

LADY HAZZARD

Jack Hazzard, the comedian, has a letter from a friend in Boston, which he treasures. The letter contains a bona-fide account of an answer made by a grammar-school pupil in Boston during the course of an examination in English.

The youngster, a boy, was called on to spell and define the word hazardous. This was his reply:

"H-a-z-a-r-d-e-s-s—a female hazard."

SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSING

The public is invited to sympathize with a quiet and retiring citizen who occupied a seat near the door of a crowded street-car when a masterful woman entered. Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye.

He rose and offered his place to her.

Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car: "What do you want to stand up there for? come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet—"I fear I am not deserving of such an honor."

"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."

A HOT TIME PROMISED

A Missouri pastor looked over his glasses and shook his uncut locks.

"Carrying out my original declaration," he said, "I am about to call the names of those persons who are now asleep in this congregation. John Stackpole!"