



SAY, if yer gets der frozen face. From der chip. Take my tip— Tell her go an' do a chase. Dontcher care!

If a mug yer had sure cinched. Takes a drop— Tells der cop

Yer swiped his roll, an' you get pinched. Dontcher care.

If nuttin' seems yer way ter come 'Cept der blink. An' yer link Der town an' times is on der bum. Dontcher care.

Luck agin yer hard an' st if May reverse— Can't be worse— We've all got troubles, what's der diff? Dontcher care!

FINE OPENING FOR A COLORED MAN.



1—Now, please open your mouth as wide as possible.



2—"All right, boss!"

Neroism Supreme.

He was the lion of the hour. Men pressed upon him their congratulations, and some stood at a distance in awe as if one of the early Valhalla gods had condescended once more to visit earth in fleshy shape. Had a brass band preceded him whithersoever he went he could not have been heralded with greater acclaim, nor had he been a foreign ambassador with his ample front covered with majestic decorations could he have been received with grander eclat. Grandpapas pointed him out to their children's children, and told them that there was, but one thing greater than being President, and that was to be like this hero of the town.

"Ah," passionately exclaimed a beautiful maiden in her opera box one evening, "how could you ever do such a wonderful thing, which puts the glories of Alexander and of Otho the Great to blush?"

The great man could resist no longer. "I will tell you the secret," he said, "but first swear that you will confide it to no human lips."

"I swear!" cried the beautiful maiden. "Then listen!" responded the lion. And there, while the Wagner overture roared the loudest so that it was impossible for eavesdroppers ever to hear, he bent forward so that his lips all but touched the shell-like ear, "I am a reformed high-wayman," he confessed. "For fourteen years I made a practice of stopping two cannon ball express trains a week, so you see, after such training as that—"

"Ah, I see, I see!" she cried. And from that hour she brought up her Sunday school class to follow in his illustrious footsteps, that, after many years' schooling in the gentle art of holding up a lightning express, they, too, might be able to stop a Broadway cable car!

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle." "What's that for?" "Why, then she has two problems to get excited over—how the story will end and how it will begin."

"Awful accident in Brooklyn the other day. Did you hear about it?" said the thin man. "No; did something really happen in Brooklyn? What is it?" "Why, an alarm clock went off the other day and woke four men." "Too bad," said his fat friend. "Any of 'em hurt." "No," answered he who was thin, "but the Brooklyn Mayor arrested the three of 'em for being awake without a license. They paid their fine, turned over and went to sleep again. That's all the Brooklyn news I know." And the thin man walked on.

"She boasted last night that she was worth her weight in gold and cruelly refused to become my 'seventh wife.' The King of Jura Jugg glanced with languid interest at the fair captive, around whom the executioner was piling kindling preparatory to a bonfire. "If she is really worth her weight in gold," and the king chuckled, "I have a deal at stake this morning."

Then, in emulation of Nero, whose exploits had been narrated to him by a missionary, the king called for a violin, and soon his strains reconciled the helpless victim to her awful fate.

"And now—" The India Rubber man extended himself three stories. "For the home stretch." Catching of the window sill he pulled himself in



"It is an ancient cycle-girl. And she stoppeth one of three. "By thy long pink bangs and glittering eye. Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

She holds him with her skinny hand. "There was a wheel," quoth she. "Hold off! unhand me, pink-banged loon! Eftoon her hands dropt she.

The wedding guest sat on a stone; He cannot choose but hear. And thus spake on the ancient girl, As though she didn't care.

"It was a tandem, high-grade wheel. My partner was a jay; He'd lots of rocks down in his socks. And we were blithe and gay.

"The wheel was cheered, the first mile cleared When sadly did we drop. Unto the fact that we were chased, By an angry cycle-cop.

"Nearer and nearer did he come; I thought he'd grab me soon." The wedding-guest here beat his breast For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding guest here beat his breast. He cannot choose but sneer; And thus spake on the ancient one, The girl with the cycle-stare.

"I could not choose but cry aloud, I could not choose but moan, When that young hayseed threw up his hands And dropt down dead as a stone."

"I fear thee ancient bloomer-girl, I fear thy grimy hand." "Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest, For it is only tanned.

"And I had killed that bloomin' jay And it would work me woe. They all averred I'd kill the bird That made the wind to blow."

The cycle-girl whose eye is bright, Whose hair is very red, Is gone, and now the wedding-guest, Turned on his wheel and fled.

