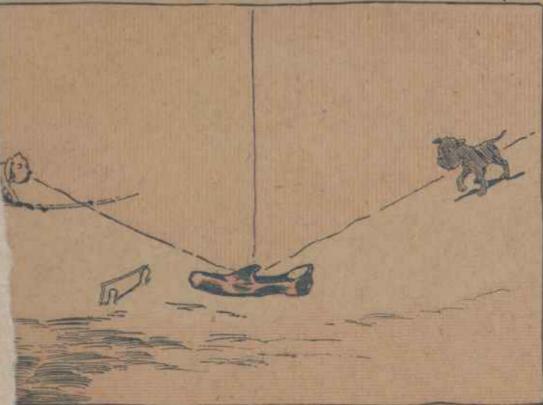


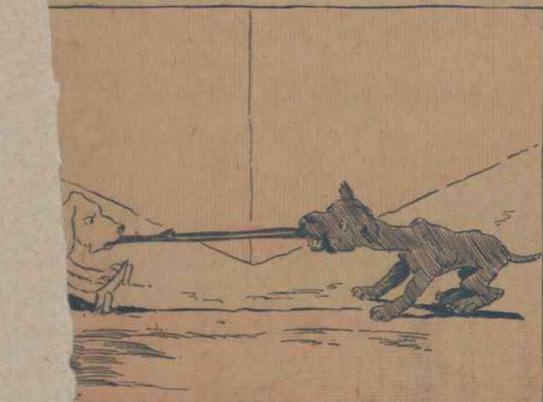
THE RUBBER SHOE AND THE PAIR OF PUPS.



"Gee, there's a bone. I won't let the black fellow get it."



"I grabbed it first, and it's mine."



"No you don't, sonny! Let go your grip!"



There goes the board, but I hang on."



... my nose! I guess I'll retire."



... shoe any way, and the black pup

A Sociable Passenger.

The only person who entered the car when it halted at B— was an excessively stout lady of mature years and florid complexion.

All the other thin people breathed a sigh of relief, when she paused beside the seat in which sat the very slenderest passenger in the car and said, in tones audible the length of the entire train.

"Young man, if you'll move that bag o' yours I'll set beside you. You're kind o' slim and I'm a bit stout, so I guess we'll pair off first-rate."

"I am"—  
"Oh, I don't mean that you're any too thin; you'll fill out as you get older," the stout lady interposed, not permitting her seat-mate to complete the sentence. "You're not more'n twenty or twenty-one, are you?"

"Madam, I"—  
"Oh, I don't mean you'll grow to be too stout. My first husband wa'n't. When him and me was married he was just about your size—you do favor him some, that's a fact. Now my second was thin as a lath, a reg'lar rail; tall, too; but he grew terrible stout; had to have an extry size coffin—at an extry sized price, too. I often tell my girls I'm glad he wa'n't father to any of them—he was their step-father. I can't bear to see a girl too fat, can you?"

"But, madam, you are"—  
"Sho! Don't tell me you're engaged to a fat girl! No wonder you blush. Of course you are not married; you are too young?"

There was no answer to this interrogative remark, so the woman put the question more direct:

"You are not a married man, are you?"

"No, I am not. I"—  
"You'd ought to see my girls. I've got five of the nicest girls in the county. My Marian is just about your age—but no, you wouldn't suit Marian; she don't like men without mustaches, though I dare say you could grow a mustache if you wanted to and"—

"Madam, I must"—  
"Yes, I know they're kind o' out of fashion. There's my Emmy—Lucy is too old for you. Are you goin' to stop in Elmira?"

"Yes, but"—  
"So be it. That's where I live. I'm Mrs. Hoppin, Mrs. Jared Y. Hoppin. Here's my card. My girls make me carry cards wherever I go. You come up and see me this evenin', or any time, and we'll make it real pleasant for you. Emmy sings real nice, and Marian makes all sorts of nice things in her chafing dish. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, you know."

By this time the smiles which she had vaguely noticed on the faces of some of her fellow-travellers had become broader. At her last remark one man laughed aloud. This caused her to cease her incessant flow of words and turn to look at him, which gave her companion time to complete the often begun sentence.

"Madam, I am not a man; you are mistaken."

The stout lady stared at the speaker for a second; then she exclaimed:

"Land be praised! If you aint one o' them new women I've heard tell of: Your shirt front and your soft hat and your coat and your pants—bloomers, I s'pose you call 'em—are enough to fool any one." And she completed her journey in silence.

Electrical Note.  
SHE—What is a non-conductor?  
HE—A motorman.

He Had a New Idea.

The Ponderous One had somehow sifted in past the boy that guarded the door to the sanctum of the long suffering Comic Editor, and that individual became aware of his presence when he coughed.

"Are you the Editor?"

"I am. What can I do for you?"

"Well—er—I—er—have an idea for a funny joke that I suppose could best be presented to your readers in the form of a picture or, it may be, a series of pictures"—

"Got them with you?" asked the Comic Editor curtly.

"Oh, dear, no," said the Ponderous One. "I don't lay any claim to ability as a draughtsman. I merely have ideas, you know. Do you buy them?"

"If they're worth anything. What's your idea? Make it short, please."

"I suppose you're busy. Well, it occurred to me last night as I lay in bed awake—I'm troubled with insomnia—it occurred to me that you might get one of your artists to draw a picture or a sketch (I don't know your technical terms). It needn't be very elaborate, you know; just so that people can see at a glance what is intended"—

"Well, what in plnk tarnation is intended?" asked the Comic Editor, with just a suspicion of temper in his tones.

"Why, I was going on to say," said the Ponderous One, "have him draw a picture of an elephant and then alongside of that have another picture of the same elephant, and then write up some funny pun about his trunk, see?"

The fall of the Ponderous One shook the building.

AT THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.



UNCLE MEDDERS (who has been there all day)—Darned if I see why they call this thing a "variety" show.  
AUNT POLLY—Why so, Silas?  
UNCLE MEDDERS—Gosh all hemlock! Haint you seed it's the same thing over and over again ev'ry couple of hours!

THE MAN FROM OMAHA.



MRS. JACKSON—Look out there, man! Don't you see that river?



MAN—That's all right, kind lady.

The Difference.

He made a careful examination of the '96 and the '97 wheels, marked respectively \$50 and \$100, and could detect no difference between them.

"These wheels seem to be pretty much alike," he remarked to the salesman. "The '97 model has exactly the same kind of frame as the '96 one, hasn't it?"

"Yes," answered the salesman.  
"The tubing is just the same?"  
"It is."  
"There is no difference in the sprocket wheels?"  
"None."  
"The hubs are alike?"  
"Precisely."  
"It is the same chain on both?"  
"Yes."  
"The tires are of the same make?"  
"They are."  
"There is no change in the handle bars this year?"  
"No."  
"And the rims, spokes and pedals are alike in both wheels?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, then, what is the difference between the two wheels?"  
"Fifty dollars."

The Suburban Question.

MR. VILLA—Do the neighbors promise to be desirable acquisitions to the neighborhood?  
MRS. VILLA—Well, I should say. They've got a lawn mower and three wash tubs.

A Good Reason.

HE—Why did you join that woman's secret society?  
SHE—It's emblem makes such a pretty watch charm.

The Manager.

As a musical purveyor  
He failed in every land;  
As he never payed a player,  
Of course he beat the band.

The Jay.

He never can keep out of harm,  
And so is done up brown.  
He raises green goods on his farm  
To buy green goods in town.

COUNTRY LIFE.



CITY MAN—What else do you do beside smoking here?  
COUNTRY MAN—Fill up my pipe occasionally.