

## NIRVANA

Argument.—You and your wife are attending the same vaudeville show—best seats in the house thirty cents.

She—Oh, look at that man! He's going to fall! I know he's going to fall! Oh, why does he try such a thing?

Equilibrist (pretending to be very much scared at the prospect)—Oof!

The Snare Drum—P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—

She (closing her eyes and squealing faintly)—E-e-e-e-e-e—

The Bass Drum—Boomp!

(The equilibrist has leaped off the twelve barrels and now is safely on his head on the waiting unicycle. The front drop descends. The letter "F" glows in the frame at the right of the stage; that means Jobson and Jobson, Burnt Cork Funmakers. A burnt cork funmaker is worse than an equilibrist, and yet— Gosh hang it all! Look at her!)

She (giggling)—Mph-mph-mph-mph-mph-mph—of course it's vulgar, but I think the way they say it is so funny.

The Low Comedy Jobson—I sure was runnin'. I done heard that there same bullet twice. The first time it passed me and then about a mile from town I passed it.

She—A mile from town he passed it. Isn't that delicious?

The Light Comedy Jobson—We will next sing a little song entitled "Sister Sarah's Shoeing Shoats in Shoshone."

She (abandoning herself to mirth unfettered)—Ha-ha-ha-ha—

The drop rises revealing the Imperial Indian Trained Elephant, an act much more dismal than balancing equilibrists, and at least forty (40) times sadder than burnt cork funmakers. Yet even in the teeth of this she does not falter.)

## GOODWIN'S WEEKLY.

She—Isn't that little elephant funny?

(The elephants tramp around the stage displaying almost animal intelligence.)

She—And the big ones, too. I wonder how they can train them so well?

(One elephant walks over the prostrate trainer—unfortunately without stepping on him.)

She—See that! I never, never watched anything so interesting. (With Rooseveltian conviction.) It's wonderful!

(The drop drops and Petite May, Slender Singer of Broad Songs, marches out. But, let us get to the nub of the matter. How is it, and why is it, that a compelling interest is shown in balancing equilibrists, burnt corkians, and trained elephants? Ah, my child, come a little nearer, and listen with both ears and I will let you in on the secret of the ages. Here is wisdom; here is knowledge; here is that which is beyond purchase and beyond price. Letter it on your forehead in characters of fire, for here at last is Truth: When a woman has been married five years to the same husband even vaudeville looks good to her. Yup.)—New York Telegraph.

A burly man, the picture of perfect health and strength, walked into the office of a prominent accident insurance company the other day and wanted to be insured.

"Are you engaged in any hazardous business?" asked the secretary.

"Not in the least," replied the applicant.

"Does your business make it necessary for you to be without sleep at night?"

"No, sir."

"Would your business ever require you to be where there were excited crowds—for instance, at a riot or a fire?"

"Never, sir."

"Is your business such as to render you liable to injury from carriages or runaway horses?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Does your business throw you in contact with the criminal classes?"

"Good gracious! No, sir!"

"I think you are eligible. What is your business?"

"I am a policeman."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"This is a nice time of night to be coming home."

"Yes, my dear, but I tried to get away earlier."

"Tried to get away earlier, indeed? Those men haven't any strings on you, have they?"

"No, my dear. I wanted to break up the game at 12 o'clock, but they insisted on playing another hour. So what could I do?"

"Do? You could have told them I was alone, and you had to come home."

"I did, my dear. I even told them what a nag you were, and how you'd make me miserable for me—"

"You told them that? The very idea! If that isn't just like you to blame me when you know that you wanted to get to bed yourself. I want you to understand that if you can't think of any better excuse than that for coming home you can stay as long as the rest do."—Detroit Free Press.

The Master (taking the class on the subject of the Deluge)—You remarked that Noah couldn't spend very much time fishing while in the Ark. What makes you think so?

Experienced Scholar—Because there were only two worms in the Ark, sir.—New York Telegraph.

Perhaps another sign of peace appears in the willingness of both armies on the western front to let the artillery do it.—Boston Herald.



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