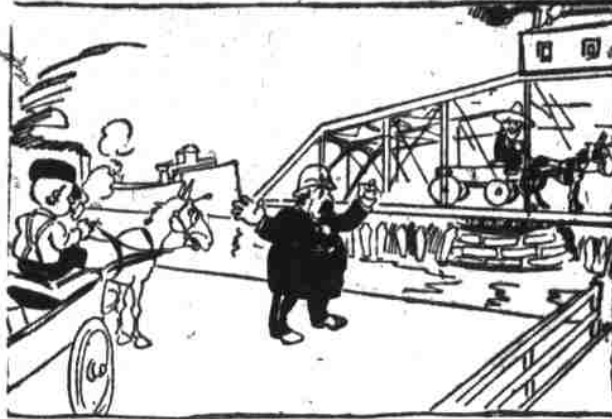




Mr. Jay Wayback—"Go chase yourself, copper; I ain't goin' to stop far ya."



"Don't hurt yerself swearin', copper, 'cause I ain't comin' back, nohow—"



"Hullo! Why, the dumbest bridge is turnin' way 'round!"



"It's all right, cop, old man, I didn't mean nothin'—"



"Oh, I wish I'd stayed to Strawberry Holler, where I kin be smart an' 'tain't no altered dangersome."

EVEN HERE.



Bee—"Here you, Bugg, I bought this for honey and its half glucose!"

HE WAS IN.



Mrs. Albeach—"I was directed to you as a diamond expert."
Mr. Wayup Toppe—"Just so, ma'am, I'm a baseball magnate."

STRAIGHT TIP.



Customer—"I want some shirts. I hardly know what color."
Clerk—"Pick 'em all the go. I'm wearin' 'em myself."
Customer—"Then gimme blue."

SUSPICIOUS.



Mrs. Fayette—"I wonder if the doctor's wife meant anything personal just now?"
Fayette—"What did she say?"
Mrs. Fayette—"She said 'You might pay us at least a visit, dear!'"

DISCOVERED.



She—"What does this mean, sir?"
He—"Never you mind, Mrs. Outline."

BEATS ANTIFAT.



"Now for a swim in my new 45-cent bathing suit."



"Isn't it fine! But my! The suit is shrinkin'!"



"Help! Somebody bring a pair of scissors! Quick!"

DISCREET.



Mr. Sparrow—"Old Mr. Crow, yonder, is a very wise man."
Mrs. S.—"So?"
Mr. S.—"Aye! He never says a word without caws!"

REMEDY.



Mother—"Oh dear! Baby's swallowed a lot of pins!"
Father—"Then let him swallow the pin cushion."

DISADVANTAGE OF BEING A HERO.



He always is in danger of having to save fair maidens in distress.

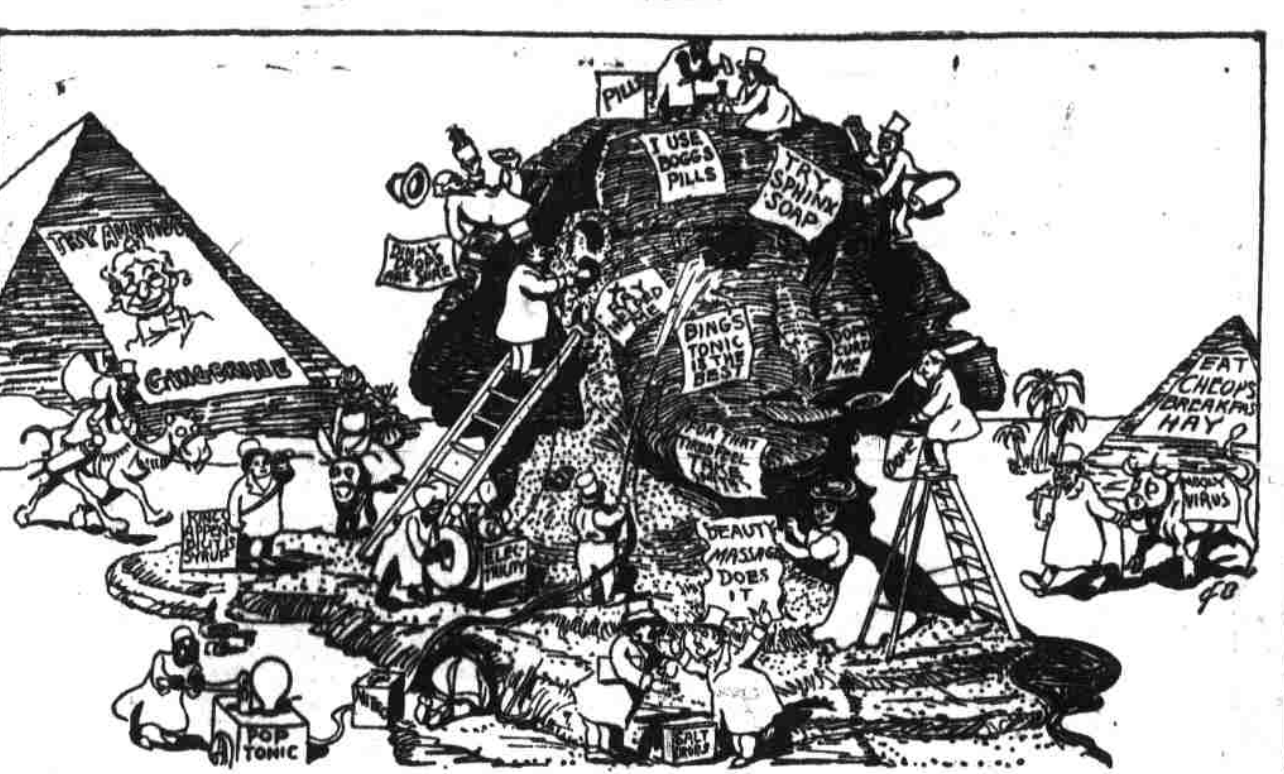
THAT WELCOME SOUND.



