THE FUNNY PEOPLE

EXPENSIVE KILLING.

"Let's kill time!" exclaimed the fair young girl as she gazed out of the window on the softly falling feathery flakes.

"Kill time?" replied her steady companion inquiringly.

"Yes; sleigh it."

He had to do it, though it took all his spare change.

THE REASON.

Jinks — I'm never going to eat pie any more at Gibson's house.

Blinks—What's the matter?

Jinks — His knives are so sharp they cut my mouth.

AT THE WALLED-OFF CASTORIA.

Cass Seeno—I see you register from Providence. I'm a Newporter!

Joye Liner — Well, my boy, send the old porter for my grip; it's a little too heavy for you to tackle!

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

Guest (at wedding in sympathy to the bridt's father)—"Isn't it hard to lose your daughter?"

Father—"No, not this one. It's the eldest girl that's hard to lose."

TRUTH COMES OUT.

Mother (anxiously)—Tell me the truth, now, didn't Mr. Presser drive with one hand while you were out sleighing yesterday.

Daughter—Of course not, mother. He drove with—er—the other hand.

SAFE.

Green—You had an awful nerve to bring your rival home to dinner last night.

Wise—Oh, no. He'd just bought an automobile and he can't talk about anything else but gasoline, racing cars, tires, carburators, etc.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Tenderfoot (in the mining town out West) — Alkali Ike has forged my name to a check.

Old Inhabitant — Take a tip and say nothing. Alkali Ike is a dead-shot and always ready to defend his honor.

THE REASON.

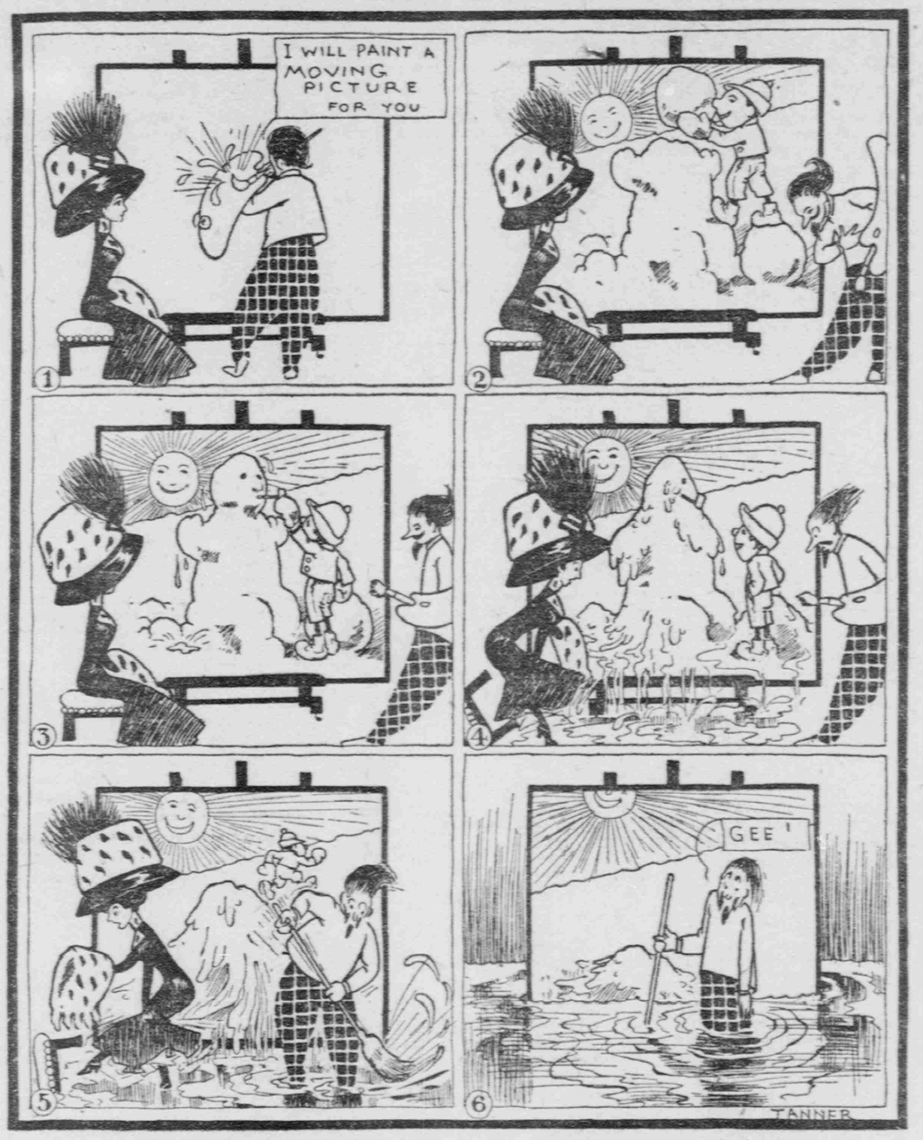
Hoax—He married his first wife's sister.

