
 AN EPIGRAM

A bird, a man, a loaded gun.
 No bird—dead man—Thy will be done.

Pater—"My boy, could you not reduce your expenses at college?"
 Sophie—"Well, I might do without books."

OUR IDEA OF A PERFECT EVENING

First you sing a song or two,
 And then you have a chat,
 And then you eat some chocolate fudge,
 And then you take your hat,
 And take her hand, and say good-night
 As nicely as you can.

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Now isn't that a h—— of a night
 For a great big healthy man.

Heard reading "Selected Speeches," England's strength is decaying.
 She is an old man.

Tom—"Did C - - ck-t and his lady friend kiss and make up?"
 Hick—"They kissed; but Bob was already made up."

As Jack was going out one eve
 His father questioned "Whither?"
 And Jack, not wishing to deceive,
 With blushes answered, "With-her."

I once had a pet chameleon; but I couldn't keep it. I put it on red and it turned red. After persistent searching I found it and put it on a piece of green cloth—it turned green. So I fetched me a bit of Scottish plaid. I placed my pet on it, and—begorra—it busted!