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GIVE THE TOWN A GOOD FLUSHING OUT. IT NEEDS IT.



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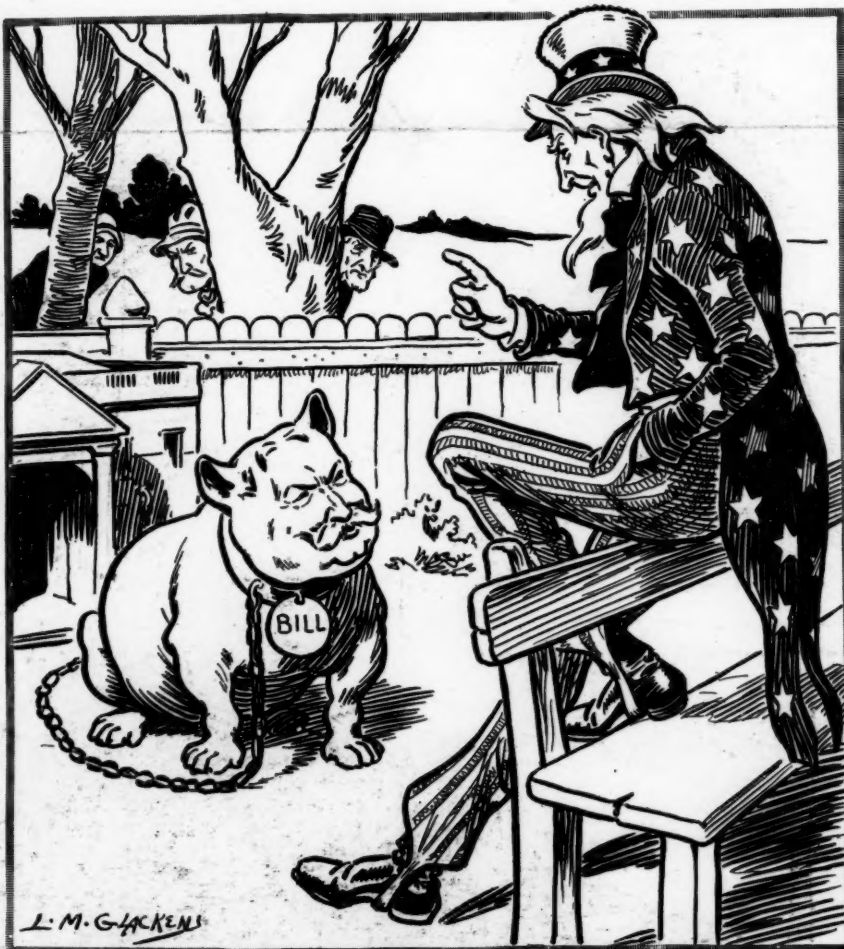
PUCK
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Cartoons and Comments

STATE SENATOR MCCARREN, whose death was a recent occurrence, for years had been a powerful factor in passing and blocking legislation at Albany. He was a Democrat, yet he was also the uncompromising opponent of everything democratic. Any vital reform, any measure for public good, as opposed to private privilege, found in Senator McCarren a fighting foe. McCarren was no hypocrite. He fought the same on both sides of the door, in the committee room and out in the open Senate. But the cause with which McCarren, Democrat, was identified at Albany was the same with which Cannon and Aldrich, Republicans, ally themselves at Washington. This is no McCarren obituary. It is neither eulogy nor post-mortem snarl so far as the late politician is concerned. It is a reference merely to the disquieting fact that in their application to party leaders the words Republican or Democrat mean less than nothing. Of the truth of this a grim demonstration was given by the tariff brawl in Congress. Both Republican and Democratic members were willing to throw and did throw to the winds the apparently sincere pledges of their respective platforms. Party principles are very well, it seems, for the common herd to stand by and get excited over, but the party leaders—both parties—show all too clearly, when the public welfare is at stake, in what esteem *they* hold them. More and more is it becoming obvious to those who have eyes to see that there is a common ground of understanding, a common rallying point, for Democrats and Republicans

alike, whether they be city, state, or national Honorables. It is not sufficient to say, as so many do, "Oh, one party is as bad as the other!" The thing to find out is *what makes* one party as bad as the other? What are the interests which both big parties serve so similarly? Whence comes their power? Compared with these interests, whatever names we give them, pledges, platforms, and party principles are as minus naught. They answer as texts for us little fellows, when we "talk politics," but they embarrass not in the slightest the bigger fellows for whom we are graciously permitted to vote. With most of the latter, the name Republican or Democrat is but a costume, gayly donned for the masquerade which we in our civic innocence or indifference call a political campaign. The ball over, they come out again in their true characters, and lo, they are all alike! The best proof we have that the voters are beginning to realize what makes "one party as bad as the other" is the old and hopeless split in the Democratic Party, and the new but hopeful break in the ranks of the Republicans.



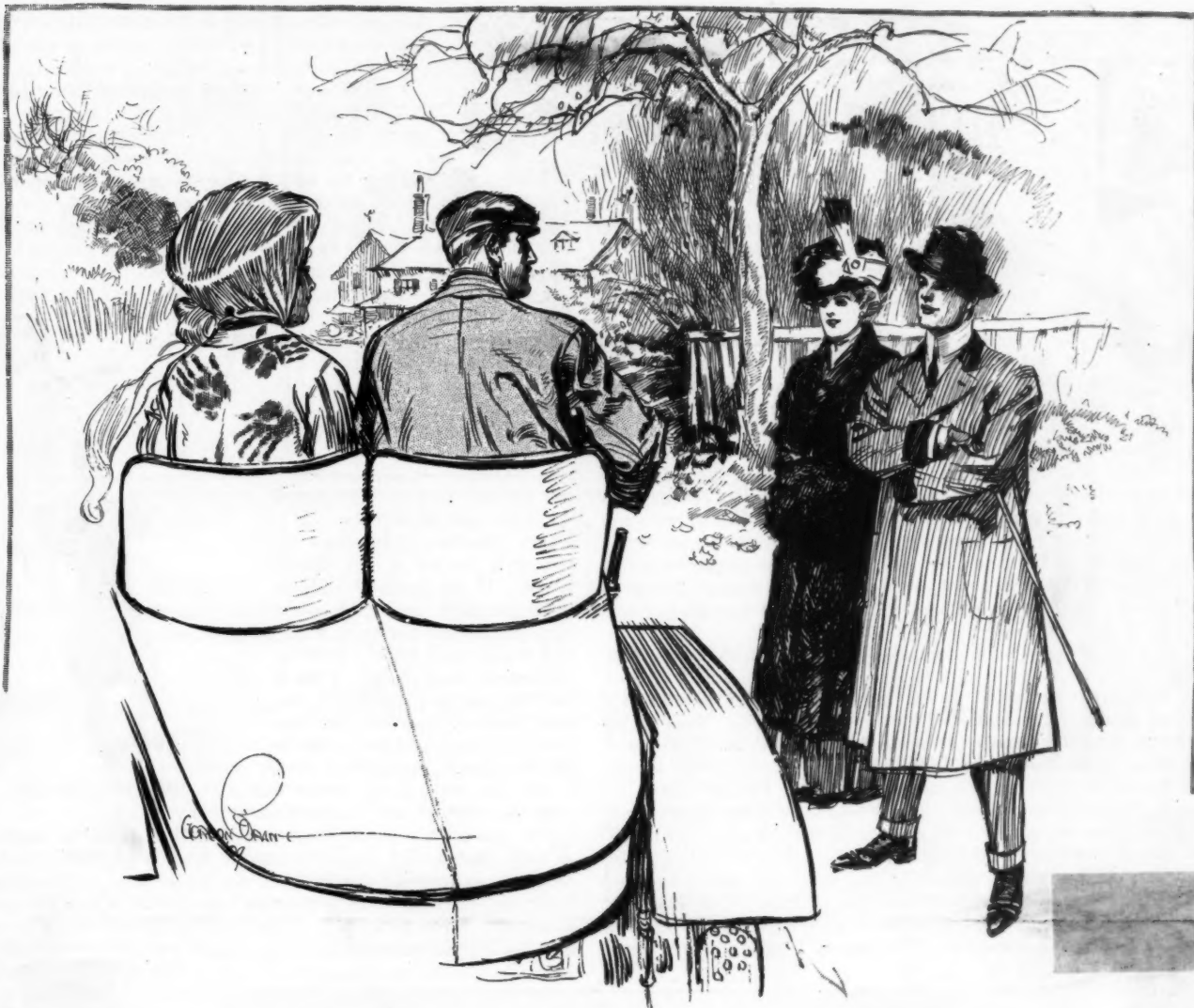
TOO TRUSTING A NATURE.

