

JIMMIE MAKES A MISTAKE.



ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



Alkali Ike—Did he die hard?  
Buzzsaw Bill—No; he was dead-easy.



A PREHISTORIC VALENTINE.



SHE'D ROAST HIM GOOD.

Boozer (3 A. M.)—Shay, old sport—hic—I'msh awful—hic—cold.  
Policeman—Your wife will make it hot enough for you when you get home.



Alkali Ike—Did he die hard?  
Buzzsaw Bill—No; he was dead-easy.

PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

"I guess Fred is going to ask Knock-em for his daughter's hand."  
"What makes you think so?"  
"Why, he's taking Ju-Jitsu lessons."



THE REASON.

Manager—That "Bathing Girls' Chorus" went bad tonight. What was the matter?  
Stage Director—They stuck on a bar and the orchestra nearly drowned them.



FIND HER VALENTINE.



TOO BAD.

"I swear I'll be your own till death."  
Was what the maiden said.  
And then 'twas not so very long  
Before she cut him dead.



WINTER DAYS IN JUNGLE LAND.



WISE GIRL.

The girl stood on the burning deck.  
But her loss we need not grieve;  
She did not perish with the wreck.  
She had sense enough to leave.