His Discovery.

Tommy was studying one of the advertising signs in the car.

"Mamma," he said, "isn't 'Reason' a funny name for a girl?"

"Hush, dear!"

"And her first name is 'Theresa.' Look at it, mamma. 'Theresa Reason.' Gee! I'd change that name if it was mine!"—Chicago Tribune.

Calling Her Down.

The little boy's mother had accidentally dropped a book on his head.

"Mamma," he said, after waiting a moment and hearing no apology, "you should say 'excuse you!'"

Delighted.

Mamma—Lucille, dearie, you have been going to school now about a week. How do you like it?

Little Girl—I like it all right, mamma. The recess is just fine.

After Twenty Years.

Mr. Peck—This talking machine record is filled with a few remarks by Mrs. Peck.

Oldbatch—It's wonderful to think that you can hear the voice of one who is not present.

Mr. Peck—And more wonderful to think that I can stop it so easily.—Judge.

Suiting the Action.

"When you talk about the ultimate consumer," said Uncle Jerry Peebles filling his pipe with the remnants in his tobacco pouch and lighting it, "I'll tell him."

Getting the Facts.

"How much money did the defaulter get away with?"

"All the funds we had on hand."

"How much did you have on hand may I ask?"

"The precise amount he got away with."

"I mean, what was it in dollars and cents?"

"It was all in dollars and cents."—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Boston Expression.

She—That's Mr. Osborn over there. He married a million.

He—You don't say. Well, that beat Solomon to a frazzle.—Boston Transcript.

FLASHES OF FUN

"Does one Fish live in this building?" Janitor—Yes, third floor, but his name's Herring.

"I am looking for a husband." "How would I do?" "But you are married?" "All husbands are."—Houston Post.

First Newporter—Was it an informal dinner? Second Newporter—Very. The flowers only cost $2,500.—Puck.

"Since Maud's engagement how bright and happy she looks." "Yes; a match lights up a girl's face."—Life.

Mrs. Cheatham—I believe I shall have to give up bridge. Miss Frank—Really? Wasn't the game worth the scandal?—Puck.

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs." "I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"

Old Lady (in a shoe shop)—Have you felt slippers? Small Boy Assistant (solemnly)—Yes, ma'am; many a time!—Comic Cuts.

"Was it your wife who called you up this morning?" "No; that was aunt. It was my wife who called me down."—Baltimore American.

Solemn Man—Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Don't you know what day it is ever bringing nearer? Cheerful Man—Yes, pay-day.

Professor—I've come to see your collection of curios. Merchant—Pardon, if I introduce, first of all, my wife and daughter.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

"Opportunity calls just as often as in years gone by." "But with us, all huddled up in flats, opportunity is liable to whistle up the wrong tube."

Minister—And the child's name, madam? Mother (firmly)—Name him Frederick Robert Cook Peary Smith. I'm not going to take any chances.—Puck.

Barber (to customer, whom he's cut up)—Would you mind going out the back way? So many people might see you in the main street.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Suitor (on bended knee)—See, in me, my love, your most humble and devoted servant. She—If this is your first place, I'll engage you for life.—Lustige Blatter.

Arctic Explorer—During our whole two years in the polar region we couldn't wash ourselves once. Enfant Terrible—Mamma, can't we move there?—Lustige Welt.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house. "I guess so, father," replied the mater familias. "He always has."—Washington Herald.

Professor's Wife (to cook)—My husband has received a call to Heidelberg. Will you go with us? Cook—I feel highly honored, madam, but I cannot accept the call.—Lustige Welt.

Poet—When I finished that poem I was completely exhausted. Editor—I can sympathize with you, old man. I was in the same condition when I finished reading it.—Philadelphia Record.

He (nervously)—Er—er—Margaret—er—er—there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months. She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?—Princeton Tiger.

"You women never keep posted on current events." "Why, yes we do. I've been reading all about the finding of the pole. But, John?" "Well, what?" "How did the pole happen to be lost?"—Public Ledger.

"Say, Casey, it's har-red wurrker ye are. How many hods uv mortar hev ye carried up that ladder to-day?" Casey—Hush, man. I'm fooling the boss. I've carried the same hod up and down all day, and he thinks I'm wurkin."

Senior Partner—Keep a sharp eye on Holdfast. I'm afraid he's robbing the firm. Junior Partner—Eh? Is he living extravagantly? Senior Partner—Well, I passed him in the street yesterday, and he was smoking a cigar that didn't smell at all bad.—Tit-Bits.

"I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner." "No matter," she replied, cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."—Presbyterian Standard.

"Has that feller Pinkley returned home yet?" "Nope. He's been gone two years now, and nobody knows a blessed thing about him." "Well, derned if I shouldn't think you'd be afraid he'd come home some day and claim he found the South Pole."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of the wittiest of Parisians, in a friend's box at the opera, was listening to "Thais," or rather trying to do so, for his hostess talked incessantly and deadened the music with her shrill voice. At the end of the opera she invited him to the next subscribers' night. "With pleasure," replied he; "I have never heard you in 'Faust.'"—Exchange.

"How is this?" asks the brutal husband, looking over his wife's accounts. "Here's a bill for $40 for two switches. I thought I heard you and Mrs. Magoogin talking about how glad you were that the new fashions had done away with rats and pompadours." "So they have," explains the fond wife. "But don't you see, the switches take the place of the rats and pompadours."—Chicago Post.

Too Much to Lose.

Manager of Touring Company—Here, buck up, Miss De Vere; else we shall lose the train.

Leading Lady—But I've lost my reticule and my jewel case with my diamonds in it.

Manager—O, let 'em go. We must catch this train.

Leading Lady—But my reticule had 20 shillings in it.—The Sketch.

What Inspired Him.

"The melancholy days have come"—
So sang the weary bard;
He'd just been raking autumn leaves
Again from his back yard.
—Chicago Tribune.

For Old People.

After reaching the age of forty the human system gradually declines. The accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatic pains in the joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which shows wonderful results even after the first few doses and it will eventually restore physical vigor: "One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint of high grade whiskey. This to be mixed and used in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bedtime. The bottle to be well shaken each time." Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house.

Dangerous Risk.

"Look out, Hi," shouted the farmer's wife as the big balloon soared over the farm with a trailing anchor. "Them thar arynaughts will hook yeou up like a fish if yeou don't watch out."

"Gosh, Mandy!" gasped the old farmer as he dropped his rake. "Yeou don't think they'd try to do sech a thing purposely, do yeou?"

"Wouldn't trust them, Hi. That tall chap looking down here with the eyeglass is one of them thar Indiana writer folks and he's working on a book called 'The Uplifting of the Farmer.' Reckon yeou better keep yeour eye on that anchor."

Not Properly Coached.

Mr. Tucker (having served the others)—Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?

Tommy—Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company.

The Professor Explains.

"Why is it," inquired the doctor, "that astronomers, whose work must be peculiarly trying on their powers of vision, almost uniformly have strong eyes?"

"My friend," answered the professor, "it is because they have strong eyes that they are astronomers."

Effect of Envy.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses before it destroys those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.—Lord Clarendon.

Tactic Astronomy.

"If you want to knock your adversary out," said the physical instructor, "land a blow on that spot. That's the location of the solar plexus."

"And if I don't want to make him see stars," said Alec, "I suppose I must land on his lunar plexus. Where's that?"

Declaration Precluded.

Arabella—Lil is going to marry Dick, is she? Isn't that just too ridiculous to talk about!

Estella—I should say not. It's too ridiculous to even talk about.

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