"God helps those"— The prudent business man carefully emptied two packages of tacks over a large area of asphalt. "who help themselves." He strewed the fragments of a beer bottle along the roadway and then retired to his bicycle repair shop to wait for custom.

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SOUND.



1—What you think the people in the flat are doing.

His Trouble. The poet sat in his study uncombing his hair with his fingers. Before him lay a sheet of paper which he studied with muttered imprecations. "The trouble I have," he said, "with other difficulties is as naught compared— He paused and jotted down a few figures. —"with those that I experience." The gas man shifted his weight to the other foot and waited patiently. —"with my metres. I think I shall buy mid-night oil after this." There are metres and meters.

Too Heavy For That. BENHAM—What are you doing? MRS. BENHAM—Making angel cakes. BENHAM—I wish it would take wings.

The Old Story.

Between the two a cloud had come. At first, no bigger than a man's hand, it had grown until now it resembled an ice bill in August. He tried to avoid it, to tell himself that it was but imagination, and would pass away; but it was useless.

Between the two a cloud had come. "Margaret," he said at last, as he arose from his chair and moved around to the other side of the table, "Margaret, unless you can find it in your heart—"

He choked and placed his hand over his lungs as if in mortal agony. —"to give up!"

She glanced at him inquiringly and blew a bit of ashes from her finger. —"those tea cigarettes and get back to plain tobacco I shall get a divorce. This is final."

With a merry laugh she turned on the electric fan and opened the window. Ten seconds later the cloud had been dispelled.

Was a Monopolist

"Xantippe, dear," said Socrates, "there is a large, rectangular rent in my roof. I wish you would mend it while I polish off the impromptu remarks which I shall make after the banquet to-night."

Xantippe remained as quiet as though her maid were curling her hair with an iron that she feared was too hot. "It is the duty of a wife to look after her husband's ailments," said Socrates. "Are you going to repair the damage done by that projecting nail in the cellar stairway?"

"No!" replied Xantippe, carelessly. Then she added, as he noted the look of surprise and pain on her husband's handsome face, "I do not look upon marriage as a labor union, nor do I believe in such organizations, anyway. So there, now."

Socrates was a wise man, so he said no more.

He Reads the Papers.

"You were caught while ransacking the bureau drawers in a residence," said the Judge sternly. "What have you got to say?"

"Your Honor," answered the prisoner, "I admit that appearances are against me, but I will tell you the truth. I am a novelist, and was simply studying life for a forthcoming realistic story."

Testimony.

"So you believe that thirteen is an unlucky number?" "Of course; when a thing costs twelve and a half cents the other fellow always gets the thirteen cents, doesn't he?"

A Woman's Way.

In the high-priced stores she struts about. Seans bonnets from bottom to top; Then goes to buy—till her cash gives out— At a little, old back street shop.

Testimony.

"So you believe that thirteen is an unlucky number?" "Of course; when a thing costs twelve and a half cents the other fellow always gets the thirteen cents, doesn't he?"

Papa's Scheme.

"And will you marry her without my consent?" inquired the stern father. "I—I guess—I think so, sir," said the trembling suitor. "Then I shall never consent," declared the old man. "I do not want such an obstinate non-in-law." And then he added to himself, "I have saved the expense of a wedding as well as a wedding present."

"You are the only girl I ever loved." "Don't throw it in my face."



OUT FOR THE DUST. Driven by Hunger.

She decided that she must take in washing. Her better half had been killed by a cable car, and his remains accorded a hasty burial, some months ago.

Billy had been always with her up to his lamented death, and the two had been practically inseparable. Poor Billy! She mourned him with hot, bitter tears. She got no insurance, of course. So it came that she had to take in washing. The owner of the washing didn't like it a little bit, though, and swore he would shoot that infernal nanny goat the very first time he got a chance.

NO MIND READER.



TOURIST—How long will it take me to reach the ferry, me good man? POLICEMAN—I ain't no mind reader. I'm a policeman.

How He Won her. He wished to win her love, but how? A novel plan presented itself to him. He bought her a pair of bronze fairy slippers—size 2 1/2—and presented her with them. As they were three sizes too large, he won in a walk.

Knew His Rights.

"Now tell us, Mr. Snowball," said the prosecuting attorney, "whether or not you stole the chickens in question?" "No, sah," replied the dorky. "Dis yeah chile down had ter discriminate hisself."



BRUT IN HUMAN FORM.



2—But this is what it really is.