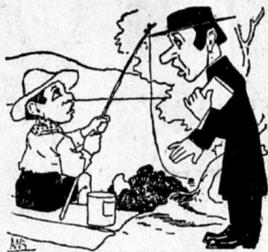


Ha-Ha Tonic For the Jesters' Fest

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.



Excited Pitcher (running in to blasted umpire): "Say, Billy, how's dat? Yer ain't got der nerve ter call balls on dat, have yer?"



EVADING THE ISSUE.

Parson (to youngster fishing on Sunday)—My boy, I am surprised to find you here.
Youngster (Innocently)—Do you know some place where they bite better?



ON ANOTHER MISSION.

Fritz—I've been over to Mueller's.
"Serves you right! I said you mustn't play with that Mueller boy."
"I didn't go to play with him. I went to lick him."



HAD EXPERIENCE.

Mother—I wish Richard wouldn't marry that girl, but I suppose he'll have his own way.
Father—I reckon he will just now, but it won't happen again.

SAFETY AT THE CIRCUS.



Mrs. Punkin (at the circus): "I dunno, Silas, about climbin' 'way up on them seats. They look pretty flimsy to me."
Silas Punkin: "I guess they're all right. Don't ye know what they said in the advertisements—secure seats."



THE RULING PASSION.

"What are you in for?" asked the resident lunatic of the new arrival.
"Fits."
"So am I. Have one with me."



HIS HEART HERS.

Father (to mother in adjoining room)—What is baby yelling for?
"He wants you, dear."
"Well, I haven't got it. Why don't you give it to him?"



THE ORIGINAL MOVE.



WHAT SHE NEEDED.

Would Be Actress—if you will only give me a chance I am sure I have a great future.
Manager—Have it changed into a past and come again.



READY FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

"Mabel, come up and see my new waist. It's one of my own conceits."
"What do you call it?"
"Navy design. You see, I expect it to be well armed."



REALISTIC.

Timmy Tough—Kin she sing, Billy?
Billy—Soy, if dat goll wuz t' scale one ov dem high jint notes at noon de men wud quit work.



DIFFERENT.

Swelliesby—So your father asked you what you saw in me to admire?
Miss Cooley—Oh, no! He asked me what I imagined I saw.



FINANCIAL DIAGNOSIS.

Medical Understudy—Dr. Allwise, has Speckham appendicitis? You said you were going to read up on the case.
Dr. Allwise—Glad you reminded me. Hand me that last Bradstreet's.



MIXED CHRONOLOGY.

Jimmy—How old are you now, Tommy?
Tommy—I dunno. On the railroad I'm always under twelve, but when dad hired our flat I was fifteen!



WATERLOOING AN ARGUMENT.

Berenice McGonigle (harshly): "No, De Bourienne, I will not listen! De first innin' o' terday's game saw yer batted for sixty-nine bases; de secon' innin' saw yer batted outer de box; de third, fourt, fift' sixt', sevent', eight' an' nint' innin' saw yer nine retired in one, two, t'ree order by de man I jilted fer you. Stan' back, De Bourienne O'Donahue! Stan' back, an' don't chuck me no more bluffs!"



KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Lady (at the counter)—Why do you call this "boys' flannel?"
Clerk—It shrinks from washing.



SPRING WIND THROUGH HIS RIBS.

"Bah!" said Fogg as he put up his gamp. "What beastly weather!"
"I have seen better days myself," remarked the umbrella.



BREAKING THE NEWS.

Husband (anxiously)—Well, is it a boy?
Grandmother—Yes, George. One of them is.



AN ACCOMMODATING CANDIDATE.

Youth: "Say, mister, dem fellers over dere are playin' a match game o' ball fer two kegs o' beer, an' dey're lookin' fer an umpire."



THE DOMINIE'S FORECAST.

After his sermon the new pastor said, "The parties who are to be joined in wedlock will please present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of hymn 415, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven.'"



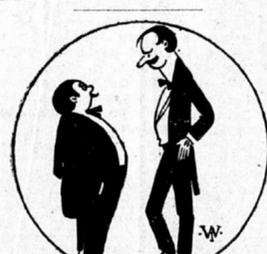
THE NEW COP.

"Here, ye're blockin' th' sidewalk throwin' th' dirt on t'." Laborer—What'll I do wid th' dirt? New Cop—Dig anoth'r' hole an' throw t' in.



MONEY FOR WIND.

Man With a Lease—I have lived to see it. My landlord has raised the rent because he has put in a ventilator. Talk about the cattle raisers!



HIT BY THE LITTLE DROP.

"What's Buggs worrying about? Did he drop a five at poker?"
"No. He put a penny in a slot machine that had run dry of gum."



TIME TO BUY.

Man (with revolvers and a dirk in his belt)—Well, what do you want?
Guest and Tourist—Who are you?
"I'm the waiter. I've come fer your order."



LESS INTOXICATING.

"In my opinion champagne is less intoxicating than any other drink."
"What makes you thir' so?"
"Because fewer people can afford to drink it."



THERE'S A REASON. "Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" asked the passenger on the ocean liner.
"No; I'm never home long enough," replied the captain.



ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE.

Inquiring Lad—Say, pop, who was the first man higher up?
Pop—A feller named Zaccheus. And he had to come down.



FAMILY DINNER ON A CANNIBAL ISLE.

Untutored One (interrupting the feast while the father is stirring the potted remains)—Oh, mamma, I've swallowed a hairpin!



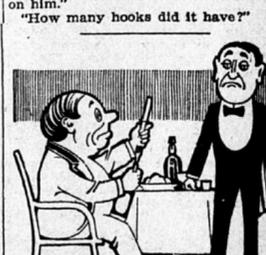
NO COMPLIMENTARIES.

Spokesman: "Look here, young feller, we're three mighty bad men, an' we allus goes into circuses free, so hand out the ticks or we'll—"
Circus Official (to the trained boxing grizzly): "That'll do, Jeff; get back in your cage!"



NO REDUCED RATES.

Tommy (to his sister's beau)—I saw you kiss her.
Sister's Beau—Don't say anything about it, Tommy. That's a good boy. Here's a nickel.
Tommy—A nickel! My regular charge is a dime.



ON GUARD.

Diner—I wish to goodness you wouldn't hang around the table!
Waiter—Monsieur will pardon me, I am sure. I am responsible for ze silver.