



Passing Cabby—"Guv'nor, your style's all werry nice in a fog, but it's a noosance in traffic!"—Punch.

AN EASY TEST.
Timmins—"I have never been able to make up my mind whether I am a genius or not."
Simmons—"It is easily tested. Just act like a hog when you are in society, and if you are a genius people will admire you for it."—Indianapolis Journal.

MUSEUM HAPPENINGS.
"We had to let our glass eater go."
"What was the matter?"
"Somebody got him to sign the pledge, and he got so stuck up he wouldn't eat anything but mineral water bottles."—Detroit Free Press.

SCHANERL'S AMBITION.



The Aunt—"Why, how tall you're getting to be, Schanerl! Soon you'll be taller than your father."
Schanerl—"I wish I was!"
The Aunt—"Why?"
Schanerl—"Because then he'd have to wear the clothes that I'd outgrown!"—Der Floh.

LINGUAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.



"They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues."
"All but two—my wife's and her mother's!"—Judy.

MAINLY IN THE WORKHOUSE.
"All these centenarians seem to be in possession of their faculties."
"Yes, that's about all they do possess."—Pick-Me-Up.

THE FIRST-BORN.
Caller (to Mr. Yungwilde's servant)—"Is the head of the house in?"
Servant—"Yes, sir; you'll find him in his cradle."—London Fun.

PROBABLY WITHOUT THANKS.



Dressmaker—"Madam, the dress is a perfect poem! Your husband will be greatly pleased with it."
Customer—"For heaven's sake, don't say anything about a poem when you call with the bill! My husband, you see, is an editor, and he'd reject it!"—Der Floh.

BEGINNING EARLY.



The Ugly Girl—"Angelina, what's the matter?"
The Beauty—"O, Sophia, that nasty man there kissed me without being introduced!"
The Ugly Girl—"Why, that's papa. He must have thought you were me."—Pick-Me-Up.

AN URGENT CASE.
Tramp—"Please, mum, can't you help a poor man wid a large family, mum? Me wife an' children are starvin', mum."
Benevolent Lady—"Good gracious! I'll go see them at once."
Tramp—"If y'd please give me 10 cents, mum, I'd—"
Benevolent Lady—"Take me to them quickly. There is not a minute to lose. My! my! Where are they?"
Tramp—"Please, mum, it's too far to walk. They're—there in the old country, mum."—New York Weekly.

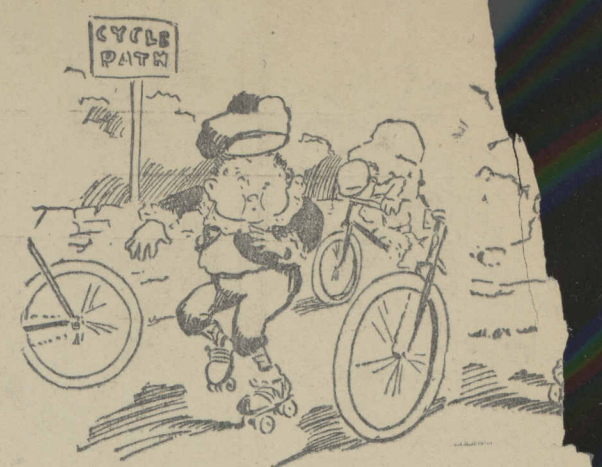
A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



Mrs. Bigheart—"Goodness to goodness! John, how many turkeys do you suppose it will take to feed a hundred college boys?"
Mr. Bigheart—"What on earth do you want to know that for, Maria?"
Mrs. Bigheart—"Why, here Tom writes that he's going to bring home some '99 men to spend New Year's day with him!"—New York Journal.

NOT IN HIS LINE.
"I wish you would mind your own business."
"But I'm a private secretary."—Pick-Me-Up.

INTERRUPTED THE GAME.
Snagsby—"Tooties is cursing the big fire."
Guppy—"Wasn't he fully insured?"
Snagsby—"Yes; but the brigade arrived too soon."—Pick-Me-Up.



