

QUIPS AND CRANKS OF FUNNY FOLK



HER DILEMMA.

"Is she a suffragette?"
"No. But she'd like to be."
"She'd like to be? Then why isn't she?"
"She can't make up her mind whether it's a Republican or a Democratic vote she wants."

WHEN A MAN'S ILL.
"Joe De Witt is ill, I understand."
"Yes, he'd confined to his bed."
"Lemme see. If I remember, Joe married a professional nurse. I suppose she takes care of him?"
"Not much. Joe sent for his mother."

BAD PLACE.
Hixon—"Why, I thought you were on the water wagon?"
Dixon—"Sho, I was—hic—but ther driver—hic—stopped to wwater his horses—hic—in front of a saloon—hic—and I got off seatish for exercise. Whoopee."



LINKED.

Lady—And you say, that there is a link between you and the tramp that called the other day?
Hobo—Yes, mum, we used to belong to de same chain-gang.

A PEACEFUL PREFERENCE.
"Of course, you don't deny the theory of evolution?" said Prof. Hibrow.
"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "It's like a lot of other theories. I'd rather admit them at once than go to the trouble of reading enough about them to qualify me to take part in a discussion of them."—Washington Star.

TOLERATION.
"That man talks a great deal," remarked the impatient girl.
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but I don't object to him. He never says anything sufficiently interesting to take my mind off what I was thinking about."—Washington Star.

A MERE INCIDENT.

"How did I come to be a member of the House at Washington?" repeated the man in the smoking car who had said that he was no politician. "My dear sir, my election came about through one of the simplest of incidents. One day I was paid \$20,000 for a piece of land. I was getting the money ready for the bank when a friend came in and said:
"Pete, the country needs you."
"But it's got me," I replied.
"But not in Congress."
"But I'm no politician."
"That's why the country wants you in Congress. You are neither a politician nor a grafter. Pete, the American eagle is fairly screaming for you."
"I'd like to oblige the bird, but how is it to be done?"
"Lend me that twenty thousand to put into an oil well."
"Jim, you shall have it, and that without security. Take it, and may the well prove a gusher."
"And you handed it over?" was asked.
"I did."
"And with the money Jim—"
"I never asked, sir."
"But you must have had more or less curiosity about the well?"
"Not the slightest, sir."
"But, you see—"
"No, sir, I don't see. I was nominated, elected and went right to work for the country, and up to the present moment I haven't given the oil well a thought. I must make a note of it and ask Jim if it's a gusher!"



ALL KINDS.

Irate Patron—But you wouldn't have the nerve to charge me for that kind of a shine, would you?
Shoeblick—Well, doesn't my sign read "All Kinds of Chinos 5 Cents?"

THE PATIENT HUMAN.
"I hope you are kind and considerate toward that patient animal you are driving."
"You is addressin' de wrong party," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkly, in a patient tone of his voice. "What you wants to do is to ax de mule if he's actin' polite an' gennelmanlike towards me."—Washington Star.

DISPROPORTION.
The statesman seeks to run the earth with wondrous economic care, He talks a thousand dollars' worth To save a nickel here and there. —Washington Star.

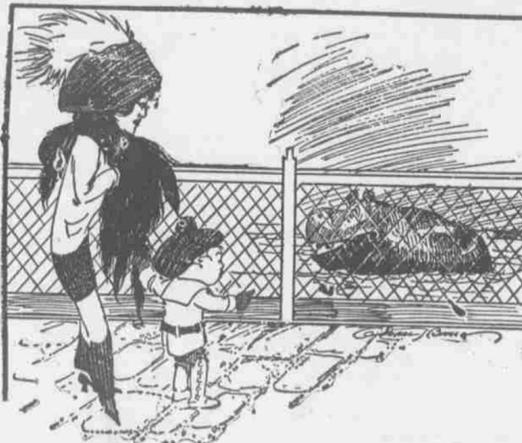


A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

"Would your wife vote if woman suffrage were secured?"
"No. She'd never be able to get to the polls until after closing time."

MEMORY EXERCISE.
"I'll have to give up keeping a diary."
"What's the trouble?"
"I haven't the long memory necessary. I've spent two hours trying to think back and recall what has happened between now and the 23d of January."—Washington Star.

