

# COLUMNS OF MIRTH



PUTTING HIM WISE.

REGGY—Yes, weally, while I was in New York I spent much of my time in the Subway and the river tunnels. Big bores always interest me, you know.  
PEGGY (glancing at clock)—Well—er—big bores don't interest me.



IT WASN'T SEASONABLE.

"I've withdrawn the big snowstorm scene from our play."  
"Why did you?"  
"Because the audience can see a better one outside."



MANY OF THEM.

First Hobo—Dis California railroad advertises dat there are many lovely tramps along its lines.  
Second Hobo—Lovely tramps! I reckon there is. I spent last winter there myself.

## Another Trial.

Just as I was about to knock on the door of a Dakota farmhouse and ask for a drink of water it was opened by the farmer's wife, who came out with a jump, and was closely followed by her husband. Their flushed and angry faces plainly told the story of a row, but neither said anything for a moment. Then the farmer observed with a sheepish air:

"Stranger, me'n my wife can't agree, and she says she'll go back home to her father."  
"And I will, too!" she defiantly answered.

"I'm goin to leave it to the stranger to say who is right."

"And he'll say I am."  
"It's this way, stranger," explained the husband. "I say that a giraffe has got one hump on his back, and my wife sticks to it that he's got two. We've been pestering over it for a month. I've been to circuses and orter know, but she won't give in."

"But I've seen pictures of 'em a hundred times over," added the wife.

"You are both wrong," I replied. "The giraffe has no hump at all, while the camel has only one. It's the dromedary that has two."

The couple looked from me to each other for a long minute and then the man suddenly asked:

"Well, Mary, are you coming back?"

She hesitated over it and kicked up the dirt with the toe of her shoe, but finally replied:

"Yes, Sam, but if you ever deny that rabbits are bob-tailed and start another row I'll get up at midnight and walk the seven miles to daddy's." JOE KERR.

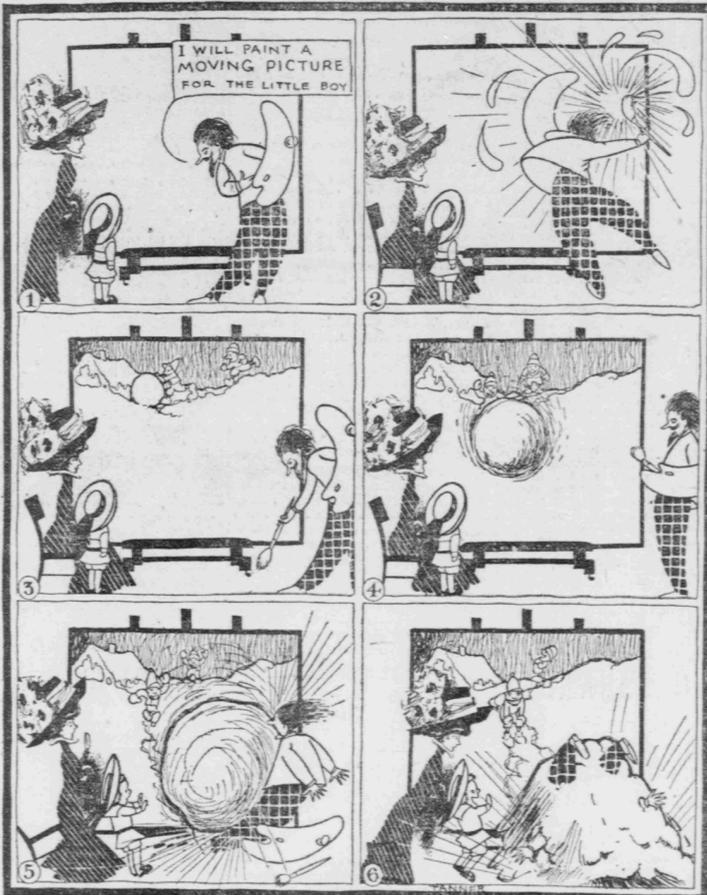
## COULDN'T STAND THE SHOCK.

First Bystander—What killed the poor tramp?  
Second Bystander—He had a fit and somebody threw water on him.



"Say, Eph, jes' to decide a bet. Who, in your opinion, am the greatest man—Booker T. Washington or Joe Gans?"

## Professor Daubo and His Realistic Painting.



The Professor's Little Joke Proved a Boomerang.

