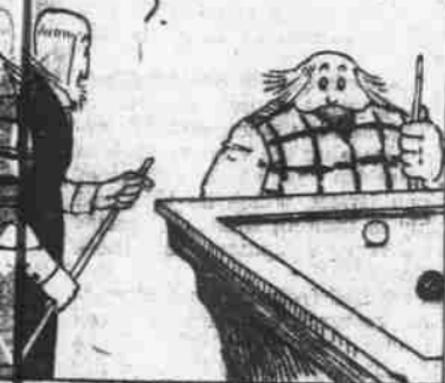


WELL-WELL, WHY DON'T YOU
SHOOT? NOT YOU DRINKING
ABOUT?



FRIGHTENS FATHER

The gentleman with the red, red nose got aboard the car, which, by some mischance, had stopped for a moment.

The silence was intense.

The little boy looked at the man with the nose.

And the little boy didn't ask his father anything.

"Merciful Heaven!" muttered the fond parent. "I am the father of a freak!"

HOLDING TRADE

"You look disgruntled," said the shoe man.

"Yes," snapped the hatter. "Had a little rush just now, and a couple of prospective customers walked out without being waited on."

"They seldom get away from me," declared the shoe man. "I take off their shoes as soon as they come in."

—Judge.

UP IN THE AIR

A parent's life is one long responsibility. It's a wonder that so many of the genus discharge their duties so acceptably. A writer has discovered another parental problem; or perhaps he merely calls attention to one which many fathers have discovered for themselves.

"How's the family?" one inquired of a happily married West Sider yesterday.

"Well, my children are at a difficult age now."

"Difficult! Why, they've all passed the measles and teething stage, have they not?"

"Long ago. But you don't know a father's troubles. My children are at the age when, if I use slang, my wife says I'm setting a bad example, and if I speak correctly the kids think I'm a back number. Which would you do?"

FALSE ALARM

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called upon Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine sitting there alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John!" screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"

"John!" said his father sternly,

"leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."—Top-Notch.

HIS EXPLANATION

Grocer—What do you mean by sending me only 12 ounces of steak when I send for a pound?

Butcher—Oh, I don't know; but I'll tell you what I did. I lost my pound weight, and so used one of your pound packets of tea instead.