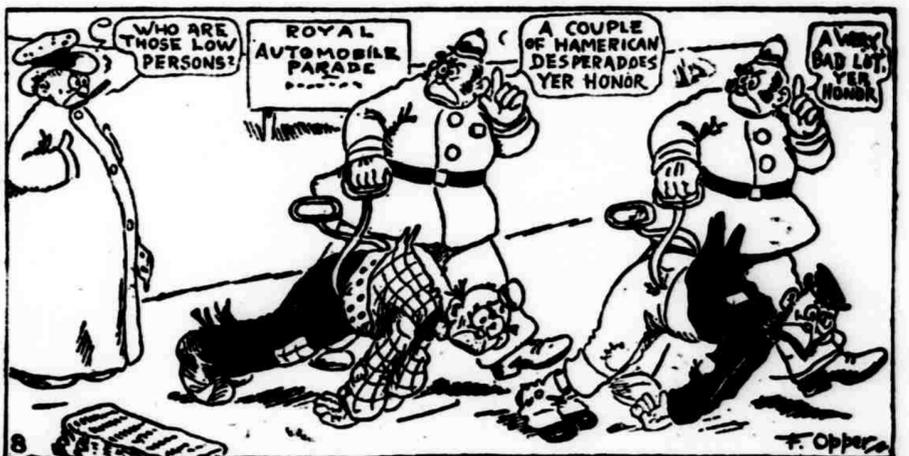
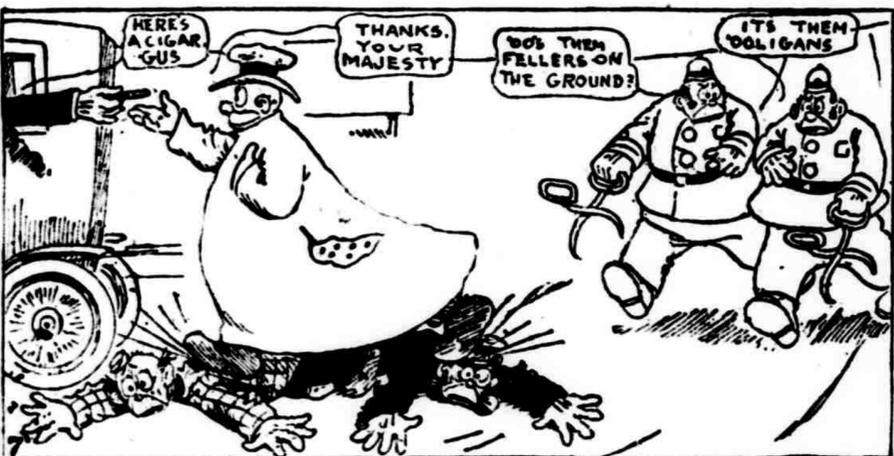
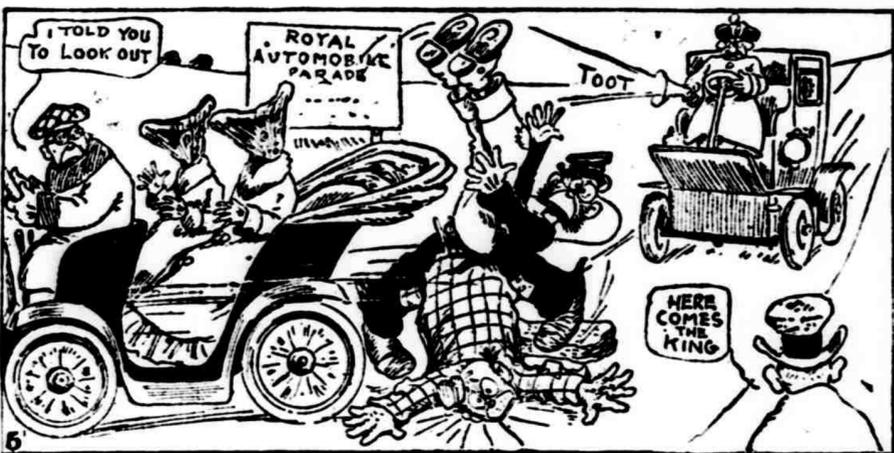
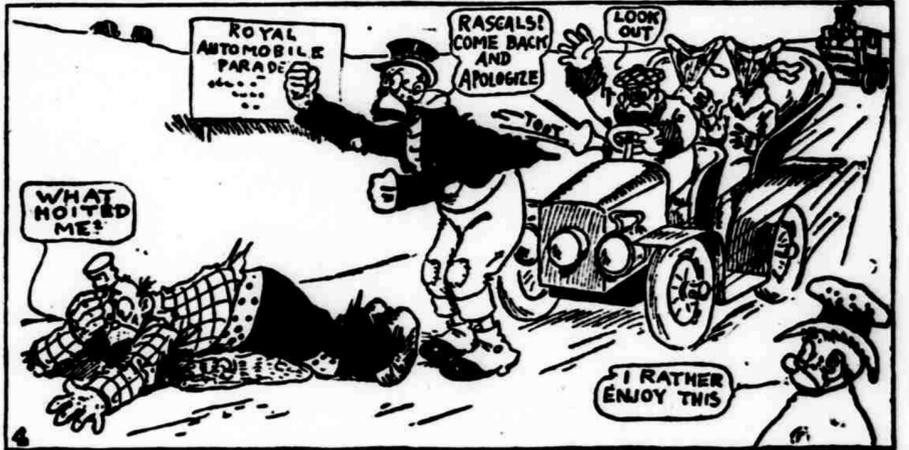
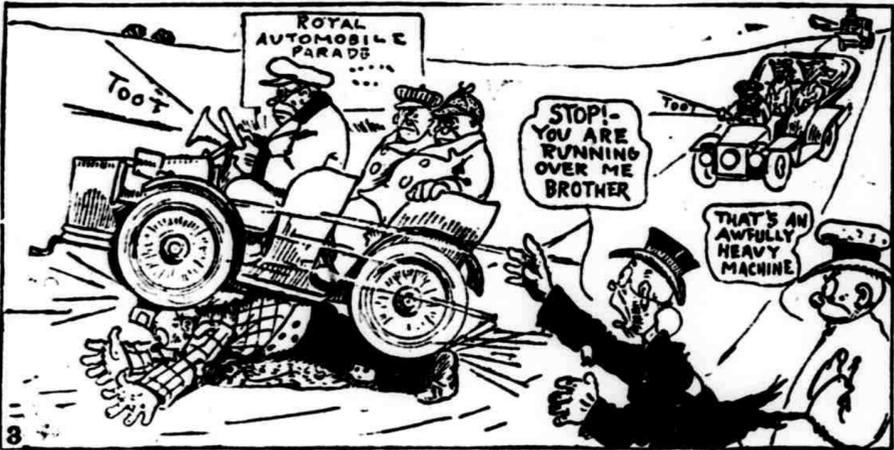
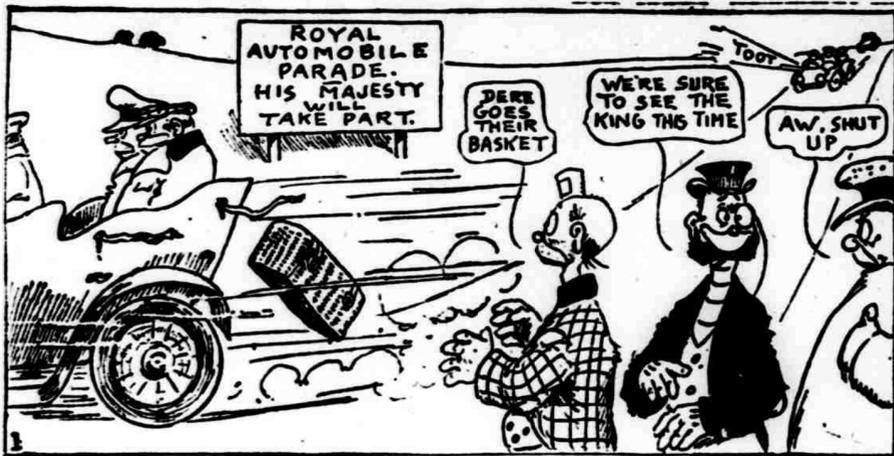


