

WILLING TO OBLIGE.



The Customer—"Are they—er—large dogs or lap dogs?"
The Twitler—"Well—er—which kind was you thinking of buying, sir?"

WARNED.



Mrs. Goodun—"Beware of the bottle, my good man."
Tired Bill—"You can bet I do; I once cut me mouth drinkin' out of it an' I'm mighty careful to stick to do can."

PROOF.



Applicant—"I am quite sure I have a good voice."
Manager—"What makes you think so?"
Applicant—"Why, all my neighbors advise me to go abroad and study."

HIS ATTRACTIVENESS.



Gumly—"Now for a good wash!"



"Epl-sh-rr-brrr! This is luxury!"



"Oo! I must be a good-looker! Everybody stares at me."

NOT QUITE.



Fo—"Well, Willie, didn't you catch that frog after all?"
Willie—"Naw! I guess he ain't so green as he looks, pa!"

WOL.



IT SEEMS HARD.



Happy Hank—"Well, I jus' 't'heve I'll help that lady git her hat off."



"Don't move, madam; I noticed your hat sorter stuck, but I'll haul it clear."



"There, what did I tell you, hey?"



"It's a mean shame, but say, I'll know better next time."

SEASONABLE SCENES—THE EXPLORERS.



Search parties are now in order.

WHEN THE LAUGH SHIFTED.



Baboon—"Hullo, Chatters. I hope you'll get your goods moved by May 1, 1904. Sorry I can't wait; good-by."



Chatters—"I'll be back in an hour and move your outfit for fifteen coconuts; ta ta, old man!"

IN GENTLE LIFE.



Mrs. Tryngto Getthere—"That is the armor of one of my ancestors."
Mrs. Beentherea Longtime—"Ah, he was a dealer in old iron, I presume?"

THE BLUFF THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

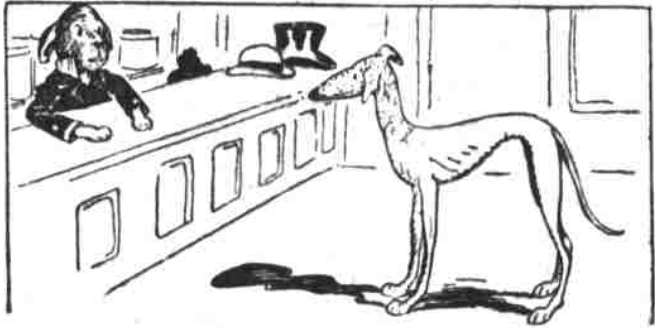


Mr. Ardhuppe—"Now, James, will you see what brands of wine we have in the house?"
James—"W'y, we only got dem three dinky little bottles wot you done bought at 'de grocery dis afternoon, sah, dass all!"

READY FOR THE COOL CHANGE.



Greyhound—"My! He looks comfortable in the raw easterly breezes!"



"Gimme one o' those French suits."



"This is better than shivering. Say, boys, note my style."

EVEN HERE.

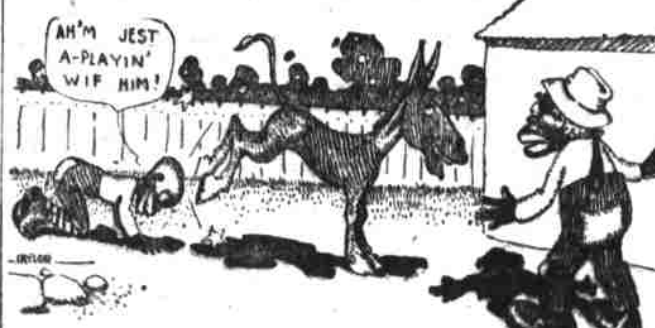


Mr. Chatters—"Here, Pelly, old chap, hold my wealth till the tax assessor has gone by."



"No, Mr. Assessor, I don't possess a single coconut. My wealth is all in real estate."

ANXIOUS MOMENT.



Paw—"Rastus! Don't let dat mawl coit kick yo' on de haid! He ain't got no shoes on yet! Doss yo' want to ruin dem feet?"

RETROGRADING.



Farmer Ragweed—"Has Bill learned anything tow college?"
Mrs. Ragweed—"No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he useter know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork!"

JUST FOR THING.



