

THE FUNNY PEOPLE



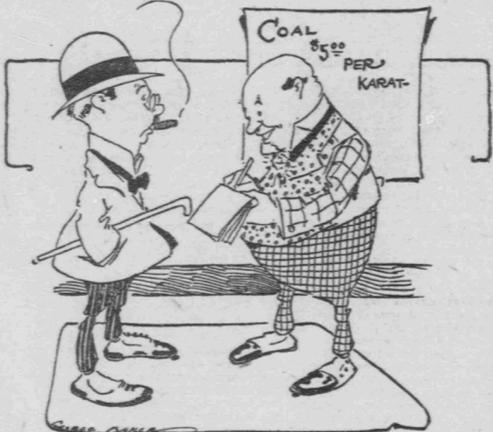
HER BOWLING SOUVENIR.

Maudie—No, I'll never take Edith to the bowling club again. She's got the sourcez craze until it's dangerous to go out with her.
Gertie—Why, what did she do at the club?
Maudie—She carried home one of the biggest balls she could find.

Better Than the Ground-hog.

"Do I believe in the ground-hog?" replied the old farmer, with a smile, as the question was put to him. "Wall, I can't say as I do. Mebbe there's some as do and mebbe they find him all right, but I reckon it's mostly folks in the cities. I've noticed that they git all sorts o' notions into their heads."
"But there is a ground-hog, isn't there?"
"Mebbe, but no farmer can swear to it."
"But tradition tells us that the ground-hog comes out of his burrow on the 2d of February."
"Like enough he does, but I never beard of any farmer fool 'nuff to watch for him."
"Then you can't believe that if he sees his shadow he will go back in his burrow and stay for six weeks?"
"What's his shadder got to do with it?"
"I can't say."
"No more can I. He's a fool of a

ground-hog if he don't make his burrow in the woods, and how's he goin' to see his shadder there? Would it make any difference if a calf saw his shadder on that day?"
"Then I can take it that you don't believe in the old saying?"
"I hain't sayin' yes nor no to the ground-hog business," replied the old man, "but I'm tellin' you that I've got a better thing. When I git up on the mornin' of February 2d I take a good long look at the old woman's face. If I see a scowl between her eyes and hear her teeth grittin' I git ready for six weeks of snow and hail and jawnin' and faultfindin' and callin' me names. If there's a smile on her face instead, and she makes extra good staples for breakfast I just turn to and begin to grease the plow and hunt up the seed corn and look for blue birds and robins within 10 days. The rest of the folks can have the ground-hog if they want to, but as for me gimme the old woman every time."
JOE KERR.



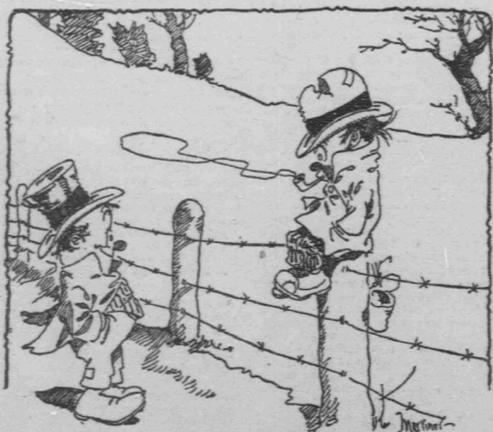
HAD BOUGHT BEFORE.

Dealer—Shall I send you up a ton of coal?
Purchaser—No, you needn't go to all of that bother. Just wrap it up and I will carry it home in my vest pocket.

Johnny on the Ground-hog.

"My dear and loving teacher has asked me to write a composition on the ground-hog, and I will, therefore, say that he is something fierce. He has a burrow in the earth, and most of the time he sits in it and plans and conspires against human life. When he does go out it is to roam around with his eyes blazing fire and his teeth gnashing, and if he comes across a farmer's hired man in the barnyard then woe to that man. There is a terrible growl, a scream of terror, and a dead body is borne back to the burrow to be devoured at leisure."
"As to how long a ground-hog lives no one knows, but they have been found dead with 21 rings around the tail each ring representing at least a year. From his birth to his death he is man's implacable enemy and thirsts for human blood."
JOE KERR.

