



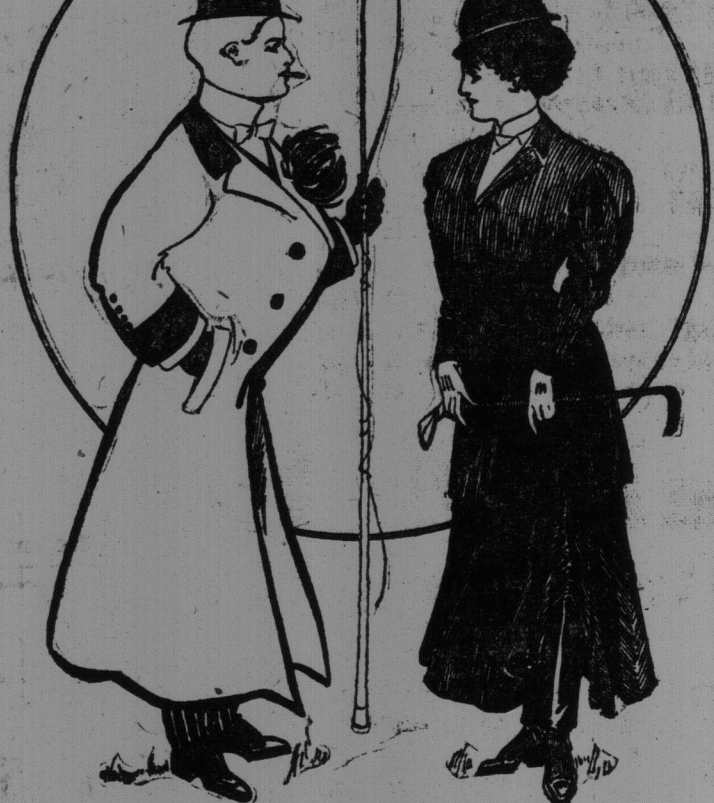
DEW AND DUE.
Harduppo—I told the florist to be sure and send flowers that were fresh. Was there any dew on them?
Miss Ritchie—Yes. The florist's boy when he brought them said something about a good deal on them being dew.

A COLD FLIGHT
If a policeman with a dark lantern had looked into the eyes of Trevanue Smith as he ascended the marble steps of the Smith mansion he would have seen a dangerous glint.
If Arabella Smith, as she came forward with a smile on her face to receive him, had looked at his ears she would have seen a nervous twitching.
If old Smith himself had been at home



papa might wotop him at poker, and she innocently thought that such things could go on forever. They could not. Trevanue had twinged the racket at last and determined on revenge.
They reached the park. They sat down beside the lake and fastened on their skates. For a moment she laid her golden hair on his shoulder, and he answered her by saying:
"Come, darling and glide with me."

Together they glid. Slowly, but surely like a hog crawling through a garden fence. He led her towards the spot where he had sprinkled salt two hours before. There was no mistrust in her heart. She was suddenly flashed from his eyes, he gave her a twitch and a fling, and an instant later the ice gave way under her weight and she went to the bottom of the lake like a \$10,000 bag of gold.
She is there yet, and there I shall let her remain until I get time to go fishing.
JOE KERR.



THE WAY HE VIEWED IT.
Bessie—Well, you went to the horse show?
Bertie—You bet I did.
What do you think of it?
Bertie—Trottest women in the country!



