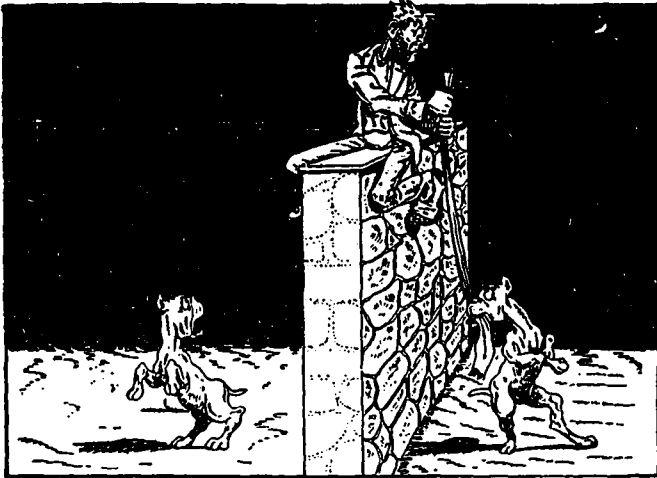


SUNBEAMS.



TO HER UMBRELLA.

YOU protect her--wish I could--
From snow, or rain, or any harms;
I offer, but it does no good:
She *won't* seek shelter in *my* arms.

Wm. Clyde Fitch.

IN AND OUT.

"THE Sheriff found you out at last, eh?"

"No, confound him. He found me in. If he'd found me out I wouldn't be sleeping in this cell."

BARE--AND FORBEAR.

BRIGGS: Mrs. Van R. has quite an aristocratic bearing.
JONAS (regarding the V-shaped corsage): Well, if that baring is aristocratic, she most certainly has it.

HARMLESS.

"MERCY, George, the baby is swallowing one of your poems!"

"Oh, never mind. His stomach will reject it. The editors all do."

THE LATEST.

"I HEAR Chicago is going to annex the planet Mars."

"So? Why is that?"

"So she can have a World's Fair of her own without interference from New York."

"DID Mr. Soapy call to-day, Norah?"

"Yis, mum."

"Did he leave anything?"

"Yis, mum. He left a yard of his trousers wid th' dog."



NO CHANCE FOR BURGLARS.

"YOU ought to have a burglar-alarm."

"What's the good? I go to work downstairs at five, an' 'Mandy's feller never leaves much afore that."

HE: You doubt not that I love you, dearest?

SHE: N-o-o, not exactly; but Bobbie says you are not so awfully kind to him as when we were only engaged.

A BOSTON girl visiting Chicago electrified her friends by alluding to doughnuts as "dittonuts."

