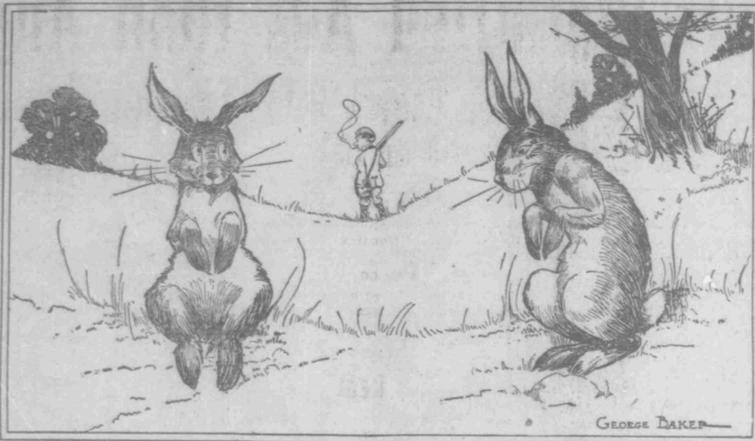




A Saucy Soubrette, Evalina,
Hired an auto, a "Gasoliner"
She lit her Cigarette
At the tank, Up to yet
There's no living Mortal that's
Seen Her.



First Bunny—That dude hunter gave me a terrible scare a moment ago.
Second Bunny—How was that?
First Bunny—I thought it was little Willy Jones with a sling shot.

A DAILY CIRCUMSTANCE

"By gum!" suddenly exclaimed a man who was looking out of a street car in an absent way.
"Good lands!" exclaimed the man on his right.
"Just look at that, will you?" almost shrieked the woman on his left.
"What is it? What is it?"
"There—look there!"
"Where?"
"On the curbstone there!"
"Stop the car."
"Where's the conductor?"
"Well, did I ever! I wouldn't have believed it possible!"
"What you crowding for?"
"I ain't crowding. I guess I want to see as well as you do."
"Conductor, why in the devil don't you stop this car?"
The car was stopped. Seven men and five women piled out and helped to increase the crowd at the curbstone, and the others on the car craned their necks until they were a block away. On the curbstone sat a woman with two small poodle dogs in her lap. They were for sale at two dollars each. They were like any other baby poodles, and she was like any other woman of her station in life. That was absolutely all. That was what had emptied three or four street cars of their passengers and collected a crowd of 500 people.
P. S.—It was in New York City. It couldn't have happened elsewhere.
JOE KERR.



IN THE WINTER TIME

Customer—Do you raise roses this season of the year?
Florist—This is just the season when we do raise 'em. We've just put them up to \$4 a dozen.

A DANGEROUS TRAMP.

The tramp had been asked to relate some of his adventures with farmers' dogs, and when he had complied he was further asked if he was ever chased by a bull.
"Three different times," he replied.
"Did you climb a tree or outrun them?"
"There was no tree to climb, and as for outrunning 'em I knew I couldn't do it."



"I just turned my back on the bulls."

"Then you dodged around a stump, perhaps?"
"No, sir. I didn't see no stumps about."
"Well, how did you save yourself, for you must have been saved?"
"I just turned my back on the bulls and let 'em come on. Each one of 'em hit me full-bang and went dead with a broken neck. That's one reason I keep out of the pastures when I travel—I am too dangerous a thing for bulls to fool with."
JOE KERR.

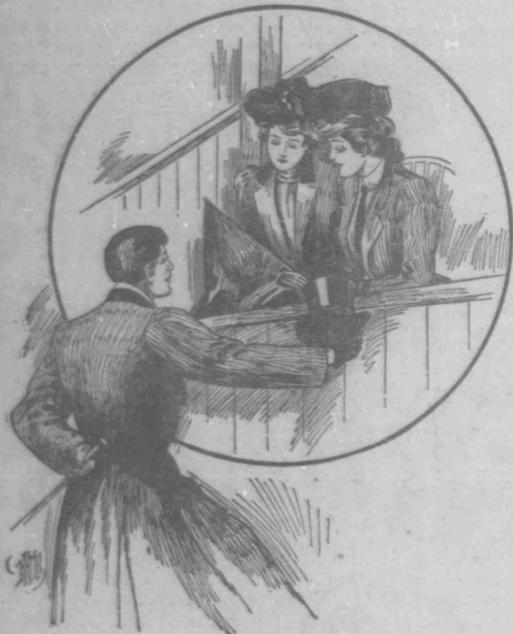


TOO RICH TO BE REFUSED.

