



MORE HEART TROUBLES.

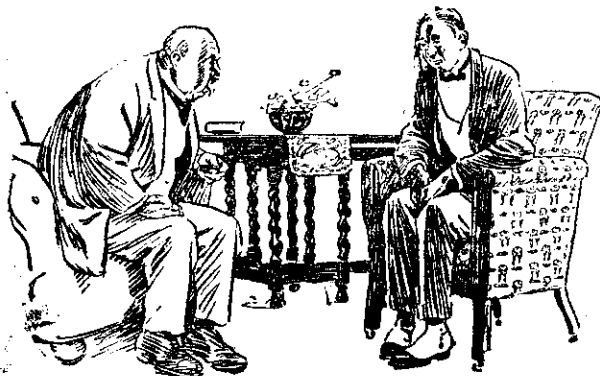
Ida says her beau is over bashful, and has not kissed her, although there have been opportunities.

Why not tell the young man, Ida, that you are hoarse, and cannot scream no matter what happens?

Mrs. Proudman: "Our Willy got meritorious commendation at school last week." Mrs. O'Bull: "Well, well! Ain't it awful, the number of strange diseases that's ketch'd by school children?"

Boggs—"I heard a lecturer say last night that we would all live to see the day when a woman will be Speaker of the House. Do you believe that?" Henpeck—"I know of one woman that is, already."

Baker—in five years you won't see a horse on the street. Wayburn—Yes, they would be safer on the sidewalks.



Pa: "So you want to marry my daughter. Are you in a position to support a family?"
Sutor: "Er—how many of you are there?"

"Miss Bolde," said the shy student to the fair one on the other side of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss, what would you say?"
"I'd say you're the laziest man I ever met."

"This is the third time you have been here for food," said the woman at the kitchen door to the tramp. "Are you always out of work?" "Yes'm," replied the itinerant. "I guess I was born under a lucky star."



STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

Meeting between boyhood chums—one of whom has since acquired money.

"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?" "Usually when I want to tell him something important."

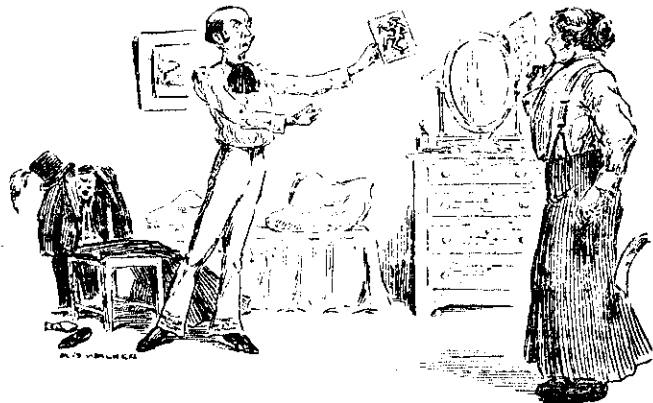
"They turned the X-rays on my brain at the hospital, but found nothing." "What did they expect?"



The Porter: "Have you lost something, sir?"
Sandy: "Aye, aye, but it's naethin'—only the threepenny bit o' stiver 'a was about the give ye for carryin' ma bag."

"Congratulations, old man, I hear you have been speculating successfully." "No; I lost money." "Well, you ought to know better than to gamble."

"Doesn't your choir sing at the prison any more?" "No, several of the prisoners objected on the ground that it wasn't included in their sentences."



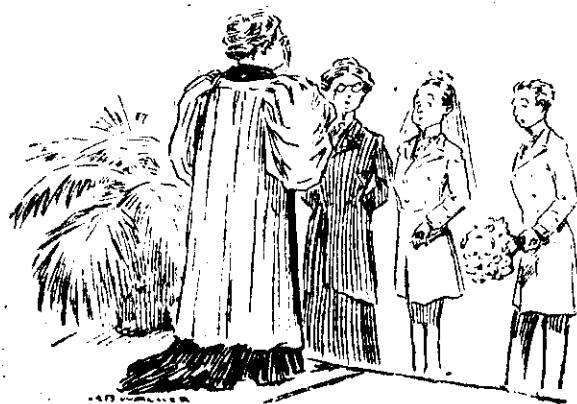
The Husbandette: Madam, you said you attended a political meeting last night. How do you account for this photograph of a horrid chorus boy which I find in your clothes?

"So the appendix is useless, then, doctor? We could live without it?" "Well, the patients, perhaps, but not the surgeons."

Mrs. Benham—Do you remember that I gave you no decided answer the first time you proposed? Benham—I remember that you suspended sentence.



District Attorney: Is the lady on your left, just selected as a juror, related to you, Mr. Jones?
Mr. Jones?
"Yes, sir, she's my wife."
"Would she be apt to influence your opinion in deciding on the merits of this case?"
Judge: That is a foolish question, Mr. Jones, you are excused.



Clergywoman: Wilt thou love, cherish and vote as thy wife dictates?
"I will."