Joax—Yes. He said he did it because he only wanted one mother-in-law.

SKATING JOYS.

I love to skate with pretty May,
For, though she's not in love with me,
The dear has such a lovely way
Of being hand in glove with me.

Professor Daubo and His Realistic Painting.



The Sun gets the better of Daubo's creation.

It Must Come.

In answer to the resolution of the House asking the President to name what particular things the Secret Service has ascertained to the disparagement of members of Congress, there must be an answer that will open the eyes of the American people. Our reporter has already seen a part of the answer, and it reads:

"Followed Senator Blank for two hours today. Saw him take three drinks and refuse a fourth.

"Saw Senators Blank and Blank in close conversation behind a lumber pile today. Each gave a guilty start as they saw that their hellish scheme was discovered.

"Saw Representative Blank enter an alleged hardware store this evening with a coffee pot in his hand. The coffee pot was only an excuse, of course. Some devilish scheme is hatching, and I will not sleep 'til I get to the bottom of it.

"Met Representative Blank on Pennsylvania avenue at 11 o'clock tonight. In spite of my being disguised as a grocer and having a paper of string beans under my arm he knew me and pretended that he was looking for a laundry. I let him think he had deceived me, but the day will come when I shall catch him red-handed.

"Met a strange negro this afternoon, and he inquired the way to Senator Forraker's shoot-up factory. I steered him over to Baltimore. I knew what he came for, and I take the credit of defeating his object.

"Got instructions yesterday not to lose sight of Senator Blank for the next three months. I am now posted outside of his residence, watching his shadow on the window curtain. He has fallen into the hands of a determined man, and there is no escape for him. He may put on his nightshirt hindside before, but he can't fool me."

JOE KERR.

AT LEAST.

He—But clothes don't make the man, you know.

She—No, Edward, but they orter cover him.

What He Expected.

"Just after Christmas last year," said the real estate man, "I took on a colored man at the office to do porter's work and run errands, and up to this time I have found him faithful and honest. I had him in mind at Christmas, and, thinking he would prefer cash to anything else, I called him in and gave him a ten-dollar bill. I rather expected to see him jump two feet high and overwhelm me with words of gratitude, but, to my astonishment, he returned a surly 'Thank you, sir.' He was sulky the next day and the next, and, thinking I might have in some way hurt his feelings, I finally called him and said:

"'Well, George, did you have a merry Christmas?'

"'No, sah,' was the prompt reply.

"'You didn't? Sickness in the family?'

"'No, sah.'

"'Any trouble on your mind?'

"'Yes, sah.'

"'Well, tell me about it and let me see what can I do. I gave you ten dollars, didn't I?'

"'Yes, sah, and dat's whar de trubble comes in.'

"'You lost it, eh?'

"'No, sah; but, instead of gibbing me ten dollars, I feel dat you dun orter tooken me into partnership in de business.'

"George is still with me," concluded the gentleman, "but he may not remain much longer. He goes about like a man whose aspirations have been killed by a hard frost."

JOE KERR.

AN INJUSTICE DONE HIM.

Lady—Why don't you clean the snow off the pavement? I don't believe you want to work?

Hobo—Dat's where you do me an injustice, loidy. I remember de time when I pined for de sight of a snow shovel.

Lady—And when was that, pray?