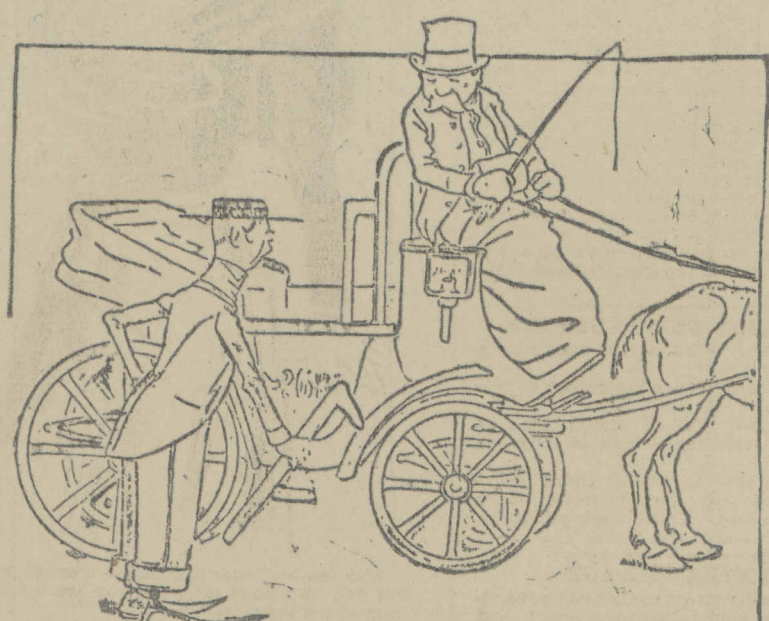
1. "Hey, get out of the way!" 2. "Run me down."

FAT FOLKS' GOODNESS.
"It's a singular thing, but the commission of crime seems confined to certain kinds of people," said Bluff, putting on an air of wisdom.
"Yes," rejoined Miggs. "That's well known. It's confined to criminals, of course."
"Certain persons are almost sure to become criminals," continued Bluff, ignoring the interruption, "while others are never, or very rarely, found in prison."
"Because they are too lucky," murmured Miggs.
"It may seem strange, but fat men seldom commit crime. This is the assertion of criminologists."
"It doesn't seem strange at all to me," remarked the irrepressible Miggs. "Everybody knows that it is difficult for fat men to stoop to anything low."—Pearson's.

POETRY WITH POINT TO IT.
The celebrated "Finnegan" letter has a rival which is going the rounds of the railway press. The following telegram is said to have been received at the Topeka office of the Santa Fe:
On No. 2.
Have busted flue,
What shall I do?
O'Donahue.
—Salt Lake Herald.

LESSONS DISCONTINUED.
Friend—"What is the matter, Blankley? You're all out about and your arm in a sling, as though you had been in a fight, and yet you look beaming and smiling over it all."
Blankley—"The fact is, I have all along thought my boy Harold a sort of a muf, and I undertook to give him some boxing lessons. This is the result of the first lesson. O, I'm proud of that boy."—Odds and Ends.

THE MANAGER WILL WANT HIM.

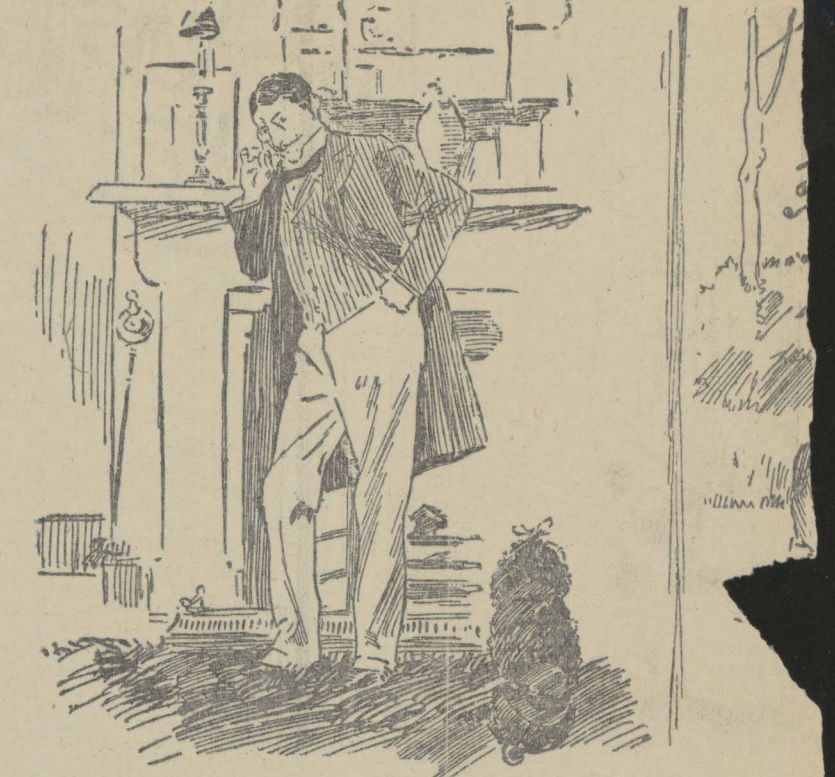


"Cabby, take me to the zoological gardens; but, mind, I give no tip."
Cabby—"O, that's all right; when the manager sees you, he'll give me a tip."—Polichinelle.