## He Cleared Himself.

It was a man on a trolley car with a newspaper. This sight is not so uncommon as to attract general attention, and he would have escaped anything but general observation but for his queer actions. He would read a paragraph and then fasten his eyes for a moment on the man directly opposite, as if seeking to identify him. The latter squirmed around under the looks, and finally made bold to say:  
"Sir, you are reading a newspaper and then looking at me."  
"I am, sir," was the reply.  
"But what have I got to do with it?"  
"I don't know. That's what I am trying to find out."  
"But, what is there to find out?"  
"Sir, we bought the Panama Canal of the French government, didn't we?"  
"I believe we did."  
"Millions were passed over."  
"Yes."  
"It is claimed that a large portion of this cash reached the hands of certain Americans as divvy. The President denies it; the French government denies it; the Panama government denies it; every intermediary denies it, but, sir, but —"  
"Oh, you can't ring me in on that," said the other as he rose up with a look of relief on his face. "I'm one of the aldermen from the Fourth ward, and I can prove that every dollar I've made I got by divvying with sewer contractors." JOE KERR.



IN AN APARTMENT.

New Tenant—Can you tell me to whom to apply for more heat? Our rooms are very cold.  
Imposing Personage—I have no idea. I'm the janitor.



NOT COMPLAINING.

Grace—But there is considerable trouble in tobogganing.  
Harry—Trouble? I'd borrow this kind of trouble if I couldn't get it any other way.

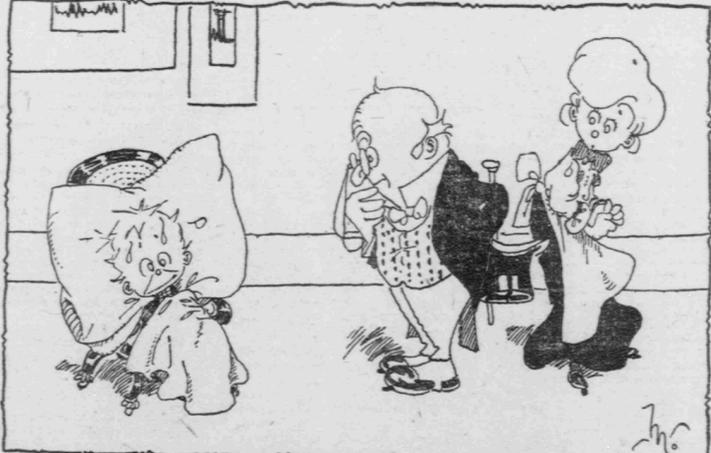


WHEN THE ICE GAVE WAY.

Mr. Elephant—Goodness! I wish I hadn't eaten that last ton of hay.

EVE WAS WISE.

Adam—Well, it's hard to leave the old spot, but we'll stick together till death parts us.  
Eve—Very well, Adam, but let's keep away from Dakota.



A COMMON DISEASE.

Mother—Is it very serious, doctor?  
Doctor—Why, madam, it is the most serious case of "Dontwantogotoschoolitis" I ever saw.



THE TEACHER'S FAULT.

May—Seems to me it takes that Elsie Shy a good long time to learn how to skate.  
Sue—Well, that good-looking Fred Sweet is teaching her, you know.



OVERHEARD AT THE BALL.

He—My dear, the world was but a desert to me before I met you.  
She—I can readily believe it.  
He (surprised)—Why?  
She—You dance like a camel.

## Not That, But the Other.

"I am an old man, with but few years to live," said the pedestrian with white hair and whiskers, "but I do not like to be reminded of it as I was a few minutes ago."  
"Did you encounter some gruesome sight?" was asked.  
"A sad, sad sight, and I shan't get over it for a week. I came out of my house feeling unusually chipper, but now I'm feeling that I may not live a week."  
"Did you encounter a funeral procession?"  
"Hardly a procession, but it was a gathering at a house of death previous to the procession. I think there were at least 20 carriages there. In that house was lying someone who was to be borne to his long home."  
"Where was it?"  
"On Cedar avenue."  
"Did you take notice of the number? I live on Cedar avenue, you know."  
"Yes—it was No. 228."  
"Good lands, man, but that's my own house!"  
"Then, sir, let me take you by the hand and sympathize with me. A loved one has gone."  
"But you have made a slight mistake. There is no funeral there."

## RIGHT HAND.

The Maid—How dare you to hold my hand!

The Man—I think I have the right.

## VERY LIKELY.

He—He got a divorce from his first wife because she threw things at him.  
He—I guess that explains why he married the "Armless Wonder" of the Nickelodeon Museum.

## HER IDEA.

The Man (at the racetrack)—The favorite won't run today—he's been scratched.  
The Maiden—Must be a pretty deep scratch to keep him from running.



WHAT IT WAS.

Father—Grace, I thought I heard a loud smack in the hall last night.  
Grace—Yes, Mr. Smith made that noise with his lips when I told him you had cleared \$50,000 in a real estate deal.