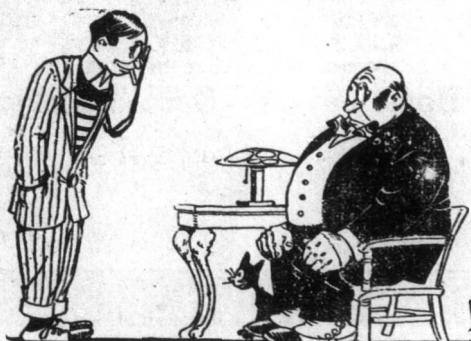


HERE'S WHERE YOU LAUGH

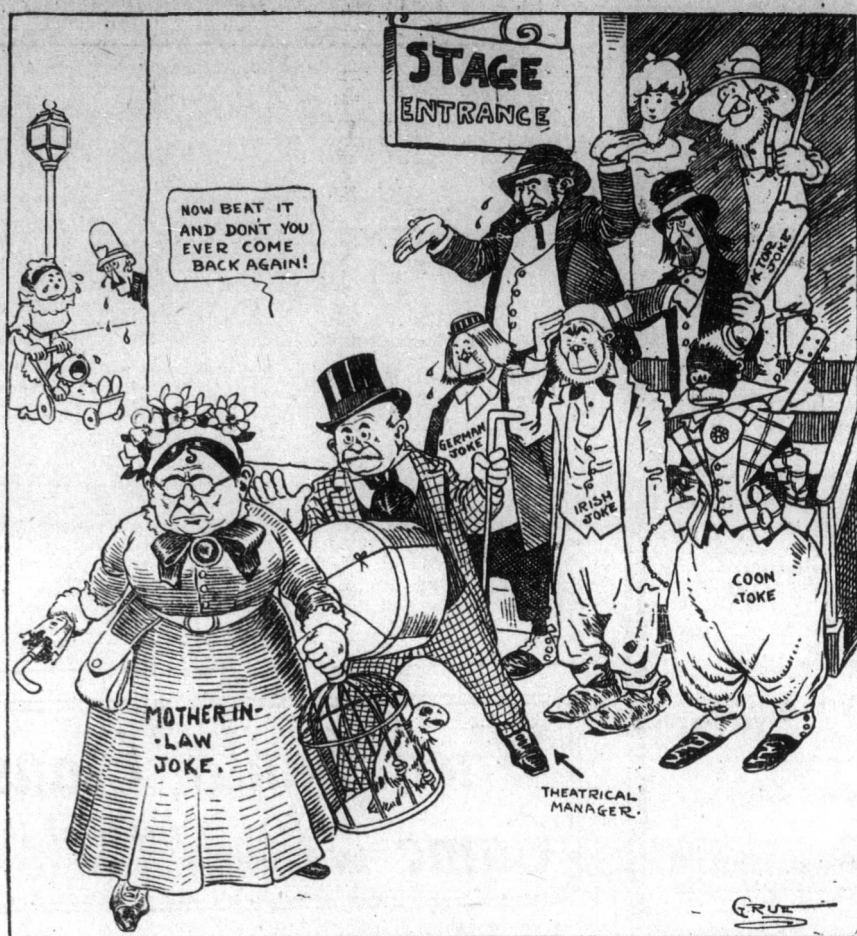


THE ARTLESS ANSWER.



MAKING GREAT PROGRESS.

"How are you doing in higher mathematics at college, my boy?"
Bully, pop; I'm almost ready to advance into railroad time tables."



ALAS, WE KNEW HER WELL.

The vaudeville syndicates have put a ban on mother-in-law jokes.



OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE.



AND THEY SAY THE ENGLISH HAVE NO HUMOR!

The Conversationalist (to well known authoress): I am so delighted to meet you—it was only the other day—I saw something of yours—about something or other—in some paper!—London Sketch.

