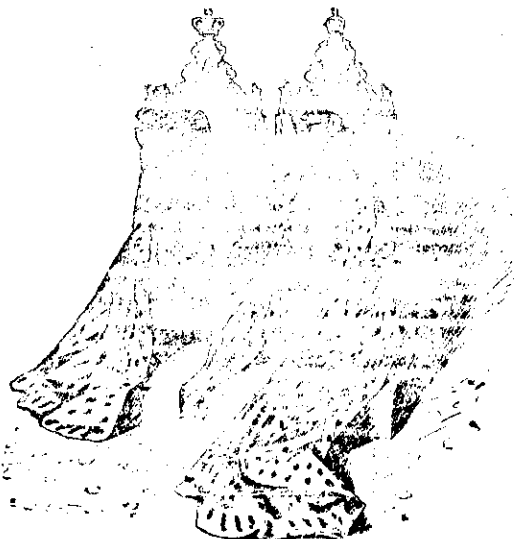
Mrs. Young: In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him. Mrs. Wedd—Why mention Turkey, especially?

Husband (reading the paper): I see that Prince Harold is dead.

Wife (an Anglomaniac, inexpressibly shocked): Is it possible? It seems too sad for anything. What was the cause of his death?

Husband: He trotted a mile in 2.20, and then died of blind staggers.

"They say she's an enthusiastic motorist." "She is. She's acquainted with four gentlemen who own six-cylinder cars."



THE ROYAL NEWS.