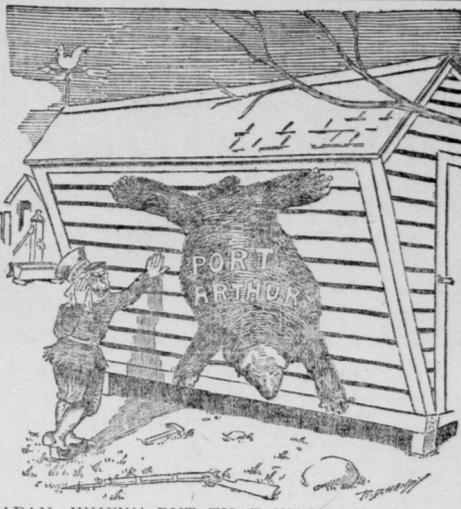


WIT, HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND THE PROFESSIONAL FUNNY MEN.



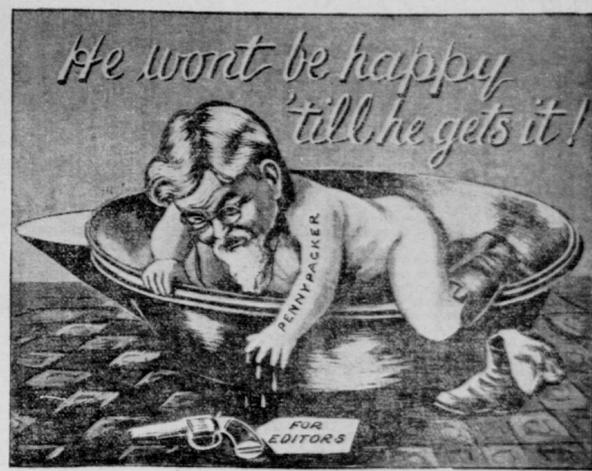
DIVISION OF LABOR.

British naval estimates for the year 1904-'06, £26,833,500. Appropriations in aid: Australia, £200,000; Canada, nil. —(Punch.)



JAPAN—WHEW! BUT THAT WAS A HARD JOB!

—(Detroit News-Tribune)



NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

—(Philadelphia North American)



CHORUS OF THE POWERS.

"Come on, boys; let's play with the little fellow's new sled!"

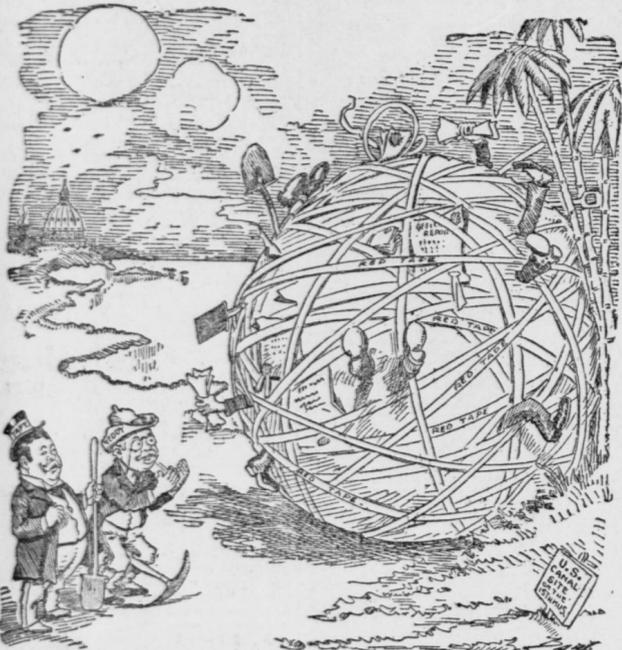
—(Chicago Daily News)



OFF FOR A (KN)OUTING.

From our special correspondent in Russia.

—(The Eye-stand)



ALL BALLED UP.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—WHAT IS THAT, A SNOWBALL ON THE ISTHMUS? SECRETARY TAFT—THAT, MR. PRESIDENT, IS THE UNITED STATES CANAL COMMISSION. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—WELL, THAT SETTLES IT; IF YOU WANT ANYTHING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELF. LET'S GET BUSY.—(Lincoln (Neb.) News)



GOOD FOR TRADE.

MRS. MASON—WHAT DID YOU GIVE ISABEL FOR A WEDDING PRESENT? MRS. JASON—A CHAFING DISH. YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND IS HER HUSBAND'S PHYSICIAN. (Copyright, 1905, by Brooklyn Life.)



A REAL INDORSEMENT.

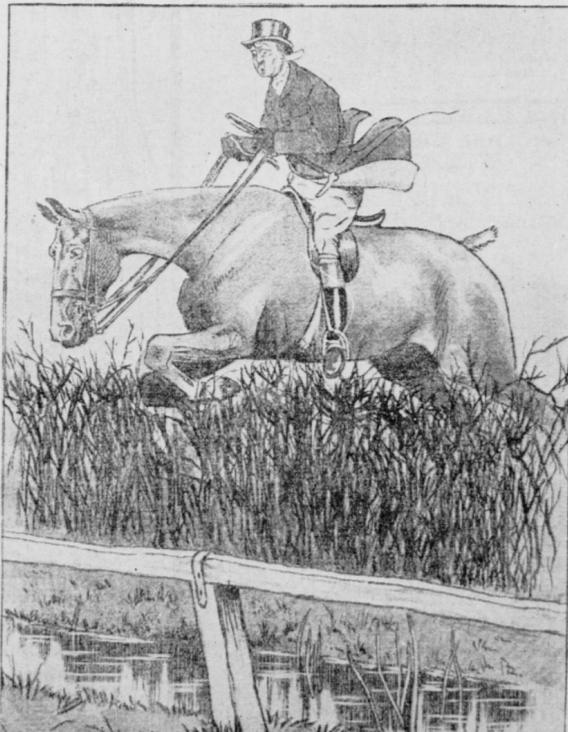
RYAN—GO IT, TEDDY. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. FARKER WOULDN'T HAVE DARED. —(Minneapolis Journal)



A LESSON IN MODERATION.

"There goes my pipe! How unfortunate!"

—(The Sketch)



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

Portrait of a gentleman about to take a cold bath.

—(Punch)



HE MAY HAVE TO SWALLOW IT.

—(Philadelphia Inquirer)



A TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT.

WIFEY—ONLY TO THINK OF YOU COMING HOME IN THIS STATE AND USING THE LANGUAGE YOU DO TO ME—YOU WHO USED TO SWEAR I WAS AN ANGEL! HUBBY—LOO'ERE, M' DEAR. WHA'S TH' USE OF BAKIN' UP TH' LIES I USE TO TELL FIFTEEN YEARS AGO? —(Illustrated Bits)