Receipts for Laughter by the best Comic Artists in America

The Simple Life.

BY T. E. POWERS.

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IN JUNGLE SOCIETY.

Mr. Monk's Thrilling Escape.



The Torments of Golf.

Rude Little Boy.—"Now do be careful, mister, and mind you don't fall down that hole."



The Latest in Rings.

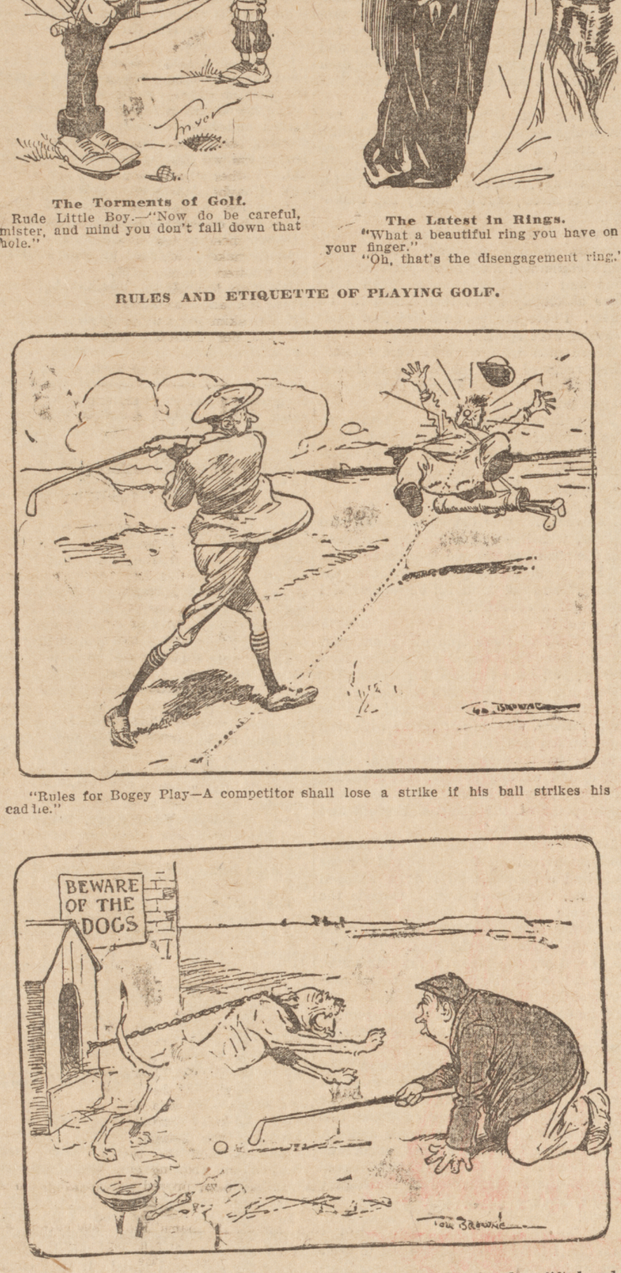
"What a beautiful ring you have on your finger."

"Oh, that's the disengagement ring."

RULES AND ETIQUETTE OF PLAYING GOLF.



"Rules for Bogey Play—A competitor shall lose a strike if his ball strikes his caddie."



"A ball played into the club-house kennels may either be played or lifted and dropped in a line from where it was lying to the hole under a penalty of one stroke."

DEAR LITTLE PERCY—HE GETS



A BOX OF CANDY AND——

The Risk Too Great.

He desired to take out a life policy for $50,000.

Smiling eagerly, the agent drew forth the blank form and began the usual series of questions.

"Query six," he said at length; "are you an automobilist?"

"No," was the ready rejoinder, "I am not."

"Motor-cyclist, perhaps?"

"No."

The agent with a sigh laid down his pen. "I am sorry," he said, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Only Way.

Jess—"Why on earth did Gladys marry Charley Dumley?"

Tess—"Oh, she took the greatest fancy to Charley's Boston bull, and he wouldn't give her the dog."—Puck.

The Way of Man With Maid.

See the girl. And the man. Is the girl about to faint? The girl isn't a thing but about to faint.

Does the man catch her in his arms? No, the man does not catch her in his arms, or otherwise.

Does the girl then fall? Not she. Only her face. And great is the fall thereof.—Puck.

Don't Breathe This.

Church—"If balloon navigation becomes common what will be the effect on the underground roads do you suppose?"

Gotham—"There will be another merger in the air, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Sackcloth and Ashes.

Friends of young Mr. Sydney de Callow-Sprigg will be touched at learning that he has dropped the hyphen from his name as a special penance during Lent.—American Spectator.

Still Alert.

It was in the jungle restaurant.

The leopard had been drinking and the waiter was trying to take advantage of that circumstance.

"None of that, Mr. Waiter!" yelled the monk vigorously. "The leopard may not be able to change his spots, but let me tell you that he is fully competent to spot his change."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of His Inferiors.

"He says he always tries to be polite to his inferiors and—— Hey! where you going?"

"Going to find him and give him a licking."

"What for?"

"I met him this morning and he was as polite as a dancing master."—Houston Post.



Jarred.

He—"I hope I am not wearying you with my hunting stories."

She—"Oh, not at all. I've been thinking of something else."—

Necessary.

"May I sail with you on the sea of life?" He said, but the maiden grinned. "Yes, certainly," answered his would-be wife,

"I will—if you raise the wind."

—Cleveland Leader.

Not in Stock.