Jesse—What grounds have you for thinking that she loves him?
Jack—He's six hundred acres of the best coal grounds in the country.



Bookkeeper—You said you'd raise my salary—
Employer—Hub! I've had hard work to raise my own!



TACKLING A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

Miss Vassar—How strange! Your brother is left-end on the Princeton team, and mine is left-end on the Yale's.
Miss Bernard—What fun! We'll introduce them to each other and make both ends meet.

THE NEW SCHOOL READER.

"Who is the man before us?"
"He is president of a life insurance company."
"Why does he swell out so?"
"Because he thinks he is the earth. The President of the United States is small potatoes compared to him."
"What are his duties?"
"To take care of all his relatives at the expense of the policyholders and to encourage young men."
"Has he many relatives?"
"He has only got fifteen on the payroll to date, but there may be others ready to come in out of the wet. They probably got lost in the shuffle, and are trying to find themselves."
"How does he encourage young men?"
"By hiring a schoolboy at \$3 per week and boosting him up to a salary of \$14,000 per annum in two years. Also, by drawing a salary of \$120,000 a year for doing \$10,000 worth of work."
"And should all young men strive to do as he has done?"
"Not just yet. Wait until you hear from the policyholders and the Judge and jury."



"Why does he swell out so?"
He is president of the Life Insurance Company.
JOE KERR.

NOT MUCH ON ELECTION.

"I was in an Indiana hamlet when they had a county election three or four years ago," said the drummer, "and I got up early expecting to see some excitement. There were three or four men around the hotel, but none of them mentioned the election. I walked down to the polling place, but two clerks sat in there alone. I hung around for two hours, but no one came to vote. At length one of the clerks asked me if I didn't want to vote, and when I replied that I was not a citizen of the state he sat down with a sigh."
"I went back to the tavern for dinner."



"Did you know that they had an election today?"
and as soon as it was eaten I returned to the polls. About 3 o'clock a man came along and lounged up to the window and asked of one of the clerks:
"Well, Joe, anything doing?"
"Naw. Going to vote?"
"No, I guess not."
"He walked off, and from thence to closing time not another man appeared. I made inquiries of the clerks and found that they alone had voted. When I went back to the hotel I said to the landlord:
"Did you know that they had an election today?"
"Y-e-s," he slowly answered. "Yes, I believe I was a candidate myself!"
JOE KERR.

AN EASY WAY.

The man in the fur cap let it be known that he was from Winnipeg, and he was presently asked:
"You have pretty hard winters there, don't you?"
"Yes, pretty hard."
"And great falls of snow?"
"Yes, a good deal of snow."
"How deep did you ever see it?"
"Well, two years ago it was 16 feet deep on the level, and stood that way for a month."
"Why, all the houses must have been snowed in to the second-story windows and the streets rendered impassible?"
"Yes, but we had an easy way of getting around," said the Canadian. "Everybody made use of stilts 15 feet high, you see, and saved them off as the snow settled down."
JOE KERR.



Mama (hearing Tommy's lesson)—Now what is the difference between exercise and work?
Tommy—Exercise is work you like to do, and work is exercise you don't like to do.



A DIFFERENCE.
New Arrival—I always know when I've drunk enough.
Old Friend—When I've drunk enough I never know anything.



HAPPENS OFTEN.

Manager—Your solo-drama is very good, but in the battle scene you don't mention the groans of the wounded.
"Well, the audience will supply them."



December 10, 1710—One hundred and ninety-five years ago today the Austrians were defeated at Villa Viciosa. Find a wounded officer.