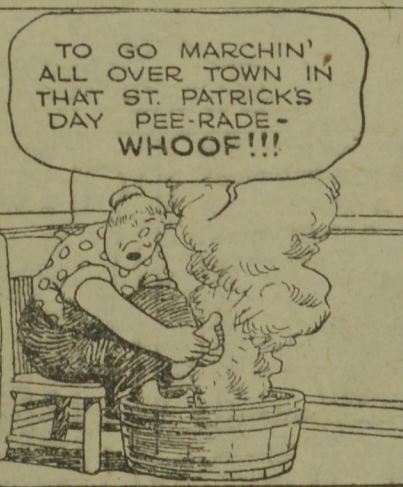
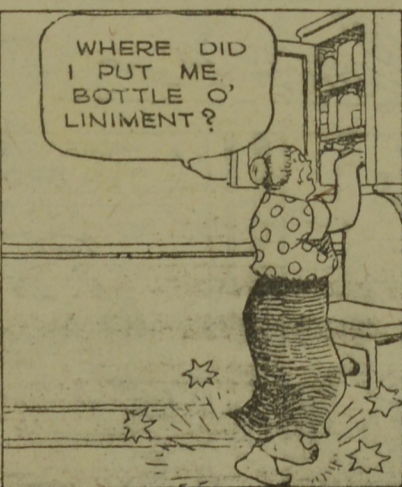
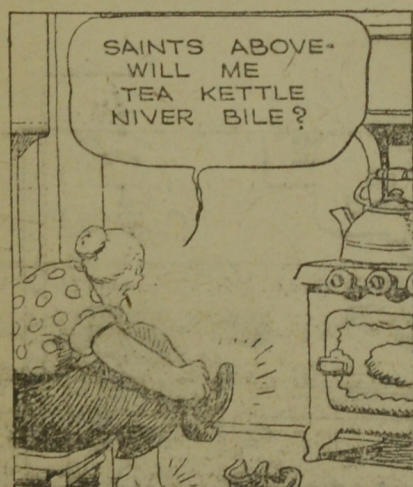


Maw Green



Schoolmistress—"Can anyone tell me who David Livingstone was?"

Small Pupil—"Please, miss, he went to Africa to be a misery to the natives."

§ § §

All kinds of social knowledge and graces are useful, but one of the best is to be able to yawn with your mouth closed.

"Can you lend me a couple of dollars till next Thursday?"

"Yes, I think so. But why till next Thursday only?"

"Why—I don't suppose I can make it last much longer than that!"

§ § §

"How do you like your new French music teacher, Helen?"

"He's the soul of politeness."

When I made a mistake yesterday he said: "Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take such pains to improve on Beethoven?"

§ § §

"Did any of your ancestors come over in the Mayflower, Mr. Smithers?"

"Er—no—but I understand one of them ran for the boat and just missed it."

Florist—"Want to say it with flowers? About three dozen roses, say?"

Cyril—"How about six—I don't want to say too much."

§ § §

"Yes," said the reformed sinner to a friend. "I sowed my wild oats many years ago." "I see," replied the friend, "and you've grown sage since, eh?"

A woman isn't necessarily a good cook because she roasts her neighbors.

§ § §

"What do you think of the two candidates?" asked one elector of another during a contest.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them, I'm thankful only one of them can get in."