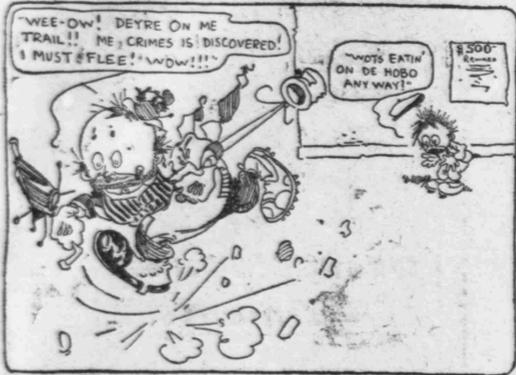


HOLDUP HAROLD GETS A SCARE.



ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



Say, Worry, in what battle was hootemovitch killed? His last one, I think.



YE MARCH FANTASY.



PUZZLE PICTURE. Hink mix, the old witch winks, The fat begins to fry; There's nobody home but jumping Joan, Father, mother and I, Where is mother?



'LEFT IN DIS-GUST.'



EASILY OBTAINED.

He—She gave currency to false rumors. She—Where did she get the currency? He—By drawing on her imagination.

Miss Antique—My face is my fortune. Miss Caustique—I hope no one will take you at your face value.

Baker—I have great expectations. Baxter—Then you should find it not difficult to sail about on your/their ship.



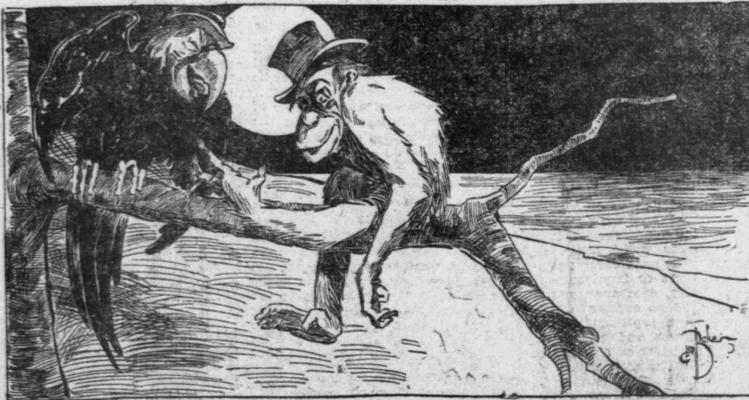
HAD SEEN HIM ACT.

Manager Conn—You'll be the villain in my new drama. In the second act you kidnap the hero. Knight Stands—Not on your life. I object to stealing hams.



THEN AS NOW.

Fond Wife (of 200 A. D., bidding husband farewell)—Now, John, promise me that after you have finished your business in Jupiter, you won't stop in at that horrid Venus on your way home.



A GREATER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Mr. Monk—I can blow the smoke through my nose. Mr. Parrot—A mere bagatelle, dear sir; I can cuss in six different languages.



THE WAY NOWADAYS.

Mrs. Firen Quick—I'm worrying about that new cook. Mr. Quick—What's the matter—afraid she won't stay? Mrs. Firen Quick—No; I'm afraid she won't go.