Lady (to small boy, to whom she has given a sixpence to console him for the loss of one he has dropped): "Why do you still cry, little boy? There is nothing to cry about now." Boy: "Why, a-cause if I had n’t dropped the other sixpence, I should have had a shilling now." (Sobs bitterly.) — Judy.

A Freshman who lives in the suburbs heard making this tempting, but very naughty proposition to a classmate: "Now, Bob, y come in town with me to-night, and have so fun; I’ll spend the fifty cents Uncle Geo gave me Christmas, and we’ll have a regular — we won’t get home till eleven o’clock."