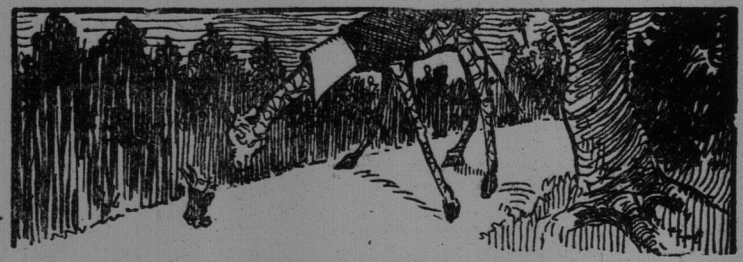


# THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT

One day the Hare and the Giraffe met on one of the paths in the forest, and they had scarcely saluted each other when the Hare complained:

"I just saw the Fox taking his morning walk, and such a tail as he carried behind him! Dear me, but how unkind nature was to the Hare! If I had a brush like Reynard I should be one of the happiest animals in the world."



Met in the path.

"And get on to the man over there!" replied the Giraffe. "When he has walked until he is weary he can sit down on a log and look just as graceful as when on foot. If I should attempt to sit down and cross my legs and smoke a nickel pipe every animal in the forest would get up and howl in ridicule."

"Yes, things are wrong," mournfully observed the Hare, "and I move that we call a public meeting and—"

At that moment there was a great commotion at a point not far away, and it was soon learned that the Fox had caught his tail in a trap as he sniggered. The Giraffe was about to remark that the Hare would not have been caught in the trap, when a man who had just sat down to rest and smoke sprang up with:

"Whoop! By the great horn spoon, but I must have sat down on at least half a bushel of 'em, and by tomorrow I won't be able to get out of bed!"

Moral: "If you had been provided with a long, bushy tail like the Fox's," remarked the Giraffe to the Hare, "you would now be in the hands of the hunter."

"And if it had been possible for you to sit down on a log," replied the Hare, "you would be now dusting for the nearest drug store for a remedy for horse stings. That chap hit about 15 of 'em in a bunch, and all of 'em got mad at the same time."

JOE KERR.



Soubrette—If I told you that a millo naire once said I was the apple of his eye, what would you say?

Comedian—I should say he was a poor judge of fruit.

# HE RAN FOR OFFICE

"No, I am not a fugitive from justice, and the sight of a policeman does not give me a chill," said the steady and honest-looking old man on the rear platform of the street car. "I am headed for the country to hide myself for a month, but there is no crime connected with it. I simply ran for office."

"Oh, I see," replied the other.

"Yes, I ran. They wanted me for sheriff of the county. They came to me by the dozen to say that I was honest and would make a good man for the place and that the opposition couldn't say a word against me. When they had made me believe that it was my duty I accepted the nomination."

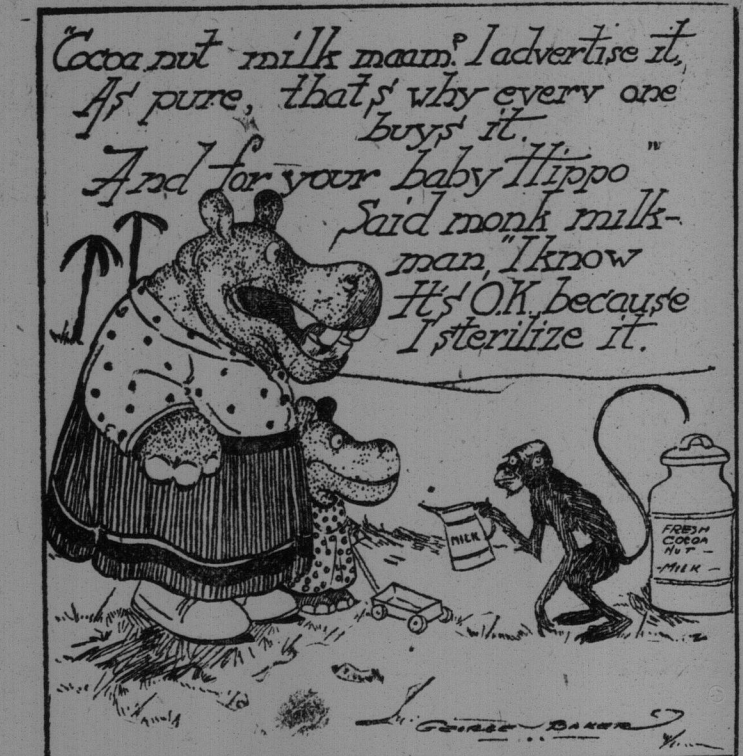
"And your majority was—"

"Nix. I am supposed to be snowed under about 10 feet deep."

