

HAVOC WROUGHT BY A THREE-FACED MONSTER.
From Scraps.



Willye—"What's the quickest way to commit suicide?"

Cpnicus—"For you? Yes? Well, think of something."

Miss Plainleigh—I cracked the ice when I was out skating today.

Belle (sweetly)—Were you using it for a mirror?

Charlotte—Rose, at any rate, has no mannish tas'es.

Jessie—Oh, yes, she has. She writes her letters without postscripts.

Actress—What do the papers say about me?

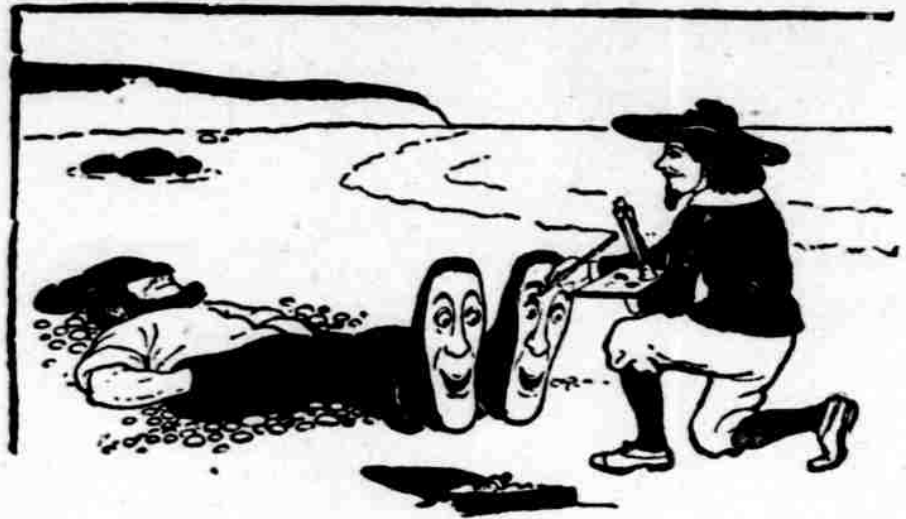
Private secretary—The howler is delighted. Calls you an "ox eyed Juno."

Actress—Charming! And the others?

Secretary—The growler refers to you as a "peroxide you-know."

From Judy.

SIZING UP A JOHNNIE.



Maude—What did pa say when you asked him for my hand?

Teddy Litewait—He was too busy to talk.

Do you buy broken candy for your girl?

No. I buy candy that breaks me.

AFTER THE SUPPER.

Miss Ingenue (in a cosy nook with Count Stuckup of the Legation)—Count, what are these funny little gim-cracks you foreign swells wear over your chests? This one for instance—

Count (with hauteur)—Zat, Mam' zelle, is ze famous Diamond Garter of ze nobility.

Miss Ingenue—Really? Now what an absurd idea for you continental people to wear your diamond garter on your chest! Of course, we women wear them—

Voice from Behind (sternly)—Ethel, dear, isn't it getting rather cool out



1.



New M. P. (inquiring the way to the House.—Er—er—where—is?)
P. C. A107—You're off your road, Johnnie. This ain't the Gaiety bar!

Actress—Does that mean the same thing?

Secretary—Well, captious critics might put a different construction on it.

He—You are as sweet as sugar. I wish I had the courage to kiss you.
She—What is sugar without sand?

I wish you would try to keep your temper.

I wish you would try to get rid of yours.

What's the trouble between you and Hillis?
I gave him that cigar you gave me.



2.

here?
Count (rising and bowing low)—Oh, no, Madame! Quite ze contrary, in fact; quite ze contrary.

The Eavesdropper.

She—I am going right straight home to mother.

He—That's better than bringing mother right straight home to me.

"When did you first feel hers was a soul truly in tune with your own?"

"When she took her hat off at the play."

