Pictorial Humor

WHAT HE DID.

Jenkins—I treated them the finest to-day I've had a grizzly bear standing there.

Hopkins—Did you pick up the stiff?

Jenkins—No; I found it was only a cub.

Just the Thing.

"I am going to spend a week in camp with a party of congenial spirits," said the fat man in the boarding house as he entered the breakfast room. "I want a good book to take along. Something appropriate, you know."

"You can't find anything like 'Two Years Before the Mast,'" said the lean man with a wisp of hair on his chin.

Minnick—I thought Jabbers's wife had a good head on her.

Simnick—Well?

Minnick—Well, I hadn't noticed anything that I'd like to have in one of his latest busts, but he didn't have ignored the request.

Simnick—That's where he puts his kinship before Philadelphia Press.

"The—the—the—" began the stammerer, but he got no further. Finally he managed to get out the word "Thursday," and then he was able to go on with the rest of the sentence.

COULDN'T LEAVE.

NOT FIT TO EAT YET.

Hostess—How do you like this cheese?

Guest—It's not half bad.

Hostess—Then I'd better put it away for a few months.

Choice of Position.

A well-known Sunday school teacher was late in arriving at one of the offices at which he was to appear and had but half an hour to reach the hall where he was to give his entertainment. He needed a shave almost as much as he did his dinner, but he decided to cut out the latter. The former he was obliged to have. Going to his room he rang for a barber. A bright looking boy came in and announced that he was the barber. The lecturer sat down on a chair and told him to go ahead.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind lying down on the couch?"

"Why?" asked the astonished lecturer.

"Well, sir, you see, I am generally sent to shave the corpses and I can shave a man better when he is down."

One Kind.

"Paw," said Tommy, who was reading at the 'Household Hints' in the weekly paper, "What is a 'society sandwich?'"

"A society sandwich" replied Mr. Tucker, not at all certain of his ground but unwilling to exhibit his ignorance before the youthful seeker after knowledge, "is a helpless young man sitting between two lively girls at a swell party."—Chicago Tribune.

The opinion of a man who blows his own horn is apt to be sound.

HOPE ON.

Spite o' the sorrow from East unto West,
Let us hope for the best!
Even when the red thorns are keen at the breast,
And sleep brings no solace—no dreams and no rest,
Let us hope for the best!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The woman was standing in the doorway shading her eyes with her hand. "Have you seen the garden?" she asked.

"You Jim-crow Williams. Come in home; often that's some. You'll birth yer little cheeks to remain ez a berth in Connecticut."

One would have expected to see a cave like dragon, such as from the heart of a desert, drift down and meet the street car, but instead a giant, tall figure, with face downward and bonneted, trundled toward the

SANE AGAIN.

THE MARKETS

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Jack—Mr. Carnegie seems to be very much interested in distributing libraries.

Jill—Yes, even the smoke comes from his factories in volumes.

Well Worth the Cost.

"If I were Uncle Sam" said the thoughtful man, "I would end this Sampson-Schley controversy mighty quick"

"How would you do it?" asked the dreamy one

"I would give the partisans of each a battleship and compel them to fight it out."

"It would be well worth the cost," admitted the dreamy one.—Chicago Post

His Private Opinion.

Mrs. Hix—"The editor of this paper says that as a rule women tell more lies than men. Do you believe it?"

Hix—"I don't care to commit myself, but if they do it's probably due to the fact that they talk more."—Chicago News.

Maude—"Do you think my new hat is becoming dear?"

Clara—"Yes, indeed. Why, it actually makes you look ten years younger."

Valuable Man Astray.

"I say," said the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as you can."

"All right. I'll have him in jail in less than a week."

"Great Scott, man! I don't want to put him in jail. I want to engage him."

Terrible Pressure.

The barbarians buried their prisoners in a kind of cement that contracted as it hardened. You can imagine how terrible it must have been when you recall that it has been in a tight bathing suit when it started to shrink.

Another Species.

Cinders—"If yer don't own an automobile why do yer want de hoss to be extinct?"

Tender Tim—"Oh, I'm aludin' to de saw-hoss."

Schley-Sampson.

Secretary Long has issued the following general order: "All persons in the naval service are strictly enjoined to refrain from any public statement concerning the subject matter of the court of inquiry requested by Rear Admiral W. S. Schley."

Schley, son of the Rear-Admiral's commander at Ft. Douglas (Which the court of inquiry said Capt. Schley if would be censured for not reporting to the Sampson's and resulted in duels, to whom would the blame be attributed? Eh? I'll tell you. They would be attributed to the Hearst and Pulitzer journals. Yes, that's who should be censured. Vichy, Vichy, Vichy is spoiled by a few Schley officers and I should like to see them all fired out of the service. Yes, sir, I would