



THOROUGH.
Mamma—Haven't you got a great deal of mistletoe, Willie? Why, there is almost enough for a seminary.
Willie—Yes. Sis wants to cover the whole ceiling.

A BUSINESS AFFAIR.

From the soft way the man sneaked into the saloon the bartender knew that he was a suspicious person, and was ready for him when five minutes later he advanced to the bar and said:
"Christmas will be among us soon. On that day humanity takes on a new feeling. There is brotherly love; there is charity; there is liberality. Should I come in here on Christmas Day you would probably set me out a glass of beer."
"Well, maybe," was the doubtful reply.
"You look like a business man."
"Well!"
"Being a business man, you must understand what discount is."
"Well!"
"The present instance is a case of it. I have called to ask if you would not give me my glass of beer today instead of waiting till Christmas. You can take your discount by not filling the glass quite so full. Understand?"
"My friend, I understand," was the reply. "I know all about discount. Dis- vasa case of it. If you come in here Christmas Day I'll give you five kicks in- stead of beer. You come in now and so I only get you four kicks and out you go!"
"Um!" muttered the man from the curbside after getting his balance again. "I've heard of discounts all my life, but this is the first time I have ever known of a discount being discounted!"
JOE KERR.



HER IDEA OF A CHOICE.
Mr. Hixon—I wish you would give me my choice of a Christmas present occasion- ally.
Mrs. Hazen—All right. Do you want a parlor rug, lace curtains or a sofa pil- low?

HE WAS LOOKING AROUND.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you to- day?" asked the undertaker of an oldish man who wandered into his place the other day.
"I'm just looking around a bit," was the reply. "I see you have a fine stock here."
"I always carry a full assortment, sir. May I ask if any of your family is dead?"
"Oh, no. I have no family except the old woman, and she is lively as a cricket."
"Then, you don't want anything in my line today?"
"Well, I am hardly prepared to answer that question. You know, of course, that Christmas is close at hand!"
"Yes."
"Last year, acting on impulse and being in a hurry, I rushed off and bought the old woman a washtub for a present. She

thought I hurried the thing too much. This year I am going slow."
"I see," said the undertaker, as he looked out of the window and let his face betray his disappointment.
"I have been to the lumber yard, cooper shop, blacksmith shop, gas plant, the plumber's and other places," continued the man, "and I have thus far found nothing to quite suit. I didn't know what I might pick up in here, and so I called. I don't see just what I want and I'll go on. There's a glue factory and a soap- maker further along, and I'll give them a call. No hurry—no acting on impulse this year. Bound to please the old woman if I have to cover the whole town and take home a grindstone at the last moment. So long to you."
JOE KERR.



NO CELEBRATION.
Uncle Rastus—I've heard I ain't gona' ter hab no turkey fer maff Christmas dis year.
Lucas—Why not, Uncle Rastus? Are the prices too high for you?
Uncle Rastus—No, sah, but de fences is



Take a little snow
And a little rain,
And some sleet, you know,
Freeze with night and mair.

The House of Mystery

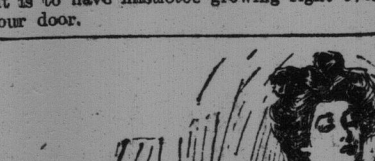
The mystery began with the husband coming home half an hour later than usual, so as to have the cover of darkness and leaving a package behind the vestibule doors while he entered the house with a very innocent look on his face and told of his street car being blocked.
At midnight of that night, while his innocent-looking wife was sleeping by his side, he sneaked out of bed and down stairs and secured the package and hid it in a closet.
The next step was taken by the wife. She took down from the pantry a pitcher in which she had been storing up dimes and nickles and pennies for months and months, and, after counting them over, she sneaked downtown in the forenoon and bought and lugged a parcel home and hid it away on the top shelf of a clothes press.
Then one of the children came in one day and looked and acted very mysteri- ously and shortly afterwards might have been found hiding something among the rafters of the garret.
Then as the mother suddenly and unex- pectedly entered the parlor one afternoon she almost stumbled over a daughter who was down on her knees and reaching under the sofa. The mother cried out in her surprise, but asked for no explana- tions.
Then desk and bureau drawers that had not been looked for a year were found closed tighter than a drum. Closet doors that had stood wide open were made fast. There was lingering behind when others went to bed. There was getting up be- fore the others in the morning. Each member of the family went around trying



to look as innocent as a sheep, but at the time bearing a load of guilt on his con- science.
The strain was intense. The mystery could not last. The day came when the murder was solved. It was the day be- fore Christmas. That family had simply been preparing to Santa Claus each other. It always acts that way, and it always turns out happily.
JOE KERR.