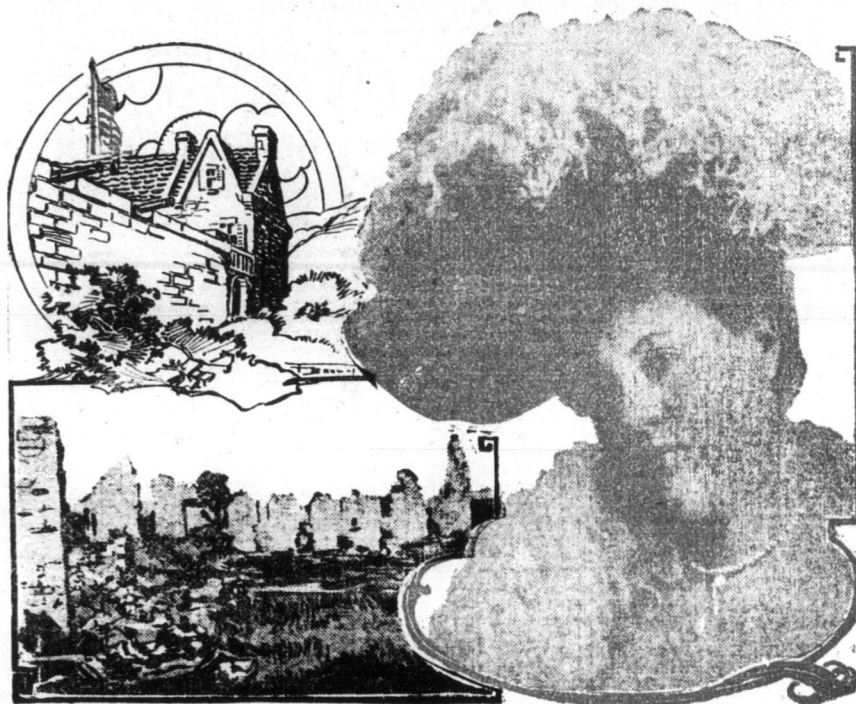


PARADOXICAL ECONOMY.

"My brother did a funny thing."
"What was it?"
"Hired a balloon so he could have his office out of the high-rent district."



MR. JELLYFISH.



TWILL COST \$500,000 TO GIVE GHOSTS OF DEAD ARMIES A PLACE IN THEIR OLD HAUNTS

Picture shows historic Ft. Ticonderoga, as it is to-day, and Mrs. S. H. P. Pell, New York society woman who will restore it to its former condition, as in the days before the revolution.



WAKENING PA THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.



JUST KIDS.

By T. S. Allen.

"Wot yer got to do is ter stand up ter him!"
"Aw, how kin I, when he keeps knockin' me down?"

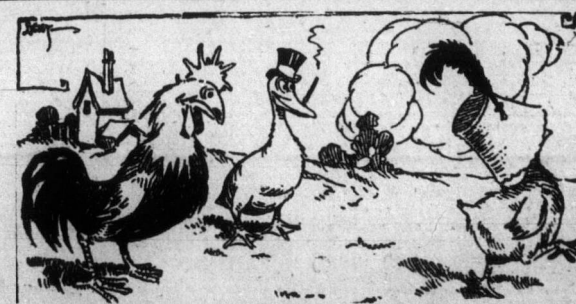


By Fred Schaefer.

My name? Tommy Jones. Go to school? Pop. I live right over yonder where my daddy's got a shop. But here is where I play the most—more fellows are around. Do I get along with them? Well, I've never found a kiddo in the whole blame push yours truly couldn't lick. You don't know who I am, I guess. I'm leader of the clique. And ain't afraid of nothing. Huh? The snark? Cut out That line of talk, I don't understand what it's about.

What kind of life I lead and what I'd love to do? I'd like to be a midshipman upon the stormy sea. I'd tackle pirates hand to hand, a smile upon my lips. And wade right through them in their gore upon their rakish ships. Or, in a diving suit go down with only a keen-edged blade To battle with an octopus until I had it slayed— Am I as brave as that at night without some scary spells? Mister, I just wish you'd try and talk of something else.

Indians? Yep, I'd love to have a chance like Buffalo Bill. You'd never get through counting all the redskins I would kill. I'd even let the rascals take and load me down with chains And torture me bound to a stake upon the arid plains. I'd show them I was full of spunk—suddenly tear free, And dot the prairie with the dead as far as you could see! Huh? How'd I like to face a graveyard in the dark? Nix. The thing might get me then. What thing? The snark.



END OF A BARNYARD SCANDAL.

Duck—Isn't that one of your former wives?
Rooster—Yep, that's one.
Duck—What makes her so stuck up?
Rooster—Court just awarded her alimony, and custody of the eggs.