

HIS DEBUT.



The New Walter—"De boss told me to help de genta on wit' dere coats, so here goes!"



"In wit' yer, mister. Say, youse is in de fadder-weight class, hey?"



"Well, youse is needin' de mos' shakin' down dat I ever see. Why don't youse git yer clo'es ter fit?"



"An' now if dat ain't wort' a plunk den I loses me guess."

ODD.



He—"What a funny bird!"

SO CARELESS.



Mr. Cackleham—"Goodness me, Maria! What's all this fuss about? Did you lose something?"
Mrs. C—"Y-yes, Henrie! I-I've mis-laid an egg!"

WHAT COULD HE MEAN?

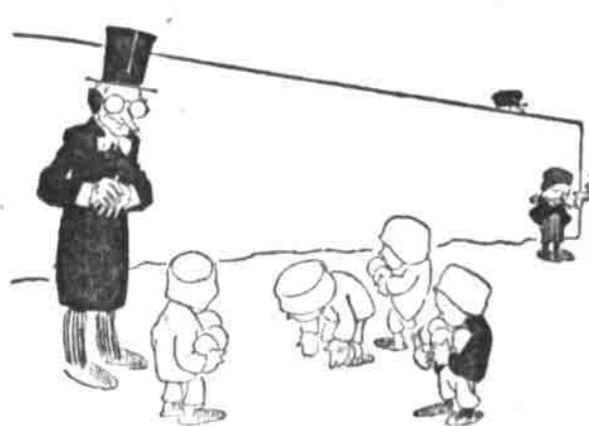


Caller—"Want to buy some funny pictures for your paper?"
Manager—"No, we don't pay for printing a man's photo."

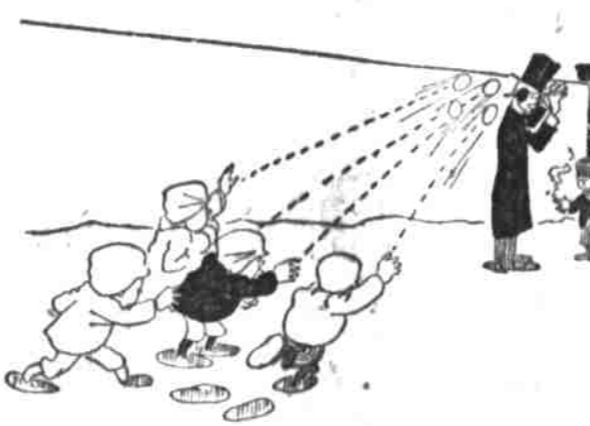
STRANGE OCCURRENCE.



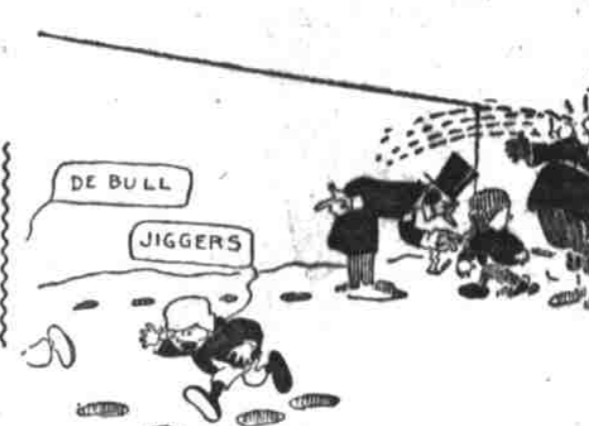
STILL DOING GOOD.



Prof. Butts—"Boys, I'm so glad to see you indulging in healthy exercise. It's much better than cigarette smoking!"



"You, my lad, ought to join your little companions yonder and give up the bad habit."



"Let me tell you that unless you drop cigarettes you will have many ills."



"There, how glad I am to have caused him to give up smoking and take to wholesome exercise."

SOME LEFT.



