



SENSATIONS OF A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO PROPOSE.

"Well, thank heaven," he said, approaching a sad-looking man who sat back in a dark corner, "that's over with." "What is?" "I've danced with the hostess. Have you gone through with it yet?" "No; I don't need to, I'm the host."



Jones (who for the first time in his life has taken Smith's wife out to dinner): "I say, who is that chap? He's been watching us all the evening."  
 Mrs. Smith: "Oh, that's only a private detective collecting evidence for my husband's divorce suit!"

Wife—How about the tickets, dear? I understand the theatre is packed at every performance. Hub—It is, but I managed to get seats for two weeks from to-night—and, by the way! Wife—Well! Hub—You might begin to get ready now.

Mother—I really think you'd be happier if you married a man who had less money. Daughter—Don't worry, mother; he will have less in a very short time.

"This show cost the producer £6,000." "I'm glad of it."

PROPRIETY'S LIMIT.

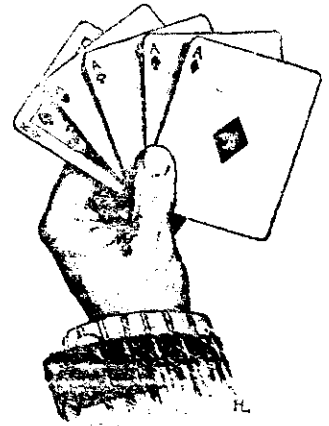
"Is she proper?"  
 "Proper! She's so darned proper she won't even accompany a man on the piano without a chaperon."

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself." "No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state."

Louise: Claspng me in his arms, he murmured: "At last the time, the place, the girl."

Julia: And was there nothing lacking?

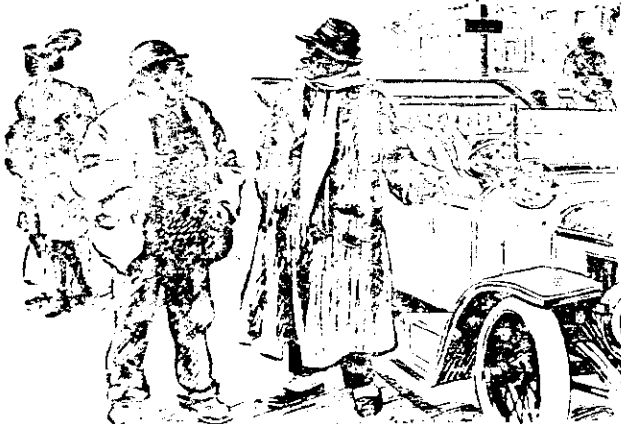
Louise: Yes—a witness.



"THE HAND THAT FEEDS HIM."

"And I suppose," said Miss Gushington, "that while in London you were at court?" "Only once," admitted Mr. Lushington, blushing. "But I wasn't guilty, and I got off with a reprimand!"

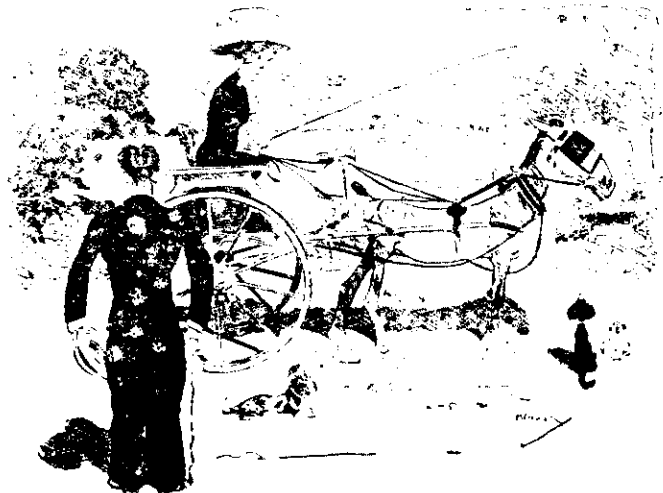
Dads—As one grows older there are certain things in which it is difficult to keep up one's interest. Don't you find it so? Hobbs—Er—yes—there's the mortgage on my house, for example.



Motorist: "Keep your eye on my car for a few minutes, there's a good chap."  
 The taxi driver: "What you talking about? I'm a Town Councillor!"  
 Motorist: "Well, I'm afraid you're all the same!" (London Opinion.)

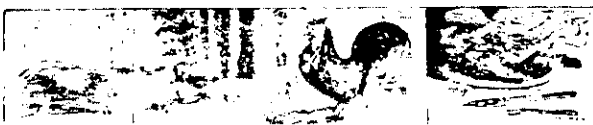
"I always was unlucky," he said with a weary sigh. "What's the matter now, old man?" his friend asked. "I've spent over 500 dollars on havin' my boy taught to play the flite, and now his hair's all comin' out!"

American Heiress—But, dear, if I accept you, everyone will say you married me for my money. French Count—Don't let that worry you; you can pay my debts first and there won't be enough money left to excite comment.



THE MORNING AFTER.

Mr Park: "Last night I dreamed that I proposed to you."  
 Miss Gramercy: "How much more sensible you are asleep than awake!"



SPRING— SUMMER— AUTUMN— WINTER.