

AN EXCEPTIONAL HUSBAND.

MRS. MCCORKLE (waking up as the clock strikes "one"): There, I hear John's night-key in the lock, and he needn't try to fool me about what time he got in. (Goes to sleep again.)

MRS. MCCORKLE (at breakfast): John, what time did you get home last night?

MR. MCCORKLE: It must have been about one. I left the club at 12:30.

BUT HE COMES OUT ALL RIGHT.

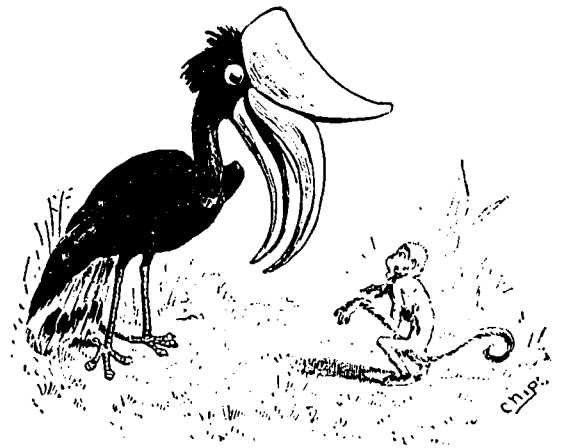
"BARNUM runs tremendous risks."

"Why so?"

"Every time he reads his biography he takes his life in his hands."

"YOUR crop must be dry," said the Raincloud, "have a drop."

"Thanks," responded the Field, "don't care if I dew."



BEAK-A-BOO!



NOT UP ON B. B.

MR. GALLUSING: Say, what is you, Uncle Jeff, a Brudderhood or a League man?

UNCLE JEFF: Go on, chile; what you talking about; I's a Baptist, I is.