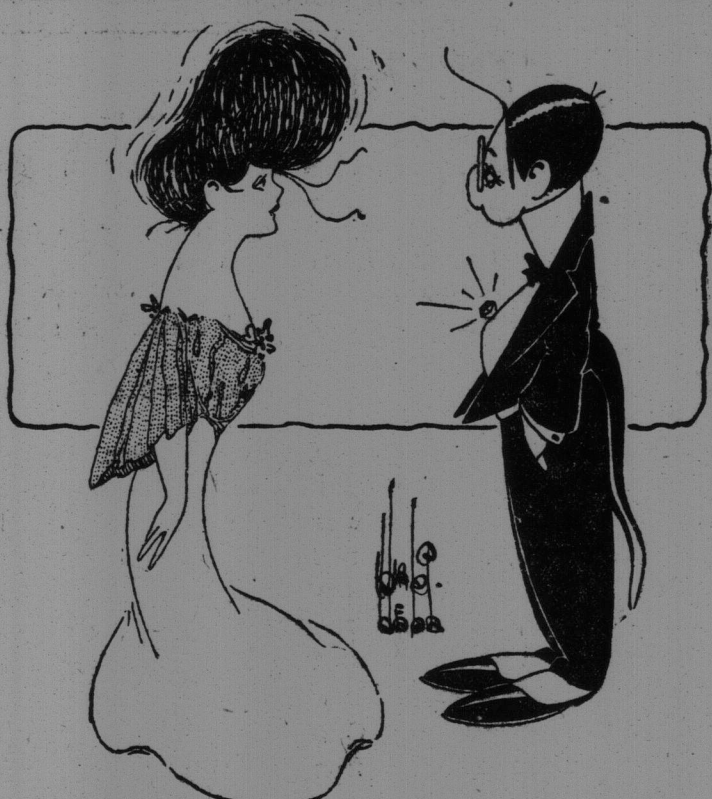
WANTED TO KNOW.
Mr. Hall Rooms (at the Christmas din- ner)—Do I in any way resemble a dog?
Mr. Starr-Boarder—Can't say that you do.
Mr. Hall Rooms—Mrs. Hashem must think so. This turkey she gave me is four-fifths bone.



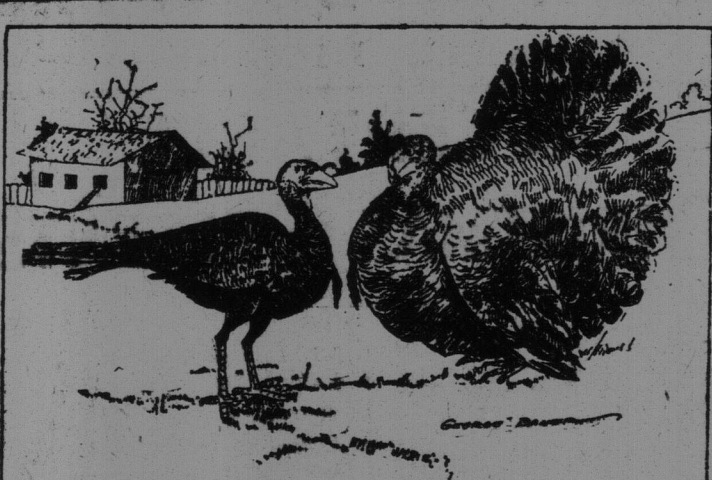
A CINCUS.
Old Maid Lady Bug—Tehee, how lucky it is to have mistletoe growing right over our door.



MISTLETOE SUPERFLOUS.
Gladys—Bob said he was going to slip a piece of mistletoe in your hair and kiss you, but I made him give up that plan.
Philomena—Did you? How good of you!
Gladys—Yes. I took him just where he wanted him, right upon the mistletoe.



