

FIRESIDE FUN



OF NO CONSEQUENCE.



"You know, her husband was accidentally killed by a cab."
"How much did she give the cabman?"

By the Sea.

He—If you refuse me, I'll dash my brains out on the rocks below.
She—That is impossible. A man who would do that hasn't any brains.

Carefully.

"Do you notice any change in Dumley?" asked the tall man.
"No, I don't!" snapped the other man sourly. It was Dumley's tailor.

Justification.

Brother Fred—What! Using hair dye! And you say you're only nineteen?
Sister Mab—Yes. The good dye young, you know, Freddie.

MADE IT A BARGAIN.

"It's a swindle!" she said. "The idea of charging \$5 for that!"
"Under the circumstances, madam," returned the floorwalker who had been attracted to the spot, "we will make it \$4.99 to you."
"Ah," she said, producing her purse, "that's more like it."

Agreed.



Kind Gentleman—Don't you think you can do better than being merely a tramp?
Weary—I don't know but what you're right, boss. De profession is overcrowded.

CHANGE NO ROBBERY.



Sportsman—Ah, luck seems to have overtaken me at last! If that ain't a rabbit hole! Go and fetch him out, Sport!



"It strikes me that dog's a long time. I'll just see what he's up to."

Discouraging.



Lady—How's my little boy getting along in school?
Teacher—He ain't. He's perfectly stationary.

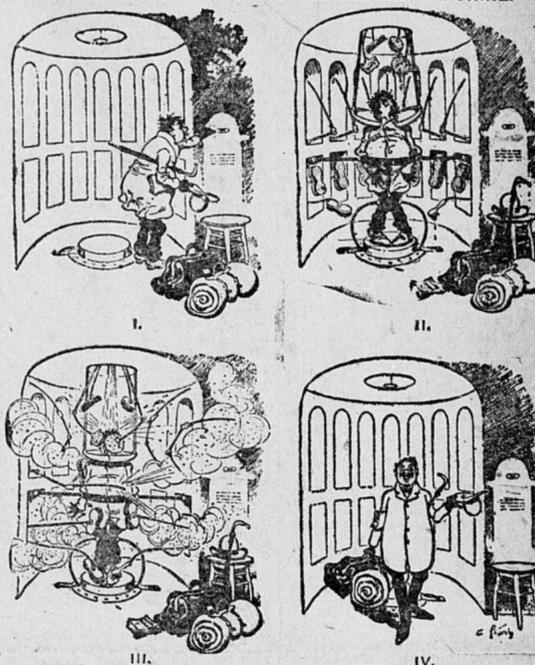
OTHERWISE ENGAGED.

Two deaf mutes, they sat and courted just as lovers in all lands, Only that, with love transported, Neither held the other's hands.

THE REAL THING.

"Measures not men," mused the man who occasionally thinks aloud.
"What's the answer?" queried the human interrogation point.
"A dressmaker," replied the noisy thinker, with a fiendish grin.

NEW PATENT AUTOMATIC RENOVATING MACHINE.



SHE KNEW NOT.



Motorist: "Dear, dear! I've got some sand in my carburetor!"
Mrs. Wayback: "Pore feller! He ought to take a drop of brandy for it."

AND THEN HE LEFT HER!



She: "At the conclusion of an argument between a man and a woman the man is silenced if not convinced."
He: "Yes; but even if the woman is convinced she is never silenced."

Practical.

"This love that makes the world go around," she blithely sang.
"Then how do you account for the action of the moon and stars?" asked the man from Boston in his severely practical way.
And he does not know to this day how much he missed by taking such a prosaic view of the matter.

Of Course Not.

Professor—Miss Huggum, what kind of a noun is a kiss?
Miss Huggum—Common, very common indeed.
Professor—Decline it.
Miss Huggum—Um! I've noticed he's not very original.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

"Why do they call these melancholy days?"
"Because they are the days when just as you have finished paying up your debts for your summer vacation you remember that you have got to begin saving up for the holidays."

AFTER THE RECEPTION.

He—Her costume that night captivated him. The papers described it as a "fetching gown."
She—Probably because it "fetches" her a husband.

He Knew Him.



Jones—Clark? Ah, yes. His sayings are in everybody's mouth.
Brown—Um! I've noticed he's not very original.



The Rabbit—How's this for turning the tables?

EVASIVE.

"I heard that Jones said he would trust me with his pocketbook. What do you think of that?"
"I don't think there's anything in it."

NATURAL.



"They say that Grouty is the greatest kicker in his football team."
"I'm not surprised. His father was the infernalst old kicker ever I knew."

THE MOTOR EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.



Motorist: "I say, have any of you chaps got a reindeer?"

Discovery.



Mistress (on the second day to new cook)—Bridget, just lend me 25 cents. I'm out of change.
Cook (aside)—Ha, ha! That's why she said yesterday 'the cook in the house was treated as one of the family, is it?"

A Courthouse.

The old boarder was giving the new arrival some information.
"Six engagements have been formed in this boarding house in less than a year," said he.
"Indeed!" replied the newcomer, impressed. "You might almost call it a courthouse."

Not Her Fault.

Mrs. Evergo—I understand that your daughter said I am a gossiping gada-bort.
Mrs. Stay-at-home—Oh, you mustn't pay any attention to the child. She is forever repeating what she hears all the neighbors saying.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"So the will has been read, George, and the estate is to be divided."
"Yes; into seven parts."
"A part for each heir?"
"No; a part for each lawyer."

SHE WASN'T SATISFIED.

"Forewarned is forearmed," he happened to say.
"Oh, dearie," cried she, "how I wish you were four armed!"

A PERTINENT QUESTION.



"What do you want?"
"Well, I dunno. What have you got?"