



NO NEED FOR ANXIETY.  
Eatherine—Beauty is only skin deep.  
Kidder—Don't worry. There are lots of dermatologists.



How old Santa knows when Christmas draws nigh.



He—Miss Rich said that she felt very giddy on her last ocean voyage.  
She—Well, perhaps she remained on the port side too long.



COULDN'T HELP IT.  
"He has my fever."  
"No wonder. He married a grass widow."

HAD BEEN THERE.

"It is the funniest thing in the world," remarked the dejected looking man as he sat opposite the fat man in the smoking compartment.  
"Can I take it that you refer to politics?" asked the other.  
"You can."  
"And that you have lately been a candidate for office?"  
"That is the case. I was a candidate for the majority of my town."  
"Shake," said the other as he reached out a hand. "I've been there. First came a delegation of citizens looking for an honest man. I was the man. They begged me to take the nomination. I took it. Next came a hurrah in the papers about 'Honest Dan,' as they called me. Then the wheelbarrows gathered about me and set the ball to rolling. Then the popular enthusiasm was aroused. Then came predictions that I would run the other fellow 30 miles into the woods. Then came my little campaign contribution of \$3,000. Then followed the—"  
"The election," said the dejected man.  
"Yes, the election. I had press and pulpit and the people with me, but—"  
"You were snowed under?"  
"Ten feet deep. I was thrown down. I was pulverized. I was paralyzed. I was knocked out. I looked just like you do, and I felt just like you do, and—"



"First came a delegation looking for an honest man."  
"And how did you get over it?"  
The fat man leaned forward and put his hand on the other's shoulder and whispered in his ear:  
"Took cod-liver oil. Try it once and you will use nothing else."



NICK'S LITTLE JOKE.  
Duke Vladamir—Yes, your majesty, a nihilist attempted to blow you up with a bomb.  
Czar Nicholas—Trying to raise the old Nick, eh?

A FABLE OF THE DAY.

One day the Ass went to the Lion and said:  
"You have ruled a long time and should be willing to abdicate. I may say further that you should step down and out in my favor."  
"But will the beasts of the forest accept you?" asked the Lion.  
"I am sure they will. I have just been walking about for an hour and many of them took me for you."  
"Try it again and if they appear to see no difference I promise you shall have my place."  
The Ass went forth, and being determined to work the old thing for all it was worth, he stopped in his journey now and then to utter a bray. He had not yet made a mile when the buffalo stopped him and said:  
"In the semi-darkness I took you for the Lion and made obeisance, but as soon as you opened your mouth I knew you to be an Ass instead. Get off the earth or you'll feel a jar!"



"Will the beast of the forest accept you?"  
Mors!—When a man's fellow-men are not sure of him they wait for his bray.

ENTIRELY SENATORIAL.

It was plain to be seen that the two gentlemen walking along arm in arm were United States Senators. The silence lasted for a block, and then one of them said:  
"Did you see in the Blank magazine this month that a majority of the Senate was controlled by a certain great corporation?"  
"I did," was the reply.



It was plain to be seen that they were United States senators.

"What do you think of it?"  
"What?"  
"What does that mean?"  
"I was wondering why the said certain great corporation hadn't got control of a majority of the House, too?"



Tom—Life is full of trouble.  
Dick—That's right. You no more than just cease dodging ice cream signs, when oyster announcements loom up before you.

ALL IS WELL.

Anyone could have told that he was a fussy man by the way he sat down in the car. He had only got comfortably seated when a woman came in who was unable to find a seat, and after a moment the fussy man rose up and offered her his. As she accepted it a smile of recognition crossed his face and he bent down and asked:  
"Weren't we once engaged to be married?"  
"Yes, we were," she replied after a closer look at him.  
"I thought so, but wasn't sure. Can you recall what separated us?"  
"I can. You held that when a frying pan was not in use the handle should be turned towards the north."  
"Um! Yes, I held to that idea and still hold to it, and I wish to inform you that all is well. That is, I married a woman who agreed with me, and the handle of the frying pan points to the north and the dove of peace rests over my household. Keep the seat, ma'am—"



Anyone could have told that he was a fussy man.

and the magnetic current, but I don't like to see a woman standing in a street car and pulling at a strap."



PHYSIOLOGY.  
Professor—What comes under the head of man?  
Student—His neck!

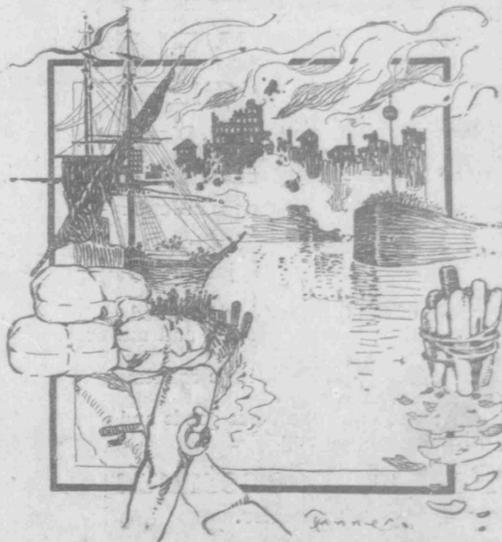


TURN ABOUT.

Miss Taps—Things will be different after we are married.  
General Manager—How so?  
Miss Taps—Then I shall do the dictating.



Mrs. New-Wed—Why do you call this a quinine dress?  
New-Wed—Because it's such very bad taste.



THE BURNING CITY.  
Find one of the flames.