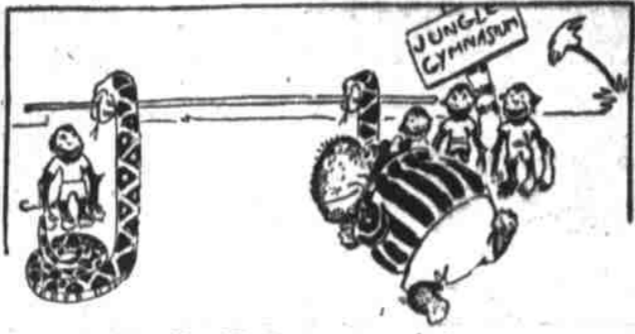


Hippo—"What! Do the plawheel? Well—



"I should smile. Watch my smoke. One—



"Two—three—and-around—



"We go. Say, what's the matter with you snakes! Nobody asked you to join this turnfest. Ouch!"



Bobby (to sister's beau)—"Mr. Freshie, shall I show you how my brother Tom wears his hat?"
Mr. Freshie—"Yes, sonny."

AT THE JUNGLE BALL.



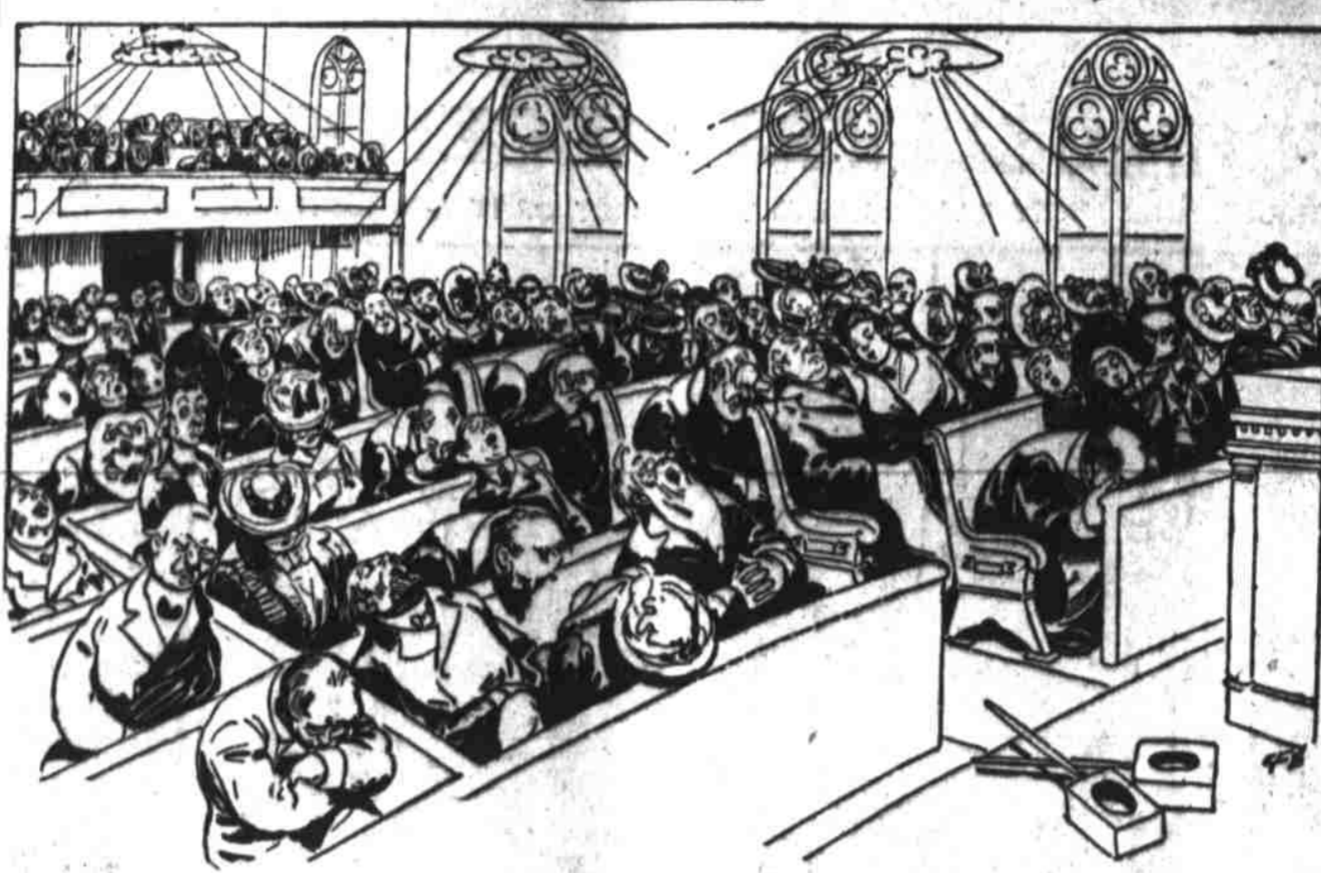
Mr. Hippo—"Confound these long trains! This makes twice that I've tripped over Mrs. Alligator!"

READY MADE.



Miss Hippo—"Hullo, what's that? Pompadours are all the rage and I haven't one!"

