"A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN," Etc.

WHY THE SIGN CAME DOWN.



PATERNAL WISDOM.



Lord Seekboodle-Believe me, a true nobleman holds his affairs of heart very dear.

Miss Newmoney—So papa keepsreminding me.

THE QUESTION.



Bubby-If I were to be taken from you suddenly, my child, what would become of you?
Wifey-I'd stay right here. The question is, what would become of you?

THE INTERRUPTED DRILL.



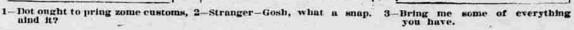
"Shoulder Arms."





ARCHER.









4—I'm not quite through yet. Bring me two more steaks and another dozen wheat cakes—



5-and don't forget a half dozen 6-I'm the champion eater of the desse; ts or so.



MAKING SURE OF THE DATA. Pride of the Broadway Squad Verifies the Words of the Guide Book. A small lady, carrying a hand shichel and a "Guide Book to the Metropolis," approached the tail policeman on the corner, and, smiling affably, asked;
"Can you tell me the height of that building over there, please?" relates a writer in Puck.
"I wo hundred and seventy-three feet and ten these from the sidewalk to the top of the tower."
"Thank you ever so much. And is it

the tower."

"Thank you ever so much. And is it true that there are 236 deaths in New York every twenty-four hours?"

"Can't say for sure lady; wouldn't be surprised, though."

"Really! Isn't it dreadful? And can you tell me how many parks there are in the city?"

tell me how many parss there are in the city?"

The tall policeman moved uncomfortably, and gave the exact number with a deep sigh. The lady positively beamed on him as she asked:

"Is it really so that thirty years 5go this spot was a cow pasture, 'where the lowing kine stood knee-deep in the shaded stream,' and the only building in sight was a church on that corner over there."

The policeman looked lingingly at his watch.

That's what I've been told; but I dare y it's sort of exaggerated, you know, "That's what I've been told; but I date say it's sort of exaggerated, you know, lady."

"Oh! Do you think so? I hope you're mistaken; it's so sweet to think of these husy, noisy streets once being peaceful green meadows: don't you think so? And to think that a rappling brook once intersec ed that corner, 'Ilowing between drooping willows and alders!' Do you think that is so?"

"Sure of it, lady."

"Really? Oh, I'm so glad! That is what the guide book said, but I wanted to be

So in uch!"

And the small lady tripped Joyfully away, while the large, tall pediceman leaned against the block and mopped his forchead vigorously.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A Philadelphia Chinaman Wanted

A Philadelphia Chinaman Wanted to Dry Shirts on City Hall Roof.
Three Chinamen were in the big elevator which carried the "Odd Rits" man to one of the upper offices in the city hall day or two ago.
"What floor?" queried the elevator man. Knowledge of the English language was evidently a scarce article with the Mongolians, for they looked at each other and at the elevator man. Then they chattered "No. flool," one of them finally said. "Loof."

"Loof."

They were carried up as far as the ele-rator went and then directed to the stair-way, which leads out upon the roof of the hall. The "Odd lits" man followed

the hall. The "Odd litts" man followed them.

The Chinamen wandered over the top of the big building arm in arm, looking up and down and around, but never venturing very near the edge anywhere.

"No likee fall," one of them explained. "Very much hurt."

The big tower held their attention most. They stood and gazed at it with wide open mouths for a long time.

"Him velly high," the talkative one of

the three seggested to an attache of the building.

"Yes," the latter replied with a wink to a bystander, "four thousand feet."

The wonderful information was received without any comment by the Chinamen and the Joke was lost. If the attache had said twenty thousand it would have been all the same.

When they had satisfied their sightseeing inclinations the Mongolians started for the starway.

"Him glate building," the spokesman confided to the watchman at the door.

"We come some more."

"And they will," was the watchman's comment. "We have a batch of them every day. They're welcome, too, all except one fellow, I know."

