

HIS OFFICE NOT RECOGNIZED.



This man is an officer of the S. P. C. A., but the dog doesn't give a rap for that.

The Clouded Honeymoon.

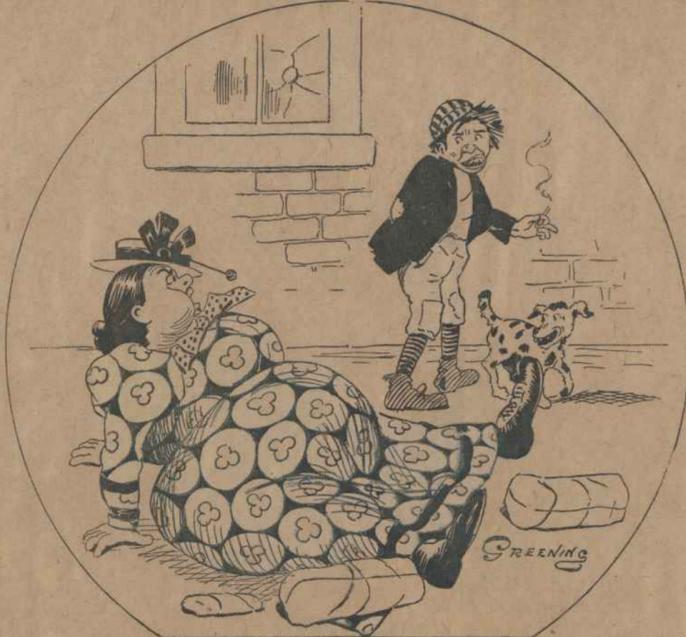
But the bride of a week, and great tears already running down her pale cheeks that once glowed so rosy red. His eyes glared at her with a mad rage in them; the spasmodic workings of his mouth betrayed agitation too great for words, yet but seven short days before had he sworn to love her forever and aye. And still they say marriage is not a failure. Bah! Where is the man in whose breast the fire of love dies not as time goes by? Imploringly she lifts her hands to him, half sinking upon her knees in an attitude of most abject supplication, but she might as well have appealed to the silent Sphinx that gives the "stony glare" to Egypt's arid plains. He beckons her away with stormy gestures, and his fierce, gleaming eyes tell a tale of hate unrelenting.

"Forgive!" she cries wailingly. "No, no!" he sternly replies, gingerly seating himself on the extreme edge of a chair; "it can never be! Patiently did I suffer the wearing of my bicycle trousers, but when you get to leaving hat pins, chewing gum and sharp-pointed vinaigrettes in the pistol pockets, I say that it's time to part."

Philosophy.

When you hear a man talking that every man has his price, you are generally safe in concluding that the speaker is one that is "marked down below cost."

DIDN'T WANT THE CONTRACT.



FAT LADY—Oh, little boy, help me up, please. LITTLE BOY—Aw gowan. I aint no derrick.

HOW THEY'RE DONE. (That is, the Trick and the Public.)



1. "I will first introduce to your notice, gentlemen, the legless man, the most wonderful freak of the nineteenth century." 2. THE FREAK (behind the scenes): "Now, Professor, just another turn and I'll touch the ceiling." 3. "And this, gentlemen, is the tallest giant in the world, obtained by us for this week only at the greatest salary ever given by any museum."

ONE ON THE DUDE.



SMART DUDE—Say, me boy, do you know the wheels of your wagon are going round? BOY—So be the wheels in yer head, see?

Aerial.

As far as his eye could reach there stretched the trackless waste of ice and snow. Around the base of the berg to which his balloon was anchored several Arctic bears played and frolicked, the only living things in sight.

The great explorer wearily scanned the horizon. "It seems a case of bear and forbear," he said sadly. For he knew in his soul it was an old gag. "It is bitter cold, but thank goodness I've got good thick clothing!"

At this juncture some one should have said, "Oh, I don't know; you're not so warm?" But there was no one making funny cracks except the ice, and it wasn't onto it. Just then Andree's companion du voyage appeared from around a crag. "Which pigeon shall I liberate?" he asked, "the old or the young one?"

"The old one, of course," was the answer. "If the other one was caught it would only cause a squabble!"

Forthwith the assistant went off and threw snowballs at himself that fate had ordained him to pass an Arctic night with a man of infinite wit.

