



KITTY HIGGINS



"One can say nothing but good of Mrs. Sniph."
 "Yes, it is not worth speaking about her at all."
 Friend—"Was your uncle's mind vigorous and sane up to the very last?"
 Heir—"I don't know. The will won't be read until tomorrow."

Visitor—"And now, I suppose, you are out of danger?"
 Sick Man—"Well, not yet. The doctor says he'll have to call three more times."
 "Haven't I made you what you are?" asked the wife proudly.
 "Darling!" he answered, "have I ever reproached you for it?"

Nurse—"Are you going to give my patient something to slow down his heart action?"
 Doctor—"Yes, an elderly nurse."
 "Well," said the man who had stayed home. "I hope the preacher didn't say anything about poor Simpson's debts when he preached the funeral sermon."

"Oh, no," replied the wife, "he merely said Simpson's loss would be felt by everyone in the community."
 Everybody knows the final couplet of Joyce Kilmer's beautiful poem "Trees":
 "Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree."

Surely the prize for misquotation should be awarded to the paper which, it is said, recently printed the lines as follows:
 "Poems are written by men like me But God can only make a tree."
 A writer says America has an excellent Constitution. But it is being ruined by the bootleggers.

Al—"I you."
 Grace—of yourself!
 Mrs. H—urday nig ed up in usually ha was knock on.