Hobo—When I was down in Florida, loidy.

PROOF.

Tom—I don't think old Stockson is going to let me marry his daughter.

Dick—How do you know?

Tom—The last tip he gave me on the stock market was a loser.

ACTIONS DISCOUNT WORDS.

Bronson—I told my wife last week that it would be necessary for us to economize this year.

Woodson—What did she say?

Bronson—She didn't say anything at the time, but the next day she bought me a box of bargain-counter cigars.

Bringing Him Low.

He was a solid man, near six feet high, and he wore a silk hat and carried a cane. As he entered the car he looked around with freezing dignity, and the passengers on the right-hand side made haste to shove along and give him a seat. He was a man of standing, and they unconsciously recognized the fact and did him reverence. All but one. He was a little, sawed-off man with a cast in his eye, and there was no reverence in his soul. When the high and mighty citizen had got seated and was looking out of the windows on the opposite side and giving people to know that he held himself sacred, the man with a cast cleared his throat and leaned across the aisle and inquired:

"Sir, we elected Mr. Taft president of these United States last November."

The big man never noticed him, though all the others did.

"Sir," he continued, "there is a question among the engineers of the world as to the stability of the Gatun Dam."

The big man moved uneasily, but refused to look at him.

"Sir, that Gatun Dam must be made safe, and we have the word of the president-elect that it shall be made safe."

The big man now looked at him, and tried his hardest to glare him out of countenance.

"The Gatun Dam will be made safe and all will be well. And now comes the question——?"

Everybody was craning forward and listening intently, and a look of fear came into the big man's eyes.

"And now comes the question, and I put it directly to you, sir—directly to you—where is the Gatun Dam? Where is it, sir?"

The big man colored up and shuffled his feet around, and then amidst the awful silence he arose and hurried out of the car and dropped off. He had been tried in the balance and found wanting. He was a big man no more.

JOE KERR.

SAFEST.

Jinks—Henpeck is a man of great self-control.

Banks—Did he inherit it from his father?

Jinks—No, he has acquired it since his marriage.

HE WAS USING IT.

Mrs. Newwed—Charlie, where is that hot water bag? Baby has the colic.

Mr. Newwed—Well, baby will have to wait until I finish thawing out these pipes.

WOULD BE HIS SALVATION.

When hunters go beating the furze,
My feelings it badly unnerves,
For 'twould save me much pain
And really a gain
To shoot on my wife's new preserves.

HIS TURN TO MOVE.

He—I have something saved up for a rainy day.

She—Well, you might come around some rainy day, then.

LOOKING AHEAD.

Cook—I thought you swore off drinking on the first of the year?

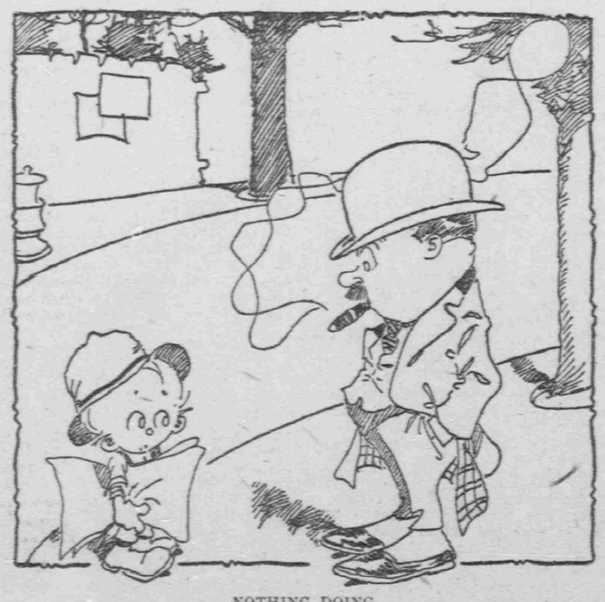
Hook—So I did; I always do.

Cook—But you're drinking now.

Hook—Of course; if I hadn't swore on again how could I swear off next year?

A GLIMPSE AHEAD.

The next airship has just gone.



NOTHING DOING.

"How's business, son?"

"Fierce! Us literary fellows certainly has a hard time."