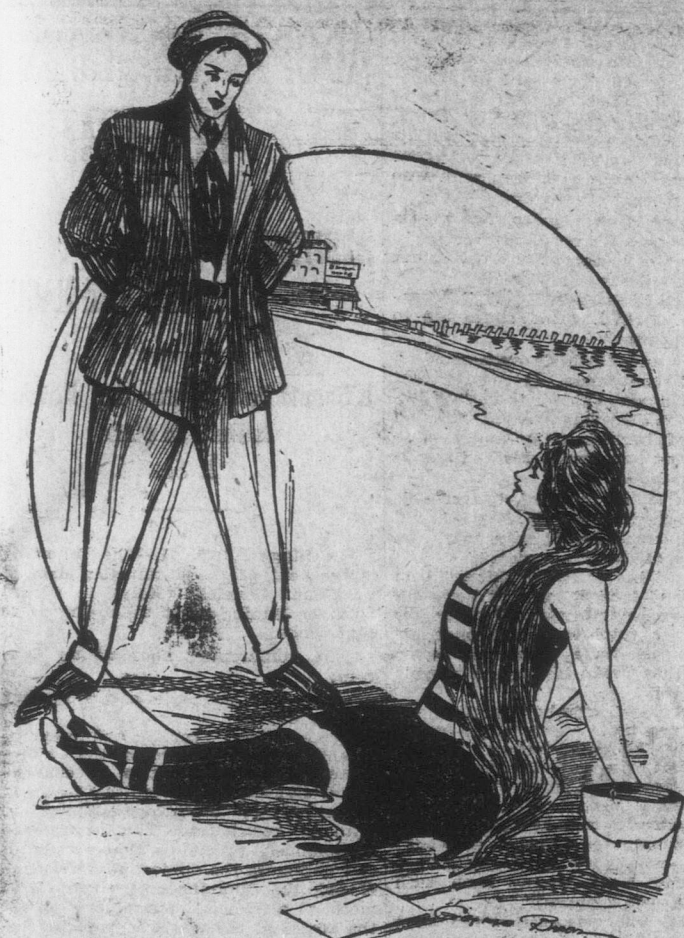




Fair Bathes—I think it's too warm for anything.
Young Man—Well, you're dressed for it.

Saving a Drummer

"Do you know that I think some special Providence watches over the good men of my profession?" said the Boston drummer as he lay back in his seat and smiled complacently.

"Um! It checks instead of special Providence," quizzed the sausage factory agent. "Come now, but don't try to be sarcastic. Let me illustrate what I mean. Between Buffalo and Detroit, one day last week I fell in with two or three gay spirits, and one of them in particular tried to flirt with every woman on the platform as we made the various stops. When I gently took him to task about it, he turned on me and said that when we arrived at St. Thomas he intended to get off and kiss the handsomest girl around the station. That was his home town, but I didn't know it. He had also telegraphed his sister to meet him, but I didn't know that. He put up such a bluff that I put up ten dollars on the result. There was a stop at St. Thomas for refreshments, and as we dropped off our firing friend made a dive for a good looking young woman with his arms outstretched to enfold her and the name of Sadie on his lips. Sadie sidestepped him and a man stepped in. He didn't ask any questions, but shot out with his left and the would-be kisser crumpled up like an old cabbage-stalk. He hadn't come too when I had to leave again."



Shot out his left hand and the would-be kisser crumpled up.
with the train, but the stakeholder said the money was mine and handed it over. Just as the train moved off the real Sadie came hustling along, but she was too late. Her mistaken brother had got his dose and the drummer was ahead of the game.

JOE KERR.



Romantic Rhodies—Ah, how quiet and restful is your peaceful homestead.
Prosodic Floods—Aw, don't fool yourself! You'll find that job lurk in the most restful, innocent localities!

How it Works

The President of the Standard Oil Company was sitting in his office humming a tune to himself when his confidential man rushed in and exclaimed:

"Mr. President, our Company has been fined \$1,500,000 and driven out of the State of Texas!"

"So? Then draw a check for the amount and cross Texas off the map of the United States."

Ten minutes later the man was back to say:

"Mr. President, we have been fined a million dollars by the State of Missouri!"

"Draw a check and send it to them. Also, cross Missouri off the map."

There was peace for a quarter of an hour, during which the great man smiled to think what a good old world this was, and then his henchman reappeared to say:

"Mr. President, the State of Kansas has beaten us in our suits, and we will have to pay about two million dollars in fines and costs."

"Draw a check for the amount, James, and see that there is no more Kansas left on the map. Don't hesitate to come again if you have to. This is not my busy day."

The confidential man held off almost half an hour this time, but when he did appear again it was on the jump and with his eyes bulging out.

"Well, James?"

"Mr. President, the State of Michigan has begun suits against us on six hundred counts; the State of Illinois on eight hundred; the State of Pennsylvania on one thousand, and the State of Indiana on fourteen hundred!"

"So? Well, my dear boy, cross 'em off the map—cross 'em off!"

