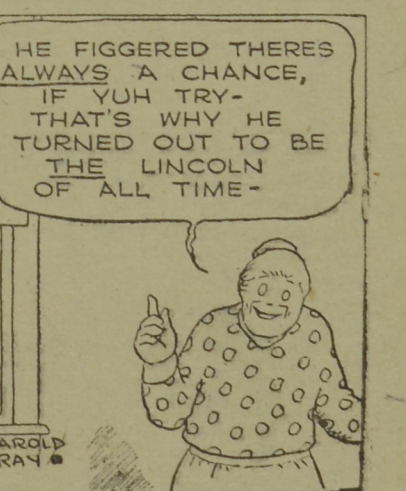
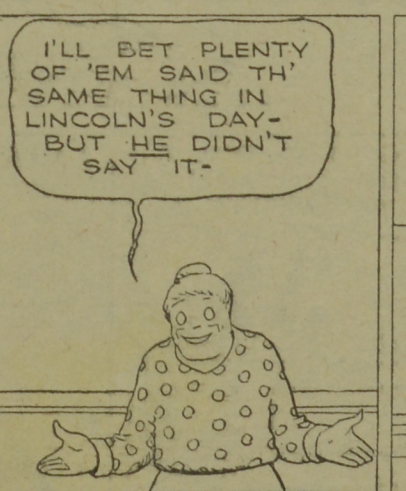
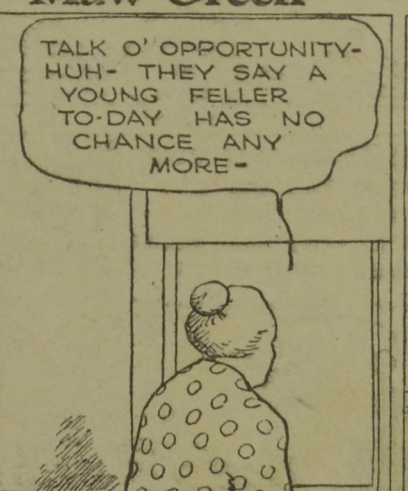
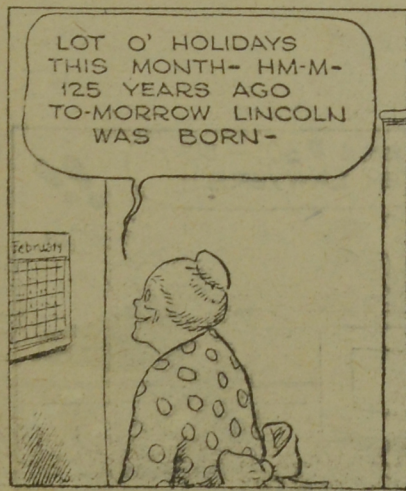


Maw Green



Al—"I am burning with love for you."
Grace—"Oh, don't make a fuel of yourself."
Mrs. Higgins, out for her Saturday night's shopping, got mixed up in a street row, and—as usually happens to the innocent—was knocked down and trampled on.

"Stand back there!" shouted a benevolent passerby. "Give her air and fetch some brandy quickly!"
"Never mind the air!" murmured the victim in a faint voice.
They were discussing a man recently dead who had made a pot of money by shady methods.

"He wasn't exactly what you'd call dishonest," ventured one.
"True," agreed the other, "but he left much to be desired."
She—"Jack, I was wrong to treat you the way I did. You'll forgive me for being so angry with you all last week, won't you?"
He—"Sure! That's all right. I

saved \$22 while we weren't on speaking terms."
The constable was giving evidence in a "drunk and disorderly" case.
"The prisoner, sir," he explained to the magistrate, "was arguing at the top of his voice with a taxi driver."
"That is no evidence of disorderly conduct, or even drunkenness," came the placid remark from the Bench.
"No, your Worship," agreed the officer, "but there was no taxi driver there, your Worship."
"Father, how do they catch lunatics?"
"With face powder, rouge and clothes, my boy."

derly conduct, or even drunkenness," came the placid remark from the Bench.
"No, your Worship," agreed the officer, "but there was no taxi driver there, your Worship."
"Father, how do they catch lunatics?"
"With face powder, rouge and clothes, my boy."