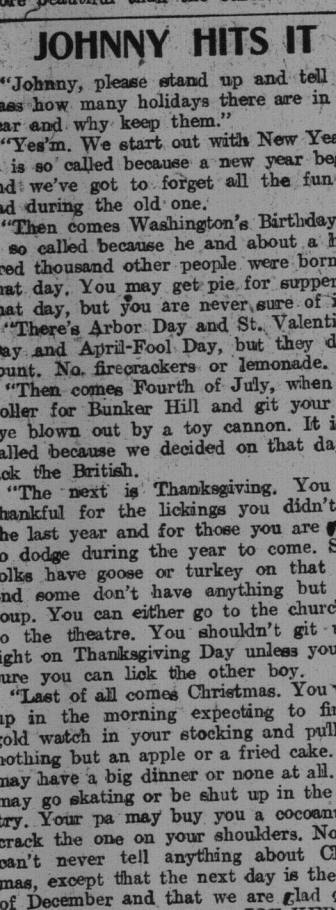
First Beg—What's that? A graveyard? And are those tombstones?
Second Beg—Yes, and each one of them should read "At Rest at Last."



THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.
When the hunter comes home from the hill
He may not have much in his bag.
But then it's quite certain he will
Be strong as of old in his brag.



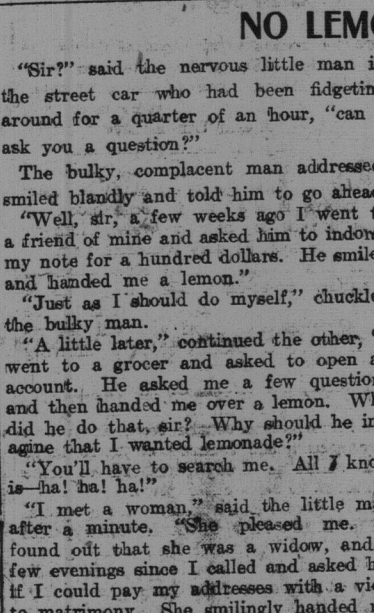
RECOVERED HIMSELF.
Edward (absently)—Your eyes don't match.
Miss Millions (an heiress, but ugly)—What do you mean?
Edward—Why, er—er—one of them is more beautiful than the other.



JOHNNY HITS IT
"Johnny, please stand up and tell the class how many holidays there are in the year and why keep them."
"Yes'm. We start out with New Year's. It is so called because a new year begins and we've got to forget all the fun we had during the old one."
"Then comes Washington's Birthday. It is so called because he and about a hundred thousand other people were born on that day. You may get pie for supper on that day, but you are never sure of it."
"There's Arbor Day and St. Valentine's Day and April-Fool Day, but they don't count. No fireworks or lemonade."
"Then comes Fourth of July, when you holler for Bunker Hill and get your left eye blown out by a toy cannon. It is so called because we decided on that day to lick the British."
"The next is Thanksgiving. You are thankful for the Indians you didn't get the last year and for those you are going to dodge during the year to come. Some folks have goose or turkey on that day, and some don't have anything but thin soup. You can either go to the church or to the theatre. You shouldn't get up a fight on Thanksgiving Day unless you are sure you can lick the other boy."
"Last of all comes Christmas. You wake up in the morning expecting to find a gold watch in your stocking and pull out nothing but an apple or a fried cake. You may have a big dinner or none at all. You may go skating or be shut up in the pantry. Your pa may buy you a coconut or crack the one on your shoulders. Nobody can't never tell anything about Christmas, except that the next day is the 26th of December and that we are glad of it."
JOE KERR.



POOR MOTHER-IN-LAW.
Tom courted this gam of a girl.
He told her that she was his pearl;
But when they were married
Her ma came and tarried.
Though he didn't like mother of pearl.



NO LEMON IN HIS
"Sir?" said the nervous little man in the street car who had been fidgeting around for a quarter of an hour, "can I ask you a question?"
The bulky, complacent man addressed, smiled blandly and told him to go ahead.
"Well, sir, a few weeks ago I went to a friend of mine and asked him to indorse my note for a hundred dollars. He smiled and handed me a lemon."
"Just as I should do myself," chuckled the bulky man.
"A little later," continued the other, "I went to a grocer and asked to open an account. He asked me a few questions and then handed me over a lemon. Why did he do that, sir? Why should he imagine that I wanted lemonade?"
"You'll have to search me. All I know is—that he's a ha!"
"I met a woman," said the little man after a minute. "She pleased me. I found out that she was a widow, and a few evenings since I called and asked her if I could pay my addressee with a view to matrimony. She smilingly handed me a lemon. Why did she do it? What's the matter with the lemon crop? Why shouldn't they have handed me out an orange instead of a lemon? Why, sir—"



EXPOSED.
Helen—Miss Brillant caught a terrible cold at the ball the other night.
Grace—I thought she was very imprudent; she wore only half of her usual amount of jewels.