"Yes, sir. Anything else?"

"After you have crossed 'em off with the States before mentioned go out and buy the remainder of the country for cash and rename it Rockefeller's Back Yard. That's all today."

JOE KERR.



"Cross Texas Off the Map."



ON THE YACHT.

Mr. Newlywed—You'll become used to the motion of the yacht soon, dearest. It's your home, you know, for the next month.
Mrs. Newlywed (trying to smile)—Then what ails me, I suppose, is home sickness.

Not So Deaf.

The Colonel had a seat in the car alongside of a very respectable looking man who was reading a newspaper, and after he had folded the sheet up he was asked:

"Well, what do you think of the political situation?"

"Um," responded the man as he looked around.

"Do you think Bryan will be a candidate?"

"Um."

"Will Roosevelt run again?"

"Um."

"Do the people seem to want Foraker?"

"Um."

"Or do they seem to lean to Taft?"

"Um."

The Colonel waited a minute and then asked:

"What do you make of things anyway?"

"Um," was the same old reply.

"Excuse me, sir. I didn't know that you had an infirmity."

"Or I, either," was the answer.

"But I've been asking you a whole lot of questions, and you have replied to each and every one with an 'um.' I took it from that that you must be hard of hearing."

"Not at all, sir. If you had taken it that I was holding down a job in the



The Colonel.

custom house at \$2,500 a year and didn't propose to talk politics and get the bounce you would have hit the mark. Try me on chickens, sir, and you'll find I can hear every word you say."

JOE KERR.



CRAFTY CUPID

Dan Cupid on dark, dreary days
Discards his bow and darts
And to his workshop hies away
And with the thread
Of hope, they say,
He mends all broken hearts!

NO CIRCUS FOR JOHNNY.

Johnny—Can I go to the circus, pa?
Father—No, indeed. I wouldn't think of letting you see such a degrading exhibition.
Johnny—Then won't you please take me to the menagerie? Teacher says we ought to see the animals.
Father—What! Pay full price to see only half the show? I guess not.



LACKED FACILITIES.

Hook—Did you see a sea serpent on your yachting trip?
Cook—No, the champagne gave out before we were ten miles from land.

A Curious Coincidence.

"Speaking of the curious coincidences," said the man from Pittsburg to the group in the hotel lobby, "but I encountered one only last week, and it is bothering me yet. In the smoker on the train were three cross-eyed men, all sitting near me. I was thinking how queer it was when one of them leaned over and whispered: 'I don't like the looks of the cross-eyed chap over there. I never trust one of the sort.'"

"Five minutes the individual he had referred to came along after a drink of water and stopped to say to me, pointing out to the cross-eyed man: 'Look out for some gum game from that fellow over there.'"

"It wasn't over ten minutes later when the third man sat down beside me and spoke of the sunspots and the weather, and then dropped his voice and whispered:

"Stranger, have you noticed that we have two cross-eyed men in this coach?"
"Why, we have three," I blurted out.
"Where's the third one?"
"Bogging your pardon, but you are a sufferer from the same cause."
"Me? Why, what a mistake you make! I said two just to spare your feelings. We really have three, and you make the third."

"We had a dispute," continued the Pittsburgher, "and I'll be hanged if the three of them didn't set in and declare that I none of all was cross-eyed! Did you ever hear of such a thing? I'm almost a good mind to go to a doctor. I'll leave it to you gentlemen if I am cross-eyed."

And then we took a square look at him and saw that he was cross-eyed in both optics and had lost his winkers and eyebrows to boot!

JOE KERR.

The Real Thing.

He had been caught in a summer shower, and as he boarded the street car the paste was dripping from his straw hat and his headpiece had a most dejected and forlorn look. Observing that it was being stared at he said:
"I was up in Danbury, Connecticut, about the first of June, and going into a hat store I asked to look at a good hat."
"Do you want a real Panama?" asks the man.
"I do," says I, "but I don't want a Panama made in Danbury."
"Let me tell you," he goes on, "that the real thing is made in our factory here. In fact, we had the real thing all to pieces."
"How do you get the straw?"
"Comes up by our own steamers."
"And the making?"
"We import the native women. Got over four hundred of 'em."
"And the Panama atmosphere?"
"We have two hundred barrels a week sent to us."
"He didn't look like a man who'd be about a hat," continued the wiseman, "and I don't think he did. I think he forgot to tell me that they didn't import the Panama paste, but used some made right there in Danbury, and being in something of a hurry he neglected to mention that whenever I went out in



the rain I ought to wear a sailor's sou'wester and leave my Panama at home."

JOE KERR.



ATTENDANT ANXIETIES.

What a harassed look Mrs. Fussy always wears when she gets up a picnic!
Yes, she's always either afraid of snakes or that the lemonade won't come around.



COOL.

STORMY.

TORRID.



Employer—"I thought you were to go to a funeral yesterday afternoon."
Office Boy—"Well, it came pretty close to being one when Dr. Quiver gave that burst decision to Dr. Sixer's lining."