

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...



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..."



Soubrette—If I told you that a milbo natre base 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...



"Yes, I am not a fugitive from justice," "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..."

Coca nut milk man, I advertise it, it's pure, that's why every one buys it. And for your baby Hippo, said 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...



Bazy 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..."



THE POET'S PANACEA

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



HASTY ASCENT. Bronson—Reggie 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 tired.



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...



JOE KERR.



Wearry—Well, we're gettin' wireless to scraprap and ammos powder and sich, but tank goodness chainless bulldogs ain't hit us yet!

THE KICKER

"Last summer, when I got my two jumped up and down. I tried to pin weeks off," said the salesman, "I went him down to some one thing but couldn't to a resort on the Connecticut shore. It. When he had given the manager Say, now, but it was great. The price an awful blowing up and left the hotel was moderate, the hotel cleaner than a I lunged into the office and queried: "Kicking, was he?" "Yes, rather that way," was the reply.



JOE KERR.



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.



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