"Why isn't he welcome?"

A DEFENSELESS CREATURE.



No one to love me now, she wailed, Well may I sigh and frown; For the impudent people with whom I live Have torn the back fence down.

What He Was After. The Lafayette man owed the Pennsylvania man a quarter. They met on the football field and the game began, the Pennsylvania man darting down the grid-iron toward the debtor. "Here," cried Pennsy's captain, "why don't you tackle one of the guards?" "Nit," yelled the man of red and blue, "I want that quarter back."—Philadelphia North American.

A SEVERE LESSON.

WHY SHE WAS ANGRY. The Stout Lady's Experience With

a Penny-in-the-Slot Machine. It was noon at a quick-lunch restaurant and nearly every place was occupied by a ngry individual, when a steat lady en tered. The only spotshe saw vacant was at the end of a conuter, and here there stood penny-in-the-slot weighing machine.re lates the Boston Globe.

As she was in a hurry, she concluded to stand on the scales, after having satisfied berself that they would not operate and berself that they would not operate and reveal her weight unless she put in a clain, and this was-far from her intentions. She was short and plump, and the platform of the scales brought her up to a very convenient height at the counter. She ordered her lunch, and, after looking around at the dial of the machine to reassure herself that she was not being weighed; she began her gustatory enjoy ment.

Just then two rather sporty chaps came in. They noticed the woman on the scales at once. She had a pretty face, if not an attractive figure, or, perhaps, one should say, as well as an attractive figure, for the latter certainty attractive figure, for the latter certainty attractive figure, for the latter certainty attractive figure, for the latter vou the dinners she weighs over 200," said one of the sports.

"I'll go you," replied the other. "But how can we tell when wins? The machine lish't working."

"We'll soon make it work," said sport No. 1. "Here, boy," he added, speaking to a youngster who was seiling papers, "you go and put a cent in the slot of that machine arth the woman on it, and I'll give you a dime."

"Let's see yer dime," said the boy, with worldly cautionsness.

"There you are," and the sport put the money in the archin's hand.

with worldly cautiousness.

"There you are," and the sport put the money in the orchin's hand.

The latter found his task an easy one, for the victim was very busy getting outside of a dish of soup. She did not see the boy put the penny in the slot, but several others did, and the joke went around the counter almost as quickly as the hand on the weighing machine went around to the figure marking the woman's avoirdupois.

"You pay for the dinners," said sport No. 1, triamphantly, to sport No. 2.

That's right, "was the response, and in went their orders.

The fat lady wiped off her chubby mouth, laid down the mapkin and took up her pocketbook to get the wherewithal to my her check when her eye fell on the dial of the machine.

"Great heavens," said she, half aloud, "the hand has moved!"

Yes, it had moved a long distance, and stood honestly and steadily pointing at 211.

She glanced around the counter, and perceiving that she was the focus of all the eyes in a row of smilling faces, she was so mad that she rushed out of the restaurant and forgot to pay her bill.

The Last Resort.

"You are charged with deliberately bracking this sun's window" said the

"You are charged with deliberately breaking this man's window," said the judge. "What have you to say?"
"I am guilty," moaned the prisoner. "I did it purposely, judge. Please send me away where I will not hear these confounded political arguments any more."—Philadelphia North American.



Restful Raggles—Well, cully, ho w's de game golu?

Short Samuel—Never better. I finds out what make o' wheel shook rides an' den tells ber it's de best in de world.

New York Evening Wash



TWO OF A KIND. Benedict—I tell you I have the boss wife, old man. Henpeck—My wife's a boss wife, too.

ONE OF NATURES JOKES,



1-Mr. Crested Grebe (in the back ground) Great top-knot! Can that be a member of our familiar



2-Little Mumpy Esquimau-Has 'oo dot de mumps, too, birdie?



threw a floral tribute.



2-Each of the principals knew for whom it was intended-





