

TRUE POLITENESS.

A Wet Blanket.

"Miss Dewdrop," begins the ardent wooer, gently concealing his feet beneath the chair he occupies, "we have been acquainted but a few short weeks, yet when I look at your dear face I can scarcely believe that we have not known each other for a thousand years."

The beautiful Chicago girl does not speak, but blushes with pleasure at the compliment.

Thus encouraged, the suitor proceeds.

"Have you ever known what it is to experience a vague yearning, an intense longing for something which seems far beyond your reach, yet without which you know that you can never have a moment's peace or happiness?"

"It is," he continues, glancing casually at a memorandum on his cuff "as though the whole world and all that it contains were as nothing compared with the satisfaction of the one desire which dominates your very being. Tell me, do you ever feel like that?"

He listens for her answer in an agony of suspense, convinced that the progress of his suit will be revealed by it.

At last it comes.

"No," she murmurs pensively "not while there's any grub in the ice box."

Justice in the Twentieth Century.

The court was crowded to suffocation, many of the women having, as an unusual treat, brought their husbands with them to witness the final stage of the proceedings. For it was at the close of one of the most sensational trials of the century, and the judge was pronouncing sentence.

GOT THERE.



"In Darkest Africa."

"Prisoner at the bar," he sternly began, "for such a crime as yours it is hard to devise a punishment sufficiently severe. Had you been guilty merely of a robbery or a murder you might easily have been fitted with an adequate penalty. But what is imprisonment or death to a man who would deliberately and in cold blood put waste paper in a receptacle intended for garbage?"

The prisoner's face grew slightly pale at this allusion to his offence, but otherwise he maintained the same composure he had shown throughout the trial.

"Yes," continued the judge, "I repeat that one so utterly abandoned to depravity would scorn alike the deepest dungeon and the most ignoble death. The ordinary machinery of the law is powerless to deal with you. You are therefore released and may go free!"

The spectators gasp in astonishment. Yet the prisoner's wonderful self-possession does not desert him. He hardly appears surprised.

"But," concluded His Honor in awful tones, "it is the sentence of the Court that within three months from this date your statue shall be placed in Central Park!"

Then and then only did the prisoner break down, as with streaming eyes and cheeks blanched with horror he piteously implored that he might die in the electric chair.

Power of Words.

The King of Dahomey knit his brows and was at no pains to conceal his anxiety.

"Think you the amazons will obey when we give them the word?" he demanded.

"Possibly, if you make it the last word," answered the chief of staff who had not dwelt with women all these years for nothing.



1. "Madam, you dropped your glove."

2. "Permit me."

3. "Oh, don't mention it!"

The African Method.

JUNGLE JOHORE—Could yer give a poor man that can't get no work to do a little bite to eat?

MRS. TIPPOO TIB—What kind of work do you want to do?

JUNGLE JOHORE—Well, I am a dodo hunter by profession.

PRIVILEGED.

"No," observed the great African explorer, "when all's said and done, there's nothing like civilization. I do not, and never can, Kaffir jungle life."

Had an ordinary man made this remark, he would have been brained on the spot.

A Busy Interior.

"You look ill at ease," remarked the lioness.

"I feel that way," said the man-eating tiger.

"You see, I had a man from Brooklyn for breakfast this morning, and his nerves are so unstrung that I feel as if there were the works of an eight-day clock inside of me."

ruined and bankrupt. My prosperous business of ten thousand customers daily had dwindled down to a hundred, and those all owed me. With rage, I sought my betrayer out, but he had fled, fearing my wrath. I thank heaven for it now, as I would not have men call me murderer. "Then I made close investigation of the trolley line where my ads were placed, and found that—that—(how my reason reels when I think of it! Oh, a thousand curses upon that villain!)—I found that the road ran to and from a blind asylum!"

THE DANCING BEAR'S ESCAPE.



THEIR MAMMA (who has escaped)—Yes, children, it's all right for you little ones to dance, but think of a bear of my age prancing like that fifty times a day!

A Good Thing.

HEWITT—How is that hair restorer?  
JEWETT—Great. My wife can't pull my hair out fast enough to keep up with it.

A Misunderstanding.

CONSOLING FRIEND—Did he leave you much?  
GRIEF-STRIKEN WIDOW (sobbing)—Only once, and then he was glad to come back.

The Criterion.

THE PROFESSOR—Is he so very clever?  
THE BICYCLISTE—Wonderfully so! He can mend any old kind of puncture.

A LIGHT SUBJECT.



1. "May I trouble you for a light?"

2. "Um! Um!!!"

3. "Thank you."  
"Don't mention it!!!"

Lured to Loss.

"Yes," assented the lean and hungry one, shivering and sighing like a flat furnace, "my life is blighted! What was once fresh and green as the young bay tree now lies sere and yellow!"

"Dear me!" muttered the bucolic individual with the ingrown chin. "Tell me about it."

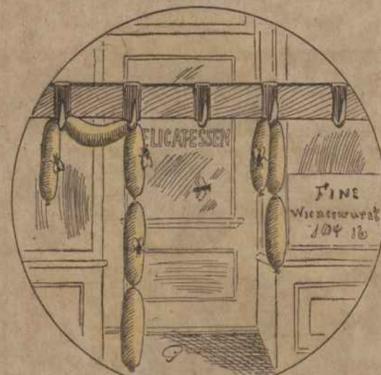
"The tempter was an advertising agent, and with oily tongue he won my confidence. He told me of a trolley line where the cars skimmed gaily along loaded with passengers, and not a single advertisement in any of them. It was the chance of a lifetime, he said, and believing him I withdrew my ads everywhere else and placed them in every car on that road he told me of. "A year passed by, and its ending found me

A Rift Within the Lute.

Their honeymoon was in its zenith, and poured down such a dazzling radiance that outsiders found smoked glasses a positive necessity.

"Dovey, I have been reading a great many horrid, disgusting tales of marital infelicity in the papers of late, nearly all of which arose from

A GOLF TERM.



"On the Links."

trivial little disputes as to whether the husband or the wife should have their way. Now, while of course my little gushy wushy and I love each other too dearly to ever think of quarrelling, I'll settle the matter forever by stating right now that you are to always have your own way."

"Oh, lovey!" she cooed, kissing him three times for luck, "the longer I know you the more I feel that I am unworthy of you. No, no, sweetheart, I am perfectly willing that you should always have your own way."

"No, dearest, you are to have your way!"  
"But, love, I insist that you are to have yours."  
"I demand, life of my life, that you have yours!"

"Hubby mine, didn't you hear me express a desire that you should have your way?"

"And I think, Mrs. Gushley, that I've explicitly stated a thousand times or so that you were to have yours!"

"Mr. Gushley, I reiterate what I have said. You are to have your own!"

"And I assure you that I won't!"

"You will!"  
"I won't!"  
"You will!"  
"Keep calm, Mrs. Gushley, keep calm!"  
"Oh, you brute!"  
"Wow—wow! Stop pulling my hair! Leggo!"  
"Strike me! Strike me again! Oh, but the world shall bear of your brutality!"  
"Tiger cat! And I used to wonder at divorces!"

No Deceit.

BUYER—You deceived me, sir. When I bought this race horse you assured me he was second to none.

DEAREL—That's right, too. He was never better than ninth in his life.