

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

HE dropped a nickel in the slot,  
And gave the slide a jerk.  
And then he said a naughty word—  
The blamed thing wouldn't work.

## UNRELIABLE INFORMATION.

SHE was the "lady reporter" of *The Daily Planetary System*, and she was "doing" her first base-ball game.

"Can you tell me, sir," she inquired of a benign-looking old gentleman who sat next to her, "can you tell me why they have two umpires?"

"Certainly, Madam," he replied, with dignified courtesy. "It is in order that whenever one of them is crippled or killed by an infuriated player the game may not be unnecessarily delayed."

And that evening, as the editor lit his editorial pipe with the choicest paragraph in her copy, he assigned her to the underwear article again, to the bitter disappointment of a young man of ideas who wished to make himself famous as a reporter in that branch of journalism,

## BOILING YET.

SHE: How angry the Delaware looks!

HE: Yes, Washington crossed it, you know.

## HE HAS IT NOW.

FIRST OFFICE BOY: Didn't you have der grip yet, Fiddsey?

SECOND OFFICE BOY: Naw, course not. I'm waitin' till der base ball season opens.

THE records of Noah's voyage were kept in the archives.



## AN UNFORTUNATE LESSON IN ECONOMY.

HUSBAND: My dear, I saw this hat in a window marked, "the latest style, only 47 cents," so I bought it for you.

WIFE: How kind of you, Fred; I'll send it to the milliner's to-morrow and have it trimmed.



## A LEAF FROM STANLEY'S NOTE BOOK.

BULLA BOO: Nasty weather, this!

WAUG DELHI: I should say so, and I very foolishly put on my Spring beads yesterday.



## A FEW DAYS LATER.

WIFE (when the milliner's boy brings home the bonnet): Doesn't it look lovely, Fred? The bill is marked C. O. D.