HIS MASTER.—You're big enough an' strong enough to make an almighty good watch-dog, but we've got to break yer of that derved habit of makin' friends with anybody an' anythin'.

A LADY with a couple of Saratoga trunks is quite safe from all annoyance if she makes due declaration.—Collector Loeb.

And if, as may be the case, she has nothing to declare, and says so, she will be safe from all annoyance save being treated like a liar and a perjurer.

THE International Pure Food Congress, meeting in Paris, has defined olive-oil as "oil extracted from the fruit of the olive-tree." No mistake about it, it's getting harder and harder every day to make an honest living.



ANOTHER BLACK-HAND OUTRAGE.

"Yes, the car runs well, but I've had to stop repeatedly to adjust the clutch."



POPPY LAND.

WHEN first I held your tiny hand,
I entered into Poppy Land.

What suns, what trees, what songs of May
What dreams and fancies filled each day!
The very slightest breeze would strow
The cherry-blooms as thick as snow.

The tiger-beetle's horny shard
Was not more green than this poor bard;
But oh, I'd give my riper hue
For green, again to be with you.

For when I held your tiny hand,
Young love was mine in Poppy Land.

Allan Davis.

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

"NEARLY everybody has a well-developed bump of curiosity."
"Think so?"

"Yes; most of the people who see this paragraph will turn the paper upside down."

PUBLISHERS' PRIMER.

MAGAZINE.—A paper-bound book of advertising matter with a literary preface.

EDITOR.—A man who edits the preface, giving the subscribers what he thinks they ought to read.

READER.—A man who buys a magazine because of its catchy cover.

AUTHOR.—A person who writes what he thinks the editor thinks people think.

FICTION.—Stories of "real life" that never happen.

A GOOD STORY.—One that pleases editors who are particular and people who are not particular.

ARTICLES.—Twaddle by men of note.

A GOOD ARTICLE.—One for which the editor has paid a dollar a word.

HUMOR.—Stuff that people would n't know any better than to laugh over were it allowed to get into print.

NEAR-HUMOR.—Stuff published because it is "smart," "clever," or cynical.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Pictures that induce people to read stories that the illustrators could n't be induced to read.



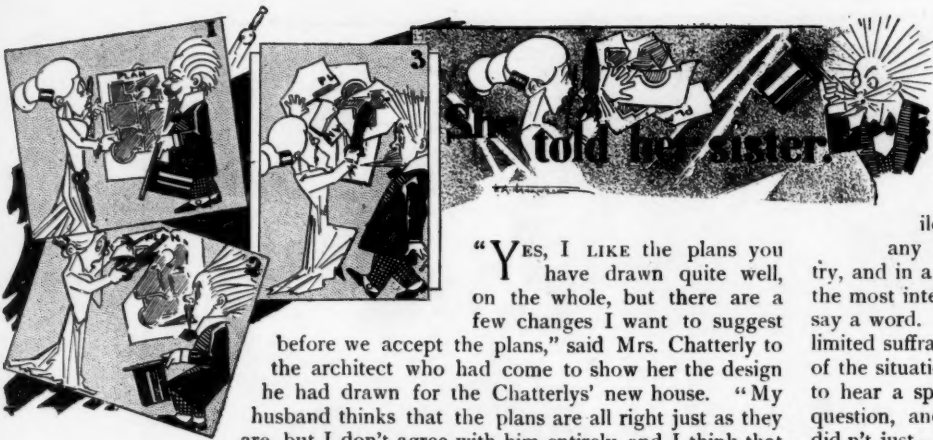
SHE KNEW HIM.

DUSKY CUSTOMER.—Mah husband's done got de rheumatism. Gimme a bottle o' datyer man-an-beast con-trapshun.

DRUGGIST.—Hum—well—er—that stuff's a little bit strong for a man, I'm afraid.

D. C.—Wrap it up. Ah knows mah husband'.

Yesterday has not been in vain so long as we can look back to it and wonder how we could have been such a fool.



"YES, I LIKE the plans you have drawn quite well, on the whole, but there are a few changes I want to suggest before we accept the plans," said Mrs. Chatterly to the architect who had come to show her the design he had drawn for the Chatterlys' new house. "My husband thinks that the plans are all right just as they are, but I don't agree with him entirely, and I think that so long as it is the woman who has to do the work in the house, she should have something to say about the plans when a new house is to be built. But my husband is real nice about such things, and he said he would have you come up and let me suggest a few changes to you before you went ahead with the work. A sister of mine and her husband built a new house last year, and he did n't want her to have anything to say about the plans, and the consequence is that there are a lot of things about the house that she does n't like at all and that are not at all convenient. He is one of that kind of men who think that——"

"What changes would you like to suggest in the plans, Mrs. Chatterly?"

"Well, two or three. In the first place, I don't quite like the general plan and the location of some of the closets. Some of the closets in my sister's house are perfectly awful—so small, and so—and then I think that I would like the kitchen made a little smaller and the dining-room a little larger. Anything I do not like it is a little tucked-up dining-room. The dining-room in my sister's house is so small that when they have eight at dinner the maid can hardly get around to serve, and the kitchen is larger than the dining-room. I told her the last time I visited her that when *we* built I intended to see to it that the dining-room was just as large as possible. If there is anything annoying it is to have a cramped-up dining-room when one is having company. One reason I have not entertained as much as I wanted to in this house has been the size of the dining-room. It is so small and so poorly lighted that—— That is another thing I wanted to speak to you about, the light. It seems to me that you ought to either make the window in the end of the dining-room a double window, or work in an extra window. If there is any room in the house that I think should be light it is the dining-room. My sister's dining-room is in a corner of the house where it never gets a ray of the morning sun, and once when I was visiting there they actually had to light the gas to eat breakfast by at eight in the morning! I told my sister then that——"

"What other changes would you suggest?"

"Well, it seems to me that the front hall is too narrow and not long enough. That is one failing in my sister's house—the front hall is so narrow there is hardly room for a hat-tree in it. I told her the last time I was there that when we built I should see to it that we had a good wide hall, and one with plenty of light. Her hall is dark as well as narrow. She wanted her husband to have a pebble-glass put in the

door, or a clear door that she could have curtained; but no, he did n't want that, and he is one of that kind of men that it is no sort of use to argue with.

