

Pictorial Humor

The Remedy.

"No, sir," declared Gazzam, as he warmed up to his subject. "You'll never be happy so long as you are in debt. Pay your debts, Swayback, pay your debts."

"But I have no money," said Swayback. "Then borrow it,"—Detroit Free Press.

One of Our Pet Phrases.

"Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who wants harrowing details. "I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow."

Could She Play?—Well—

"Can you play 'Down in the Valley'?" he asked. "I should say I could," she answered. "I got down there in two strokes this afternoon, and then astonished the crowd by making a six-yard put as easy as rolling into a sand pit."

Must Feel Lost.

Bilkins—How de do? Play ping pong? Wilkins—No. Bilkins—I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people?—Stray Stories.

No Mother-in-Law.

"Yes; I'm to be married. She's young, pretty and rich." "You are to be congratulated." "And she's an orphan." "What a singularly lucky dog you are!"

It Depends.

He—The caddy is sometimes in the way, don't you know. She—Oh, yes—but sometimes one prefers to have him in the way.—Puck.

A Tip for Emperor William.

"I see that the Emperor of Germany always signs himself 'William, I. R.'" "Yes." "I wonder why somebody doesn't give him a pointer on it?" "Why should he have a pointer?" "His grammar, you know. Somebody ought to put him on. 'William, I Am' is the way, he ought to write it."

Their Oversight.

"A king," I say to the interested listeners, "is merely an accident of birth, and so is a hod carrier." "Doubtless," puts in the quibbling person, "you are correct, but did it ever occur to you that the parents of the hod carrier never possess an accident policy?" Ere I can frame an answer of sufficient intensioness he has flitted away.

NATURALLY EXCITED.



Mrs. Flyup—Oh! dear! The worst has happened! I'm going home to my mother. Mrs. Dingo—What is it, dear? Mrs. Flyup—Why, my husband was talking in his sleep last night and I heard him say he was going to buy some new ribbons for his typewriter.

That Was All.

"See here," said Col. Winders, angrily, "your reporter promised to print all I said at the banquet last night." "Well?" replied the editor. "Well, he printed only a few lines, although my speech was quite a long effort." "Yes, but you didn't say much."

Willie's Query.

Willie—That's the place where they make rope, ain't it, pa? Pa—Yes, that's the ropewalk. Willie—Oh, is that what you call it? Then the men that work there are rope-walkers, ain't they? Pa—I suppose so. Willie—And when they get drunk are they tight-rope walkers?

An Appropriate Movement.

"Mame Tolliver is a lucky girl. She's going to marry the only son of that millionaire banker who retired from business last year." "She must be ready to dance with joy." "Not exactly. But she's just about ready to do a cakewalk up the aisle."

The Careless Thing.

Doctor Adjutant-Bird—So you have taken the whole bottle, eh? Well, it's very strange that you don't feel better. The Ostrich—Do you know, doctor, it has just occurred to me that I forgot to remove the cork?—Puck.

Some Prizefighters.

Hewitt—Shakespeare says "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Jewett—That was all right in Shakespeare's time, but that was before pugilists began going on the stage.

A Way Out.

"George," the sweet girl pleaded, "you simply must dye your hair." "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Mr. Towhead, her fiancé. "No it isn't. A fortune teller told me to-day I'd marry a dark-haired man."

Had Shown Good Sense.

Hewitt—That rich old fool wouldn't let me marry his daughter. Jewett—Well, he may be rich and old, but he's no fool.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.



So the doctor told you whisky would make you strong. What effect did it have? Well, I bought a barrel of it last month and couldn't hit it. Now I can carry it all over the house.

Easy and Pleasant.

"George says he can't make up his mind what business to take up." "What's he doing?" "Living on his father's." "Well, what's the matter with working at that?"

They Knew Her.

She—They held a mirror over her face to see if she was alive. I don't understand that. He—Why, you see, if she was alive she'd open her eyes and look in it.

Strictly Business.

"Have you observed that man who has been abusing you?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum placidly, "I've been watching him with a great deal of interest. If I wanted anybody abused I don't know but I should hire him in preference to anybody I know of."

As to a Friend.

"Now, his wife was willing to let him go out with the boys one night every week, but he wouldn't go." "He wouldn't go?" "No. He didn't want to spend one night being jollied about the other six."—Puck.

Her One Thought.

He—You've seen the pictures of those great dining halls they had in olden times, with the great mahogany table and— She—Oh, yes; they'd been great for ping-pong, wouldn't they?

His Only Condolence.

Wife—And you have the heart to come home at 4 o'clock in the morning. I'm speechless. Husband—Stay that way.

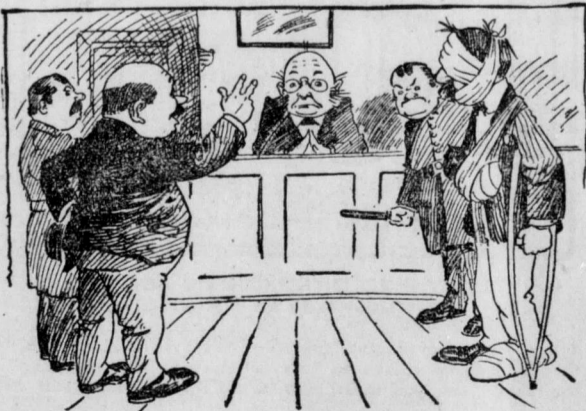
Amusement.

"You say you are making a garden simply for amusement?" "Yes," answered the patient man. "But there isn't any amusement in spading and stooping for hours." "Yes there is. It amuses my wife and children immensely."

Eben's Philosophy.

"When you think about marryin' a man to reform 'im, Miss Lady," remarked Uncle Eben, "remember dis: It's mo'n he'd ebber do foh you."

JUSTIFIED.



Judge—Prisoner, you are charged with having brutally assaulted this man. The Accused—I admit it, your honor, but there were extenuating circumstances. Judge—Of what nature? The Accused—This man asked me if a hen and a half laid an egg and a half, how— Judge—That'll do. Case dismissed.

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