NOT AT ALL ENTERTAINED.
"Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"
"I can't answer that question," replied the man accused of fluffiness. "There were so many counts in the indictment and his literary style was so involved that I couldn't stay awake."—Washington Star.



BIRDS OF GREAT BURDENS.

Tommy—What is that queer looking animal in the big pool, mamma?
His Ma—Why, my dear, that is the baby hippo. The stork brought it last week.
Tommy—Mamma, the next time you want the piano moved, why don't you engage that same stork?

COULD BE ARRANGED.
"When I registered at a Reno hotel a few days ago," said the soap drummer, "the clerk gave me a looking over and whispered:
"Divorce?"
"Yes."
"The best lawyer?"
"For sure."
"And the most kind-hearted judge?"
"That's it."
"What's the grounds?"
"Caught her sitting on a man's lap."
"Then it's a sure case for you. You

can almost take the next train back."
"But it was, her father's lap," I explained.
"For a minute the fellow was non-plussed, but then he rallied and said:
"Oh, but that can all be arranged. Bring on the father and have him swear that he thought he was the family chauffeur at the time!"

WISE MISSIONARY.

Head of the Missionary Board—Well, where do you prefer to be sent as a missionary?
Prospective Missionary—Where the natives are vegetarians.



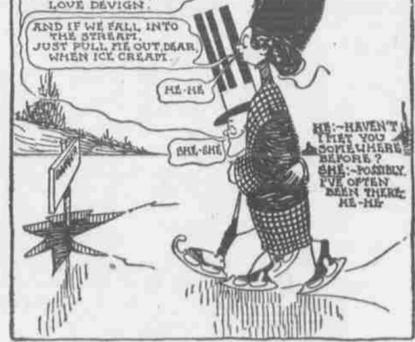
"I NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHY IT IS CONSIDERED DISGRACEFUL TO HAVE A SKATE ON, BUT PERFECTLY PROPER TO HAVE TWO SKATES ON. ONCE I WENT OUT AND GOT A SKATE ON, THEN I GOT A PAIR OF SKATES AND PUT 'EM ON. WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT—I WASN'T ABLE TO STAND WITH THE THREE SKATES ON. WELL, I PROPOSED TO A GIRL THAT NIGHT SHE SAID IF I COULDN'T STAND SHE COULDN'T STAND FOR ME. WHY EVEN THE MOON WAS FULL THAT NIGHT."



"I DON'T NEED HELP. I CAN DO THIS ALONE."
"A MERE SLIP OF A GIRL—AND SHE SHOULD SLIP ON SOMETHING WORTHY WHEN SHE GOES SKATING."
"I SLIPPED ON MY SKATES THIS MORNING TOO."



"IN WINTER IT IS REALLY GRAND TO GO OUT SKATING. UNDERSTAND I MEAN OUT SKATING ON THE LAKE, AND NOT IN A CAFE," SAID JAKE.



"LET'S SKATE AROUND THE DANGER SIGN JUST YOU AND I, MY LOVE DEVIGN."
"AND IF WE FALL INTO THE STREET, JUST PULL ME OUT, WHEN I GET CREAK."
"HE-HA."
"SHE-SHE."
"HE-HAVENT I TOLD YOU I WASN'T A SCUMMER? I'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS. I'VE OBTAINED MY LICENSE. I'VE OBTAINED MY LICENSE. I'VE OBTAINED MY LICENSE."
"THERE WAS A CRACK BETWEEN US, BUT NOW THE ICE IS BROKEN."
"YOU MEAN ALL WENTY ICE WATER AFTER A GOOD SKATE."



"WELL, JAKE WAS SKATING ONE FINE DAY, WHEN HE SAW COMING RIGHT HIS WAY, A SHIP OF A GIRL—AND AN FOL NICE, BUT SHE SLIPPED AND FELL ON THE SLIPPERY ICE."
"I SHALL NEVER MARRY YOU NOW! YOU HAVE PROVEN TO ME THAT YOU CANNOT KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER. I'LL KEEP YOU IN HOT WATER NOW 'TILL YOU GET ME OUT."
"THERE WAS A CRACK BETWEEN US, BUT NOW THE ICE IS BROKEN."
"YOU MEAN ALL WENTY ICE WATER AFTER A GOOD SKATE."