ASTOUNDING IGNORANCE.
Probably St. Jackson is the most ignorant negro in St. Louis. Noticing the gentleman by whom he is employed reading a newspaper he asked:
"Say, boss, which does yer read—de black or de white?"—New York World.

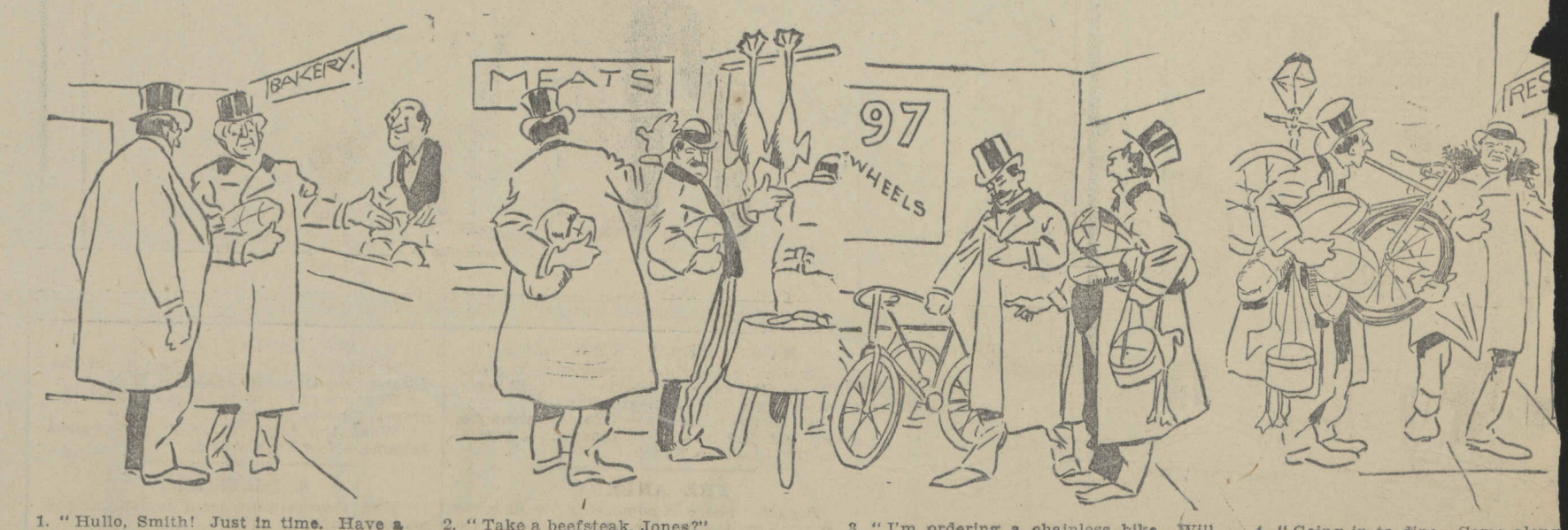
MEDICAL EXAMINATION.
Professor—"What do you reach if you insert the knife deep between the second and third ribs?"
Student—"If I didn't have money enough to hire a first-class lawyer I guess I'd reach the electric chair."—New York World.

LOVE DEAF AS WELL AS



Jones (newly married)—"There's my darling playing the guitar." [But it's gravel.]—London Punch.

WHY NOT EXTEND THE TREATING HABIT INTO OTHER BRANCHES



1. "Hullo, Smith! Just in time. Have a loaf of bread on me!"
2. "Take a beefsteak, Jones?"
"No, thanks. I just bought one."
"Well, have another."
3. "I'm ordering a chainless bike. Will you join me?"
"Sure. Here's to you."
4. "Going in to dine. Come along you join me?"
"No, thanks. I just had a dinner Brown and another with Robinson."
"Never mind, take a few more."
"Well, I guess I'll have to go you."