Mr. Camm—"My! How quiet and restful every one is! I'll warrant there is never a moment's excitement here—"

But just then the dinner bell rang!

THERE IS STILL HOPE.



The sphinx is said to be failing, owing to the dampness caused by irrigation. But perhaps help will arrive in time.

DASHED HOPES.



"Oh, isn't Mr. Giddychap a perfect dear!"



"Why, how quickly he came to the surface."



"He's actually coming my way!"



"H-h-help!"

AND STILL REVENGE WAITS.



"I DON'T KNOW 'NO WUZ DERE, MYSTER!"



"HERE'S WHERE I GOT EVEN WIT BRAINY!"



"WE DID, DID WE?"



"SAY! SAY! SAY!"

"I'LL LEARN YOU!"

PECULIAR OCCURRENCE.



Johnnie—"Tain't big enough, but it'll do for a starter."



"Dat was chilly stuff but I guess I kin stand a swim."



"Gee! Am I goin' a-shakin' or what? Wow! I'm freezin' in!"



"Hurry up wit' de rescuin', gent, 'cause I wanten git ashore an' take de anti ice-cream pledge as quick as I kin!"

THESE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.



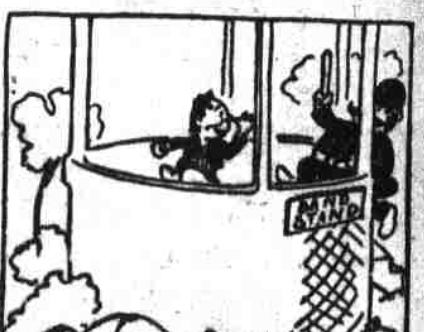
Fisherman—"Oh, dear me, my boy! Did you really catch all those nice fish?"
Boy—"Oh, no, sir! I runned over 'em wit' my autemobil, you Indian!"

HELPING HIM OUT.



Caller—"My friends think I'm awfully funny, and I think you'll find that joke just too awfully—er—awful!"
Editor—"Awful! Then I don't want it. Thanks for the tip."

MISCALCULATION.



"Hey, you old guy! You bet I'll get out!"



Boomp! BOOM!



"Wow! Lemme go! Dat old chump down dere sprung me back."

NEARER NATURE.



Wrongman—"Why are you so sure your historical novel will be a success? Anything new in it?"
Writes—"Sure! Instead of 'hinging her purse to the driver' when she hires a cab, the heroine tries to beat him down to 30 cents."

THE DEAR ONES.



Mrs. Goode—"And is there no old friend of whom you often think and would like to see?"
Stikes the Stealer—"Aye, dey is dat, ma'am! I often tink if I had me old pal, Swipesey, here I'd choke him ter deff fer a-squealin' on me at de trial."