"But how did it happen?"

"Oh, easy enough. The opposition that couldn't say a word against me announced: 'That I stole sheep.' 'That I embezzled money.' 'That I was down on education.' 'That I once robbed a widow.' 'That I burned a barn to get the insurance.' 'That I beat my children and kicked my wife.' 'That I was a turncoat in politics and a liar in business.' 'That I crippled a man in Maine and murdered one in California. All this and more was urged against me and I was wiped off the face of the earth, as it were, and, as I said, I am retiring to the country to think things over and get a fresh introduction to myself. After 15 or 20 days I shall perhaps have the nerve to come back and face my family grocer, who has been giving me 14 ounces for a pound the last two years, but cut me dead before the campaign had fairly started."

JOE KERR.



Coca not milk man, I advertise it, it's pure, that's why every one buys it.

And for your baby Hippo said mope milk-man, I know it's OK, because I sterilize it.

First Crackman—Hee thinkin' of gittin' out of de business.

Second Crackman—Vot's de trouble?

First Crackman—Cause we has ter work in de night and look out fer de police and here's dose bank and trust company presidents gits more an' we does an' nobody watch dem.



# Lazy Season

The book of nature I would read  
And get a lesson from each tree.  
I always wait, however, till  
Kind autumn turns the leaves for me.



CHESTNUTTING.

Reggie—I'd climb that tree and get you some chestnuts, but I might break a limb.

Myrtle—Oh, that won't matter. The tree isn't good.

# Saving the Country

"I was up in Maine, visiting an uncle of mine when the fall election came off," said the Boston drummer. "He lived two miles from the village, and a day or two before the election he told me that he wasn't going to bother about it. We were digging potatoes when a man he knew drove up with a buggy and wanted to take Uncle Eliakim to the polls, but he refused to go. In about half an hour a second man drove up for the same purpose, and before noon a third. We had just eaten dinner when the fourth man came."

"Look a-here, Mr. Williams," he said, "we want every voter out today. The country hasn't been in such danger for a hundred years. If you love America you will come along and cast your vote."

"I love her, of course," replied Uncle Eliakim as he straightened up to rest his back, "but I can't spare the time to go and vote. We are in for a change of weather and I must get these 'aters dug."

"He refused to go, and along came another man and yet another. He was told over and over that his vote alone could save America, and about 2 o'clock he began to get restless. He finally harnessed the horse to the buckboard and said to me:

"Git in. If I've got to save this blasted kentry then I have, and the sooner I do it the better."

"I got in and he put the gad on the horse and galloped the poor old animal every step of the way into town without saying another word. We drew up at the polling place and he jumped down and grabbed a ticket and voted it, and as he climbed back into the vehicle he wiped his perspiring face and exclaimed:

"There she is, and if the old kentry hain't saved then she kin go to gruel!"

JOE KERR.



# THE POET'S PANACEA

When on the skin I slapt  
My hopes were all undaht,  
Although my trousers ript  
Yet were my dreams unchast;  
I was uncrusht  
And so I gush't—  
My ode had just been casht,