Customer (irritatedly to gossiping shop girls)—"I wish you would show me common civility."

Shop Girl (absently)—"Sorry, madame, we ain't got it."—Boston Transcript.

Wanted to Know.

Mr. Fatts—"The doctor says I have too much iron in my blood."

She—"Pig iron?"

Billed Through.

He—"Love is like a trunk.

She—"How?"

He—"There's always someone ready to express it."

She—"Is that the only similitude?"

He—"As far as I know. Do you see any other?"

She—"Yes; if it isn't checked it is apt to go too far. Good-night, sir."—Boston Transcript.

Part of It Was.

There is in the employ of a Chicago lawyer an office boy somewhat averse to overexertion in the line of duty, says the Boston Record. Willie's duties comprise, among other things, the proper care of the iced water receptacle.

Shortly after his arrival at the office one morning the legal man swallowed a copious draught of the water, and immediately became conscious of a very distasteful quality of the fluid.

He called the boy. "Willie," demanded he sternly, "is this water fresh?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer in a somewhat hesitating tone.

Observing this, the lawyer added: "Willie, are you sure that this water is fresh?"

"Well, sir," replied Willie, with the utmost naivette, "part of it is."



Back Numbers.

Customer—"I'd like to have your paper for a week back."

Humorous Clerk—"Why don't you try a porous plaster?"

The Proper Cut.

Customer—"Yes; I like this suit. I suppose you will make any alterations I may require, free?"

Tailor—"Oh, yes, sir; certainly."

Customer—"Very well, then; just alter the price from $25 to $15, and you can do it up."—Boston Transcript.



A Mystery.

Young Husband—"What are you making?"

Young Wife—"I don't know myself yet what it is going to be."

Source of the Old Story.

"Traveling men, who are chronic story-tellers, are funny propositions," said C. H. Churchill, clerk at the Brown Hotel, yesterday, according to the Denver Post. "They'll make fun of the man who tells an old tale and then they'll go right ahead and tell stories with whiskers. This morning two drummers were standing before the desk talking with me. One of them told a story. It was one I'd heard several years ago. The other traveling man and I laughed and declared it a good one. When the first drummer went away the other said:

"'Great Scott, Churchill! I heard that story long ago.'

"'It was pretty old,' I replied.

"'I'd be ashamed to go around telling old ones,' said the traveling man. Then he started in and told one that was old enough to vote. When he got through I laughed and laughed.

"'Good one, ain't it?' he asked.

"'Fine,' I replied. Then I added: 'By the way, do you remember where you heard that story?

"He thought a moment. 'By Jove!' he said, 'I believe I heard it right here in this hotel last year. Didn't—didn't you tell it to me?'

"'I did,' I replied, laughing. 'And do you know where I heard it?'

"'No.'

"'The fellow who told us that old one just now, handed it out to me,' I said."



"The Devil! the Devil!"

How the returning ski travelers looked to the Swiss peasant woman.—



A Moonlight Idyl of Spring.

"Come, Croakey, dear, we must depart," Said Basso Bullfrog bold;
"It's springtime, and the boys will come To kill us, so I'm told.

"You know, they take a fish-hook sharp And bait with flannel red—
'Ker plunk!' you swallow hook and all And with a jerk you're dead.

"Or, sometimes there's a long, thin pole With nails, so it's said;
And while you sing your sweetest song They crack you on the head.

"So let us go, and yonder moon Will help us on our way."
And "Crokey, dear," replied, "Of course, I'll do just as you say."



Heavy Enough.

Smith—"There goes Jenks, one of the main pillars of our church."

Joker—"He looks more like the foundation to me."

Had Heard Papa Say It.

The school teacher—"Willie, can you tell me the meaning of leisure?"

The bright scholar—"It's the place where married people repent."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Chief Justice.

According to the Boston Record a Washington guide directed the attention of a party of sightseers to a small, gray-haired

New Theory, Old Eggs.

The Cleveland Leader tells this:

"I had occasion not long ago," said "Private" John Allen, in conversation with "Uncle Joe" Cannon, "to visit a certain hospital where an old friend of mine was convalescing. He was being fed on a daily diet of egg and sherry. When I asked him how he liked it, he replied:

"'John, it would be all right if the egg was as new as the sherry, and the sherry as old as the egg.'"



Eighty Years Ago.

Every baby is the sweetest
In this world, you know;
Strange! but you, too, were the sweetest
Eighty years ago.

How to Get Chicken.

A philanthropic person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances and, calling at their home, he found the report true. The family consisted of a mother, a son nearing manhood's estate, and two young children. The benevolent old gentleman, after hearing the mother's story, gave her oldest son $1 to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner, and took his departure, says the Cleveland Leader.

No sooner was he gone than the negress said to her son:

"Sambo, you done gib me dat dollah and go get dat chicken in de natchrul way."

In Arizona.

The tourist leaned over the coach and critically surveyed the natives of the desert settlement, says the Boston Record.

"By Jove," exclaimed the tourist, "but that is a pompous-looking individual in the scalloped hat and red handkerchief! Did he ever perform any great deed?"

"Wall, I reckon he did," drawled the tall cowboy at the water tank. "That thar 'un helped somebody to go to Heaven."

"You don't say! Why, he doesn't look like a minister."

"Nor he ain't, mister; but when Uncle Tom's Cabin was here last they hired him to haul Little Eva up to paradise with a block and pulley."—Columbus Dispatch.



At the End of the Week.

Studiosus—"Say, fellow, why do you look so discouraged? One would think from your face that you had found my purse."