

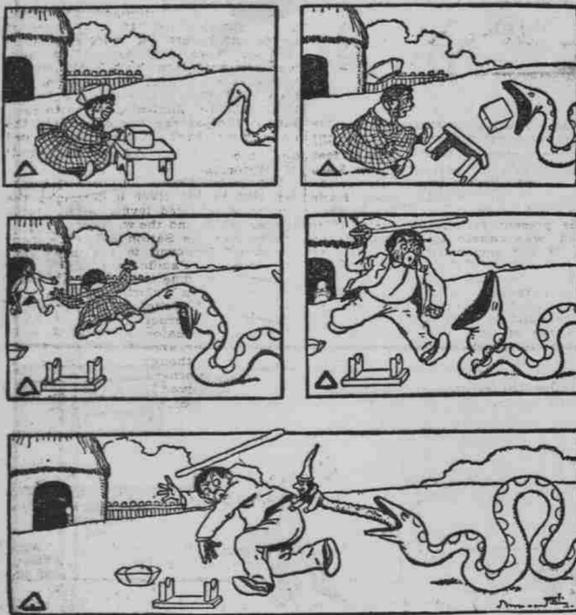
LAUGHS WITH FUNMAKERS

SURPRISED.



Clarence: "Sometimes, don't you know, one has to speak with mental reservation."
Myrtle: "Why, Clarence, I didn't know you ever had anything to reserve."

JACK IN THE BOX.



A SKYSCRAPER.



Close Figuring.
Mr. Wise—How many feet of gas does it take to kill a man, doctor?

The Doctor—That's rather a queer question. Why do you wish to know?

Mr. Wise—One of the guests at my hotel used enough of it to kill himself, and I want to send in a proper bill to his executors.

His Proposition.
She—I will become engaged to you for two weeks.
He—Make it a week. I don't think my money will last longer than that.

Extensive Hilarity
"Did he smile when you offered him the chance?"
"Smile? Why, he was an entire farce comedy."

HER OPINION.



Harold: "Do you believe in age before beauty?"
Myrtle: "Certainly! In your case, for instance, age will have to give you a full beard before you can hope to break into the beauty class."

JUST FOR FUN.



How long can you look steadily at this picture without wanting to yawn?

Punishing the Elite.

New Arrival—Are there worse tortures yet?
Satan—Are there? Why, over there in that side room I have a bunch of society folks playing an endless game of progressive euchre.

Do It Now.
Customer—Why don't you tack up this "Do It Now" motto? It's been lying around on the counter for a month.

Grocer—Waal, I'm a-goin' to tack it up some time—if I ever git to it!

Out of His Reach
"Mamma, where do you keep the cookies?"
"If I should tell you, Tommy, I shouldn't be able to keep them at all."

QUITE A DIFFERENT EFFECT.



The Poetaster: "You may think it strange, but that light little poem of mine kept me awake three nights."
His Victim: "It is strange. It sent me to sleep immediately."

ALREADY BLESSED.



Mrs. Spat—Ah, at last! Here is where some great man says bachelors cannot reach heaven.
Mr. Spat—Oh, that's all right. They are satisfied, I am sure. They have heaven right here on earth.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Into a well he slipped and fell
And cried while growing wetter:
"Don't worry, friends! I'm feeling well,
But out I would feel better!"

A GUARANTEE.

Virginia—I don't believe in valentines.
Philomena—Why not?
Virginia—If a man really loves a girl he will be willing to take a chance on making his avowal in his own handwriting and over his signature.

ONE QUALITY LACKING.



De Quiz—Do you believe that egotism and genius go together?
De Witt—Not always. There would be a lot more genius if they did.

PISCATORIAL.

Miss Quiz—Would you say that our friend belongs to the codfish aristocracy?
Miss Kute—No, indeed. His social pretensions may be a bit fishy, but any one who can make as big a splash as he has caused is really entitled to be considered a whale.

UNGRATEFUL WOMAN.



Wifey—You don't know what it is to love.
Hubby—I don't, eh? Haven't I been to every play, read every popular novel in the last six months, got into debt hopelessly, had my appendix removed, and all for your sake?

AN INVITATION.
Out skating in the cold they'd been.
"My lips are numb," said she.
"If you're inclined to doubt this fact,
Just feel of them and see."

AN ESTIMATE.
Earlie—How far up is heaven, father?
Father—Oh, about two office buildings.

EASILY KNOCKED OUT.



"Say, that kind of talk knocks me silly."
"And it wasn't a very hard-blow at that."

THEIR STRONGEST POINT.

"There's one good thing about the arguments of people who want to explain to you how the universe started, where it's going and what is guiding it."
"What's that?"
"When they get through, you generally know as much as you did before, anyway."

BREAKING THE ICE.



She—Did you hear that Grace fell through the ice day before yesterday?
He—No. How unfortunate!
She—Not at all. She was rescued by a very handsome young man.

BLARNEY.
Virginia—Fred says that I satisfy his soul hunger so thoroughly that we need have no formal engagement. He says that in spirit we are already one. What do you think of that?
Gladys—All very pretty. But, just the same, I wouldn't let him talk me out of an engagement ring.

POPPING THE QUESTION.



The Romeo and Juliet of the far future.