I am far from being one of these screaming women suffragists, or suffragettes, or whatever you call them, like they have in London, and who carry on in a way that no real lady ever could, but I do feel that the wife and mother should have more privileges than she does, and it does seem a little unfair that

any low, ignorant old foreigner can come into our country, and in a few months have his say in regard to our laws, while the most intelligent American woman who pays heavy taxes cannot say a word. It seems to me that there might be some kind of a limited suffrage for both women and men that would meet the needs of the situation. I went not long ago to hear a speaker on the suffrage question, and I tell you if she did n't just——"

"Will you please look at the plans again and tell me if——"

"Oh yes. Well, I don't quite like the way in which the pantry connects with the kitchen. It is a little like the way in which the pantry is placed in my sister's house. If her husband had deliberately tried he could hardly have put in her pantry in a way that would have made it more inconvenient than it is. Then it has only one very small and narrow window, and no provision for a flour barrel, or for her to do her bread and pastry work in it. I told her when I saw it the first time that when we built I should see to it that no such a pantry arrangement as that should be made. I do think that a nice, large, convenient kitchen pantry is about as necessary as anything else in the house, unless it is a well-equipped bathroom, and that reminds me that I want four or five changes in your plan of the bathroom. The bathroom in my sister's house is so small and so inconvenient, and when I was there I showed her how it could have been made much larger by making the back hall a little smaller, and—you see it is like this: If you will give me your pencil and a scrap of paper from your note-book I think I can show you just how the bathroom in my sister's house is situated, and you can see for yourself that——"

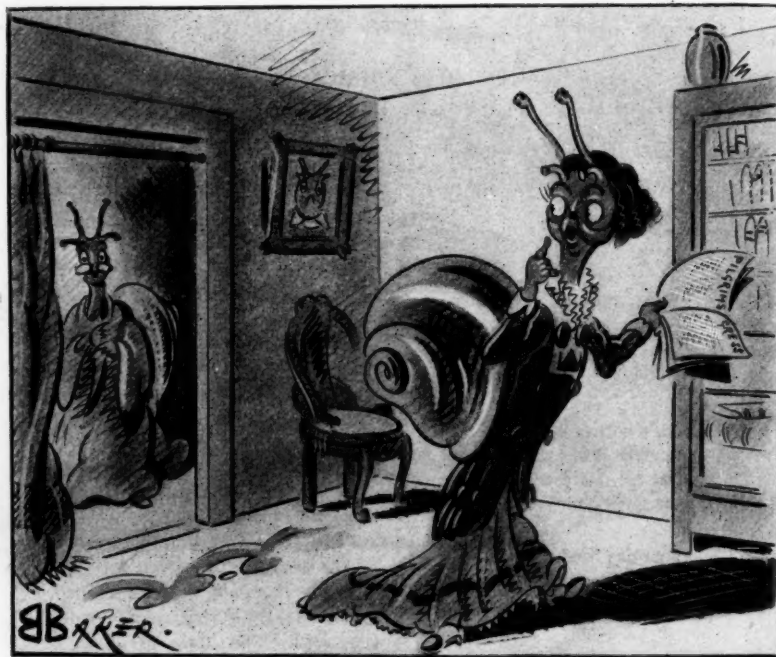
HAM AND BOSTON.



"I have only a few minutes to spare, and——"

"Oh, I suppose so. Well, I think that all of the ceilings on the lower floor should be at least six inches higher than they are. Anything I do not like is too low a ceiling. I wish you could see the ceilings in my sister's house! Truly, I think that a tall man could almost reach up and touch them simply standing on the floor—— You can't stay any longer? Well, you just leave the plans with me and I will bring them to your office to-morrow. I'm not going to have our house poorly lighted as my sister's. I told my sister that when *we* built I should see to it that—— Must you go? Well, I'll let you know about the few changes I want made, and—— Good-by. I told my sister—— 'Good-by!'"

Morris Wade.



A STRICT PARENT.

JEMIMA SNAIL.—What a bother! Here comes mother! I must n't let her see me with this *Pilgrim's Progress*—she does n't like me to read these racy novels!

poorly lighted as my sister's. I told my sister that when *we* built I should see to it that—— Must you go? Well, I'll let you know about the few changes I want made, and—— Good-by. I told my sister—— 'Good-by!'"

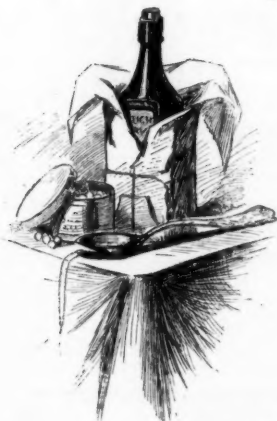


A PUBLIC SCANDAL.

THE GOATMILKINE GIRL.—How *very* embarrassing! What a boor of a billposter to stick me right next to that — er — disrobed gentleman!

BALLADE OF ANY HOSPITAL.

IT is a pleasant place, I ween,
A very pleasant place to go;
With inner walls a restful green,
And little beds all in a row —
Oh, they are white as driven snow;
I never saw a whiter sheet!
But I'm not thinking much of show —
I do not get enough to eat!



I have a bed (chose "sight unseen")
That sets me rolling to and fro,
Because the mattress creeps between
My ribs, and hurts my innards so;
And yet—life should not move so slow,
My window opens on the street;
But I'm too weak to gaze below —
I do not get enough to eat!

All that I see is very clean;
One needs must search both high and low
To find a speck of dirt, for e'en
The very floors reflect a glow.
That slender nurse is nice, I know,
She looks so very clean and sweet;
I like the fat one better, though —
I do not get enough to eat!

L'ENVOI

O, Hospital, from top to toe
My love for you is large, complete;
But I am lean and lank — for, oh!
I do not get enough to eat!

Chas. C. Jones.

LUCKY.

THE ANGEL with the flaming sword had locked the gates of the Garden of Eden, but on catching sight of Eve trying on fig-leaves he tarried a moment before flying back whence he came. And it was with no small relief that he beheld the first mother find, at length, a fig-leaf to suit her. "Lucky thing for the proprieties that green happens to be her color!" ruminated the celestial messenger, spreading his wings.

CLASSIFICATION OF MISTAKES.

WHEN MADE BY: The clerk at eight hundred a year it is "an error caused by press of business," and he is politely asked to be more careful.
" " " The overseer of a department at twenty-five hundred a year it is "a rather bad break," and he gets a sugar-coated call-down.
" " " The manager at ten thousand a year it is "a temporary aberration of judgment," and he is given a vacation with raise of salary to restore his nerve.
" " " The "hand" at nine dollars a week it is "inexcusable," and the "blundering idiot" is fired.



SUPUFFLUOUS!

