

The Humorous Side of Life. Curious Concepts of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

"Ez I war about to remark in the last issue of the Punch Book, said Uncle Zeke: "Never use a razor with an edge on..."

Overheard in the Armory.



"Coronel, do you know why a sabre is curved?" "Sure, Lieutenant, it has to be curved so it will go in the scabbard."

Boarding a Possible Emergency.



"This is a cordial reception," gurgled the robber, as the inmates threw him into the vat of Chartrouse.—Francis Tice.

An Ounce of Prevention.



"We are coming over to spend Christmas with you." "That's what Charlie and I thought we would do, we had decided to spend the day at your home."

Different From a Linguist.

"That deaf and dumb woman is quite a linguist." "A what?" "Linguist. She speaks four languages on her fingers."

Fleekle.

"How is your friend the carpet cleaner?" "Asked the mat." "Alo!" cried the Persian rug, "all is over! He shook me for a girl with money."—Francis Tice.

Real Girls.



"Asparagus. What are you crying for, Celery?" "Celery. Cook is drowning my brother."

Thanksgiving is Coming.



"Did you hear that awful language Turk down there is using?" "Yes, he's trying to be tough."

FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS.

A Dumb One. I am a crow! The birdling cried. I am a crow 'bree! I am a crow 'bree! the stranger sadly mused. "You have no caws 'bree."—Harvard Lampoon.

Financial Embarrassment.



"Are you financially embarrassed, old fellow?" "Tatters—Well, sort of on my last legs."

A Suggestion.



Sally Beet to Maud Sweet Potato—Let's catch on to the Country Squash.

Pygmalion Jones a Wonderful Artist.

An extraordinary thing recently happened in the studio of Pygmalion Jones, a rising young artist. Mr. Jones had just completed a pen and ink sketch of a beautiful young woman and a handsome young man walking toward each other. So lifelike were the figures that each thought the other was real and they straightway fell in love with each other.

Fast Colors.



"Now, are these colors fast? Or will they run?" "Inquired the dame before the deal was done. "Why, both," the clerk replied assuringly. "They run so fast it's just like finding mon."

Where Else Would It Be?



Schoolmarm—How do you spell needle, Johnnie?—Need-nee, d-i-e-dle, needle. Schoolmarm—But where does the "i" come in?—Johnnie—Why, in the needle, ma'am.

Circumstances Alter, &c.



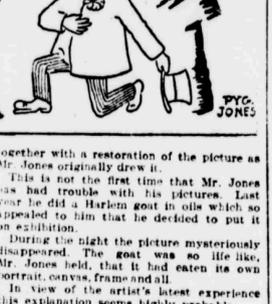
Old Lady, whom the Rev. Dr. Dryleigh has helped up the church steps.—"Can you tell me who is to preach to-day?" "Dr. Dryleigh, madam." "How did she die?" "asked the Sailor Man.

Free Fight Indeed.



I was sorry to hear you were in a free fight, Patrick. Free fight, indeed, yer Riverin'! Faith an' it's five dollars it cost me at court.

The Joker's Choice.



"Mr. Funnyman, the writer, took me driving this morning." "Which of his horses did he use?" "He took the chestnut."

Incorrigible to the Last.

"This is a cordial reception," gurgled the robber, as the inmates threw him into the vat of Chartrouse.—Francis Tice.

A Future Millionaire.

Tommy (after he has been to church for the first time)—What did you get out of the Sunday silver plate, mummus? I only got a dime.—Harvard Lampoon.

Things and Things.

Troubles never come singly. Whoever received one bad new, or had one delirium tremen, or took a course in one mathematics. When a man considers himself hated without reason he usually starts in to make some reason why he should be hated.

A Pleasant Suggestion.



"I went to New York the other day. My wife went not with me. Some gals said pertly, on the street. 'Can he be a masher?'"

First and Last.



Casper—Among the ancient doctors bleeding the patient was the first operation in treating a case. First Ditto—And now it's the last.—Harvard Lampoon.

THE TURKEY AND THE TETRARCH.

Bob and Betty and the Sailor Man Tickle the Palate of the Tyrant and Gain Their Freedom.

The Tetrarch glared at Bob and Betty and the Sailor Man, and growled a question to the Interpreter. Then the Interpreter answered: "Oh, Most Wonderful One, Ruler of the Universe, there lies near the shore a ship with a strange flag, all red and white bars, with a blue corner covered with white dots. From this ship came these three strangers. What is your pleasure?"

looked around cautiously, then he whispered. "Can you cook?" he inquired. "Bob shook his head dejectedly and Betty shook hers, but the sailor man straightened his shoulders and asked Bob: "Sure, I can," he said. "Then," said the Interpreter softly, "send word to the Most Wonderful One that if he will let you go free, you will cook him such a dish as he has never tasted."

talked and talked, and when they parted they winked once again. All the rest of the way to the hut, the Sailor Man was very quiet, and when at last the prisoners were in their room, he sat down on the bench and drew the little folk near him. "Now, Betty," he said, "did you ever see your ma roast a turkey?" "I have," said Bob. "How did she do it?" asked the Sailor Man.

The soldier nodded as if he had heard all about it before, as indeed he had, for he and the Sailor Man had had several talks out of the window. In the middle of the night the storm raged and while they were all shivering with the cold air that came in through the barred window they heard a sound. "Hist," said a voice. "The Sailor Man was on his feet in a minute. Then through the bars there came a soft white body, which the Sailor Man seized.

that floated on the air in a delicate and fragrant steam. The Tetrarch smiled. And last thing of all Betty poured over the plate a lavish supply of gravy, and the Tetrarch reached out his eager hands. "As he put in his fork, all the court and the prisoners leaned forward breathlessly to see the Tetrarch take the first taste. One taste—another—then an eager finishing of the whole plateful! All the people stood up and shouted. The Tetrarch waved his hands toward the prisoners. "You are free," said the interpreter. "The prisoners rushed up, and hugged Bob and Betty, but the Sailor Man kept on cutting drumsticks and fishing out giblets for the Tetrarch.

New York for a noted phoebic player, intending to take the Swede down the line by this method. What was the result? Wallin simply cleaned up \$20,000 of Martin's money. "Martin then tried another tack. He played 'coon-can,' with the result that he lost another good sized roll, reported to have been \$25,000. "Still determined to win back his money, Martin again sent East for an expert cribbage player, whom he backed against Swede Sam, only to lose another \$20,000. Sam gave his opponent two holes for the privilege of dealing, and while at one time Martin lay down, he made Swede Sam a millionaire.

and had a session with the tiger not altogether to his liking. In fact, his short stay there served to enrich the fero game some \$15,000. And last winter he made a book at the San Francisco track which resulted disastrously. Along with two other Butte men, he lost a roll said to have contained \$50,000. Now that his parents have been provided for, Sam declares himself to be the happiest man on earth. Twice before he had essayed to visit Sweden for this purpose. The first time he went broke at New Orleans playing the races while on the way and the second time he lost his all playing faro before he got outside the city limits. Martin and Wallin are good friends, but each is determined to be "it," with the result that almost unprecedented stakes are wagered by them on almost every conceivable proposition.

Large advertisement for KORN-KRISP. Ripans Tabules. Doctors find A good prescription For mankind. One taste convinces KORN-KRISP The new Food.