JAKE PICKED HER UP (YOU KNOW THE GAME, FOR YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS DONE THE SAME) AND PUT HER ON HER LITTLE FEET—A FEAT SHE KNEW WAS HARD TO BEAT.

BEFORE THEY KNEW IT, HE AND SHE HAD FALLEN IN, AS YOU WILL SEE, BUT THEN THEY HAD A PULLING OUT WHICH SAVED THEIR LIVES, WITHOUT ADJUST.



FITTING PAY.

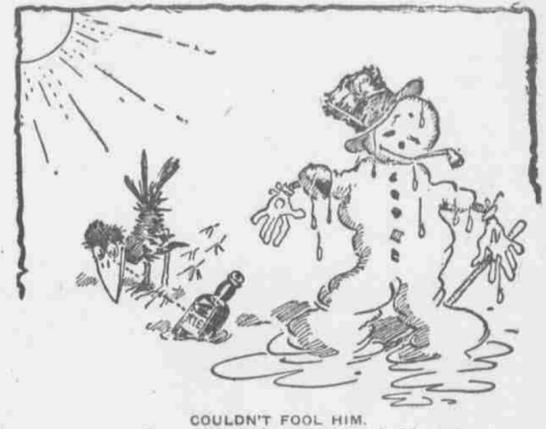
Your neighbor seems to be getting fat fees from his business."
"He bought to."
"Why?"
"His business is in reducing flesh."

SHE TOLD HIM.
Among the passengers in the trolley car was a middle-aged woman, with a boy about five years old beside her. His questions and antics attracted general attention. He wanted to walk up and down the aisle; he wanted to stand on the seat; he wanted to sit on her lap; he wanted peanuts and candy. Then he asked where his papa was; when they would be home; why the man opposite had no hair on his head; why the next man to him was fat.
It was all very innocent until the boy walked to the front of the car and kicked a man on the shin. Then the man stood up and roared at the woman:
"That boy is a nuisance, madam!"
"Yes," she replied.
"You see it and know it!"
"Yes!"
"And yet you don't even chide him!"
"No?"
"But why don't you—why?"
"Because I'm his step-mother!" was the calm reply as the woman snuggled down into her seat again.



A BAD START.

Amateur—I believe my feet are freezing.
Experienced Skater—Well you know they were pretty cold on this proposition before we started.
A fat woman will do anything to get thin—except to quit eating.



COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

The Crow—He says it's the best, but, ahem! I know better.

NOTHING DOING.
At the village of Pl, Jefferson I hired a man to drive me by team across to Setauket, and on the way I asked:
"Well, are there any Presidential candidates in this part of Long Island?"
"You mean fellers to go to the White House?" he queried.
"Yes."
"I haven't heard of any."
"I surely thought there'd be one or two."
The man seemed to do a heap of thinking until he had put me down at a farmhouse, and had very little to say. Five hours later he reappeared to ask:
"About those Presidential candidates, stranger?"
"Well?"
"I think I've found one. It's old

Bill Higgins. What is there in it?"
"Why the honor."
"No good," he said as he shook his head. "Bill has a holl and a sore eye, and has been feeling chilly all day, but said he'd come out if this thing looked good to him. But it won't."
"Then he doesn't hanker for honors?"
"Honors, stranger? Why Bill's had honors heaped upon him like a load of hay for the last thirty years. He's the only man for ten miles around that can predict a year ahead as to when the 'later-bug' is coming!"
It's far better to be an oculist than a chiropodist—if your patients are mules.
Let the president get busy and bust the millinery trust and every married man will be his friend.



HIS FLIGHT.

"Who's the chap over there wearing a straw hat and white trousers in spring?"
"He's a magazine editor."
"Looks like an escaped lunatic."
"Yes, in summer he goes about with a seal skin cap and a fur lined overcoat."



THE MODERN WAY.

Marjorie—And now, Jack, you must go into the library and ask papa's consent.
Jack—What! Me ask anything of that little yellow whiskered gink! Not on your life, sweetheart. Nix on papa. If he's got any finger in this deal he can come to me—see!