

### THAT TRYING TELEPHONE

Several evenings ago, says Tit Bits, a young man repaired to a telephone office and rang up his sweetheart at her residence.

"Is that you?"

"Yes, George, dear," came the reply.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, darling."

"I wish I was there."

"I wish so too."

"If I were there, do you know what I would do with you, my darling?"

"No, George, I do not."

And then, somehow, the lines got mixed, and this is what she heard:

"Well, I'd pull her ears till she opened her mouth and then I'd put a lump of mud in it. If that didn't answer, I'd give her a sound thrashing."

And then Marion fainted.

Now they never speak as they pass, and the man who was talking to his farrier about a balky horse, says that anybody who will advise a man to put his arms around the neck of an obstreperous horse and whisper words of love in its ear ought to be hanged to the nearest lamp post.



'Tis Washing Day in Menominee Town  
Once Again.

### "Vale"

Record poor—Feeling "Punk."

Yellow note—Fear a "Flunk."

Worried look—Rumpled hair—

Poor exam—Vacant chair.

Customer, angrily—"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

Waiter—"Yes sir, certainly sir; it was ground only this morning."

There was a fat girl of Cohoes,  
Who thought she could dance on her toes;  
She tried it a whirl,  
Did this plethoric girl,  
And you just ought to look at her nose.



Oh, What Did I Do!!