



Mr. Stubb Pen: There! That batch of jokes has fallen into the fire. Pick 'em out, Puss, please.  
Mrs. Pen: And save your chestnuts from the fire, dear?

CAUTIOUS.



Farmer Care: Say Squire, does that 'CON' stan' fer Confidence er Consolidated?

Christmas at the Boarding House.



She cut the breast in slices thin and cut the dark meat light, Then cut each cut in cuts again And passed it left and right.

Then with a mighty monster stroke She cut the spinal cord And passed the neck to him forgot— The one shy in his board.



"What became of that fellow who invented the bullet-proof coat?"  
"He went over to New Jersey to try it and the mosquitoes ate him up."



1—I can't get up.



1—Biddy'll like this.



2—I'll make wings out of these Jap-ese kites.



2—But she didn't.



2—Better than Reindeer.

