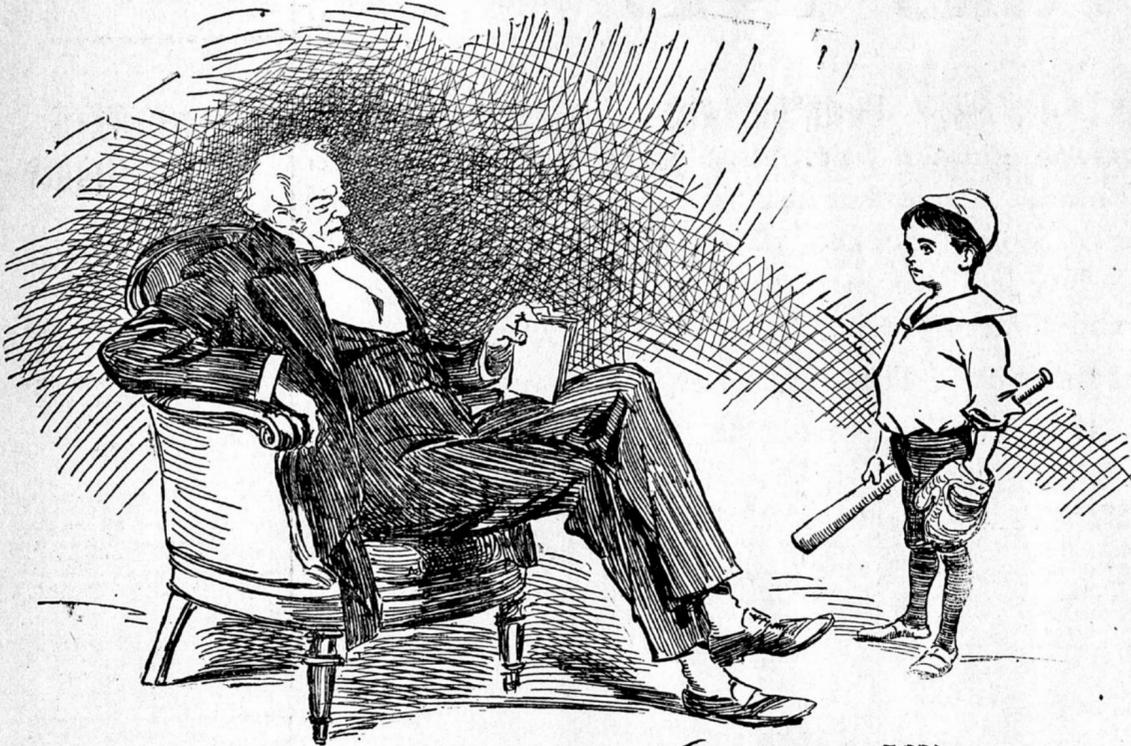


EVERYTHING IS A JOKE TO FUNNY FOLKS

BOY WHO READS THE PAPERS.



Senator Graft: "Be ever careful of your associates, my son. A man is known by the company he keeps."
 Son: "And a senator is known by the company that keeps him, ain't he, papa?"



NEVER AGAIN.
 "Curse my luck! I left my pocket-book under my pillow."
 "Oh, well, your servant is honest."
 "Yes, that's just it. She'll take it up to my wife."

A DIFFICULT TASK.
 The Man—Do you think you could learn to love me, darling?
 The Darling—I don't know. I might. I learned Greek when I was a girl.



AWFUL.
 Auntie (to niece at the telephone)—To whom are you talking, Ethel?
 Ethel—To Charley Beach.
 Auntie—What! Without a chaperon in the room?

NOT QUITE THE SAME.
 "So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"
 "Well, yes; it was the same thing, I suppose."
 "Ah! What were the exact words?"
 "He said you were a slippery fellow."



ACCORDING TO THE RULES.

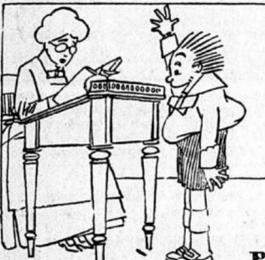
Mr. Plymouth Rocks (time, 12:30 a. m.): "Sold again, Fanny. I've joined the Individual Protection club."



AN INTANGIBLE AFFAIR.
 Bobby—What is the arctic circle, pa?
 His Pa—The arctic circle, my son, is an imaginary line bounding a large area of uncorroborated evidence.



VERY COY.
 Woman of the House—I'm afraid you don't love work.
 Raggles—Deed, I do, mum, but I'm so bashful.



JOHNNY'S ADDITION.
 Teacher—Johnny, if you were a man and had \$5,000 and wanted to buy a \$10,000 house, what would you need?
 Johnny—A wife.



AN EMERGENCY OUTING.
 "Who was in Miss Allwise's party?"
 "A lawyer, a surgeon, a nurse, and a doctor."



THE WAY TO LIVE NOW.
 SawCust in the cereal, CFerry in the cup, Chew the rag for dinner While the price is up.



NOT NOW, BUT SOON.
 "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "Going to get married, sir," she said.
 "And am I the one, my pretty maid?"
 "When I am divorced, sir," she said.

JOCKEYING FOR THE DUSKY DERBY.