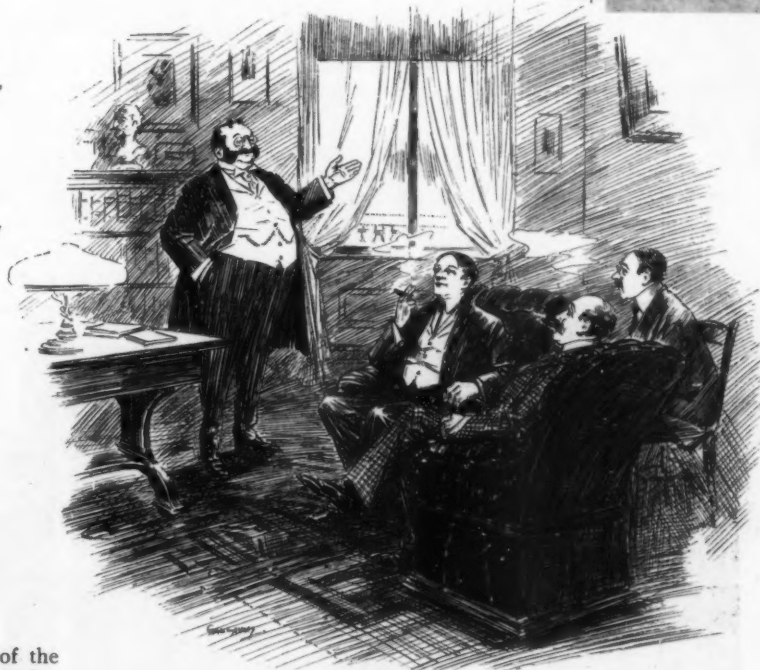
HUSBAND.—I passed a shop to-day that I'd like to have you patronize.

WIFE.—Why so, dear?

HUSBAND.—They advertise "Superfluous Hair Removed."

NOT SO SOCIAL.

BACON SAYS man is a social animal, but this is only imperfectly true. For example, man will sometimes object to mortgaging his home to buy a car, and will even see nothing absurd in mortgaging a car to buy a home. Again, he will confess himself bored by grand opera, even with the boxes all occupied. And when it comes to clothes, half the time he does n't care about them further than to have them comfortable. In short, there are animals much more social than man.



THIS WAY, PLEASE!

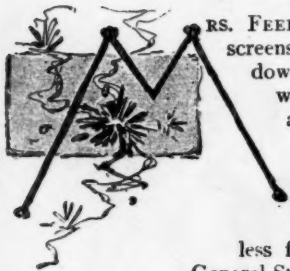
WHOLESALE DRYGOODS MERCHANT (*who has taken some big buyers out to his country place*).—Chentlemen, I haf something very neat in the way of sunsets this efening. May I show you?—it's the best line I haf had this Fall.

The man who is his own press-agent is always getting the wrong story into print.

NOT SAYING MUCH.
I'M MONARCH of all I survey!
 However, that's really not saying
 A great deal, of course, for you know
 I never was much at surveying.

THE WIRELESS EPOCH.

(From the *Smallville Bugle*.)



RS. FEEDUM has put wireless fly-screens in the dining-room windows at the Feedum House, which is a great improvement, as the flies can't come in at the windows, but have to go 'round and come through the kitchen door.

A fine lot of barbed wireless fencing has just arrived at Scroggins's General Store.—*Adv.*

The Town Marshal is threatening to arrest any boys caught throwing stones at the telegraph wireless.

A large delegation from this village went to the County Fair last week and report a pleasant time was had by all. Al Simpson says the slack-wireless performance made him feel shaky.

All parlor pictures, according to the *Furnished Home*, are now being hung from fancy nails drove in the wall by wireless, strings not being regarded as elegant no longer.

Farmer Jones reports that he has at last succeeded, by means of grubbing and burning over, in getting all the wireless grass out of his big meadow.

Ike Weston was down to the city on business last week, and Ike says all the fine offices has wireless waste-baskets now 'stead of willow ones. Ike says he come mighty near buying a wireless cot to sleep on, only he did n't see none and did n't have the money.

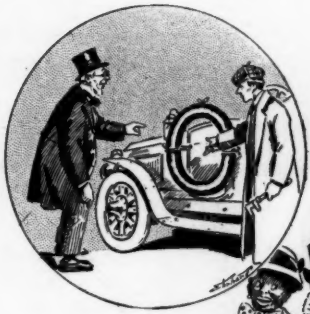
Nobody can get along without a pair of wireless nippers these days. You can get a pair at Scroggins's General Store.—*Adv.*

While trying to clean his pipe, which was stopped up, with a wireless hairpin, Deacon Dobbs stuck it in his finger, which made it quite painful.

The wireless rope which lifts the elevator in Scroggins's General Store broke the other day, but nobody was hurt, as the elevator was at the bottom floor and nobody was in it.

E. C. Hall.

JUST A FEW LITTLE EXTRAS.



I.
OLD GENT.—What's that round thing?
CHAUFFEUR.—Extra tire, in case we break one.
OLD GENT.—H-m-m. Mighty good idee!



II.
THE "GOOD IDEE" ADOPTED: Extra hat, extra shoe, extra collar, extra pants, extra sock.

OUR NEW LITERATURE.

UNCLE EZRA.—Cracky, but them patent-medicine men are powerful writers! The feller that wrote this "Ad." keeps you in doubt about the name of the stuff until the very last line.

TOO HONEST.

WOGGS.—Young Smith has failed in business again. I'm sorry for the boy, but too close adherence to high principles ruined him.

BOGGS.—How so?

WOGGS.—He advertised "Our product is thoroughly tested before it leaves the factory," which is a very hard thing to live up to when you are manufacturing dynamite.

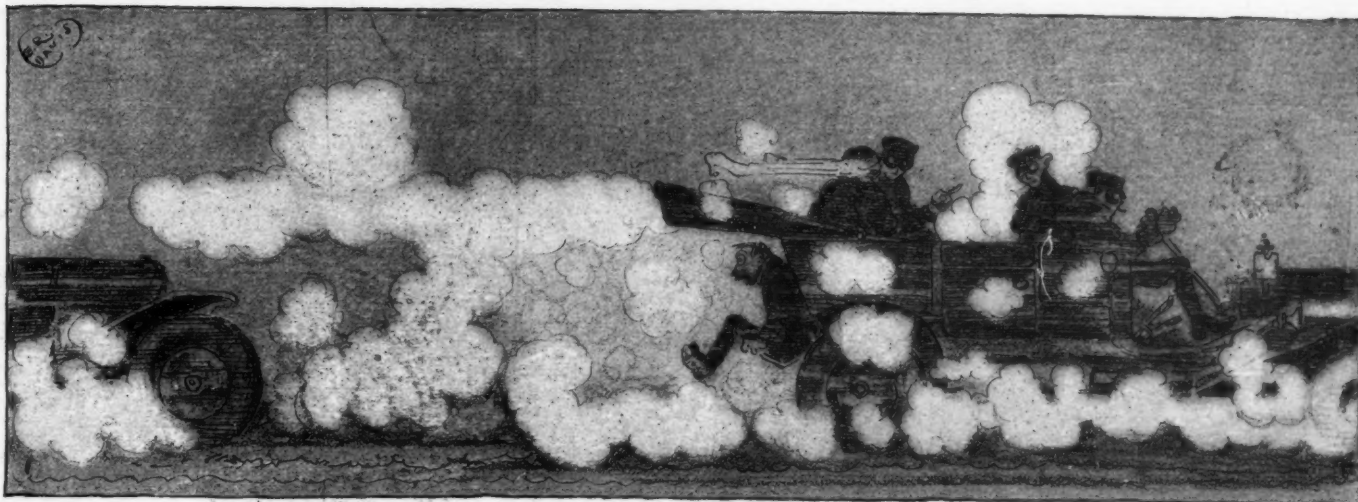
WHAT FUN THE TROLLEY FOLKS HAVE WITH US!



