

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



The Signals Got Crossed

Featherhead Fabrics



Buzzing Around



Our Pet Peeve



ECONOMY
In the club they were talking of men who, though famous and wealthy, were at the same time very mean. "I once knew a man," said Butler, "who was so economical that he used to cover up his inkwell between dips in case any should be lost by evaporation."
"But I knew a man," observed Cutler, "who stopped his clock every night to prevent the works wearing while he was asleep!"—London Answers.



JOLTS AND JARS

Subdividing the Clouds
The airship leaves the earth behind; And Fancy, growing bold, Says, "castles in the air" we'll find By agents bought and sold.
He Had One Regret
Master of the House—I've been waiting for you just one hour. Mistress of the House—Before we were married you said that you would be willing, like Jacob, to wait for me twice seven years. Master (five years married)—I only wish I had.

A Defective Tile
"What has become of that tiled stranger who wanted to marry you?" "I'll admit," said Miss Cayenne, "that the tile dazzled me a little, but father is a good business man and insisted on my having the tile searched."
—Washington Star.

Easy Money
Bill—Did Ted pay you that dollar he borrowed the other day?
Fred—Gosh, I forgot! I'll have to ask him.
Bill—By the way, can you lend me a five?

Hopful
Dad—I promised you a bicycle if you passed the examination, but you failed. What have you been doing?
Son—Learning to ride a bicycle.

THAT PUPPY SMITH



"Why are you so angry because you saw her kissing a dog?"
"It wasn't a dog—it was that puppy Smith!"

A Good Day
If Truth can stamp this on your collar. "He took his dose and didn't holler," You'll fare less ill on judgment day Than any bellyaching jay.

A Brilliant Shot
Mrs. Brown (coddly)—Will you please explain what you meant by "Oh, Helen, a kiss" in your sleep last night?
Brown—Why—or—Helen is just a pet name for a billiard ball, my dear.

Hope Deferred
Ashes—I understand your old aunt is very rich. Does she enjoy good health?
Ardapp—Enjoy It! She positively gloms over it.

For the Dead Ones
Hub—We must go to some quiet, inexpensive place next summer. Wife—Oh, Bob, don't talk so gruesomely. You know there are no longer any quiet inexpensive places except the cemetery.

Slight Favor
Warden (to the man in the chair)—Is there anything I can do for you before I throw the switch?
Doomed Convict—Yes, take my place.

Not the Catacombs!
"Ah, my friend, you seem to have a very stiff neck."
"Yes; I got it while sketching in Italy."
"In an accident?"
"No; I painted the Leaning Tower of Pisa."—Sonagliose-Strix.

And There Was Silence
Mrs.—Who is this silly-looking old thing?
Mr.—Why—ah—it's a photo, I snapped it of you last month, dear.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe



The Clancy Kids

Chippy Turns Salesman.
By PERCY L. CROSBY
Copyright, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate



HOW IT HAPPENED



leadin' in the stretch by a neck when the elephant comes up from behind, sticks out his trunk and wins by a nose.
Cheaper
Florist—These roses are \$9 a dozen. Sandy—I—er—think I'll just send her some flower seeds and let her plant them herself.
Moderate Enthusiasm
As the audience was departing from the Bach program which Stokowski

and his Philadelphia orchestra gave at Carnegie hall recently, an enthusiastic young miss asked her male escort, "Didn't you just love the concert?" "Well, I didn't love it, exactly," he replied, "but I respected it."—Musical Courier.
Power of Money
He—Very well, then. But I'll tell you one thing—money doesn't make a happy marriage.
She—No—but it makes up for an unhappy one.

A LANDED PROPRIETOR



to look it over, fell out and—"Brown—"And became a landed proprietor, eh?"
The Other Way
"He knows his business from the ground down."
"You mean the ground up, don't you?"
"No, he happens to be a miner."
Please
There had been a train wreck and one of two traveling authors felt him-

self slipping from this life. "Good-by, Charlie," he groaned to his friend. "I'm done for."
"Don't say that, Jim, old boy," gasped the other in horror. "For heaven's sake, don't end your last sentence with a preposition!"—Pathfinder.
Even as You and I
Davis—Did you have words with your wife?
Danks—Yes, I had words, but no opportunity for using them.

Joeko, the Monk—Y-see, it was this way: The graffe I was ridin' was

Smith—"As soon as Jones bought his piece of ground he climbed a tree