February's a month of holidays;
To count 'em keeps us busy.
There's groundhog day
And Lincoln's birth;
St. Valentine
Is still on earth,
But Washington we most do praise,
His fame quite makes us dizzy.



PERISH THE THOUGHT.

"I'm luffin' at de oldest joke I know, but it always tickles me."
"Wat's dat?"
"A woman jist ask me if I wus lookin' fer work."



PRIDE.

Mrs. Muldoon—So your man won the Marathon race, did he? Yis ought to be proud of him!
Mrs. Doolan—Sure an' O! am. I always refers to him as me runnin' mate, so O! do.



ON FEBRUARY 2D.

First Boarder—What is a sausage?
Second Boarder—A sausage is a ground hog.

NEVER SILENT.

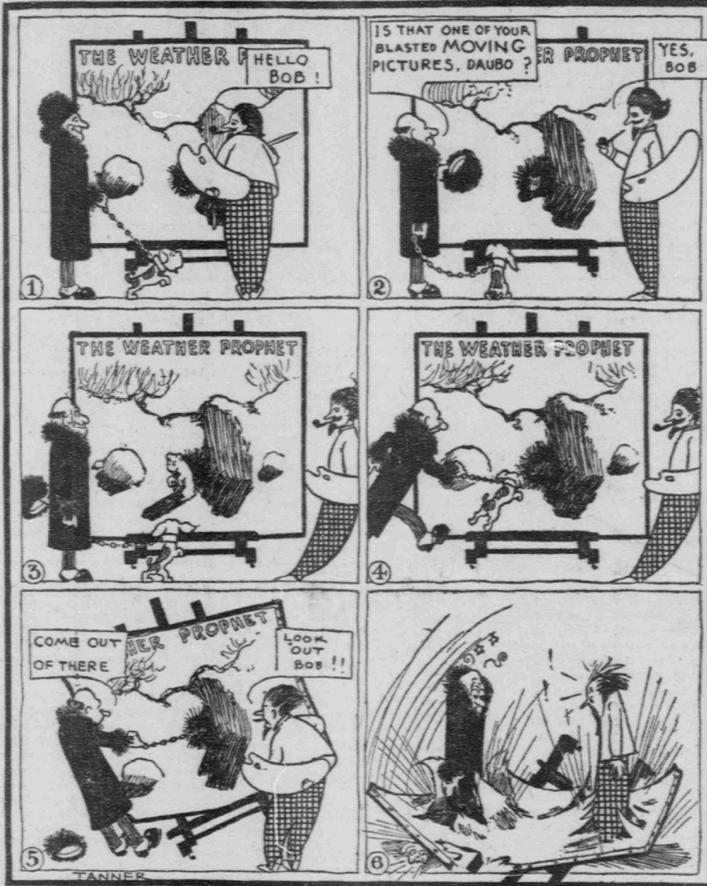
Hicks—Have you a silent typewriter in your office?
Jicks—No, sir; my typewriter is a woman.



SIGNS OF IT.

His Dad (sternly)—Aha! You have been skating, although I told you not to.
His Boy (chattering)—How do you know?
His Dad—Way, you're soaked to the skin!
His Boy—Well, dat's a sign I been swimmin'.

Professor Daubo and His Realistic Painting.



The Ground-hog Creates a Big Disturbance.



WHY HE REMAINED HOME.

Mr. Beaver—Why, you look started to death.
Mr. Fox—No wonder. I've been sitting two whole days waiting for the ground hog to come out.
Mr. Beaver—Did he see his shadow?
Mr. Fox—No, but he saw mine.

A Late Remorse.

