

The Mother-in-Law.

A Recitation for the Parlor or Church Sociable.

(To be spoken in a pathetic voice.)
 "A low-down tramp," you say, mum,
 Well, you're right in that, I know;
 But when you have heard my story
 Perhaps you'll not think me so.
 I was not always an outcast—
 No, my father was a gent,
 And when he died he left me
 His fortune—every cent.
 'Twas then I became a husband—
 Aye, the happiest you e'er saw;
 To my present plight, good lady,
 I was brought by my mother-in-law.
 We lived out at Chicago—
 My bride and I—and thrived;
 Yes, we were as happy as pigeons
 Until that "devil" arrived.
 Onerous—well, that doesn't name her;
 Cussed—well, that is mild;
 Devilish—no, she was still worse—
 Why she drove our tomcat wild.
 The darned old "witch," in the morning,
 (She had a throat like a saw),
 Would pour hot oil into her ears
 To lubricate her jaw;
 And then she would start scolding me,
 And heated her temper would wax,
 Till one day I got mad and kicked
 Her where the chicken got the axe.
 Prone on the floor it brought her,
 And she lay still, like one dead.
 I kicked her again—grabbed my savings—
 Then kicked her once more—then I fled.
 I came here to New York City,
 A place where I was unknown,
 And all went well until one day
 I was called up on the telephone.
 "Hello," I answered; "hello there."
 "You white-livered, yellow-skinned pup!"
 'Twas my mother-in-law, and I faltered;
 The receiver I couldn't hang up.
 For seven long hours she fawed me,
 And when I awoke I was wrecked,
 For the telephone girl, smiling, told me
 That the "party" had told her collect.
 It took all my savings, good lady—
 My diamonds, my gold watch and chain.
 Cannot you spare a few pennies
 To help me go slug her again?
 Why—what makes you look so peculiar?
 "You-know-her?" What! Know h-e-r, you do?
 "You know her! What, know h-e-r; you do?
 Great heavens! sweet lady, don't kill me!
 I never dreamed IT WAS YOU!"

Suspicion.

FIRST DEACON—Who is this young man who has applied for membership in the church?
SECOND DEACON—He's a reporter for one of the papers.
FIRST DEACON—H'm! Is he doing this on an assignment?

Evidence Secure.

ETHEL—Papa, is there any harm in kissing?
MR. WOKKEM—Not if the kinetoscope is in position.

In the Night Time.

A dreadful coldness stole over him, chilling him; filling him with wild, indefinable terrors never felt before. It was as if Death's icy hand had been laid upon him, turning his blood to ice and freezing the very marrow in his bones. Bitter winds rose and buffeted him roughly; weird snow men and snow women peered at him from the shadows, and great icicles rapidly forming in the ceiling seemed about to fall and crush him with their frozen weight.

He felt himself slowly congealing, and slapped himself feebly on the breast to restore his dying circulation. Frantically he buried his head in the pillow and drew the covers tight about him in the wild endeavor to shut out the horrors he saw on every side and coax the warmth back to his benumbed limbs.

Opening his eyes, he looked up and saw that the icicle above his head had assumed immense proportions, and was hanging by the merest thread. Even while he looked it fell with an awful crash and roar, striking him square in the head and—

Here he woke up with a knot as big as a hen's egg on his head where he had bumped it against the bed. He knew the cause of his nightmare in a minute.

"Mary," he yelled, "take your feet out of the small of my back at once or you'll regret it! D'ye think I'm a base burner?"

In Soak.

"Is your watch going?"
 "No; it's gone."

A Straight Tip.

"Yes."

It was Mr. Bultosser, the great financial magnate, speaking.

"I am thinking of taking a flyer in"—

He was speaking to a friend, a man almost the power he was himself on a change, and the young broker who overheard him leaned forward to catch his words.

"the Spring."

But a flyer in what? No wonder the young man strained his ears. If he could get a line on old man Bultosser's operations it meant millions for him! But the rest of their conversation was inaudible.

And in the Spring the magnate, as he had referred to his friend, took the flyer. And it was one

of the most palatial airships launched that season. But long before that the young broker had gone broke.

And Burns Them.

HEWITT—Do you have many pies at home?
JEWETT—Yes, my wife has pies to burn.

INNOCENT.



"Say, a'ye git all the steam ye need from that little b'ler?"

HOW THE CAT SAVED THE TRAIN.



1. "Heavens! a broken rail, and the lightning express due!"



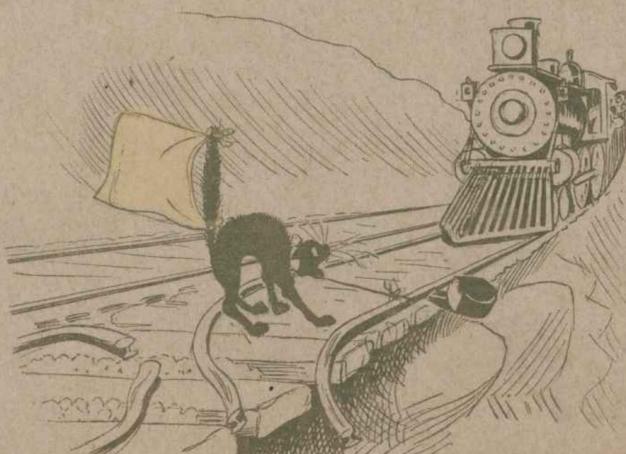
2. "I must go to the station, but"—



3.—"the cat will warn them."



4. When the cat saw the train—



5. —Its tail went up in fright!



6. And the cat lived on cream ever after.

"AND STILL HIS WHISKERS GREW."



1. "Thank heaven, I have reached this corner at last! Now, by applying a little of Dr. Mud's hair grower I will change my appearance so that he"—



2.—"will pass without recognizing me."

The Mistake on the Mustache.

"Forgive me."
 It was the barber who spoke.
 "Why, you didn't jab that brush in my mouth once," said the young man.
 "No, but"—
 "You didn't cut off my ear at all."
 "That is true, sir; however,"—
 "You didn't stick your finger in my eye, not once to-day."
 "I know that; nevertheless"—

"And you haven't told a story since I've been in the room."
 "Just the same"—
 "Well, what have you done?"
 "I grieve to say so," murmured the barber, with the true Oriental politeness of a tonsorialist, "but I have accidentally shaved off half your mustache."
 "Suffering smoke!" gasped the youth. "And this is the fourth time I've tried to raise one." He was deeply moved, but controlled himself by a mighty effort. Anon his old composure returned.
 "Well, that's gone up," he muttered philosophically.
 "Excuse me again," ventured the polite barber, who was a stickler for propriety, "but wouldn't it be more correct to say that it is gone down?"
 Then the youth rose up and slew him.

More Prevalent.
PHYSICIAN—You've heard of the complaint known as housemaid's knee?
FRIEND—Yes, but I know a great deal more about the complaint known as housemaid's nerve.
No Count Need Apply
CHOLLY—I hear Miss Quilly is hunting for a title. I didn't think she was an heiress.
GAWGE—She isn't. She has only written a book, and wants to find a catchy name for it.

HIS BENEFACTOR.



"Where did ye git de butt?"
 "Aw, I got an angel wot gives me all his butts."