JOURNAL KINETOSCOPE

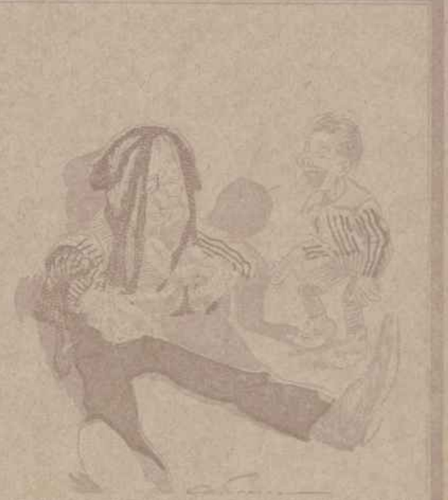
MR. BINKS MAKES SOME OLD-FASHIONED PULL CANDY FOR THE CHILDREN.

1. "Now sit still, Robbie, and I'll show you how to make old-fashioned pull candy."

2. "You pull it like this."

3. "It is a little sticky, but I'll manage it."

4. "Confound the stuff!"



5. "Don't stand there and grin, you little beast! Go and get some oil to help me out of this!"

THE SCHEME THAT GREW.

1. MISTAH JONSING: "Ah'll bet dat mewl wont hang back when dat train pulls out!"

2. "Dat'll teach him a lesson."

3. "Great Kings! He dat rope hand's bu'sted wan'd happened to him?"

His Question.

"It is only the body that they bury, you know," said the Sabbath school teacher, endeavoring to make clear the idea of the immortality of the soul.

"In that so, ma'am?" asked Johnny Thickhead, with lively interest. "What do they do with the head?"

A CATASTROPHE.

1

2

1244

TAKEN AT THE RATE OF A MILLION A MINUTE.

On the Brink of a Tragedy.

It was a dark and stormy night.

There was no mistake about it. Either novelist and the Weather Bureau had begun their deadly work, but this particular one was a corker.

The lightning flashed and the thunder roared just as they do on the stage of the Metropolitan during the opera season, and the effect was terrifying in the extreme.

Two persons there were, however, who paid no heed to the fury of the elements. They were seated in a comfortable parlor, with the light turned down to an extent that would have made the officials of the Gas Trust writhe in anguish. But, although the raging storm failed to sever any frozen water in their vicinity, nevertheless, as the poet says, they had troubles of their own.

The woman's beautiful face was drawn and haggard, and her fingers clenched and unclenched nervously.

The man, as with bated breath he awaited her answer, was evidently in an agony of suspense.

At last she spoke.

"What if I should refuse the kiss you demand?"

"Then," he answered passionately, "you would be that much out."

A moment's reflection convinced her that he spoke the truth, and she wavered no longer.

A Mature Understanding.

LAWYER—Don't that boy too young to understand the nature of an oath?

BOYKIN—Oh, no! he was fighting with his father.

Couldn't Talk.

SHE—Who's that dose-looking individual over there. He hasn't said a word all evening.

HE—I don't know. Likely he is some railroad official or some one who knows absolutely nothing about a bicycle.

How It Happened.

JONES—I hear you were robbed during your stay in the country. How did the scoundrels plan it?

BONES—It was done on the European plan.

A PAINFUL JOB.

BARBER—Buy razor, sir?

VICTIM—If you keep on using that razor you'd better let me have chloroform.

A Constant Victim.

INDIGNANT MAN (dropping into police station)—This is too much! Here, the third time this month, a costly brass sign has been stolen in broad daylight from my office door! Where are our boasted protectors of property?

POLICE CAPTAIN—Sign stolen, three times? From where?

INDIGNANT MAN—Why, from the Sleepless Eye Detective Agency! And we won't stand it much longer!

Dreadful.

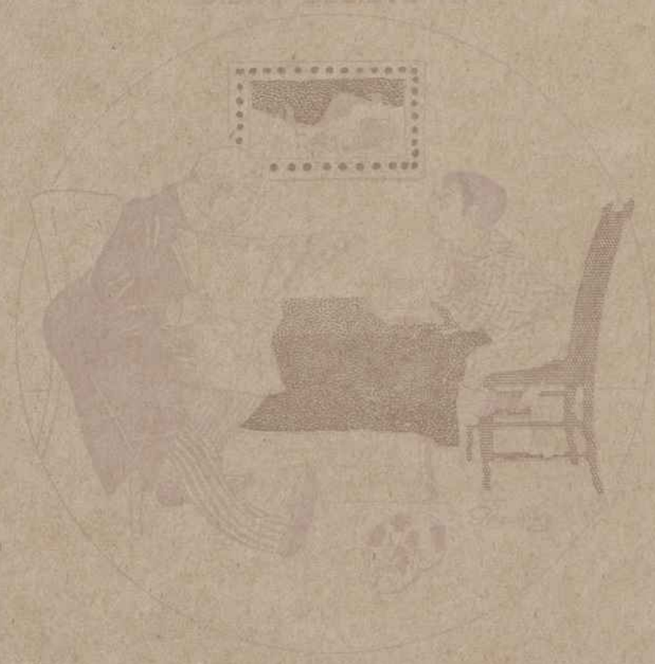
In her prayer did he swear
Vivid the crowding care
Straightway sinner to be rescued,
And to be rescued she sinner?

They Covered Less Ground.

MRS. BENHAM—You used to love the very ground I walked on.

BENHAM—Your feet were smaller then.

DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.



BOBBY (to the man beside the other who feels neglected)—Say, pa, who was Washington's mom did you?

1. Step up, ladies and gents. Only 25 cents!

He Was Frightened.

PENELOPE—So you ask me to marry you? What if I should say "yes"?

TOM BARRY (aside)—But all the fellows assured me that you wouldn't.

Two Sorts of Coals.

"The moonlight is attracting a great deal of attention in the Klondike region."

"Still it can't be anything like the loud which bang around every Saturday night."