I.
 They trot out open trolleys ere the Spring's an hour old,
 And we shiver, shiver, shiver with the cold, cold, cold!



II.
 Then back they put the stuffy cars ere Summer's off the street,
 And we swelter, swelter, swelter with the heat, heat, heat!



LIVE AND LEARN.

THE HOBO (on the Road of Gasoline).—Hereafter I sticks to freight-trains!

TO LALAGE:

AN INDIAN-SUMMER APPEAL.



COME, Lalage, and take the air;
(I call a house to-day infernal!)
The weather's more than Cold to Fair—
It's vernal.

Inside, the housefly, thin and gaunt,
Awakes to find the climate pleasant,
And agilely proceeds to haunt
Those present.

But out of doors the world is yours,
'Live with the breath of Indian Summer;
A world of sunshine, and it sure's
A hummer.

So come, while yet we find enrolled
The last of summer's pleasant annals,
Ere I assume my winter cold
And flannels.

Horatio Winslow.

SOME PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

1. SANITATION + Moderation + Recreation = Dissipation = Health.
2. Determination + Concentration x Application = Success.
3. (Sorrows ÷ 2) + (Joys x 2) + Children (multiplied by X) = Marriage.
4. Marriage ÷ An Affinity = Divorce.
5. Geometrical Progression (ascending series) from Introduction to Proposal: Salutation, Inclination, Admiration, Adulation, Adoration, Palpitation, Desperation, Declaration, Acceptation, Exultation, Osculation.
6. 59% of Leadership = Self-Reliance.
7. A Good Name is > Riches.
8. The Product of a Cow x by a Pump = Milkman's Milk.
9. Troubles + Cowardice - Faith - Hope = Suicide.
10. The Fourth of July - Ice Cream + Fireworks & Firewater = A Hot Time.
11. Proportion. Man : Contentment :: Accomplishment : Ideals.
12. Expectations x 2 = Twins.
13. 4 Beers + 4 Whiskies x 1 Fight = X. (Pay the X to the Judge.)

SIDESTEPPING.

REV. FOURTHLY.—I trust you are trying to climb the straight and narrow path?
KNICKER.—Yep; but the best way to drive up a hill is to zigzag.

HEARD IN SCHOOL.

TEACHER.—What are the duties of the Vice-President of the United States?
YOUNG AMERICA.—He has to play golf in the absence of the President.

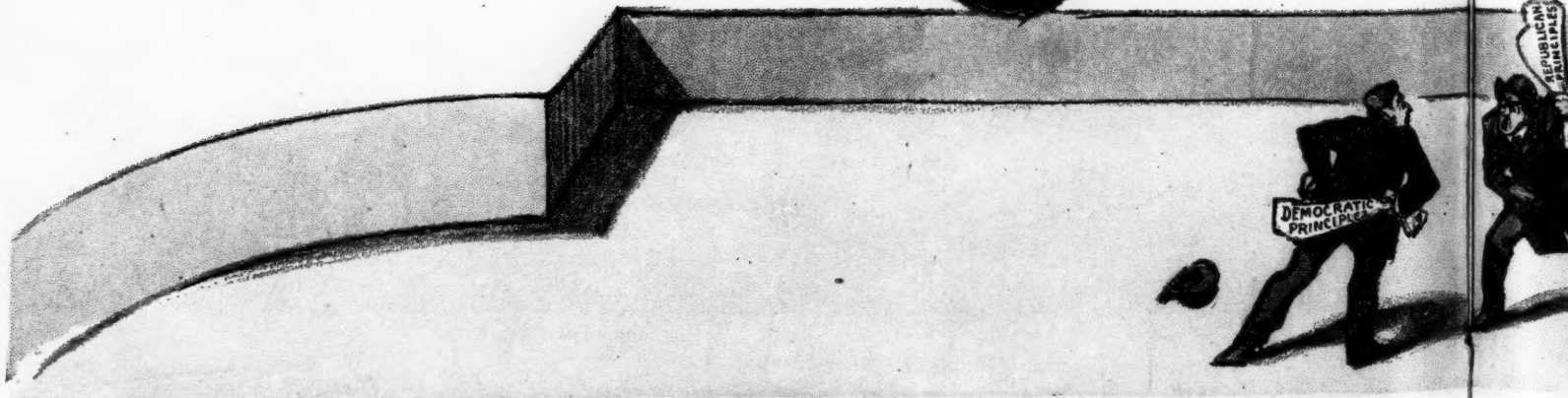


HISTORICALLY ACCURATE.

ROMAN CITIZEN (just a few B.C.)—See hereibus! What do you mean by smoking? Don't you know that tobacco won't be introduced into Europe for 1500 years?

MARCUS SCRAPICUS.—Oh, that's all right, old sportum! Roman soldiers smoke. Did n't I see one of 'em smoking a "perfecto" in the Hudson-Fulton carnival parade up in New York?

Is a man happier for being so rich that his wife will think they ought to pretend to like good music?



THE PUCK PRESS

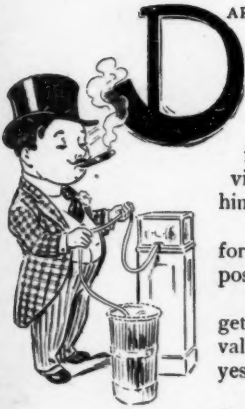
THE LAUGHTER OF
THE BIG FOUR. — Let 'em argue! If they stopped talking they might



BATTLE OF THE GODS.

Stopped talking they might begin thinking, and then where would *we* be?

IT COULD N'T BE.



DARLING, when can you arrange for the happy day?" The modern young man leaned forward anxiously as he looked in the busy face of the modern young woman. She sat with half-parted lips, toying with the telephone on her writing-desk. He had stopped in on his way uptown, having previously ascertained that she could see him for five minutes.

The modern young woman reached forward and produced a large and imposing engagement-book.

"My secretary is out," she said apologetically, "or I would n't have to take up our valuable time in referring to the record. Ah yes—let me see."

In a moment she turned rapidly to her lover, who sat in mute and anxious expectancy.

"For the next two months," she said, "I see that I have a matinee party every Wednesday and two theatre parties a week. My bridge club meets Thursday and Saturday. I have important Settlement work on Tuesday, so that every day is filled until I leave for Europe. I shall be gone three months, and immediately on my return I have arranged for a trip to California. After that is the golf tournament, followed by our automobile carnival, which will necessitate my going South for a couple of months or so. I see that every day is filled in between, except— Am I right? Can it be? Ah yes, here is a day! Splendid!"

She turned to her waiting lover.

"One year from the twenty-fourth of next June," she said, "is unfilled. Is n't it nice? And in June, too! I am so glad that you were thoughtful enough to call my attention to the matter. Will that be all right for you?"

The modern young man arose. The telephone was beginning to ring.

"Awfully sorry, darling," he replied, "but I'm afraid we shall have to call this marriage off. I could n't possibly be there one year from the twenty-fourth of June. That is the day on which I have already arranged to make my annual visit to the Zoological Gardens!"



IF YOU MUST OWN AN AUTO—

"Bully idea of yours, Jenny—letting it out for advertising space. Now perhaps we can pay the garage charges."

THEY LOOK IT.

