



A PATIENT DOCTOR.
She—Married life has improved young Dr. Squills very much.
He—Yes; he takes it according to directions.

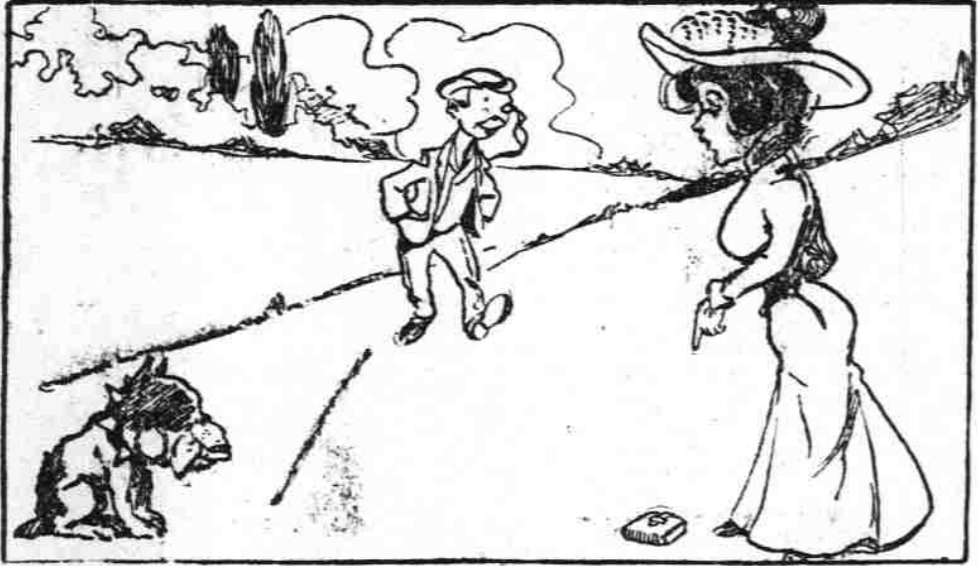


THE DUPE, THE DO



WISE WILLIE.
Caller—"Your sister expects me to stay to supper, doesn't she, Willie?"
Willie—"Sure; and she said if you stayed as long as you did last night, she thought she would ask you to stay to breakfast."

G AND THE LADY.



"Come here, dear, and pick my pocketbook up at once."



"Now, darling, pick it up."



"Certainly, Miss."



"Good doggie."



"Are you looking for work?"
"Looking! I should say so! In dees troublous times a feller has to keep his eyes peeled fer work or he'll run right into it."



TRUE.
"The jury was out two days, and then failed to agree."
"That proves conclusively that we ought to have women juries."
"Why so?"
"Well, you know a jury of women would have disagreed sooner than that."



THE TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.
Mrs. Dashing—"I see her husband has given her an automobile coat."
Mr. Dashing—"Yes, but he had to sell his automobile to do it."



There once was a careless old clown
Who tore a large rent in his gown,
The rent was in view,
So the best thing to do
Was to go away and hand sit down.

HER SNAPSHOT DIARY

**A Love Story and a Marriage History
Recorded by the Camera**

At a recent luncheon the subject of snapshot diaries came up, and as it happened three of the eight women at the table confessed to having such diaries. The hostess had kept hers for years—ever since her debut fourteen years ago, and after luncheon she yielded to persuasion and showed an expurgated edition of it.

"It's absurd, of course," she said blushing as though she was a school girl instead of the mother of two sturdy boys, "but I've a sentiment about some of the pictures—places you know and things."

All the women who had been in the room nodded understandingly, but one bachelor girl looked frankly amused. The first picture in the book was a rather blurred little photograph of a pretty girl who looked like a slim young sister of the plump hostess.

"In my debut gown," explained the owner of the book, "there are the bouquets that were sent me. I carried this one of pink roses."

"I quite adored the boy who sent it to me and hadn't a doubt that he was the most altogether beautiful being in the world. He did dance like an angel and his West Point uniform was more than a girl's nature could resist."

"Poor old fellow! he's out in Arizona now—only captain after all these years."

"These are all first season pictures. Heavens! how long ago it all seems!"

"There my summer at Narragansett begins. This is my first picture of Jack. It was taken the day I met him."

"Look like the human centipede, doesn't he? He moved at the wrong time. There's a good deal of Jack after that say."

There was Jack was practically ubiquitous. Few scenes could get along without him. However, there were dozens of pictures of the camera's owner.

"Where was Jack?" asked one of the guests, pointing to a page of feminine solos.

"Taking the pictures," said the hostess, sweetly.

There were others. A figure looking hero with a dramatic air had given the camera some exercise.

"The Count," smiled the little woman. "Jack loves those pictures. He loved the Count. It was a most exciting episode."

She turned over a page hastily, then hesitated, looked dubiously at the other women and turned back to a picture of a sandy beach and an overturned boat.

"I don't mind showing it," she said, definitely. "It's where Jack proposed. I went back and took it the next day. There were prettier places along the shore, but we weren't interested in scenery. There were other people in all the pretty places, and it was a nice old boat to lean against, and—well, I'm fond of that picture."

The engagement pictures presented a Sahara of monotony. Even twelve years ago, before his hair thinned and his waist did the reverse, Jack was not sufficiently beautiful to lure an unjudicious person through one hundred pages of diary photographs.

With the advent of the wedding party the pictures once more became interesting to the general feminine public.

There were flashes of pictures of nuptial dinners, snapshots of the bride-maids' luncheons, of the bridal party and all the house guests, of the trousseau, of the wedding presents, of the wedding supper, of the wedding bouquet, of the bride in her wedding finery and without her attendants of the church.

