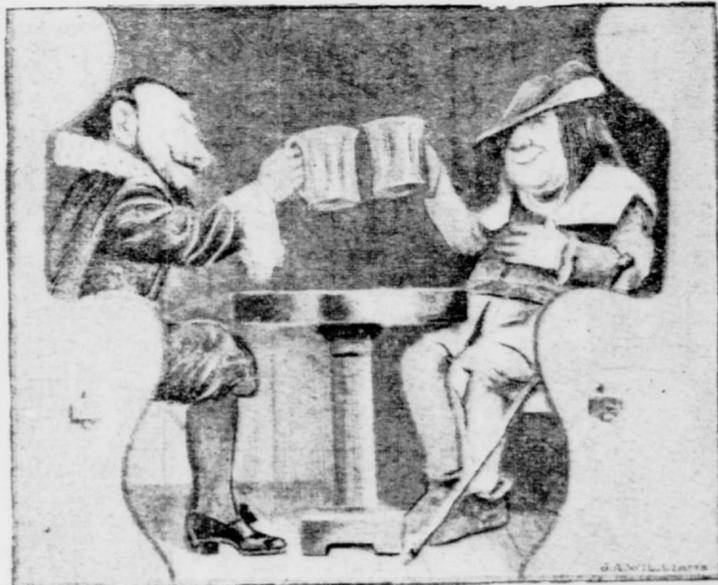


WITH THE PROFESSIONAL HUMORISTS.



A BRILLIANT INFERENCE.

VILLAGE WORTHY—I SUPPOSE THAT BE THE ELEPHANT, D'AIN'T IT, ZUR?  
 BYSTANDER—YES, THAT'S THE ELEPHANT.  
 VILLAGE WORTHY—AH, I THOUGHT AS 'TWERE, BY THE WALK OF 'UN!—(Punch.)



MORE TO THE POINT.

THE KNIGHT—PRITHEE, VARLET, WHAT KIND OF OPINION  
 DOTH THY GOOD DAME HOLD OF THEE?  
 THE HENCHMAN—I WOT NOT, YOUR EXCELLENCY, OF THE  
 QUALITY OF OPINION SHE HOLDETH OF ME, BUT ONLY OF  
 THE QUANTITY SHE LETTETH GO.—(Copyright, 1904, by Brown-  
 ing's Magazine.)

some one to find her a place, she conceived what she thought to be a better idea. She went to the Saint Jacques Square and offered her services to young mothers who were carrying their babies for a walk.

"If you are satisfied with 25 francs a month I will leave my little Marie with you," said a mother.

The conditions were arranged and Mrs. Marion took the baby. For three months everything was paid regularly, but afterward the mother disappeared from view, following which the child was handed over to an asylum. Then the nurse went again to Saint Jacques Square and found another baby, which by accident, was, like the other one, named Marie, and which she took to nurse. The price was always paid, even until the baby girl was sixteen years old, at which age her mother found for her a place as saleswoman.

Some time later the mother of the first Marie came to the home of Mme. Marion and demanded her daughter.

"Pay what you owe and I will tell you where I put her," replied the nurse.

After bitter words the mother went away. Later the case came into court, and there it showed a peculiar state of affairs. Not knowing that two children of the same name had been raised by Mme. Marion the same year, the judge gave to the first mother the daughter of the second, and to the second the daughter of the first. The nurse later heard of the mistake and energetically protested. But the mothers protested as well.

The affair was put into the hands of the wise

Bertillon, who, examining the ancestors of the two children, found that in one the right hip was abnormally developed, as far back as any of the living ones of the family could remember, and the daughter with this peculiarity was given to the mother from whom she derived it—a method as scientific and as successful as that of Solomon.

KUROPATKIN HAD HIS WAY.

In 1866, when General Kuropatkin was only an obscure lieutenant, he went to the chief of his battalion and asked to be sent along with the expedition to Kokand, which at the time was being prepared. After meeting with a flat refusal, he addressed himself to his comrades, who, according to Russian usage, elected him paymaster, with the hope that the new distinction would procure the chief's consent. They then went en masse to ask that their lieutenant be sent, according to his desire, along with the expedition to Kokand; but the chief was as firm as ever. Kuropatkin accompanied them on the mission, but when they departed he remained in the hall like a sentinel on guard.

Two hours later the chief happened to discover him there, and sternly demanded what he meant.

"I am waiting for you to send me to Kokand," coolly replied Kuropatkin.

"Never. You understand? Never!" stormed the chief, angrily, as he turned away.

Eighteen hours afterward the chief, in passing, found Kuropatkin still standing in the same place.

"Well, the devil take you," he exclaimed



"WHOA—H, THERE! YOU FOOL, DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE A QUADRUPED?"—(Fliegende Blätter.)



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT TREE?"  
 "A FEW APPLES FELL DOWN AND I'M JUST TRYING TO PUT THEM BACK."—(Meggendorfer Blätter.)



"FATHER, TELL ME, WHAT IDOL IS THAT?"  
 "THAT, MY BOY, MUST BE THE CONVERSATION GOD."—(Fliegende Blätter.)

HIS IDEA OF TROUBLE.



POLICEMAN—WAS THAT BIG GUY WHO WAS TALKING TO YOU LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?  
 CUTTING HINTZ—YES; HE WANTED TO KNOW WHERE THE MARRIAGE LICENSES ARE ISSUED.—(Comic Cuts.)



MAN WITH TRAILER (gasping)—ULLOI 'AD A PUNCTURE?  
 MAN WITH PUNCTURE (angrily)—CAWNT YER SEE I 'AVE?  
 MAN WITH TRAILER (feelingly)—LUCKY BEGGARI!—(The Sketch.)



SOTTO VOCE.

THE GROOM (to himself)—WHAT A BRUTE I HAVE BEEN, AND HOW I MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED HER.  
 THE BRIDE (to herself)—WELL, I'M GLAD HE IS GOING TO BE SO EASILY MANAGED.—(Copyright, 1904, by Brooklyn Life.)