MRS. BOOKDEALER.—Johnny just spilled the ink-bottle over my diary.

MR. BOOKDEALER.—Never mind. Blot it up and I'll take the book down to the store and sell it as one of the humorous holiday volumes with illustrations by the author.

LOVE, it is true, will make two fools one, but the one has a commensurately higher voltage of folly, so that after all society is n't necessarily the gainer.



AN UNTIMELY SUGGESTION.

LYCEUM ORATOR (*majestically*).—My voice has been heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf; yea, from the Orient to the Occident—
PERSON IN REAR OF HALL.—LOUDER!



HOME TRAINING.

TEACHER.—And what do we call those things that men like to see flying in the air?
LITTLE CLAUDE.—Razzahs!

“WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.”



LISSOME and light as a fairy queen,
Warmed by the glow of gay nineteen,
Down where the waves wash the sounding shore
She heard the world-old tale once more—
Heard the tale with a blush and a laugh,
And then—she blew him away like chaff;
No terrors has Time for gay nineteen,
When one is fair as a fairy queen.

The years rolled on, as they always do,
And the Lady came and saw and slew,
Year after year, by the sounding shore,
She brought them down by the score or more;
But each cold heart left its impress there
In the wrinkled cheek and the silvered hair;
The net result was a shop-worn belle,
But cleverly masked—in fact, to tell
Where nature ended and art began
Was something that passed the wit of man—
Passè in the garish light of noon,
But still so-so 'neath a crescent moon.

And he? Forgot her, of course, and went
The pace that kills till his cash was spent
And he'd changed the old man's hard-earned wealth
For a ruddy nose and shaky health.

Bankrupt and weary he walked once more
Down where the waves wash the sounding shore,
Where he found his long-lost love sublime,
A faded wreck on the shores of Time;
Faded and shrunken in face and frame,
But with plump exchequer just the same;
For the worm that feeds on beauty's hue
Can't always eat up the strong-box too.
Thought he: “If I miss this target twice,
I've no hope this side of Paradise.”
And the lady thought: “Dear heart alive,
One cannot split hairs at forty-five.”
So she looked up at the moon and blinked,
While he looked over the waves and winked.

Which was why the parson sprung his jest,
“Whom GOD hath joined”—you know the rest.

D. B. Van Buren.

ACHILLES'S GROUCH.

ACHILLES was lamenting his vulnerable heel.
“I know my wife will make me wipe it off when I
come in the house!” he exclaimed.
Herewith he refused to be comforted.

ALWAYS, ALWAYS.

MONDAY: “No, Carrie, we cannot afford a machine this year.
It may be different next year. I am firm.”

TUESDAY: “I know
how your heart is set on
the car, but a year is n't
long to wait for such a
big thing.”

WEDNESDAY:
“Even if the Flemings
and De Worthingtons
are going to get ma-
chines, it makes no differ-
ence to us.”

THURSDAY: “No, my
dear girl. I hate to refuse
you, but —”

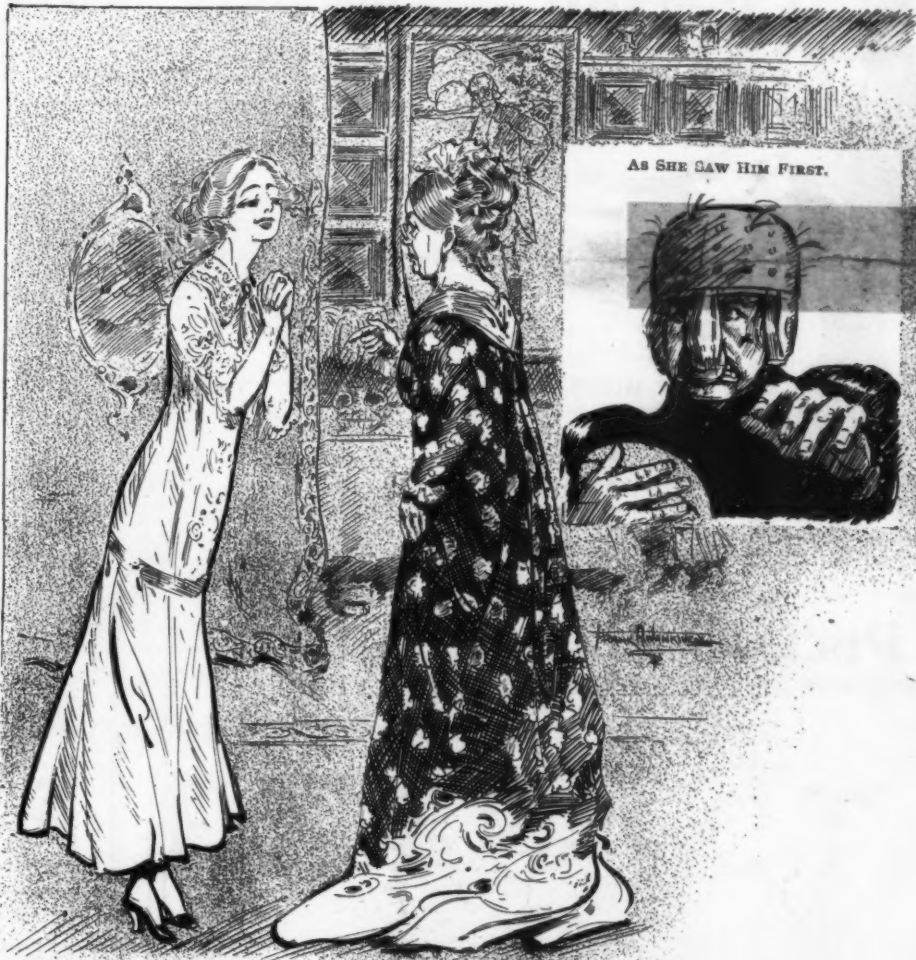
FRIDAY: “But they cost so
much!”

SATURDAY: “Well, we'll
just go down and look at it.”



THE FIRST TO SAY IT.

ADAM (dandling Cain). — My,
young feller, how you're growing!
You'll be a man before your mother!



THEN SHE WOULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD.

AUNT MARY.—Really, Clara, I don't see what you find to rave over in that
football hero you're engaged to. Last night he seemed to me to be a perfectly
ordinary, average young man.

CLARA.—Oh, but if you *only* could see him on the football field, where I
saw him first! (Becomes incoherent with rapture.)

Telling lies gets you into almost as much trouble as telling the truth.

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HITS THE MARK.

Two "jags" were ambling homeward at an early hour after being out nearly all night.

"Don't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one.

"Not often," replied the other; "she throws pretty straight."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"Do you think your father would object to me marrying you?"

"I don't know. If he's anything like me he would!"—*Kansas City Star.*



AT THE TOP THERE IS ALWAYS ONE

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IS NUMBER ONE!

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

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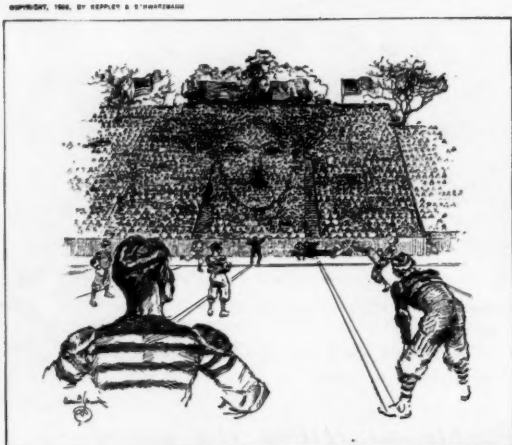
EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.