A younger brother had thoughtfully contributed even a photograph of the trunk, ornamented with white satin ribbons.

The first volume of the diary ended there, but the camera had evidently shared the wedding trip and honeymoon, and later had begun work on the new home. If there was a square inch of that home and its furnishings and surroundings that hadn't been photographed, the thing was merely an oversight.

Jack and the Irish maid and a lean Jack cut shares honors in the pictures. The first guests entertained went into the diary. Every startling event was chronicled there.

The Irish maid disappeared early in the action and a long kaleidoscopic train of successors to her trailed through the pages of the diary, mutely suggesting a possible thorn in the rose collection.

Then, on one page, appeared a new character. He wasn't much to look at, but from that time on he dominated the diary. Jack and the maid and the cat appeared only as chorus or background. He was a most astonishing being, but he didn't look it. The bachelor girl yawned visibly over his pictures. Even his christening party and his first suit clothes failed to interest her.

When a second lady made his debut she picked up the first volume of the diary and turned back to the Count.

"Our last wedding anniversary dinner," said the hostess as she showed the last mounted picture. "We tried to get as many as possible of the bride party together for it."

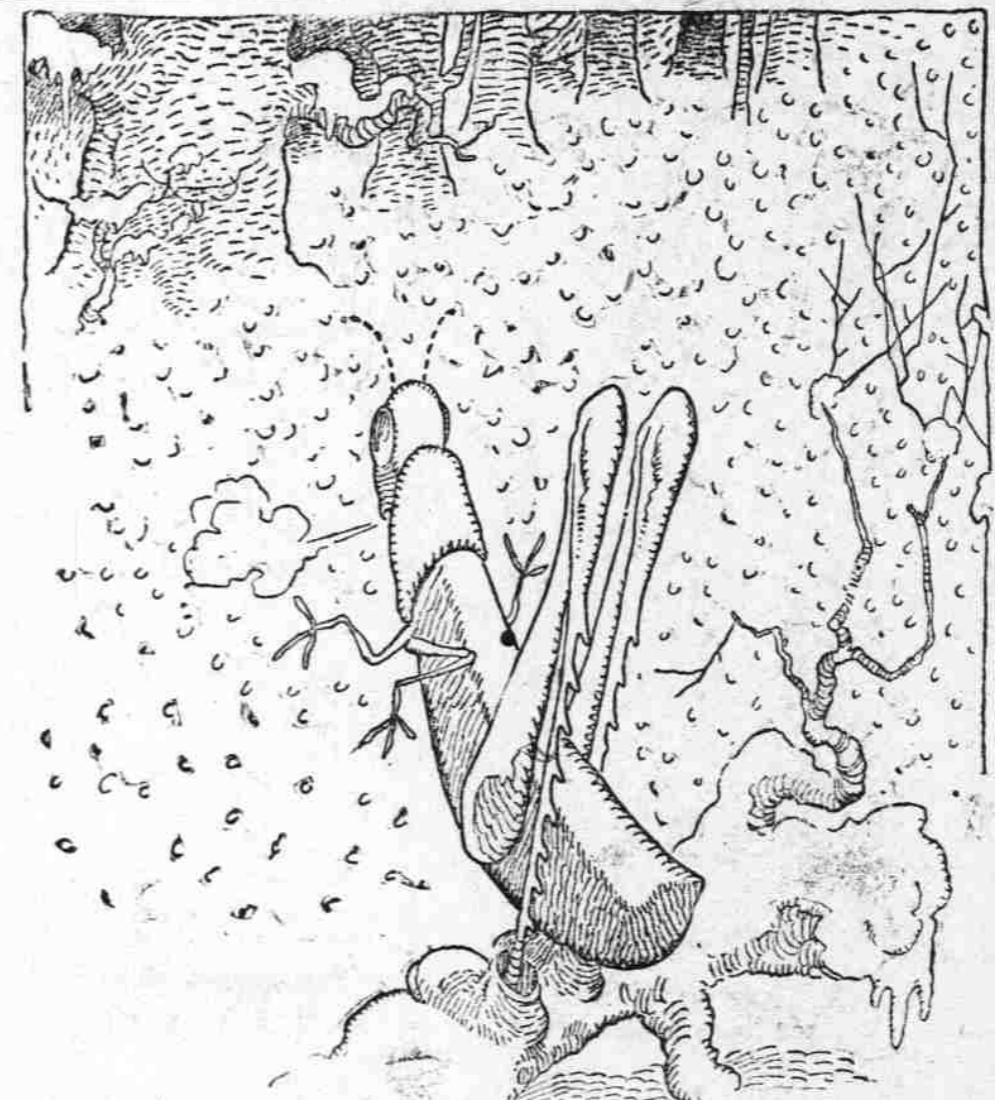
Four of the bridesmaids were in that anniversary picture. The bachelor girl opened her book at the picture of the bridal party at the wedding supper, and laid it beside the later photograph.

The twelve years had not been spectators of beauty. Some of the oldest women, looking at the two pictures, sighed softly.

Ethel Eg. Wms. (ffO) (rhared) that the (Chicago Tribune).
"What do you know of the Chicago river?" asked the teacher.
"The Chicago river," responded the bad boy of the class, "is Lake Michigan vermillion appendix."

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Here's good fun for girls and boys,
Taste the candy and buy the toys;
Jumping-jack and chatter-box,
Wooden man and paper ox,
Rubber doll and dancing cow,
Christmas shopping's fine just now.



Mr. Hopper—I declare, but if this weather keeps on I'll have to look around for an overcoat.



"You say the father madly pursued the eloping couple? What time was it?"
"After two."



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