A THRUST.
Remy—Would you aw-like me to give you a sensible-aw-present on Christmas?
Peggy—No, I always like to receive presents that suggest the giver.



WISE FOWL.
First Turkey—I won't be killed this Christmas.
Second Turkey—Why not?
First Turkey—I found a bottle of an tifat yesterday.

A SINCERE CLERK.

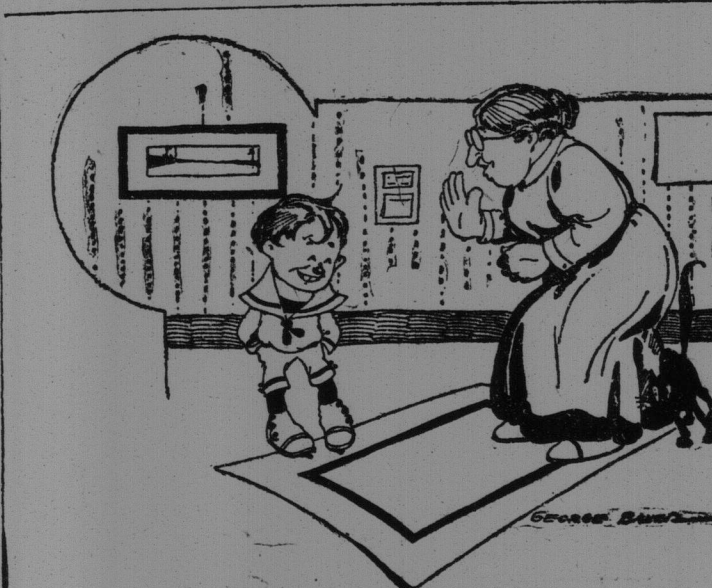
When the woman entered the store she said that she would like to look at some toys for a little boy. The clerk at once showed her dozens and dozens of them, until at length a papier mache lion took her attention. It was of fair size and the price was a quarter. It moved its head and it moved its tail. She debated with herself for 10 minutes and then asked:
"Sir, are you a sincere person?"
"How-how do you mean?" stammered the surprised clerk.
"Why, sir, can I depend on your word?"
"Oh, of course."
"You would not tell me that a thing was so when it wasn't and you wouldn't deceive my poor little Henry."
"You can depend upon what I say, ma- dam."
"That is right. I like to deal with a sincere person. I make it an object to hunt them out. I detect insincerity in every form."
"Yes; and what about the lion?"
"My poor little Henry has a hammer for a plaything. If he should strike this lion with a hammer would he smash the beast?"
"Certainly."
"He also has a hatchet. If he should chop at the lion would damage be done?"
"He would spoil it."
"He also has a saw. If he were to saw the lion in two that would be the end of the lion, I presume?"
"It would."
"Then I thank you, sir, for your kind- ness and your sincerity and will look somewhere else for something poor Henry can't destroy!"
JOE KERR.



CHRISTMAS AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE.
Mrs. Eaton House—Well, you've got the largest piece of the wish-bone, Mr. Skinnier! Now, what do you wish for?
Orville Skinnier—A larger piece of the meat.

NO TRICKS ON HIM.

He had called at the basement door and asked the cook for a cup of very weak coffee, and the request was so unusual and the man's demeanor so respectful that the lady of the house was called down.
"You ask for weak coffee?" she queried.
"That is all, ma'am. Just a little hot water with a coffee taste about it."
"Have you had breakfast?"
"Not a bite, ma'am."
"Then why don't you ask for bread, meat and potatoes and a cup of good coffee?"
"I didn't exactly want to."
"But I can't make you out. You are either hungry or you are not."
"Yes, ma'am."
"If hungry the girl will set you out some breakfast. If not, I can't understand the object of your call. Hadn't you bet- ter sit down?"
"No, thank ye. If you haven't any weak coffee I'll be going along. I don't want any tricks played on me."
"Tricks. What do you mean by tricks?"
"Why, filling me up so that I can't eat my full share of the charity dinner on Christmas. I'm going empty all this week to get ready for it!"
JOE KERR.



A SCHEME.
Freddy—Ma, may I play make-believe that I'm giving a Christmas part, to an- other little boy?
Ma—Certainly, dear.
Freddy—All right; gimme some cake for him, then.