



SHE LIKED MY NAME.

She liked my name,
She said—upon her cheeks a blush.
She liked my name,
As signature quite fit for fame.
She meant her hint my heart to crush,
But I just then of hearts was flush.
She liked my name.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

AN EUPHEMISM.

"Where are you going this summer?"
"I would go to Europe if I could get the time."

"Well, that astonishes me! I never set you down as a busy man."

"Oh, you are so confoundedly literal. I mean if I could afford it. 'Time is money,' you know."

A MATTER OF PUNCTUATION.

"Say, Jack, you are a man of large and varied experience; can you tell me how often a fellow ought to kiss a young lady when he makes a call on her?"

"Oh, no; there is no hard and fast rule for such occasions. Perhaps at every pause in the conversation would be often enough."

"If that's the case a fellow who stammers would be kept very busy."

UNPARDONABLE OFFENCE.

MRS. GAZZAM—I'll never speak to Mrs. Jaysmith again. So there!

GAZZAM—What's up?

MRS. GAZZAM—She offered me a seat in the street car, the impertinent thing!

GAZZAM—I should think that was kind of her.

MRS. GAZZAM—Would you! She said, "Take my seat, please; I am younger than you." Oh, I could eat her!

MAIDEN INNOCENCE.

ETHEL (gushingly)—Oh, Mabel, brother Will had a perfectly splendid dream about you last night.

MADEL (enthusiastically)—Oh, did he? Was it before midnight or after?

ETHEL (scornfully)—Pooh! If you had a brother you wouldn't ask such a foolish question. Will hasn't been to bed before midnight for three years.

FRANKLY STATED.

BORROWELL—Sir, I am temporarily but seriously embarrassed, and I venture to apply to you for a loan of \$5.00 till next Monday.

WESTERLY—But why don't you apply to some of your friends? I don't know you.

BORROWELL—That, sir, is the very reason why I came to you for a loan.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

MRS. GAZZAM—Here's a piece in the newspaper about four babies at a birth.

GAZZAM—What is the mother's name?

MRS. GAZZAM—Wrigg.

GAZZAM—Oh, rag babies don't count.

THE SAME OLD STALE AIR.

GUEST AT SUMMER HOTEL—I expected to find fresh air at this country place, but I was disappointed.

FRIEND—How was that?

GUEST—Why, as I got to the hotel the band was playing "Annie Rooney."

THE QUESTION.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," remarked Mrs. Gasher, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and 'Jordan am a hard road to trabble,'" added Gasher. "So what is a poor pedestrian to do?"

A SONG OF THE EARTH.

CUMSO—There is something poetical about real estate.

FANGLE—What do you mean?

CUMSO—I was just thinking about "the lay of the land."

VERY COMPREHENSIVE.

MRS. MCCRACKLE—What a broad smile Mr. Jaysmith has!

MCCRACKLE—Yes. When he has been smiling unusually industriously I have seen him try to cover the entire sidewalk.

WHEN SHE DECLINED HIM.

DOLLEY—I beah that Miss Amy has gone into ah decline.

GOSLIN—That's not new. She went into one a year ago, to mah own knowledge.

PERHAPS IT IS.

FANGLE—If you have a few thousands to invest I think you will find the Endless Canal Company stock a good investment.

CUMSO—I'm afraid it's watered.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

MRS. ROBINSON—How do you think this dress suits me?

MRS. TANGLE—First rate. You look charming in it. Why, I hardly knew you.

MISINTERPRETED.

"I have never flirted a bit in my life," declared a pretty, young lady one evening at a party. "I have never so much as allowed a single man to make love to me."

Then the married ones smiled and thought she was a girl after their own hearts.



A FORCED LOAN.

SLIMBY (encountering two suspicious looking wayfarers)—Now, then, what do you fellows want? You won't get a cent from me.

UGLY RAGS—Excuse me, boss, but we ain't no use fer a cent. We would like about \$5.00 apiece.



NOT UNLESS ENDORSED.

MRS. JENKS (after explaining the plans of the W. C. T. U. to city editor)—Now we want you to help us and make a note of this.

CITY EDITOR (abstractedly)—My note wouldn't help you any.