WHEN THE LIGHT IS TURNED UP.



That new scheme of preaching in the dark would have one drawback—the returning light would make strange revelations.

PROMISING.



Greese (to mother of applicant)—"But yer boy doesn't look very strong."
Mother—"Yes, he is. He could carry off anything in the store."



Bobby—"Just like this!"

HE MADE A SENSATION.



Buenakinski (the virtuoso)—"I feel that to-night I shall make the hit of my life."



"Still, I don't know. Prapa I can make a sort of bluff at it."

ON THE CHAIN.



Chaufeur—"What, I stop! Go chase yourself, you impudent fellow!"

GOOD LIVING.



Brainy Bowers—"Now, Drows, dere's yer chance ter show yer sportin' blood. Take dis gun an' sneak up on dem wild geese w'ich have dropped down dere in dat pond."

NO CHANCE.



Ho—"I suppose your mother won't let you read awful French novels!"
She—"No, just as soon as she finishes one she hustles it back to the library so that she can get another."

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.



Guest—"Here, waiter, I can't eat my steak with this knife!"
Waiter—"Dat's all right, sah. Yo' allus is welcome to de use of mah r-sah, sah."

WHY HE DID IT.



The choirmaster couldn't make the lady singers keep their eye on their notes until he put the music on the other women's hats.



"As, for instance! Oh, yes, we're all wearing 'em now!"

MODESTY.



Friend—"Why do you wear high-necked dresses?"
Miss Ostrich—"Ma thinks they are more proper for young girls."

CHEEK.



Giraffe—"Well, if those monkeys haven't greased my neck and got up a contest for climbing the greasy pole!"



Officer—"Grab me heels, wan of ya. That's right, tall an, lads!"



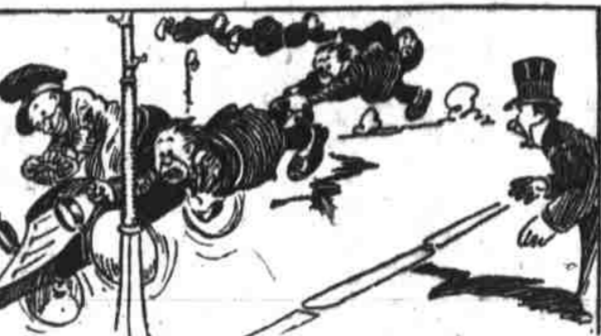
Drowsy Duggan—"Geel! Wat's dem geese runnin' right in de yard fer instead er flyin'! My! I bet ye them wus tame geese!"



"Now, boys, throw a hitch round the next lamppost ve pass. Here's one a-comin'!"



"Yessir, I'm beginnin' ter feel sure dem wus tame geese! Help! Help!"



"Take a good twist, Moriarty, an' pull th' dood up short!"



Brainy Bowers—"De geese'll be done in ten minutes an' I kinder fear dat Drows won't get here, but let's hope he'll turn up in time fur a bone."



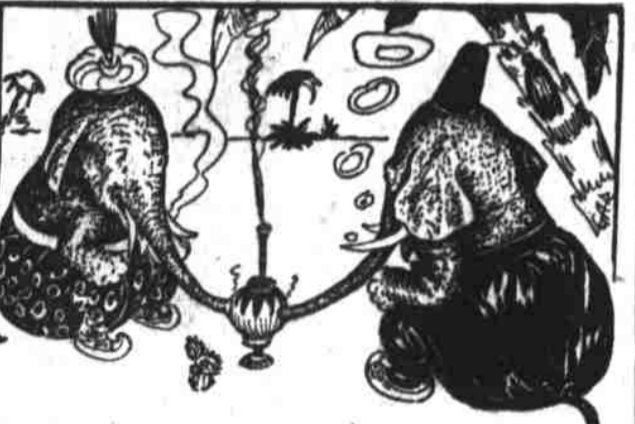
Schoolmaster—"See here, you boys, I want you to quit stomping in here that way. You'll shake the old schoolhouse down!"

DEMONSTRATION.



Mr. Bluffkin—"Any horse is naturally kind, Mrs. Sweetly, if you know just how to handle him. Now, I—

ECONOMY.



Wrinkles—"Yes, Leathers, this saves enough in pipe stems to keep me in tobacco."



Giraffe—"Well, if those monkeys haven't greased my neck and got up a contest for climbing the greasy pole!"

HE WAS DISCHARGED.



His Honor—"Why did you beat this poor old beggar? What had he done?"
The Prisoner—"I was wrong, your honor; I misunderstood him. He only asked me for gold but I thought he said 'coal.'"

KEPT HIS WORD.



OPTICAL ILLUSION.



Mother—"Look out, Cecil, here comes—"

PROGRESS.



SHOCK TO ART.



ABNORMAL.



Manager—"I couldn't pay the wild man of Borneo more than half his salary this morning."
Assistant Manager—"I thought there was something unusual about him; he's acting perfectly wild!"

CRITICAL.



Aunt Mary—"Why don't you dance with Sylvia, Bobby?"
Bobby—"Oh, I don't care to. She has such a 'normous waist.'"

HE WAS TO.