IN BIBLE TIMES.
"It's a pretty young fellow to hold such a responsible position."
"Yes; he can't be a day over 200."



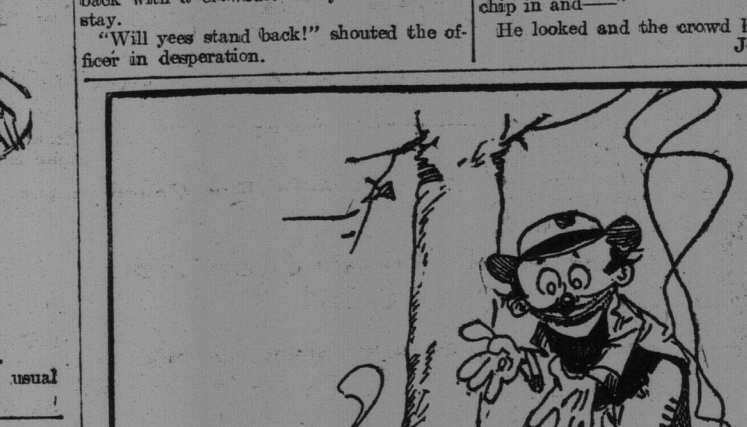
JUST LIKE A WOMAN.
Hubby (shivering)—It is bitter cold. Why don't you button up you jacket?
Wife—The idea! Why, if I did that no one would know it is lined with fur.

IT WAS TRUE
Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had as a fellow-passenger a man worth at least \$20,000,000. When the opportunity came I made inquiry of the porter of my car and he explained:
"Dat's what dey says, sah, but you can't allus dan tell. He's in de next cah, sah, but I can't say how much he am worth 'till in de mornin'." Maybe he's worth \$20,000,000, and maybe he ain't worth a hundred.
After breakfast next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment, and with a broad smile on his face he said:
"Dat story am all true, sah."
"Then the man is worth \$20,000,000, is he?"
"All dat and mebbe a heap mo'." Yes, sah, dar's no mistake about dat."
"But how did you find out? I don't suppose you asked him how much he was worth."
"No, sah. I dun found out by de odder 'olter, sah. De millionaire has just got him 10 cents fur brushin' him off, while everybody else has come down wid at least a quarter!"
JOE KERR.



REGULAR COMPANY.
Floorwalker—Is anybody waiting on you, miss?
Kittie Clover—Waal, I radder reckon there be! Timothy Clover's been my steady fer more than three years.

THEN IT DISOLVED
An automobile running through the crowded street at a gait of thirty miles an hour, and sorry that it couldn't make it sixty, had struck a young man and flung him thirty feet and left him senseless and with a broken leg on the pavement.
The usual crowd gathered.
The usual policeman was on hand.
The usual 500 men and women jammed and pushed and elbowed to touch the victim with their toes.
"Stand back and give him air!" shouted the policeman as he waved his club.
All crowded forward an inch or two further.
"Stand back and let the ambulance doctor in!"
No foot moved.
"If you don't stand back I'll club some of yess!"
Not one of them could have been pried back with a crowbar. They had come to stay.
"Will yess stand back!" shouted the officer in desperation.



WORSE THAN BULLETS.
Dusty—Say, Ruggles, did yee ever read about dem brave generals wot got ind a regular shower of bullets?
Ruggles—Heh! dat's nothin' wid gittin' mixed up wid a shower bath.