"Yes, the doctors have told me that I have cancer of the stomach and must soon go to the grave," said the retired real estate agent, "and remorse has already begun to eat at my heartstrings."
"But you have been a good man," urged the friend he was confiding in.
"Yes, I have given to the heathen, to home charities and have been a good husband and father."
"And people have always spoken of you as an honest man."
"Yes, I have paid my debts."
"Then why remorse?"
"It's on account of those suburban transactions," was the pathetic reply. "They keep rising up before me and will not down. I see them in my dreams, and I awake crying for forgiveness."
"But, as I understand it, you bought acreage, cut it up into city lots, graded and paved at your own expense, and then gave poor men a chance to get homes. I have heard you spoken of as a philanthropist for so doing."
"Yes, but those who said so did not know the truth. I see in my mind's eye those headlines I used to advertise: 'Why Pay Rent? Own Your Own Home,' 'Do You Want Fresh Air? Do You Want To Hear The Robins Sing? Do You Want Your Children To Live.' Then they were invited out to buy a lot of me. Sometimes I had a picture of a house in the ad—a cozy cottage, with the family sitting on the veranda breathing in the ozone."
"I remember, but why remorse over those things? You sold hundreds of lots, didn't you, and hundreds of poor men are blessing you today, aren't they?"
"Um! I don't think I hear them."
"But why?"
"Because the first sewer assessment made by the city came to more than the value of the lots, to say nothing of the shade trees dying, the sidewalks giving out and the pavements falling in. The robins didn't sing, the ozone didn't come and the house in the picture was so cold that the family in it all froze to death the first winter. If I had my life to live over again, mebbe—mebbe

And he turned away to hide his falling tears—turned away when it was too late.
JOE KERR.

VERY TRUE.

Hoax—He was only getting a small salary, but he bought a lot of diamonds. Finally he went to jail. The stones broke him.
Joax—And now he's breaking stones.

A SAGE.

Mistah Ground-hog layin' low,
Somewheres yonder in de snow.
Hasn't got a thing to say
Till it comes dat special day.
When he sort o' bats his eye
An' starts in to prophesy.
Jes' looks wise an' makes a guess,
Lets de climate do de res'.



TIME IS MONEY.

She—I will give you my answer in two weeks.
He—But, darling, if you should throw me down, then all that time is lost.



HER GREATEST NEED.

Wife—Dr. Swell insists that I must spend the balance of the winter in the South. He says I need a change.
Hubby—Yes, you need a change—that's a fact.
Wife—Ah, you admit it, then?
Hubby—Yes, you need a change of doctors.

All Alike.

"Speaking of New Year's resolves and the way they are generally kept," he replied, "I don't believe there is over two and a half."
"No, sir."
"You are sure you ordered three tons, are you?"
"I must have."
"William didn't you make any resolutions on New Year's?"
"Yes, sir."
"Among your resolves did you resolve not to beat me any more?"
"Yes, sir."
"But here is only two tons and a half of coal."
"I know it, sir," he replied, as he shook his head in a solemn way, "but that was one of the first resolutions that busted after New Year's was over with!"
JOE KERR.



FORGOT HIMSELF.

Lorraine—Poor Mr. Reckless fell on the ice yesterday.
Evelyn—Was he much hurt?
Lorraine—I don't know. He began to use some golf language, and I came away.

His Mistake.

"When I brought my wife to see the Harlem flat I had selected," said the insurance man, "she was charmed with it, and I lost no time taking a year's lease. We had just got comfortably settled when a curious noise began one night about 9 o'clock and continued for an hour. From thence on it got to be a regular thing. Sunday nights included. The head of the house across the hall was a little runt of a man who was in the clothing business, and after a time I laid for him on the stairs and told him that the noise was a nuisance and asked him what occasioned it."
"I will tell you," he replied, "and I am sorry if it puts you out. I have a brother-in-law who comes here and sasses me. He is bigger'n I am, and I am punching the bag to get ready for him. In two weeks more I will knock his head off. Give me that time and the noise shall cease."
"I told him to go ahead and punch blazes out of the bag, and he did so, and I was lucky in being in at the finish. I was just about to enter the home one evening when the little bantam came rushing a big man downstairs and out doors. The rush ceased there, however. The big man squared off and gave the little man a cuff on the ear, and my friend of the punching-bag turned and fled for his life, with the other in close pursuit. Next morning I met the runner at the door and he said:
"I made a great mistake, and I ask your pardon."
"What is it?"
"I—I punched the bag."
"Yes."
"But I ought to have been training my legs instead of my arms."
JOE KERR.



THE IMPUDENT THING.

Miss Chick-a-dee—Heavens! I believe that horrid man is flirting with a