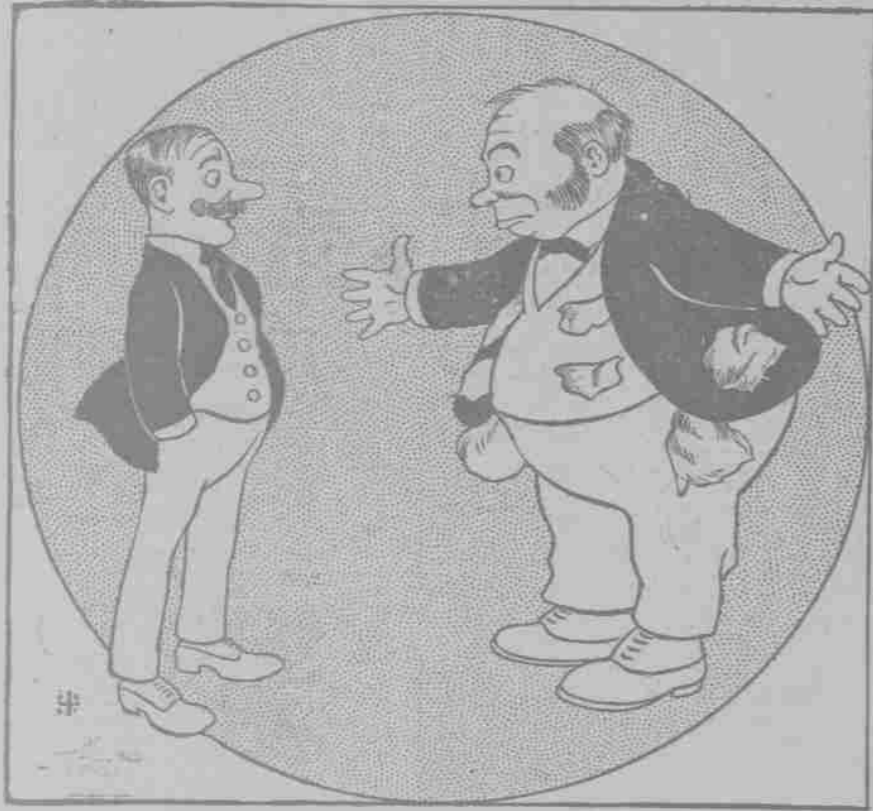


NEW YEAR'S WITH THE JESTERS

THE ANNUAL HOLDUP.



Jones: "Are you going to give up anything for the new year?"
De Brake: "Not on your life! I've already given up everything but my clothes."

DIFFERENT NOW.



Wife: "Before we were married you said I was a dream."
Husband: "Yes, but I didn't know then that your money was a dream."

NEW YEAR'S COMPLIMENTS.



Daughter: "Mr. Lucas sent me his photograph of a New Year's crowd, paw."
Father: "Doan' yo' leab no jew'ry lyn' roun' loose w'en dat gemman calls. He sent his photo to de wrong address. He shud hab sent it to de rogues' gallery."

PERTINENT INQUIRY.



Sappy—I—aw—have an idea, doncher know, and—
Gladys—Excuse me, but are you quite certain of your ability to distinguish between ideas and wheels?

FASHION.

Butler—Wot time is it, Jeems?
Footman—It must be going on 3 o'clock; the missus has just made her fifth change of costume!

A CAREFUL HAT RAISER.

"Do you take off your hat to women in elevators?"
"Certainly not—unless I know them."

AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.



Colonel Brown—And so you quarreled with young Jones because he put his arm round your waist?
Miss Omgborpwoong—He didn't put his arm round my waist, but he tried.
Colonel Brown—Yes, of course, that's what I mean.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PASSING YEAR.



"Now, for the seventy-seventh time, I will ring in the new year."



"It is just 12 o'clock. I will pull the bell rope at once—"



"How fuzzy this rope has—"



"Murder! Ghosts! Spooks!"



"What is it, anyhow?"

ENIGMATICAL.

"Does her hair curl naturally?"
"Well, her natural hair doesn't."

HUMAN NATURE.



"Ah, how sad it is to look back down the trodden path of the old year and contemplate the wasted opportunities and the unwitting mistakes that line it."
"Yes, and how sad it is to think that the opportunities were wasted and the mistakes made by our friends—never by ourselves."

OF COURSE.



"You lazy young scamp! You ought to imitate the busy ant!"
"Well, so I do. Me and me pals play in de sand nearly all day!"

HE WAS "IT."



She—Oh! Henry, that cow seems to be coming fast!
Henry—Er—yes, I'm afraid she has lost her calf and—
She—Well, do something quick to make her see that you are not it.

The Retort Medical.

"Yes," asserted the actor, "I acknowledge that your operation has relieved my pain, but at the same time I must say that you are a regular butcher."
"You may be right," said the physician, "for it seems that I have cured a ham."

A Dangerous Pair.

A discussion about the numerous highway robberies was on.
"To me it at first looked like a case of 'Your money or your life!'" said one.
"How?"
"Going home last night I met a lawyer and a doctor together."

Safe.

"No," said Mrs. Spiffins loftily, "the servant girl question has no terrors for me."
With an interrogative elevation of our eyebrows we asked for further information. Mrs. Spiffins proceeded: "I do all my own cooking and housework."

He Paid the Freight.

"Your wife," remarked the old friend, "tells me you are getting into society now."
"No," replied the man who had to pay for his wife's ambitions; "society is getting into me."

In Harmony.

"In what year was the colonel born?"
"Judging from the way he blows, I should say in the year of the big wind."

NEW YEAR'S COMPENSATION.



Mr. Charge: "My brother is just halfway around the world from us."
Mrs. Charge: "How fortunate you are, for you get your New Year's good wishes half a day ahead of him."
Mr. Charge: "Yes, but his December bills fall due half a day later than mine."

REASON.

Newlywed—My wife is really an angel.
Crustybach—Why, they tell me she can't cook.
Newlywed—That's why; she doesn't try to.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

Doctor—I'm afraid I'll have to call a consultation.
Nurse—Why, I thought the patient was getting well.
Doctor—He is, but I'll have to call in a lawyer to help me collect my bill.

Mean Thing.

Ernestine—Will Grantley is the meanest man I know.

Josephine—Why.

Ernestine—I had the cleverest joke of the year on him and meant to tell it to all the girls.

Josephine—Did you tell it?

Ernestine—No. He went before me and told every one of them.

Misunderstood Him.

"I understand that you have a great deal of fret-work in your home," said Mr. Sczait to Mr. Henpeque.

"I'd rather you would not drag my wife into the conversation, sir,"

was the dignified reply.

His Choice.

"Prosperity" has ruined many a man."
"No, doubt, but if I'm given any choice in the matter I'd rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable."

The Next Morning.

"I'm so tired this morning," said the first moth.
"Up late last night?" asked the second.
"Yes," replied the first, "I was at a camphor ball."

Reducing the Estimate.

"What do you say are the three essentials to a home?"
"There are only two—dollars and sense."

THE DOWNFALL OF LASSO BILL.

