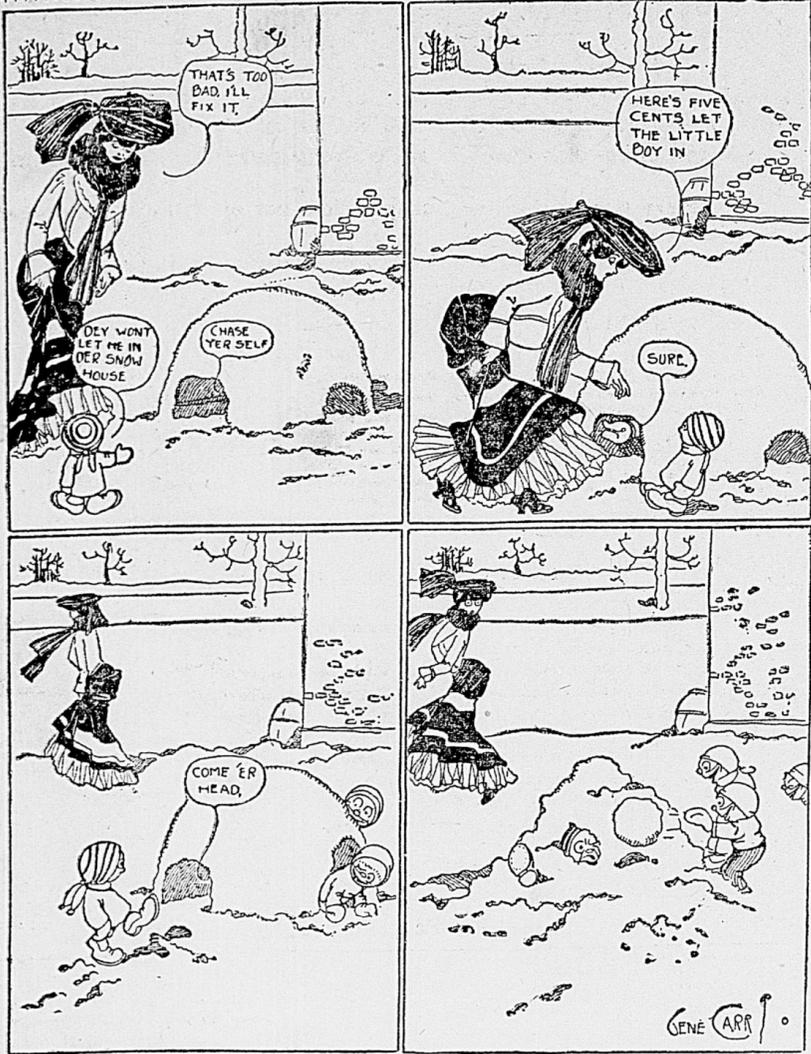


Forty Mearly Laughs on This Page by Clever Funmakers.

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Lady Bountiful Spreads Ruin.



HIGH PROTECTION.



"Say! Aint it lucky that wireless telegraphy hasn't reached these parts yet!"

TEACHER'S FAULT.



"See here, your teacher says you're at the foot of your class."
"But, ma, mebbe she counts from the wrong end."

Mr. E. Z. Mark Buys a Few Shares of Stock



MR. E. Z.—Yes, it's hard to make investments now. I have had five thousand dollars lying idle for a month, and I don't know what to do with it.
FRIEND SKINNER—I bought last week five thousand Evaporated Hot Air at a dollar a share. I thought it was a good thing. Oh, yes, you can get some up at my broker's, I guess.



FRIEND SKINNER (rushing into his broker's office)—Say, there will be a guy up here to buy Evaporated Hot Air. Sell him mine at one dollar a share. Don't let him know who it belongs to, though.



MR. E. Z.—Mary, I invested that five thousand to-day in Evaporated Hot Air. If it goes up five dollars I'll make twenty-five thousand. Hoop la!
MRS. E. Z.—Hoop la, is it? Listen: "Evaporated Hot Air went up the flue this afternoon. The company has no assets, and the stock is entirely wiped out."

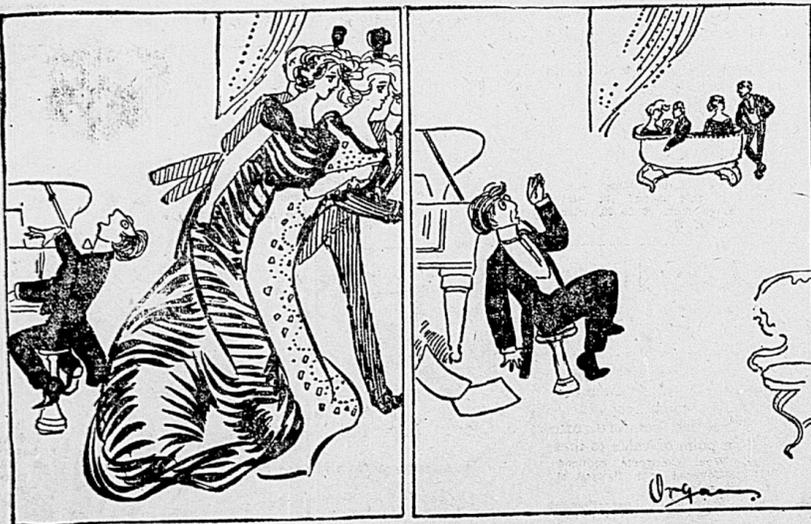


FRIEND SKINNER—It's too bad. I have sworn time and time again I would never advise any one about stocks.
MR. E. Z. (sadly)—No, no, old man. I don't blame you at all. You didn't advise me to buy it. Besides, you got hit as hard as I did.

Reggie Sings for the Heavenly Twins.



THE HEAVENLY TWINS—Oh, Reggie, sing us a nice song! Do, please!
THE HEAVENLY TWINS—Why, there are Reggie's two friends.



REGGIE (singing)—"Drink to me with thine eyes!"
REGGIE—Well, if that isn't the limit!

THAT FETCHED HIM.



"Was the trigonometry examination hard?"
"Yes, indeed. I had to shed tears before the professor would let me pass."

A PAINFUL MEMORY.



MRS. KINDHEART — You're the same man I gave a pie to yesterday.
TRAMP—Yes'm. I wont fergit dat pie in a hurry, mum.

THE JOYS OF WEALTH.



"Say, ma, don't you wisht you was rich so you could have a solid gold washtub instead of that old tin thing?"

FOREWARNED.



MR. FROG—Can't I sell you some life insurance, Mr. Worm? You may need it.

Prosperity Finds It Difficult to Keep Up with the High Prices.



"Say, ma, don't you wisht you was rich so you could have a solid gold washtub instead of that old tin thing?"