TOO BAD.

She—They threw old shoes at the bride and groom.
He—For luck, eh?
She—It was unlucky for the groom. A boot struck him on the head and laid him up for ten days in a hospital.

Weary—Now I knows wot a "philantropist" is! It's a geezer wot'll endow libraries an' turn a fellow down on a cheese sandwich touch!

ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.

Soubrette—I saw an automobile yesterday run over a cat and kill it.
Comedian—Serious. Nine lives lost.

EVIDENTLY HAD COMPANY.

I had a full house last night.
I thought you couldn't tell one card from another.
I can't; but I know how many people it takes to fill a flat.

THE "CLIMB IT."

First Bear—Did you see those two fellows go up that tree? Gee, I bet they're sore.
Second Bear—They ought not to be, didn't they say they came out here for the climb it.

"Ah wants dat Mr. Brown 'rested—he done threaten ma life——"
How's that?"
"He done say, dat he am goin' to shoot de nixt niggah he cotches in his chicken coop——"

FIND THE ASSASSIN.

AS A SPECIAL FAVOR.

"In case Oyama and Linevitch had had a great battle, which do you think would have won?" he asked of the man in the car beside him, who had been reading his newspaper for the last 10 minutes.

"That, sir, is a question not to be lightly answered," was the reply. "What line of business are you in?"

"I am a dyer and cleaner, sir."

"Ah, just so. I am in the baking powder business. I sell to grocers exclusively, and I can say without fear or

"Until I had a chance to wear them on a wet day."

dispute that it is the best baking powder in the market today."

"But what has that got to do with answering my question?"

"Merely this, sir. Had you been a grocer I should have been chary of stating my opinion, as I use all my customers alike, no matter what their nationality, but as you are a dyer and cleaner, and as it would be in vain for me to solicit an order, while at the same time I want a pair of pants dyed and pressed, I will, as a special favor to you, say that in the event of another battle I think—"

"You think what?"

"I think, sir, that it would have been a struggle between giants, and that victory would have wavered in the balance until those pants were sent home and I had a chance to wear them on a wet day and see whether the dye was fast color or not."

HIS BROTHER SAM.

"Do I understand that you have been out in Texas hunting for a lost brother?" asked the old lady of the young man who had been talking to the people in the seats ahead of her.

"Yes'm," was the reply.

"Couldn't you find no trace of him?"

"Not a trace, ma'am. All the information I could get was that he sat in the parlor of a hotel holding a girl on his lap, when a cyclone struck the building

"With her sittin' on his lap with her arm around his neck."

and wiped it off the face of the earth. Whether my brother Sam and the girl went together, or whether they were separated and died apart, is something we may never know. With her sitting on his lap and her arm around his neck, how do you suppose it would be?"

"Young man," replied the old lady as she took a deep breath, "I'm not here to do any supposing. If I was I'd suppose that you were a vulgar-minded and mighty cheeky young man, and I'd break this umbrella all to pieces over your red head!"

HE TOOK IT BACK.

I was in the village general store, when a farmer drove up and entered with a package in his hand and said to the proprietor:

"Look a-here, Lem, you sold me half a pound of tea in this package the other day."

"Well?"

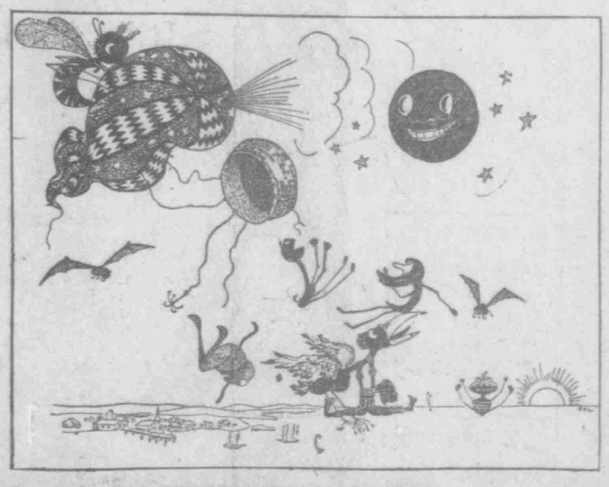
"Well, I want you to look at it. I think there is some mistake. There's oats and

"There's oats and hayseed and shingle nails in this."

hayseed and shingle nails in this, and I don't see where the tea comes in."

It was a paper box package, and the merchant opened it and spent two minutes investigating the contents. Then he turned to the customer and said:

"There is a mistake, Bill. These are horse powders instead of tea, but you must excuse me for saying that you are a mighty particular man that you couldn't use 'em for tea, instead of coming back here and putting me to all this trouble."



A CELESTIAL VOYAGE (Continued).

But ere they reached the smiling moon,
The Skeeterbee, who flieth wide,
Drew near, observed the big balloon,
And plunged his stinger in its side.
The gas rushed out with frightful roar,
The great balloon, which ceased to soar,
Down, down, down, down, began to glide.
Had not the Wah-Woo chanced that way,
They would not be alive today.

IT STILL PURSUES.

He had asked a pedestrian for 10 cents for lodgings and been turned down, when he turned away with a muttered:

"Just my luck! I wonder if it will ever change?"

"What about luck?" queried the pedestrian as he suddenly became interested.

"There's none at all for me. If there had been I'd be able now to buy out half this town."

