

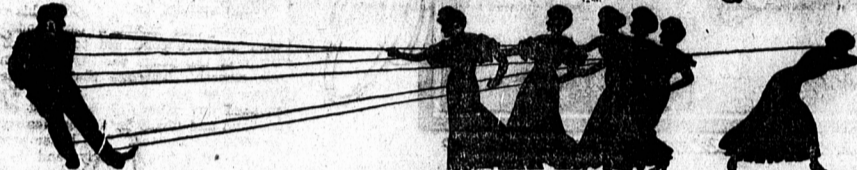


A HOPELESS CASE.

Mabel—After years of effort, I have succeeded in learning how to pronounce "Goethe."
Tom—Well, are you satisfied now?
Mabel—No; every time I say it somebody corrects me.

Take Your Choice

The horoscope of the world has been cast by a dozen different astrologers and astrologists, and the reader can take his choice of the following predictions for 1908:
"There will be 24 earthquakes during the year, each one attended by great loss of life."
"There won't be an earthquake during the entire year."
"There will be over 10,000 cases in the United States alone of people being struck by lightning."
"There won't be but one little thunder storm during the year, and the only damage will be one tail killed."
"Look out for epidemics. There will be more smallpox than ever known before. Men in high places will be stricken down."
"The year 1908 will be an unusually healthy one, and half the doctors can take a vacation. A few men in high places will be sent to Sing Sing or elsewhere, but we look for that."
"It will be a great year for cyclones. The loss of life and property will be frightful."
"You needn't look for anything beyond gentle zephyrs the whole year through."
"The hard times will grow harder, and towards the last of the year Gould and Vanderbilt will be asking credit at the corner grocery."
"Sixty days more will see business booming as of old, and silver mines and oil wells will be so plentiful that every man can have one."
"Look out for a of a time. Those sunspots didn't come for nothing."
"Be placid and complacent. Nothing is going to happen. Those things on sun were merely freckles. He was out doors too much last summer."
JOE KERR.



Hail, February, with thy shield Of ice and snow by food and field! Thy days are few, but twenty-eight, Whereon to sleigh and slide and skate.

Then, kindly hail, or snow! Refrain From such a sorry thing as rain. Thy lovers may be glad and merry Through all thy days, O February!

But, come to think of it (how fine), Thy days this year are twenty-nine, And maybe Bess, before she's thirty, On that last day may win her Bertie!



SHE WAS N'T TIMID.

Jack—Ain't you a little afraid to trust yourself on this thin ice?
Maud—Not a bit, I guess I take after father in that respect. He belongs to the ice trust, you know.

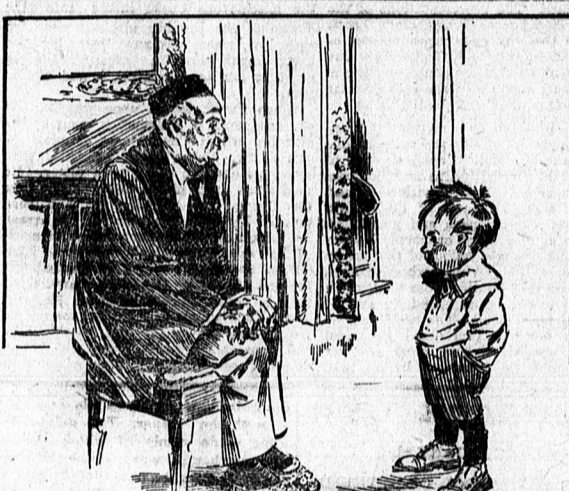
This Was Different

"No, I'm not on the road just now, but taking a rest to recover from shock," replied the drummer when questioned about having so much spare time on his hands.
"Did some near and dear relative go suddenly?"
"Oh, no. All my near and dear ones are all right."
"Did the grip hit you hard?"
"Haven't had it at all."
"Then your bank buster, maybe?"
"Haden't a red cent in any bank when the crash came. No, it was nothing like that. Of course you read in the papers once a year about the owner of the business calling in Tom, Dick or Harry, and patting him on the back and offering him an interest as a reward. That's what they call New Year's stuff. There were four of us good fellows in the house I was working for last year, and on the list of December the boss called us in and said: "Boys, I've had my eye on all of you for a long time past. You are all hus-"
"And you went?" was asked.
"Sure, Mike."
"And the firm failed?"
"Went down three days later."
"And about the shock?"
"Oh, that was caused by my having authority to boss the porter for those three days, and then things coming to an end so suddenly. I had just got him into wearing stand-up collars and kid gloves, and I had a great future mapped out for him—a great future."
JOE KERR.