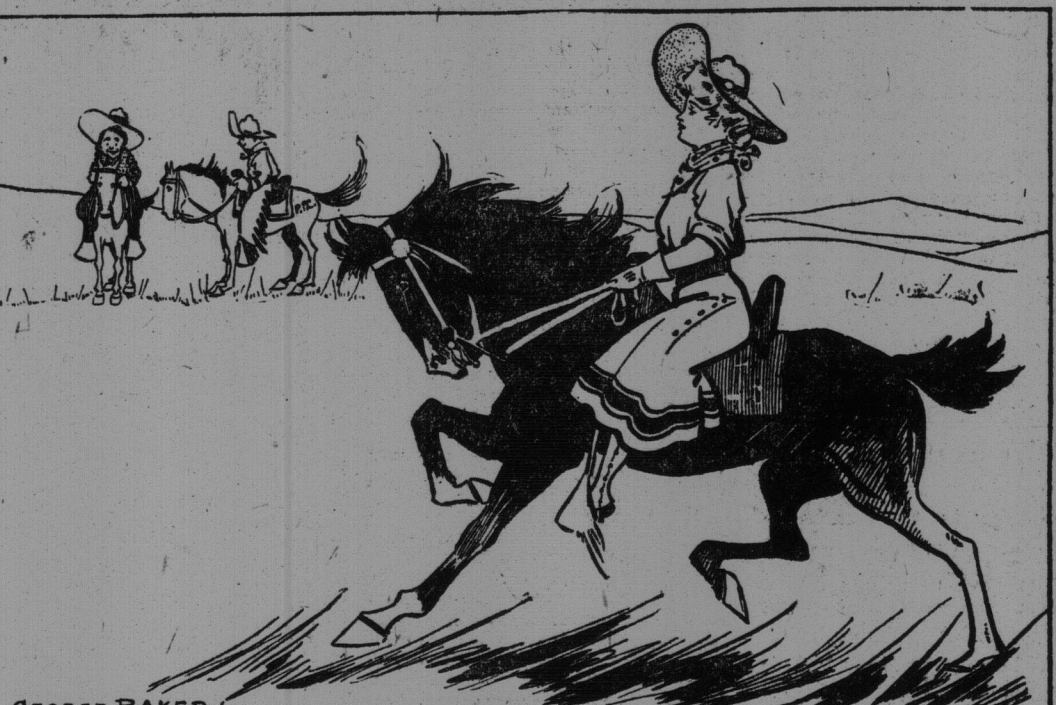


HASTY ASCENT.

Bronson—Reggy has more sense than I gave him credit for. He is preparing to hunt moose in the Adirondacks.

Dobbins—Learning to shoot, eh?

Bronson—No; learning to climb. He expects to be treed.



A NATURAL QUESTION.

First Cowpuncher—Does she know a nything about hosses?

Second Cowpuncher—Wal, the other day she asked me if we fed our hosses horse-radish.

# THERE IS A CHANGE

"All this talk about the life insurance companies might have grown stale except for one thing," said the man on the suburban car who had just been consulting his memorandum book. "I refer to the life insurance canvasser. There was a time when an average of five per day called on me at my house or office, and they were the hardest men in the world to get rid of. It has been two whole months now since I have seen one, and he didn't have a bit of the old-time gall about him. He came into the office so quiet and humble that I thought he wanted a place as gardener. When I asked his business he fidgeted around for a spell and then replied:

"Mr. Blank, do you believe in life insurance?"

"Under certain conditions, yes."

"I am an agent for the Blank Life Insurance Company. If that company could show that it had been honest—"

"Yes."

"Had been honest and straight, and its president hadn't been paid a salary four times too large—"

"Yes."

"And he hadn't wrung all his relatives into a good thing and paid them double what they were worth—"

"I see."

"And all the company losses had been promptly paid, and its spare money invested in the safest and best way—"

"Yes, yes."

"And if everything was running all right and would continue to run all right, and you got a low rate and was perfectly satisfied, would you consider taking out a small policy with us and thus secure our eternal gratitude and good will?"

"I told the man I would think of it, and I didn't have to add that it was my busy day. He got out of his own accord, and I presume the smile didn't come off for a whole day."

JOE KERR.



Wearry—Well, we've got wireless to scraggy and am am am powder and sick, but tank goodness chainless bulldogs ain't hit us yet!

# THE KICKER

"Last summer, when I got my two weeks off," said the salesman, "I went him down to some one thing but could to a resort on the Connecticut shore. It was moderate, the hotel cleaner than a pin and such meals I never ate before. The service was good, the beds fine and I just sat down and wondered how the hotel man could do it. Even the flies and mosquitoes had a hint to keep away and leave us in comfort. Kick? Why, I'd have soon thought of kicking against the Waldo's As of as at 30 cents a day."

"And what happened?" was asked.

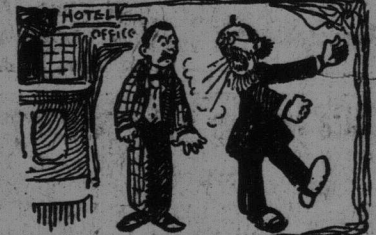
"Well, after the third day a nice looking old chap arrived, and somehow I set him down as a kicker. He waited just one day and then he called me aside and opened out. He just cussed high and low and tore things to pieces. When I could get in a word edgewise I spoke of the meals and the service and the beds, but he went off with more cusswords. Then I referred to the cheap prices and the free boating at night, and he fairly howled as he jumped up and down. I tried to pin him down to some one thing but could not. When he had given the manager a awful blowing up and left the hotel I lunged into the office and queried:

"Kicking, was he?"

"Yes, rather that way," was the reply.

"But what about?"

"Oh, because we didn't ask a blessing at the meals and have family prayers and fishing, and he fairly howled as he



Grace—George says in this letter that I'm the only girl he ever loved. Should I believe him or not?

Gertrude—I would. I know I always used to believe it when he told me the same thing.