Stopper (11:15 p. m.)—"Had an awful time yesterday; went to the dentist and had a nerve killed."
Miss Cayenne—"Indeed! I thought you had it all with you."

IN JUSTICE'S CAUSE.



His Honor—"Now, that defendant said he could not have kicked the plaintiff because the plaintiff was on a pile of goods five feet high. I will try a kick and see."



"Help! Help! Take me down! I'm caught! Help! Where is that plaintiff? Just lemme get at him! Help!"

EDGED TOOLS.



Sandy—"Wot you lookin' so cut up about, pard?"
Cinders—"Dat hatchet-faced woman's been lookin' at me."

NOT HOPELESS.



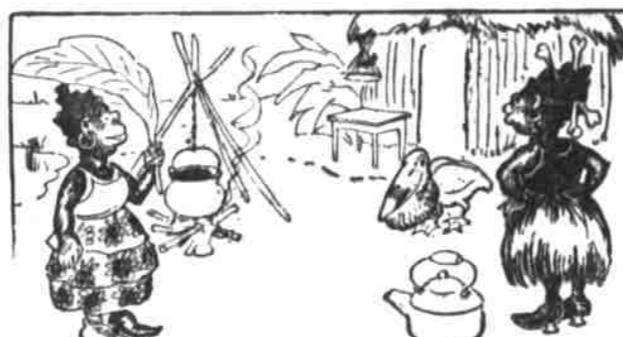
Black—"What's wrong with Checks? Crazy?"
White—"No, but he had a seat in the car this morning for the first time in five years and he doesn't know what to do with his saved-up energy."

EARLY SPRING SCENES.



Going out for the first wild flowers.

WALKING WATER PAIL.



Mrs. Woola—"How heavily the pet pelican walks! What's the matter with him?"



Mrs. Congo—"Why, he's simply bringing water from the pond, as I have trained him to do. Have a drink!"

TO FOLLOW THAT EGG-LAYING CONTEST.



Other competitions are in order.

WHAT THE MODERN POET WOULD DO.



Scratcher—"Hullo! A raven over my door! What luck!"



"I'll have one square meal, anyhow."

HIS POSITION.



Fudge—"I indulged in a political discussion with Miss Piarup's father last night during my call at their house."
Budge—"What position did you take?"
Fudge—"My back was on the sidewalk but both legs and one arm were in the gutter and my head was under the old man's arm."

ON THE SALT, SALT SEA.



Friend—"Cheer up, old man. You aren't going to die!"
Victim—"Oh, I'm sure of it! It's all up with me now!"

WOULD HELP SOME.



Husky Henry—"Did youse tell de lady I was barefooted in all dis snow?"
Maid—"Yes! She says she hasn't any old shoes but here is a bottle of shoe polish, you poor man!"

HIS LOSS.



Black—"How wet you are getting!"
White—"Yes; I've lost my last umbrella. Jones recognized it."

NO NECESSITY.



Kind Lady—"You say this is the first work you've ever done?"
Henry the Con—"Yes, lady. I never was pinched before, mum."

LAST CHANCE.



The Gent—"So we is engaged at last, eh, Mabelle?"
The Lady—"Yes, but I wouldn't a-taken youse, only I don't want ter be er ole maid!"

JUST THE THING.



Artist—"Don't you think it would look well with a tint printed over it?"
Critic—"Yes, a dead black tint."

CHEAP TREATMENT.



Black—"I'm trying the water cure."
White—"So are all our folks; our milkman sees to that."

POOR DEFENSE.



Murphy—"An' what does th' two big bumps indicate?"
Phrenologist—"That you are a hum fighter."

MR. BOWERS GIVES HIS ASSOCIATE A LESSON.



YE TUK HIM PRISONER, EN?

HARD EVER 54 CLASS!

I'VE TOOK UP \$4.50 FUR YE!

WE'LL SEND HIM OVER THE BOARD BYEN!

IM USED TER DIS!