A FLORIDA BLIZZARD.

Evelyn—Ethel writes that they have been experiencing a blizzard in Florida.
Lorraine—That's unique.
Evelyn—Yes. She says they went around all of one day wading in snow drifts up to their ankles.



GRANDPA WAS WEATHERWISE.

Willie—Grandpa, why is it that when the groundhog sees his shadow on the second day of February it will be bad weather for six weeks?
Grandpa—Merely a matter of climate, Willie; same thing would happen if the groundhog was blind.



HEY! WERE YOU RAISED IN A BARN?
SHUT THAT DOOR UP!
WINTER PEST. He is with us once again; We'll abuse him as of yore; We could maul him with a cane. The man who never shuts the door.



Uncle Reuben—I don't think much of these here French dishes as you do, yer kin bring me a portion of this here "menu" what's top of the list and it well done.



Winks—Yes, I always find something to be thankful for.
Dinks—Well, we have cracked wheat and hash for breakfast every day in the month. Can you see anything about that to be thankful for?
Winks—Yes, I would be glad that it's February.

When He Flopped

When I went down to Port Jefferson the other day I wandered into a grocery where half a dozen men were talking politics. When two or three of them had expressed their preference for presidential candidates one rough and rugged fellow spoke up and said:
"Gentlemen, I'm for Taft first and last and every time. No other candidate can come within 40 rods of him."
"Have you any particular reason for making him a favorite?" I asked.
"You bet I have! Three years ago I lost two cows in one week with the holler-horn. Cows was worth \$45 apiece that year. Two days after the second one died I had to go over to Yaphank on business. I was standing on the depot platform, feeling mighty blue over the loss of them cows, when the train came in and a man got off and slapped me on the back and cried out:
"Hello, old man, what's the matter with Tom?"
"He was a stranger to me, but I went on to tell him about those cows. As he listened to me the tears started to his eyes, and when I had finished he took a hundred-dollar bill from his vest pocket and handed it out and said:
"Never mind, old boy. Take this and buy two more cows."
"Gentlemen all, that man was Taft, and that's why he is my candidate, and why I'm ready to holler a lung out for him."
"I read about that incident in the paper," I said, "and I see that you made a big mistake."
"But how could I?"
"In fact, I was on the train myself. Taft wasn't within 500 miles of Yaphank that day. The man who shed tears and gave you the money was Senator Foraker. You have got the names mixed up."
The man looked at me for a long minute, while all the others held their breaths, and then he stood up and swung his fur cap and shouted:
"He was a stranger to me, but I went



I'm for Taft first, last and all the time.
"Then hurrah for Foraker! He's the boy for me!"
JOE KERR.

SLEIGHING



The sleigh sped swiftly o'er the snow, A-shimmer with the full moon's glow. "This is just grand!" she murmured low, Sweet little thing, she didn't know 'Twas costing five an hour!
Our steed was young and full of go; The motion swayed us to and fro. She nestled close to me, but oh, The little darling didn't know 'Twas costing five an hour!
I knew fifteen or more I'd owe And hinted to go home, but no! "Oh, don't," she cooed. "I love it so!" Dear little thing, she didn't know 'Twas costing five an hour!



She—George, dear, will you be mine?
He—Well—ain't it customary to take your choice in the theatre, buy the bonbons before you ask that question and then give him a diamond ring?



THE GROUND HOG DINNER.

Wife—What kind of meat shall we have for dinner today, dear?
Hubby—Pork sausage.
Wife—Why, sausage is not an appropriate meat for dinner—it's for breakfast.
Hubby—But it's very appropriate for today, my dear, you know this is groundhog day.