

STRIKING HIS GAIT.



Jingly—"Oh-h-h! This is awful! And how they're laughing!"

"I know I'm going to fall; I can feel it!"

"There I go, and how loud they're laughing now!"

"But they don't know that Jingly, the great acrobat, is at home on his hands if not on his feet—and, by the way, how still it is!"

THE PROFESSOR EXPERIMENT

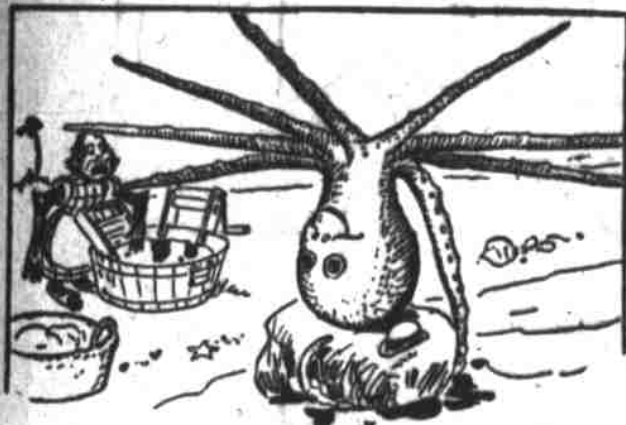


"These air currents form an interesting study!"

HONEST WORK.



Octopus—"Good morning. Do you want something to hang your clothes on?"



"This is the idea."



"And I think they'll dry nicely in this breeze."

JUST IN TIME.



Foot—"Oh, the beautiful sn—"



(1-11-111)

SEASONABLE SCENES—THE HOME CLUB.



The latest domestic idea at least will serve to keep the family busy and quiet.

REVENGE.



Bill Sticker—"G'wan; don't be askin' questions!"



"G'wan, didn't I tell yer!"



Little Herbert—"He's dopey or some-ting."



"Here we have the gyrotory atmospheric rotator changing to a—"



"Reflex tangent influence."



"And then again we see the strong effect of counteracting—"

POLITENESS PREVAILS.



Mr. Hippo—"Excuse me for interrupting you, Chatters, but I must—"



"Bow to Miss Chuck, yonder."



Jinny—"Well, well! If Jocko hasn't been an' got a new picture hat?"

DEAD EASY.



Skate—"Why am I like your muf?"
Kate—"Oh, a muf is so awfully soft, you know, and you can easily see through it."



Shivers—"No, I'm not crazy. I'm merely trying to keep my feet warm. You know the air is always warmer above."

GETTING THE BEST.



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MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



Mr. Woola-Woola—"I'm so glad I put in an elevator. It's a luxury these hot days."



"That's right! Go it, birds! Go it!"



"There, that's better than shinning up a ladder."

THE MEAN MAN.



Farmer Smallweed—"Hullo! There comes a load o' hay. Guess it's a good time fur me to drive to town."



Mrs. Smallweed—"Say, Elias, what you hitchin' up all three horses to that little cart for? The roads ain't bad."



Farmer Smallweed—"Wife ain't so sharp as I thought she was. She don't see that all the team's sittin' a free feed."

NATURALLY.



Now that human food is approaching closely to the hay, bran and oats standard it is only right that the horse should try man's former provender.

NEVER TOUCHED HIM.



MYSTERY.



First Bird—"You're a lyre."
Second Bird—"You're another."
Jocko—"Geel! Some folks will stand a lot without a scrap!"

HARD.



Fido—"What makes Barker so glum?"
Hector—"He's been sold to an actress and he's wondering what fool name she'll give him."

TOO INVIGORATING.



Friends—"Alas! Bunny must have been taking something!"

FROM THE SUPPER SHOW.

