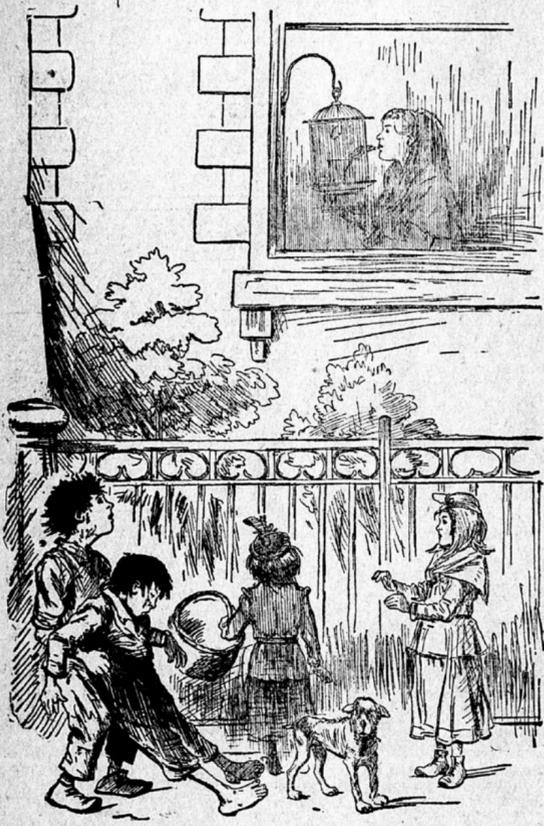


# "TO LAUGH IS PROPER TO THE MAN"

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.



"Jim, get up. I can't hold yer. Wot's the matter wid yer?"  
"Oh! Just thin' o' havin' a girl feed yer like that!" (Swoons.)



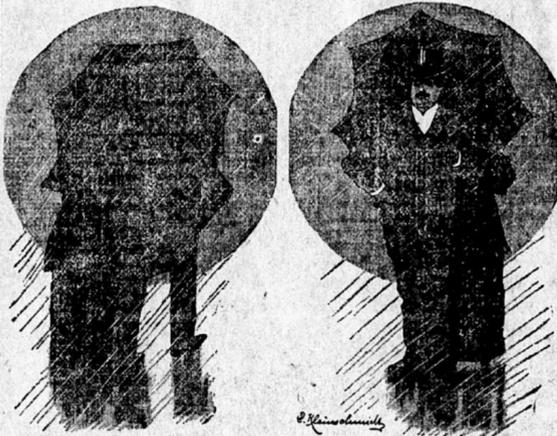
**OTHER PROVISION.**  
"So, young man, you want to marry my daughter. Don't you rely upon your father for support?"  
"Yes, but he won't do it any longer."



**CUPID BEHIND.**  
Kitty—I saw the finest spoon holder you ever set your eyes on last night.  
Peggy—You did? What kind of a spoon holder was it?  
Kitty—Oh, an old rustic bench in the park.

**AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR.**  
Mr. Riche Tightwadde—I only buy from the homely ones. Besides, the good looking ones have it so easy.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.



IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAID ALSO FANCIES.



**NOT AVAILABLE.**  
Hubby—Hypnotism is a humbug. Spouse—Why do you think so?  
Hubby—I walked the floor all night with the kid.

**CROP OUTLOOK IN SIAM.**  
"The king of Siam has hired a Kentuckian to teach his subjects farming."  
"Rye, corn and mint for Siam."

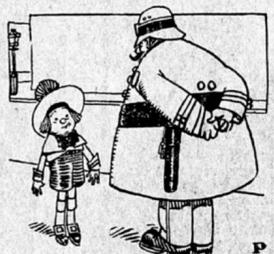
**THREE GENERATIONS.**  
"Walter, bring a glass of milk for my mother, beer for me and absinth for my daughter."



**TOO LATE.**  
Mrs. Waterly—My poor man, if you would not take the first drink of whiskey the others would never harm you.  
Will Weary—But, lady, how could ye git de oddsers if ye didn't take de foist?



**IT WAS ALL OVER.**  
Irish Officer—Come, tell us, father, the difference between the cherubim and the seraphim.  
Witty Father—I believe they had a difference a long time ago, but they have made it up since.



**A LOST SHEEP.**  
Little Boy (to policeman)—Please, mister, is you seen a man what looks losted? If you have, I'm his little boy.



**RACING TERM.**  
"They're off in a bunch."

AT THE RACES.



Daily Newspaper: "It is reported that Mr. Sharpey's horse was pulled in the third race yesterday."

A WAY OUT.



Man: "Say, rube, why don't you quit work and go on de road?"

**REMARKABLE GOLF.**  
The Muckle McTurk (who with his friend has been celebrating at the clubhouse)—But why pit down twa balls? Wully—hic—why pit down twa balls?  
Wully (quite unable to deny the accusation)—Weel, can ye no' see I'm drivin' wi' twa clubs? (Profuse apologies from Mr. McTurk.)

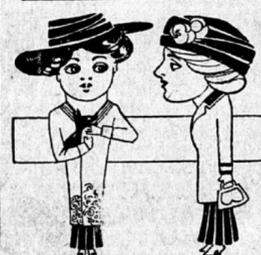


**TIT FOR TAT.**  
Walter—Pardon, sir, but why do you use the magnifying glass?  
Patron—I want to make this steak look normal.  
Walter—When you are through with it, sir, will you be good enough to let me take it to try on the last tip you gave me?



**NOTHING IN SIGHT.**  
First Spinster—What do you think of the coming man?  
Second Spinster—Oh, I don't know. I don't believe he's coming. I have quit looking for him.

**A GOOD REASON.**  
She—How is it you were not at the Westend's reception?  
He—I stayed away on account of a personal matter.  
She—May I ask what it was?  
He—Will you promise to keep it secret?  
She—Yes.  
He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.



**THOSE PET DOGS.**  
"Mrs. Skypoodle is a mean thing. When her Fido and my Rover began to fight she kicked poor Rover."  
"Why didn't you stop her?"  
"I was too busy kicking Fido."



**REASONABLE CONJECTURE.**  
Teacher—The verse reads, "And the prophet rent his clothes." Johnny, what does that mean?  
Johnny—That he didn't have the price to buy 'em.



**SHOWING HIS HAND.**  
Watson—Do you think young Brown is serious in his attentions to our daughter?  
Mrs. Watson—Yes; I overheard him asking her whether you are a member of the firm or only work on salary.



**A SMALL JOB.**  
He (with personal narrative, fearfully thrilling)—To collect my scattered wits was the work of a moment.  
She—Yes; it would hardly take longer.



**CAUSE OF HIS RESENTMENT.**  
Peripatetic Pete—Whatever de farmer wants I'm against.  
Restful Robert—Why?  
Peripatetic Pete—Because he's de man wot goes around de country lookin' fer farm hands.



**WHEN A MAN'S DOWN.**  
Proverb Boarder—You can't keep a good man down.  
Lady Typewriter Boarder—Not unless he has a seat in the car. Then you can't get him up.

FALL OF A HERO FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.



I. "Our regiment was a-layin' jest about here—"



II. "When all of a sudden we heard a noise. We backed off a little—"



III. "an' the next minute we seen the enemy comin' over the top of a hill right in front of us—"



IV. "we backed off a little, an' waited for 'em, an'—"



V. "When they got within thirty yards we took good aim an' fired. Then our capt'in hollered, 'Fall back!' an' we—"



VI. "fell back!"