

The Bitterness of Victory.

"THERE is"—
With a pained expression
the British general let his field
glass fall.
—"little glory to be gained by us
here."

Across the plains of Waddi Yehgive-
nuss the dervishes came on in a rolling
ruck of desert dust that enveloped
them completely.

"Yes,"—
The retaker of Khartoom sighed
some more.

"It's magnificent, but it is not
war."

And with a saddened mein he or-
dered the Maxim guns to open fire, for
well he knew that, what with so much
dust kicked up, the kinetoscope pic-
tures would be worthless.

Perfect Impunity.

THIRSTY THORNTON—Dese blind
men have got er snap.

SOILED SAMMY—Dat's so. Dey
don't run no risk when dey looks fer
work.

THE FOOLISH KANGAROO WHO WOULDN'T LOOK BEFORE THE
LION LEAPED.



Fully Provided For.

REMEMBER the dangers you
behave," said the hardy ex-
plorer. "In the regions of the
Pole night lasts for six months at a
time."

"I am fully prepared for all that,"
exclaimed the pale young applicant as
he tapped his luggage significantly.

"I've brought my dress suit with me."
So fully satisfied that he was ready
for any emergencies that might arise,
he sallied away for the glamor of the
Arctic.

Triumph Que Short.

"We're off!"—
As the scissors closed, the Jersey-
man's chin whiskers whooped.

"In a bunch!"
But alas! the barber swept them out-
side against his striped sign, and sadly
they realized they were left at the post.

Both Extremes.

TREMONT—Chicago people go to
extremes.

GOTHAM—You bet! Big heads and
big feet.

NOW THE ORDER OF KONCATENATED KANGAROO KLUBS IS WORKING TO HAVE LEAP-FROG SUPPRESSED ON THE GROUNDS OF BARBARIANISM AND BRUTALITY.

NO BALM IN GILEAD.



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"There's no use in my ever trying to be right!" wearily
sighed the Left Hand Boxing Glove.
"Same way with me!" scowled the Football. "Whatever I
do there's always a kick coming."

Room for Doubt.

DEWTELL—"The Lord giveth and the Lord
taketh away."

DOWNTROD (recently widowed)—Oh, I don't
know about the "giveth."

Non-Rollable.

THE DEALER—Well, who's gwine tuh staht
de game a-rollin'?

THE DUPE—Rollin'? What's de mattah wif
yo', niggah? I t'ought dis wuz a square game!

A CRUEL BLOW.



"I can't get over that unfortunate affair of my brother's," said
the Mosquito sadly. "He won't go South with me this year."
"What about him?" inquired the Cockroach with eager interest.
"He got munched on a farmer's wife in Jersey," replied the
Mosquito with a sigh.

ORIGIN OF THE "BEEN TO THE LODGE" STORY.



SCOLDINA (the wife): "What now, O slave of Bacchus, fool and knave?
Already has the trickling sand marked on the glass's face the silent hour of
four, and cocks crow lustily without. Where hast thou been this night, the
while I vainly sat and watched thy coming?"

TANKARIUS (the husband): "Nay, bear (hic) wish me, sweesh soul o'
mine. The Conclave of (hic) the Grecian Cocktail held long session, and the
hours sped (hic) ere I could away. Thash wot!"

Thoughts of Home.

THE SWEETHEART—And did you sometimes
think of me while at the front?

THE SOLDIER—Yes, whenever they blew the
"call to arms."

New Designation.

"Give me coffee and Hobsons," said the cus-
tomer to the restaurant waiter.

"What are Hobsons?"
"Sinkers, of course."