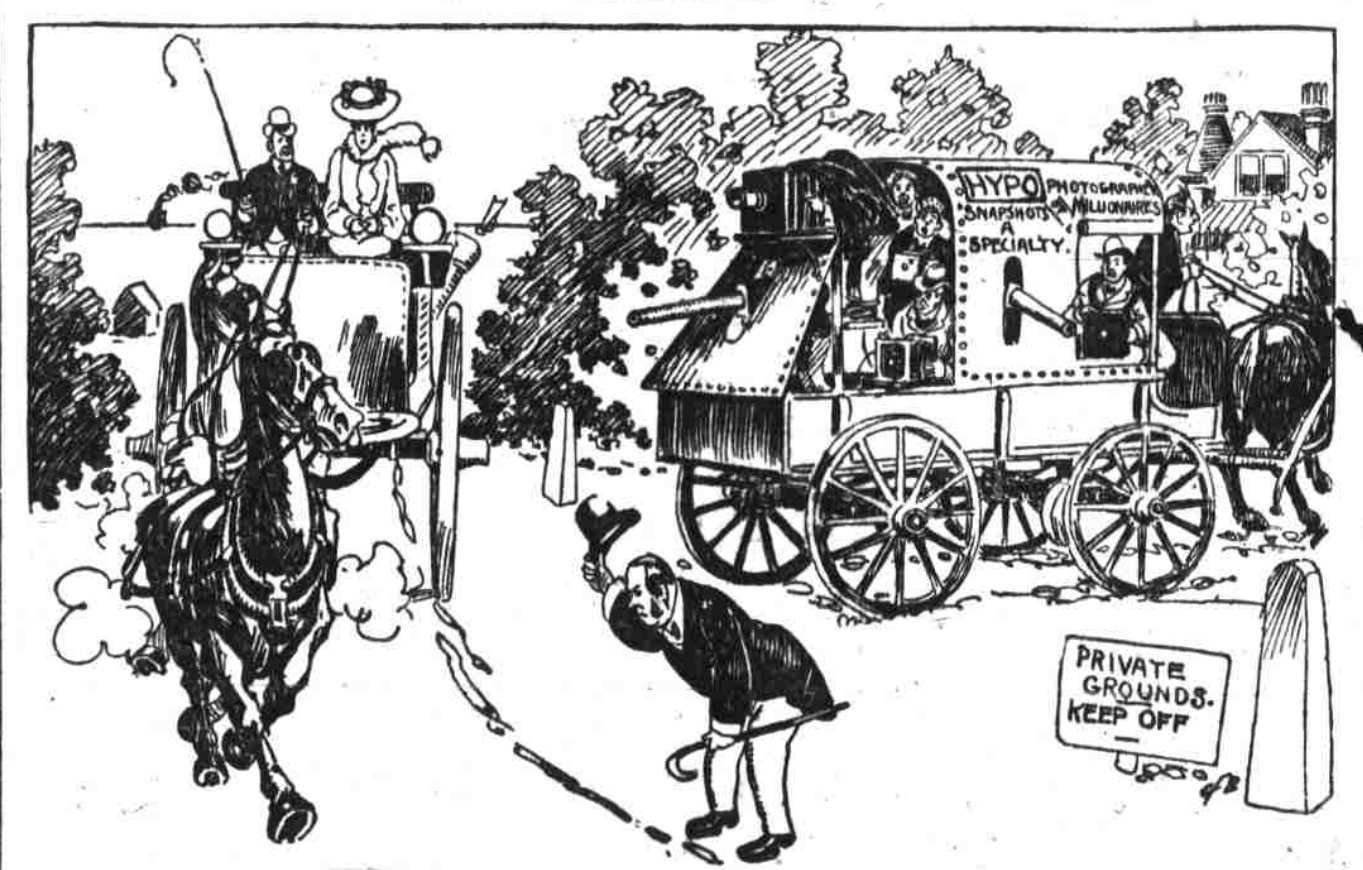
Mr. Hippo—"A two-room flat, just one room apiece, and all for fifteen coconuts a month!"

UP WITH THE TIMES.



Mr. Bass—"That's right! Make 'em good and sharp. I'm going to get some of that rubber balt this season or know the reason why!"

PHOTOGRAPHING MILLIONAIRES IN THE EAST.



PRIVATE GROUNDS. KEEP OFF.

FREE RIDE.