Mr. Rushbone: "Dat 'pears to be a kinder skittish anemmil, Mistah Watson, but I don't see no use starbin' de berry bones outen his hide."



Mr. Watson (as the mule grows restless): "Yo' doan't, doan't yo'! Well, jes' look at dat, den. No goin' ober his head dar—"



"An' de backward spring is jes' as good."



NOT THE OLD FOLKS' FAULT.
 "You will never make a poet."
 "Sir! A poet is born, not made."
 "Oh, you can't shift the blame on our parents that way."



A DIFFICULT MISSION.

Theatrical Manager: "Hogan, I want you to find me a man with the right face and figure to take the part of General Washington in the tableau in the third act tonight."

Hogan (an hour later): "Here's five av thim, sor. Take yure pick!"



GETTING EVEN.
 Wife (to judge)—Your honor, he smashed me.
 Husband—Well, she broke me first.

A BAD BEGINNING.
 Plumber—Have you got all we want for Brown's job?
 Boy—Yes.
 Plumber—Wot? You 'aven't forgot nothin'? Well, that's a good 'un! Haven't forgot nothin', and you learnin' to be a plumber!

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.
 "And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"
 "Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.



COULDN'T RESIST IT.
 Gladys—Why are you going to all that trouble to open that letter so carefully, Maud?
 Maud—Oh, I had a quarrel with George and intend to send his letter back unopened, but I just thought I would see what he said before I returned it.



A NIGHTMARE.
 She—Don't you think my hat is a dream?
 He—Yes. But what did you eat the night before?



WISE CHILD.
 Papa—Bobbie, what do you want for your birthday present?
 Bobby—Get me a bank mamma can't take nickels out of with a hairpin.



NOT A RISING YOUNG MAN.
 His "get up" was magnificent; No chappie could outdo him. Yet when he stayed till one she said There was no get up to him.

A DECEITFUL APPLIANCE.



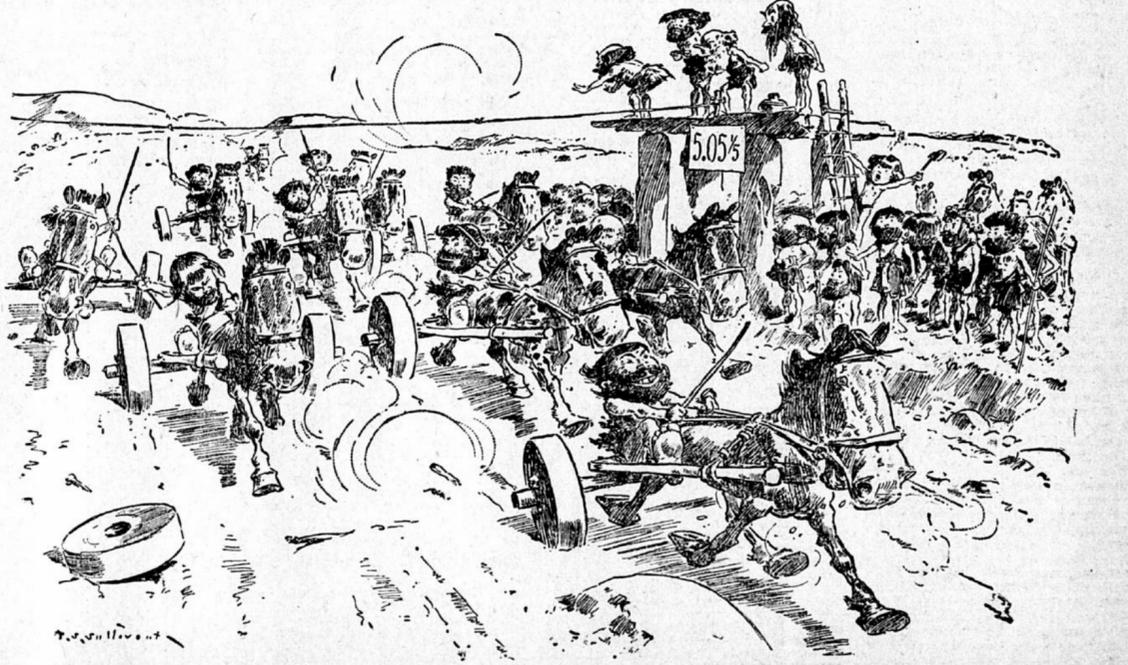
Mr. Strunghead (who has ordered a snapshot camera by express): "It's a gummed fraud, Betsy! I pulled the trigger 'cordin' ter d'rections, an' now I've been through every part of th' did blithered thing without findin' no dergerrotype!"

A REPORT.
 Blanche—Charlie and Lucy are in the conservatory together. What do you think of his attentions to her?
 Laura—They smack of sincerity.
 Blanche—That's what I thought when I listened at the keyhole.

PREPARING THE WAY.
 That Boy—I believe Mr. Smith would kiss you, Ethel, if I wasn't here.
 Ethel—You wicked boy. Leave the room this instant!



AN OLD GAME.
 Tommy—Come on, Jennie; let's play Adam and Eve.
 Jennie—How do you play it?
 Tommy—You tempt me with an apple and I'll eat it.



OPENING OF THE GRAND CIRCUIT IN PREHISTORIA.