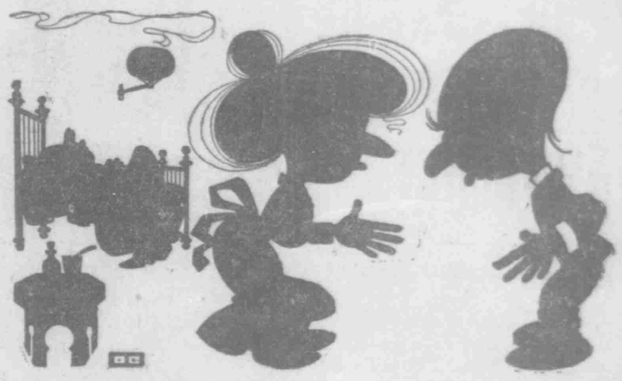
"So you missed something great?"

"I should remark! You knew, didn't you, that the Japs hung out for a long time for $600,000,000 indemnity?"

"Yes, I read of it."

"Well, they didn't get it, and that's where my confounded luck comes in. If they had I was already to strike them for half of it, and I'd have got it and been wearing a sable overcoat and diamonds as big as hazle nuts this winter. Ho-hum. What's the use of lying awake nights and planning what you'll do with 10 or 12 steamships when you get 'em?"

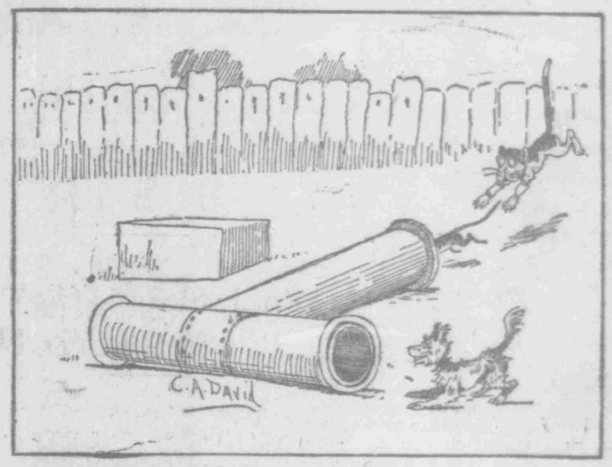
"Just my luck! I wonder if it'll ever change?"



A KNOCKOUT BLOW.

Mrs. Jonson—My husband wants to sleep all the time.
Dr. Chargem Well—When he gets my bill he'll open his eyes.

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.



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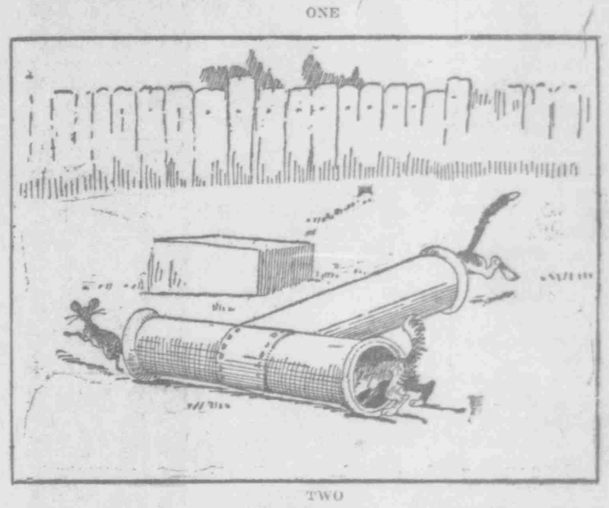

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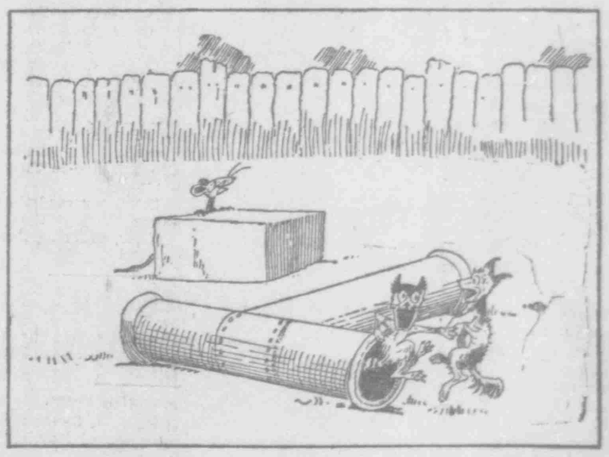

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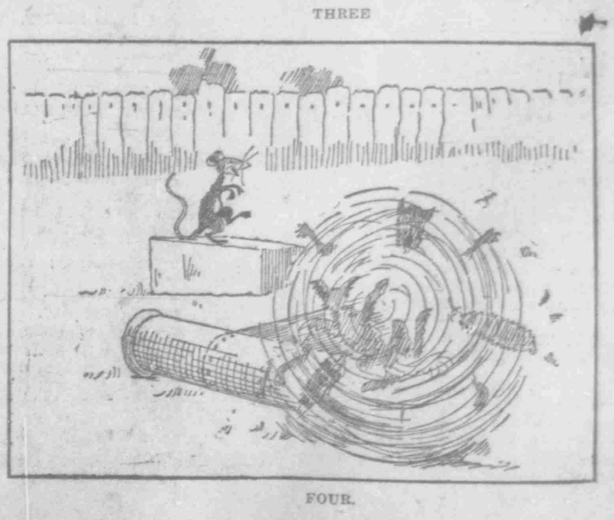

FOUR.