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## "FUNNY CUTS."

A certain London club has replaced its familiar black-coated servitors with young, and sometimes pretty waitresses. One of the old dichard members who had strongly opposed the

dichard memoers who had strongly opposed the idea dropped in to lunch. "How's the duck to-day?" he growled, glowering at the girl who came to serve him. "Oh, I'm all right," said the waitress perk-ily. "How are you sir?"

Smith: "I've got a little attachment here for your radio." Neighbor: "Thanks very much, Smith. Let's have a look at it. I'm always interested in something new." Smith: "Well, it's just a brick and a yard of rope, and the river is the second turning on the right."

Humorist.

"What do you suppose has come over my husband this morning, Sophia?" exclaimed a con-scientious little bride to the new servant. " I never saw him start down-town so happy. He's whistling like a bird."

"i'I'm to blame, num. I got the packages mixed this morning, and instead of giving him oatmeal I cooked the bird-seed." Disston Crucible.

A woman troubled with nightmares and who A woman troubled with nightmares and who frequently cried out in her sleep was advised by her doctor to live with a cheerful family in order that her nerves might improve. She accordingly advertised for a room with "a family who would not object to screaming in the night." She received several answers, and among them was one which asked: "How often would you require us to scream?"

He had just stepped aboard the liner at Liverpool when a telegram was handed him. It read : "Heaven keep you from your loving wife."

First Skater: "What are you laughing at?" Second Skater: "That fellow at the other end of the pond whom we couldn't bear." "But what about him?" "Well, the ice couldn't bear him either !"

In the Antique Shop. "Here's another hideous thing. I suppose you call this a master-piece?" "No, sir That is a looking glass."

Judae.

A city man, wishing to take his family into the country went to look at a small farm with a view of renting it. Everything was to his liking, and negotiations were about to be com-pleted, when the question of hiring also the far-mer's cow came up. It was an excellent cow the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give six quarts of milk a day. "Six quarts a day! That is more that my whole family could use," exclaimed the man. Then, suddenly observing the calf, he added. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire the small cow. She's just about our size!" Harper's Weekly.

A certain M.P., motoring in a narrow road,

A certain M.P., motoring in a narrow road, was unable to pass a costermonger with a bar-row load of shrimps. "Move on there," cried the Member. "Move on yerself," replied the costermonger "Think you own the street?" The Member grew angry and said, "My good man, you don't know me. I have M.P. at the end of my name." "So, 'as every shrimp on my barrer," was the instant rejoinder.

the instant rejoinder.

He contemplated sleeping at a small country inn, and was inclined to be fussy. "Are you perfectly sure," he inquired, "that the sheets on the bed are quite clean?" "Clean !" cried the landlady, indignantly : "of course they are ! They've just come from the laundry. Feel them—they're still damp !"

Uncle : "How do you like riding on my knee, Tommy?" Tommy : "It's all right, but not so nice as a ride on a real donkey."\_\_\_\_

An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irish-man were indulging in reminiscences of sporting occasions.

occasions. "The closest race I ever saw was a yacht race," said the Englishman, "in which one of the boats that had been recently painted won by the breadth of a coat of paint." "The closest race I ever saw," declared the Scotchman, "was one in which a horse, stung by a bee, won by the height of the swelling on his nose." "The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "is the Scotch." St. Cloud High School Mascot.

St. Cloud High School Mascot. Taken from the Swiss Monthly.

THE SWISS OBSERVER.