Didn't Want 'Em.

HENPECK (scanning the papers)—Every one of these infernal Summer board advertisements says, "all the comforts of home." D—n the comforts of home!"

SWEET NOLA SHANNON.

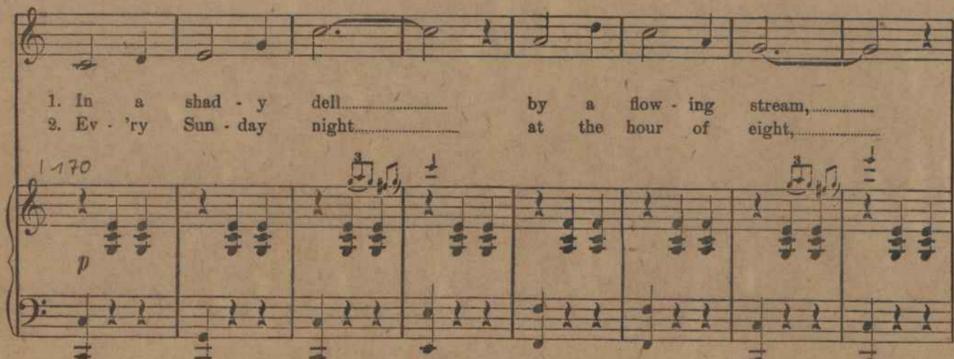
WORDS AND MUSIC BY

W. R. WILLIAMS.

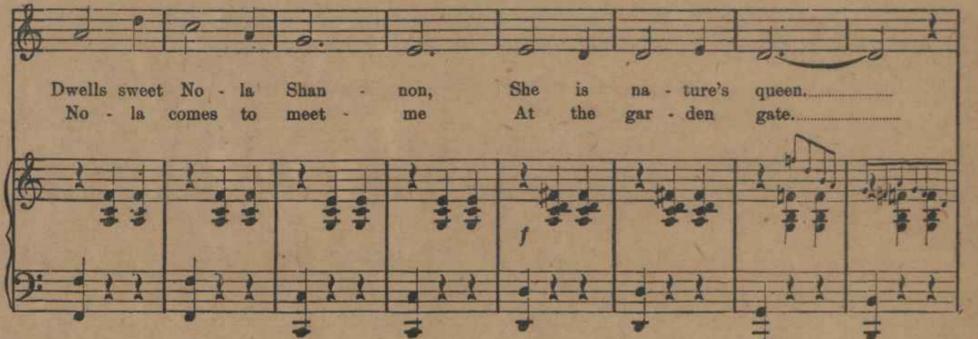
Arr. by WARREN BEEBE.

Tempo di Valse.

AUTHOR OF "Sweet Nellie Bawn," "She's Good Enough for Me," "Somebody's Sweetheart."



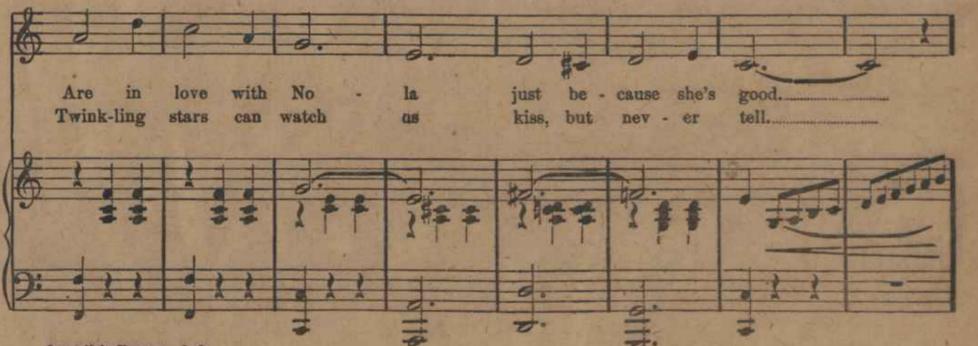
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Dwells sweet No-la Shan-non, She is na-ture's queen. No-la comes to meet-me At the gar-den gate.



All the girls and boys a-round the neigh-bor-hood, Arm in arm we stroll all through the shad-y dell,



Are in love with No-la just be-cause she's good. Twink-ling stars can watch as kiss, but nev-er tell.

Sweet Nola Shannon. 2-3.