

NO LADDER REQUIRED.



Shorty—Why, hello, Long, yer have n't left de show, have ye?
Long—Yes, big snap, got a job of lightin' street lamps.

MAKING ROOM FOR HER.



1—Mrs. Pattygirl enters the car.



2—First Gentleman—Take this seat, madam.



3—Second Gentleman—And mine also, madam.



4—Third Gentleman—And mine also, madam.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.



First Burglar—Say, Bill, what does yer want for a Christmas gift, hu?
Bill—Well, I'd like dat stud of Chauncy Dopew's. What doe yo' want?
First Burglar—Well, I'd like Tom Platt's scart pin.
Both—All right, meet yer here Christmas eve ter exchange presents. Good-bye.



THE POEM DID IT.

Visitor—Is the editor in?
Office Boy—Nope, he's sick.
Visitor—I wonder if—er—, he got the little poem I sent him?
Office Boy—I told yer he was sick, didn't I?



A DESIRED POSSESSION.

Chilkoot—So you love Miss Klondike and wish to marry her?
Dawson—Yes, I want her mine.

A COLD SNAP.



But, alas, and alack, for his every plan
The farmer that morn had carried,
And set a trap in the path that ran
To the den where Sir Gray Wolf tarried.



He walked right into the jaws of steel.
"Experience rare hath taught me."
He tersely said, "And I know and feel
That another cold snap has caught me."



WHO HAS THE EXTRA PACK?

Coroner—I attended a card party the other night. The man on my right held rour aces and a king. The man on my left held four kings and an ace.
Undertaker—What did you hold?
Coroner—I held the inquest.



BEYOND THEIR LIMIT.

Ichabod—These prize-fighters talk mighty big about what they will do to each other.
Lubberly—I should say so, and I don't believe one of them could put my baby to sleep.



THE PRIZE MEMBER.

Mr. Cumso—How did they come to elect you president of your bicycle club, Tommy?
Tommy—Why, you see, Pop, I'm the only feller in the club who's got a wheel.



WHEN HE BECAME EXPERT.

Old Vet—Boys, I bet I ken beat erry one uv you runnin', en I'm nigh on to eighty-four.
Little Also—Hully Gee! you ort ter, you had practice in de war.