EUCLID WITH HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS CELEBRATING THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DISCOVERY "THAT ANY TWO SIDES OF A TRIANGLE ARE TOGETHER GREATER THAN THE THIRD."

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THEN SHE HURRIED BACK.

Irving Berlin, the author of "My Wife's Gone to the Country," said at a recent dinner in New York:

"A true happening was the inspiration of this song. In July a Brooklyn woman set out for Ocean Grove, and on her arrival discovered that her watch, a small affair, was missing. She thought it had probably dropped on the thick, soft dining-room rug, so she wired to the maid at home:

"Let me know if you find anything on the rug in the dining-room."

"A few days later she got from the maid a letter, saying:

"DEAR MADAM: I was to let you know if I found anything on the dining-room rug. This is what I found this morning: Three champagne corks, eighteen cigar butts, five cigar ends, four blue chips, thirty-six burned matches, and one pink-satin slipper."—*Washington Star.*

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Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, \$6
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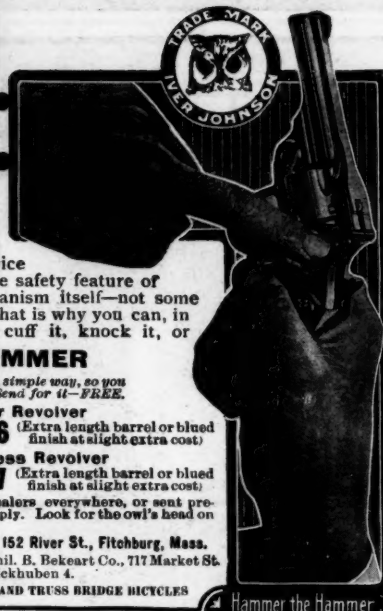
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"Naw; I'm tired of these organ recitals."—Cornell Widow.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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SHE (reading).— And so they were married, and that was the last of their troubles.
HIM (sotto voce).— Last, but not least!—Cleveland Leader.

BUNG.— So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestry? What is your fee?
GENEALOGIST.— Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's.

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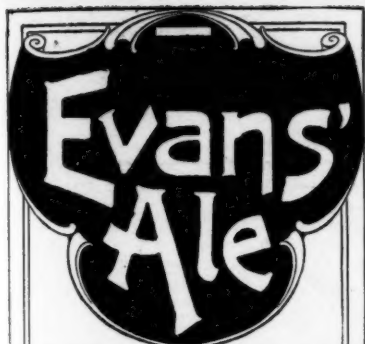
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Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.
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THE REAL THING.
"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?"
"No."
"Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you don't know what life is."—*Public Ledger*.

HE (as his wife hastens to catch a car and is putting on her gloves).—That's it, always late. And why can't you dress in the house? I would just as soon see a woman put on her stockings as her gloves.
SHE.—So would any other man!—*The Coyote*.

"But," said the skeptical husband. "I don't see how that new store can afford to sell you everything at less than cost."
"Oh, that's easily explained," rejoined the knowing wife. "They sell such enormous quantities of everything!"—*Chicago Daily News*.



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PRIVATE STOCK
**THE
FINEST
BEER**
EVER
BREWED

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct

NOT ON THE MAP.
"Say!" queried the would-be humorist. "Where is that place Atoms that so many people are blown to?"
"It's just the other side of Effigy, the place in which so many people are hanged," answered the solemn person.—*Chicago News*.

COUNTRY-WOMAN.—I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week, and haven't received it yet.
POST-OFFICE CLERK.—Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form, and state the nature of your complaint.
COUNTRY-WOMAN.—Well, if you really must know, it's indigestion.—*Exchange*.

Pears'
The goodness in Pears' Soap is an antidote for all bad complexions.
For goodness sake use Pears'.
Sold in America and elsewhere.

CORRECTED.
"What have you been doing in the country?"
"Oh, just lying around and fishing."
"You mean fishing and lying around."—*Boston Transcript*.

FIRST GIRL (looking at statue of the Venus de Milo).—What terribly thick waists girls must have had in those days!
SECOND GIRL.—Yes; but perhaps the gentlemen's arms were longer.—*Human Life*.

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—



THE FATAL LOVE-VOW.
—From *Fliegende Blätter*.

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"TALK," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—*Washington Star*.