# WHAT DO YOU THINK?—GLOOMY GUS SAW THE KING!

But Happy Hooligan and Montmorency Didn't.



## A FRIEND'S CRITICISM.



"Now, tell me honestly, what strikes you most in my pictures?"  
"That you are able to call them."—Pick-Me-Up.

**A Compliment.**  
"What was that he said?" queried the indignant grocer. "Did he dare insinuate that I ought to put less sand in my sugar?"  
"Not at all. When I told him that you were selling a cigar cheaper than any other were selling a cigar cheaper than any other."

**On View.**  
"He's a fine specimen of man."  
"Yes, he's usually making an exhibition of himself."—Yonkers Herald.

**Appreciation.**  
We don't pretend to have much fun at Pick-Me-Up on the Crick. We don't go round to health resorts, 'cause none of us is sick. We don't rush round in motor cars. We'd rather sit serene at home and not be pestered with the smell of gasoline. We don't have no explosions nor collisions in the street. Nor get appendicitis from the fancy things we eat. We're free to say existence isn't movin' very quick. We're livin' safe and easy, down to Pick-Me-Up on the Crick.  
We're livin' safe an' easy, an' our fam'lies isn't vexed. With a social stem one day an' a funeral note the next. We've got our feet to walk with an' we've got our hands for toil. An' we're happy an' contented with the blessings of the soil.  
We're different from some people, 'cause we feel we wasn't born to go through life accidently to the testin' of a horn.  
If I looked the whole map over, with a chance to take my pick, I'd settle down in Pick-Me-Up town—that's Pick-Me-Up on the Crick.  
—Washington Star.

