Miss Commonwealth: "Charlie Sporthard has a future before him; his path will be strewn with flowers."

Giles Techtor (just from the Lab.): "Quite so, Miss Commonwealth,—flowers of sulphur."

Football player (feebly): "Did we win?"
Sympathizing comrade: "We did, old fellow."
Football player (excitedly): "Never mind that dislocated thigh, doctor. Take these broken teeth out of my mouth so I can holler!"

Salesman: "Can it be possible! Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long—"
Miss Coupon: "Three yards, please."

Wife: "Harry, do you see how attentive that couple on the sofa arc to each other? I'm quite positive there's something between them."
Husband (after a look): "I think you're mistaken, my dear."

He asked fair Maud to marry;  
By letter she replied.  
He read it—she refused him;  
He shot himself and died.  
He might have been alive now,  
And she his happy bride,  
If he had read the postscript  
Upon the other side.

"Young man," said an old gentleman to a reporter, "do you expect to follow your present avocation in the next world?"
"I hadn't thought of that, sir. Why do you ask?"
"Because, if you do, you can write up glowing accounts of things without being far out of the way."