

UNMASKED.



Dubbe—"What if my washing hadn't come home? I can wear my frock coat buttoned over my flannel shirt."



Her Father (fond of parlor magic)—"Now I'll show the rabbit right in Mr. Dubbe's inside pocket—Hullo!"

SOLITUDE.



He—"Sometimes I like to be alone with my thoughts."
She—"My, you must be lonesome on those occasions!"

INDUCEMENT.



Life Insurance Agent—"Why, just look at this list. I've insured twenty-four men in the last six months and seventeen of them are seriously ill at the present moment!"

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.



Mrs. Lovepet—"Will you kindly pick up my boy, sir?"



Prof. Everdream—"With pleasure, madam!"

LAST RESORT.



Mrs. Cackle—"You're getting to talk in your sleep."
Mr. Cackle—"Have to; it's the only chance I get."

RESTRAINT.



GREAT DISCOVERY OF TREASURE.



Uncle Bellamy—"I am sure that there are interesting and valuable historical relics here and I'm going to have 'em!"



"Ha! A mysterious brick wall, and I've been extending my tunnel only three days!"



"This interior is doubtless part of some ancient forgotten palace of the early conquerors! And, oh, say! What port!"



Mrs. Bellamy—"Are you crazy, you old toper? If not, why are you making such a mess of your own cellar?"

HIS SAFE HOME-COMING.



Mrs. Lodgesmith—"There comes that intoxicated desperado. Just let me get hold of him!"



"You will stay out till all sorts of hours, will you? Tottering dipsomaniac!"



"I'll pound the immorality out of you! I'll teach you to make a tank of yourself!"



Lodgesmith—"Rather violent exercise for a woman of your age, eh, my dear?"

GREAT SCHEME.



Mouse—"There's the cat! Guess I'll put that skin over my shoulders and pretend I'm a bear!"

ADMIRATION.



Polly—"There's real good manners for you! It can talk all day without stopping!"

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

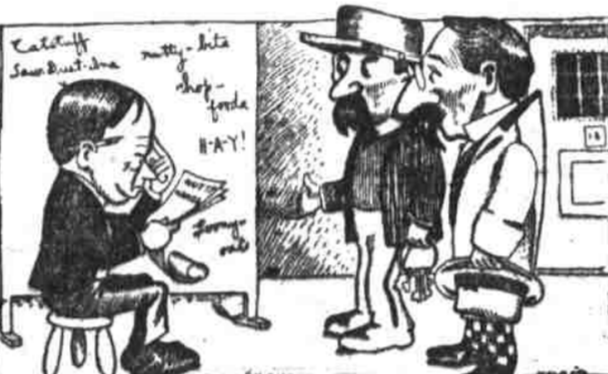


BROADENING OUT.



Now that some of our country clubs are establishing friendly relations with the neighboring farmers the chase of the aniseed bag will certainly become more popular.

HE DIDN'T LAST LONG.



Visitor—"And what brought this poor man to such a pass?"
Attendant—"Ah, sir, he is the man who got up names for all the new health foods, poor chap."

POINT OF VIEW.



Dust—"Who in the world would want to use that stuff?"

MEAN TRICK.



Porky Pink—"Seems to me that B'er Armadillo has a good job as a bowling ball. Wonder what they pay him a game?"



"I believe I'll try it. All you have to do is to roll up when they want you to and walk back afterward. Here goes."



COAL TRUST IGNORED.



Frowsy Pink—"Gee! Youse does look warm 'an' cozy under do horse blanket wif' dat hawg, Shifty."
Shifty Shaw—"You bet youse! Dis must be dat animal warmth youse have heard of!"

LARGE CONTRACT.



Leo—"What's up?"
Joeko—"The professor is taking a plaster cast of Miss Hippo's face."

RULING PASSION.



Thumpsteler—"Take der droom home, Pety. I gets me some rest by der park alretty."



Miss Millie Nur—"I must have a rest. This bundle is so enormous."
Thumpsteler—"Ha! Wo's dot in der distance—moo-sie! Vere am I? Vere'es der droom? Lemme see. Von, dwo, dree—"



"Boom, boom! Chimmnay, I moost play more loudes so soon!"



"A FOOL FOR LUCK."



Dubbe—"That guide told me not to keep my gun cocked. But the old chump's jealous, that's what! I'll fool him—"



"Yet! There, I thought so!"



"Isn't that pretty good for one shot?"

TRUTH OF THE MATTER.



Before and after taking.

NO SUFFERING AS YET.



Maude—"The high price of the necessities of life is awful, isn't it?"
Mabel—"Why, I hadn't noticed that caramels had gone up."

HIS CLASS.



Egbert—"Is your dog a ratter?"
Edmund—"Naw. He's a catter."

EXPERIENCED.



"Does not work with sufficient freedom."

SPORT.



Mr. Pickeral—"Fishin' any good today, brother?"
Mr. Bass—"I should say so! I'm catching minnows as fast as I can take 'em off the hook!"

IT WAS LEAD.



Beaten—"See this bum dollar? I just tried to ring it in on that cashier but I couldn't do it."
Uggs—"Why not?"
Beaten—"It wouldn't ring."

WARY.



Mrs. Youngwed—"And what are these?"
Dealer—"Salt mackerel, mum!"
Mrs. Y.—"Are they quite fresh?"

MASTERPIECE.



She—"Is there much in Daublet's landscape here?"
He—"Much? Why, there's so much that I can't make head or tail of it."

ART CRITIC'S NOTE.



"Does not work with sufficient freedom."

PUZLED.

