

BIG GUNNING

Two country darkies listened, awe-struck, while some planters discussed the tremendous range of the new German guns.

"Dar now," exclaimed one negro, when his master had finished expatiating on the hideous havoc wrought by a 42-centimeter shell, "jes' lak I bin' tellin' yo' niggahs all de time! Don' jes' have no guns lak dem roun' heah! Why us niggahs could start runnin' erway—run all day, got almos' home free, an' den git kilt jus' befo' suppeh!"

"Dat's de trufe," assented his companion, "an' lemme tell yo' sumpin' else, Bo. All dem guns needs is jus' yo' ad-dress, dat's all; jes' giv'em de ad-dress, an' they'll git yo'."—Everybody's.

POOR REPRODUCTION

Daughter—Do you thing that painting looks like me, mother?

Mother—The face does, but no one would ever guess that your gown cost your father a cold \$1,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE RULING PASSION.

In his last illness, when out walking, Tom Hood was accosted by a friend, who said:

"Ah, Mr. Hood, you walk slow."

"Yes—but I'm going fast," was the reply.

THE DIFFERENCE

Mother—And you say you saw aunty in a limousine. Are you sure you know the difference between a limousine and another kind of car?

Willie—Softenly I do. It smells twice as bad.

HIS ATTITUDE

"What is your position on this question?" asked the constituent.

The congressman thought a minute and then replied:

"Very uncomfortable."—Washington Star.

UNANIMOUS

"And, gentlemen of the jury, sd say you all?" inquired the judge of a certain Arkansas circuit after the verdict had been brought in.

"Well, the rest of us do and I reckon I ort to," responded the smallest and most paltry-looking member of the assortment of peers. "You see, I originally differed with—or from, whichever is proper—the rest of these gentlemen; but they beat me all holler playin' checkers, downed me at mumblety-peg, and then every one of 'em, when we rassed, grab-holds, to see which side of the question was right, throwed me flat and set on me. So, all things considered, and keepin' to the agreement, I say with the balance of 'em, that the prisoner at the bar—I sorter forget what his name is—is guilty as charged."

—Puck.

MISTA BONES, WHY IS HE
SPENDTHRIFT DRUNKARD
LIKE THE GERMAN
GENERAL
STAFF?



BECAUSE HE'S STRONG
FOR THE RETREAT!