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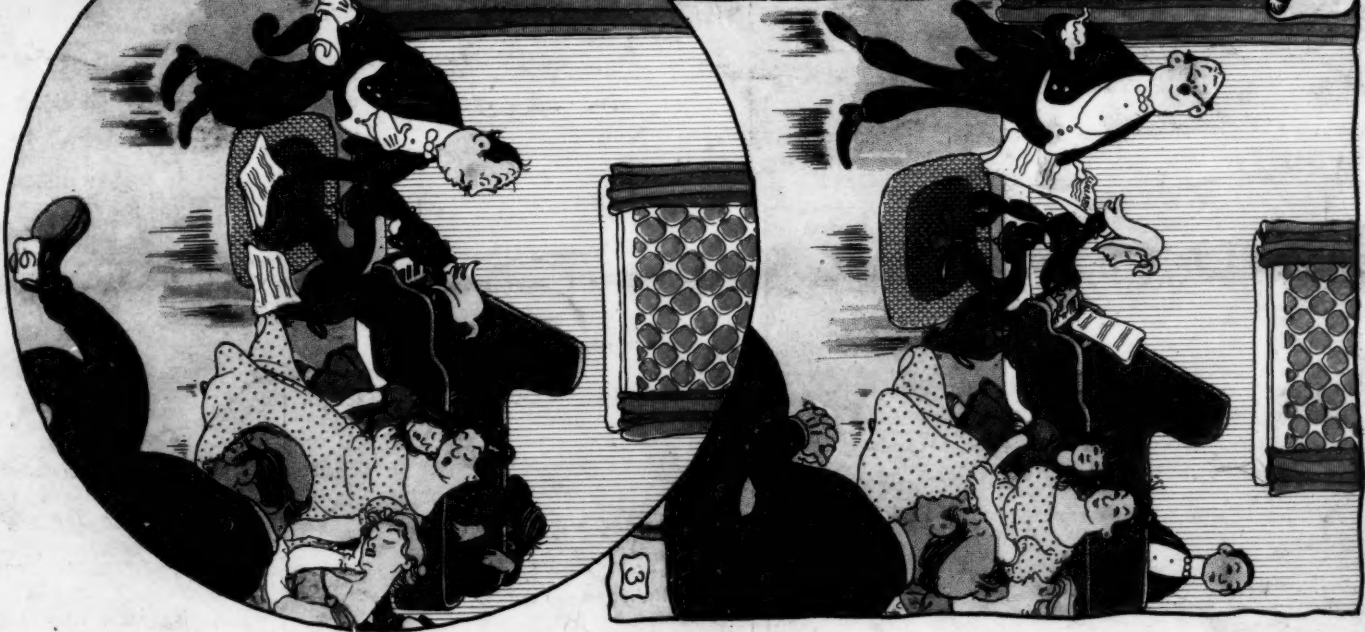
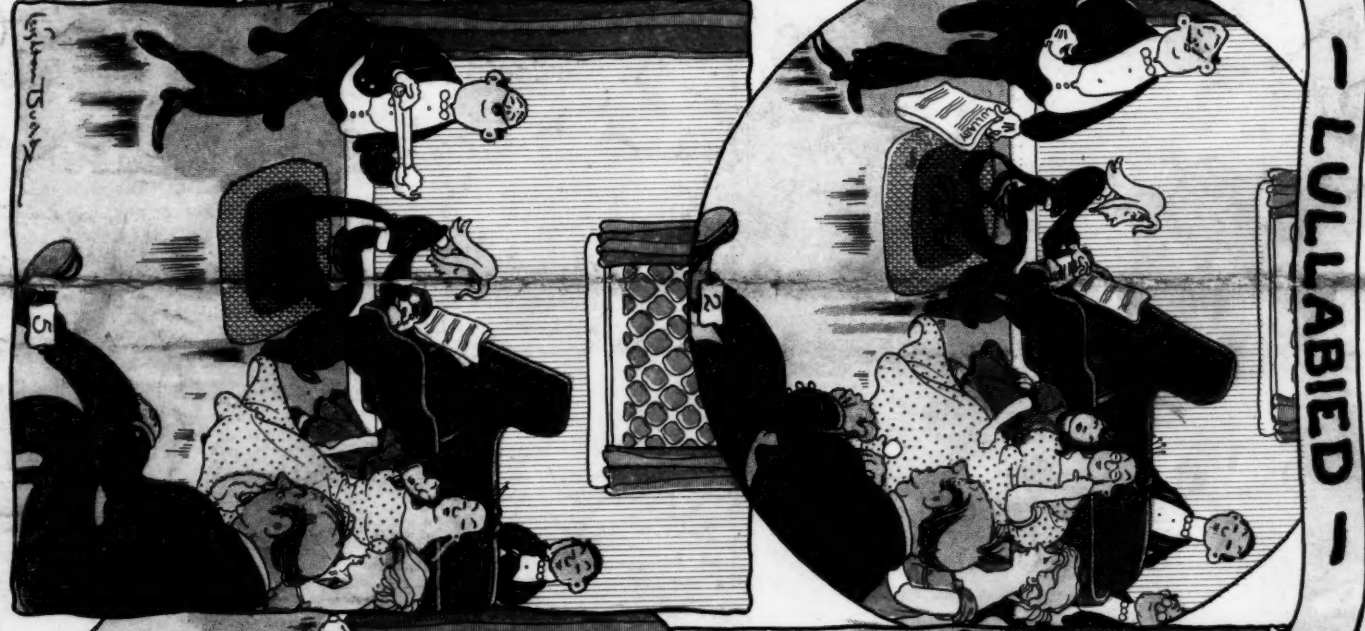
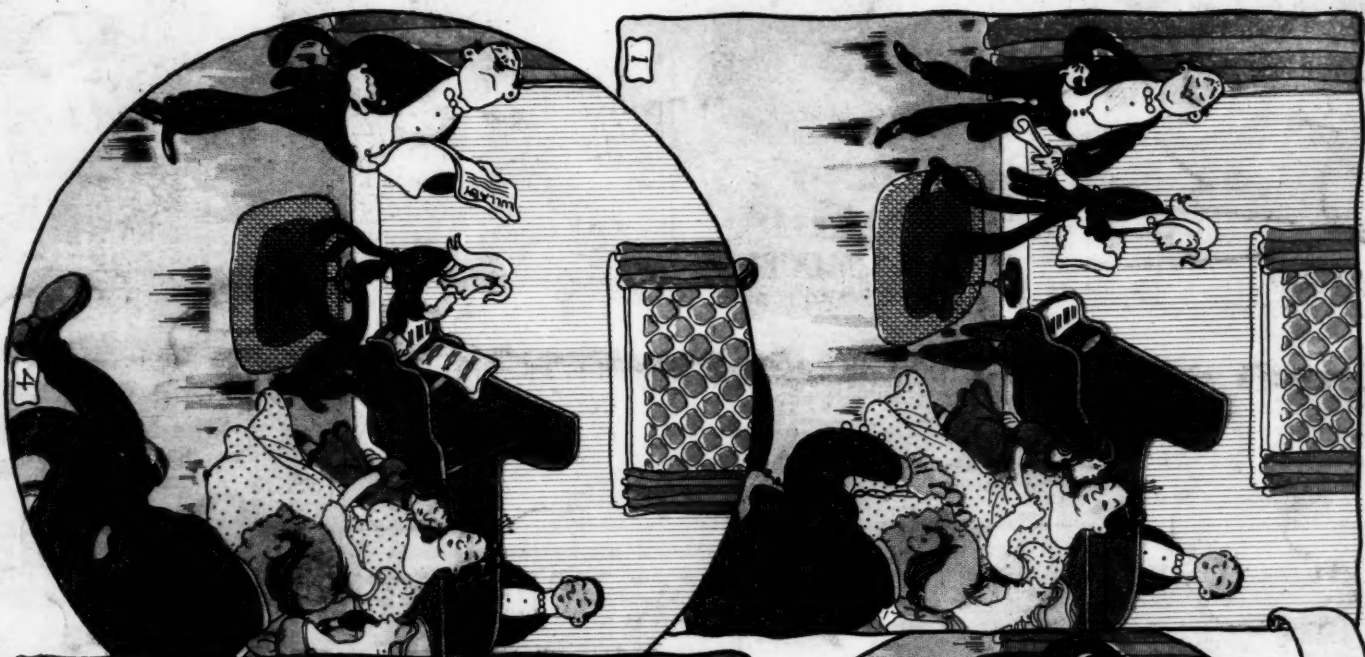
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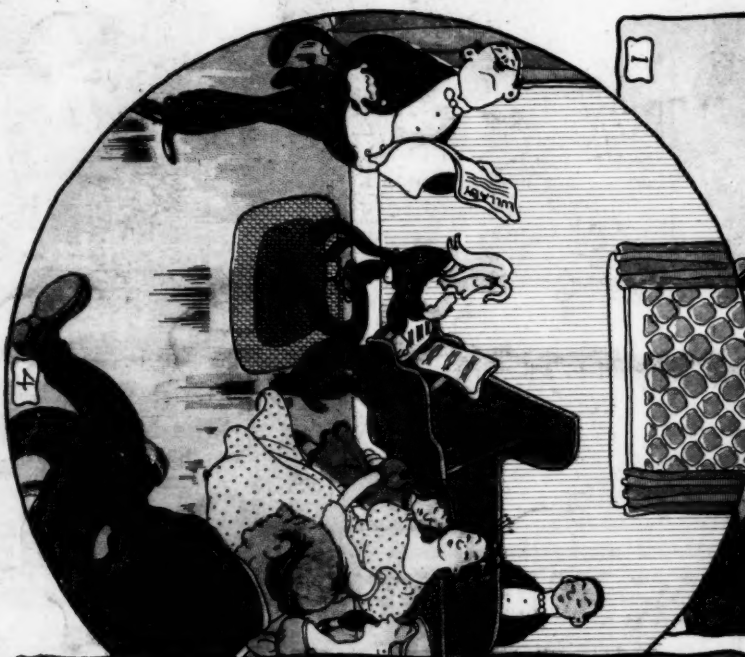
REVISED.

MOTHER, may I go out to vote?
Yes, my darling daughter.
Vote for the man in the smart frock-coat.
He'll treat you to wealthy water.

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