**Miscellaneous Energy.**  
"Your husband has a wonderful intellect, anyhow," said the soothing relative.  
"Yes," answered the woman who tells her troubles. "It is one of those men who insist on worrying about the Treasury deficit instead of the grocery bill."—Washington Star.

**Same Principle.**  
The faculty of saying the wrong thing at the right time is merely a variation of that peculiarity which leads a man to light a cigar in a powder mill.

**Whose Amateur Companies.**  
The "Old Geese" Got Busy.  
Just outside the Grand Central Station is an underground, grizzly, quiet Italian who hires two boys to help him run his boot-black stand. The boys do all the talking to men who halt for a shine. The old man keeps busy and seldom speaks. No one who did not happen to see him take out a pocketful of silver to make change would take him for the boss.  
"Does this old geezer speak English?" inquired an impatient young man the other morning. "I told him I was in a hurry, and he moves as slow as a road roller. Bear a hand, one of you youngsters, and help him out, or I'll miss my train."  
The boys grinned and the old man kept on polishing in his methodical fashion, giving no sign that he heard or understood a word.  
The boys listened like mirrors in the morning sun. While the customer was feeling for his dime the old man hurried to the curb, dipped his polishing cloth into moist mud, and before the young man knew what was up smeared his shiny boots with it.  
"Near time you come New York," he said to the amazed youth. "You learn to be civil to the boss. Gets a move on, or you lose de train."—New York Press.

**Scottish Wit.**  
In Aberdeen can be found a court official who is as good a type of the easy Scot as one would meet anywhere. On a recent occasion an important witness failed to appear, and the judge was furious.  
"Why isn't he here?" demanded his honor. "It's his duty to be here. Where is he?"  
The official, with true Scotch cannicness, replied: "Well, I'll no say for that; but he's dead."—The Bylander.

**The Cynic.**  
"Don't you love to hear the gush of the tide?" said she.  
"The tide don't gush," he answered. "It's only those who are threatened."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Deliberate Man.**  
"Say, Mr. Spooney."  
"What to it, Willie?"  
"I told sister at breakfast this morning that you would make a fine chess player."  
"I wonder what put that into his head?"  
"Cause he says it takes chess players so long to get a move on."

**Well Worth the Money.**  
Blanche: "Didn't Mr. Smith have an expensive funeral?"  
Grace: "Yes, his wife probably thought the 'end justified the means.'"—Princeton Tiger.

**Accent on the Day.**  
A Grand Experiment.  
Miss Estelle Reed, the general superintendent of the Government's Indian school, was talking about cruelty.  
"Cruelty," she said, "is lack of imagination. It isn't true that only civilized minds, minds capable of sympathy, are cruel. Children, all they have learned to think, are cruel invariably."  
Miss Reed smiled.  
"Let me tell you about a little boy," she said. "To this little boy there were given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so.  
"They are poison," he was told. "If you eat them it will kill you."  
"However, the little boy was cunning. He had been cheated before this by grown-up people. Day after day he asked if he might not eat the images. Finally he had a young friend, Richard Brown, to spend the day with him, and that night he discovered that one of the images had disappeared.  
"His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him.  
"Harold," she said, "where is that pink image?"  
"Harold frowned as he answered defiantly.  
"I gave it to Richard Brown, and if he's alive to-morrow, I'm going to eat the other one myself."  
Two Hypocrites.  
The man who was currying for a railway passed to inquire:  
"Any squinteyes around here?"  
"Yes," answered the resident.  
"Mama!"  
"What makes you want to stay in such a place?"  
"I dunno, I reckon it's a mystery, same as what makes you want to teach people here."—Washington Star.

**Our Wives.**  
"Does your wife laugh at your jokes?"  
"No; she thinks that I am funny only when I try to be serious."—Houston Post.

**Important if True.**  
"Have you ever attempted to play Hamlet?"  
"No, sir. I do not consider myself fitted by nature to impersonate the melancholy Dane."  
"Then you are indeed, as you have said, an exceptional actor. I will give you a job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Making Amends.**  
Mamma: "Here comes your father. See how cross you've made him. Now, go and tell him you're sorry."  
Tommy: "Say, pop, I'm sorry you're so blamed cross."—Philadelphia Press.

**Time to Run.**  
The Chicago situation can be read by those who run—When the man behind the brickbat fronts the man behind the gun!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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