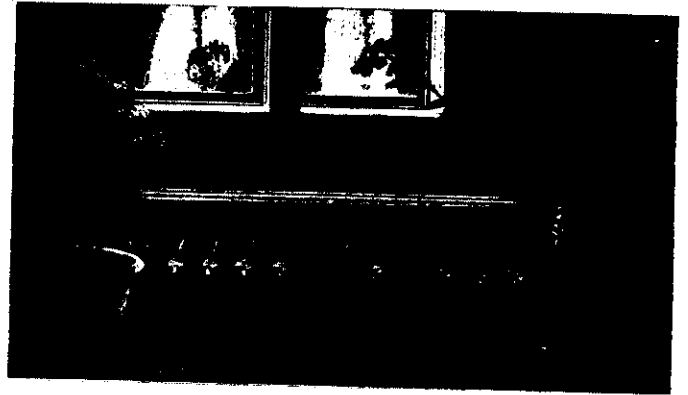




WEATHER FORECAST. NO CHANGE.



"GEE WHIZ! I WISH H'D GO HOME."

THE SYSTEM'S LIMITATION.

Upandown: "Is there no simple way to produce sleep?"

Knowitall: "Sure. Just begin and count one, two, three, and on until sleep comes."

Upandown: "Yes, but one, two, three is as far as the baby can count."

AT LAST.

Mrs Henpeck: "I have come to the conclusion—"

Mr Henpeck: "Thank Heaven!"

ROOM FOR RETROGRESSION.

Drummer: "Your village band is pretty poor, isn't it?"

Pettyville Merchant: "Yes; but it could be worse; there might be more of 'em."

AN OVERSIGHT.

Ikestein and Aaronburg, two Semitic money-lenders, met. "Good bithness yesterday, Ike," said Aaron. "Young Lord Sthofftely came to me to borrow £500. I gif it him at fifty per thent, and deduct a year's intereth and pay him £250."

"Vell, you was a fool, Aaron. Vy, you should have lent it to him for two years and paid him nothing."

RELIEVED.

Bleeker: Say, old chap, I'm in beastly bad luck; need money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it.

Baxter: Well, I'm glad to hear that—I thought perhaps you had an idea you could touch me for it.

FIGURED UP.

"Who is that homely girl?" asked Coinchaser.

"That's Miss Eyress, who has just fallen heir to two millions," answered Miss Newsgive.

"Hum! As I was about to say, she has a good figure."

Dyspepsia seems to be usually a state of mind which causes people to doubt the wisdom of eating certain articles of food, but which never prevents their doing so.

HER CHOICE.

Ethel: Yes, I'm going in for teaching.  
Marjory: You going in for teaching! Why, I would rather marry a widower with half a dozen children.

Ethel (with a sigh): So would I. But where's the widower!



HE WAS TOLD SHE'D BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.