

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

ONE CONQUEST—The Staff of Life—An Unreasonable Quarrel—He Knew What He Meant—The Point of View, Etc., Etc.

ONE CONQUEST.
Oh, yes, she is homey,
No doubt of it, sir,
Yet I saw a mosquito
Once mashed upon her.
—New York Press.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

"I can't see why bread should remain at the same price when wheat and flour have come down so."

"My dear boy, the main things in bread are water and air. Neither one is a cent cheaper than it was at the close of the war."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

AN UNREASONABLE QUARREL.
She—I know I'm unreasonable! That is a woman's privilege!
He—But isn't it unreasonable for you to want to be unreasonable?

She (hotly)—No; but it is unreasonable for you not to want me to be unreasonable.

He (mildly)—It strikes me that is an unreasonable proposition.

She (triumphantly)—Of course it is, for I made it! (They kiss and make friends.)—[Puck.]

HE KNEW WHAT HE MEANT.

He—I love you better than life.
She—if you love me so much as that why will you annoy me by asking me to marry you?

He—When I say I love you better than life I mean better than life without you.—[Boston Transcript.]

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Harry—Mamma, can I go and play with Tommy Boose?

His Mother—I think you ought to be particular about the company you associate with, dear. What kind of a boy is Tommy Boose?

Harry—He's the best little boy in town, mamma.

Harry's Father—Then he has no business to be playing with you, my son.—[Chicago Tribune.]

COURAGEOUS ALWAYS.

She—You are not afraid to ask papa, are you?

He—Afraid? The idea of you doubting my courage when I had the bravery to ask you.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

ANOTHER GREAT DISCOVERY.

First Traveler—Why is that pompos fellow strutting about so absurdly?

Second Traveler—He found some ham in his railway sandwich.

UNDENIABLE.

She was a woman without a past."

"Who?"

"Eve."—[Life.]

ANOTHER STORY.

Asken—Where's the rich heiress you're engaged to?

Tellum—You see that lovely girl in pink at the other side of the room?

Asken—Yes. I say, old man, what a superb—

Tellum—Well, it isn't she. It's that grand old ruin in yellow sitting next her.—[New York Herald.]

GAINING PERENNIAL YOUTH.

Gertie—How old is Maud?

Ethel—She has been 23 ever since a fire in her house burned up the family Bible six years ago.—[Chicago Record.]

CONTRADICTORY.

Jack—There is one peculiar thing about love.

Tom—Yes!

Jack—It makes a fellow feel that he would like to die for his darling, and at the same time strengthens his determination to keep on living for her sake.—[New York Herald.]

GREAT SAVING IN LEATHER.

Little Dick—Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?

Papa—I did, my son.

Little Dick—Well, I was thinkin' that mebby if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes.

A KINDLY WAY.

Miss Fuzzle—I want to break my engagement with Mr. Sapple, but I don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide!

Little Brother—Why don't you let him see you in your papers.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

"I wish," sighed Jarley to his wife, "that I could get a receipt for happiness."

"Well, perhaps some time if you will give me a little happiness, I'll give you a receipt for it," returned Mrs. J.—[Harper's Bazaar.]

THEY'RE WORTH IT.

The blessed girls, our loyalty
To them shall never falter!
We're willing to stand up for them—
Even at the altar.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

"I suppose you don't believe in courtship," said the paragraphist, laughing to the President of the gas company.

"Why not?" asked the President.

"Because lovers always turn the gas down, you know. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, that makes no difference," said the President. "The meter gets in its work just the same."—[Texas Siftings.]

HARRY'S STORY.

Harry was in the baby class at school, and when it came his turn to tell a story about the problem, "seven less six," this was what he told:

"My dog was sick and I had seven doctors. After a while I sent away six and then the dog got well."—[Youth's Companion.]

A COMFORTING REPLY.

His Flanee—I do dread to meet your family. I'm afraid they will think I'm not dignified enough.

He—Oh, no, the girls will take to you directly.

She—Which one shall I like best?

He—My youngest sister, Flossie, I think. She's an awfully silly little thing, and I'm sure you'll get on capitally together.—[Truth.]

TOO MUCH FOR ONE WHEEL.

"Look here, young man," said the medical practitioner, "if you ride a wheel so much you'll get 'Kyphosis Bicyclastum'."

"Oh, this wheel!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," replied the wheelman, "if I do, one of us will have to get off and walk."—[Washington Star.]

NOT A ROMANCE.

Locked in her room, five times a day she sets a treasured gift before her, And sits and dreams the hours away, Her fond gaze that of an admirer.

What memory does the treasure bring? That she should count it dear and dearer?

Is there a love tale in the thing? Not quite! It's just her largest mirror.

—[Chicago Record.]

BULKINS IN PAIN.

Mr. Bulkins—Ouch! Wool! Whoop! I can't stand this toothache any longer. Hurry round to Dr. Pullen's at once.

Mr. Bulkins—Well?

Mr. Bulkins—if he isn't in, tell him to come and pull this tooth.—[New York Weekly.]

FAPA'S OPINION ON EDUCATION.

Little Dick—I told the teacher you didn't remember half the things you studied at school.

Papa—I am glad you did. There is no use in all this stuffing, and the teachers ought to know it. What did she say?

Little Dick—She said she guessed I was a chip o' the ole block.—[Good News.]

OUT OF POLITICS.

Foreign Visitor—You have a glorious country, and, fairly revel in the blessings of freedom, I suppose?

Mr. Crossroads—Wall, as to that, we don't take much interest in politics up our way. The post-office don't half pay expenses, and so all parties patricially agreed to retire from the political field and let a soldier's widow have it.—[New York Weekly.]

MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT AFTER ALL.

"My! Jinglberry, what a gash you have in your cheek!"

"It is pretty bad."

"How did you get it?"

"Shaving."

"You must have an idiot for a barber."

"Don't you call me an idiot."

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. I shave myself!"—[Harper's Bazar.]

DIAGNOSIS.

Mrs. Gumbleton—Oh, doctor! I'm afraid I swallowed my false teeth in my sleep!

Dr. Waggy—Don't be alarmed, my dear madam. Do you feel a gnawing sensation?

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Madam," said the gypsy, "let me tell you your fortune?"

"No; go away," snapped the elder female at the door.

"Pardon," returned the gypsy; "I had not noticed that madam's fortune had been told years ago."—[Judge.]

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT.

Eastern Capitalist—You don't seem to have many people here.

Boontown Land Agent—But think of the unrivaled opportunities that gives for growth of population!"

ONE OF HER PLIGHTED LOVERS.

Maud—How dreadfully awkward!

Elaine—What's awkward?

Maud—I'm engaged to that man and I just passed and can't think of his name.

A PLEASANT NOTE.

Wife (a widow newly married)—Do you speak German?

Husband—Oh, yes.

"Well, occasionally address me in that language."

"I will remind me of my first dear husband."—[Texas Siftings.]

GETTING TOO SERIOUS.

Elaine—Why did you break off your engagement with George?

Gladys—You see, we were forced to be together a good deal, and I found I was getting fond of him.—[Chicago Record.]

THE EVIL OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment; ill cooked a meal; stupid or bad faith somewhere has resulted in disconcert. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest. If one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things, Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks flying upward. But even to the sparks flying upward in the blackest of smoke there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—[New York Advertiser.]

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WORKINGMEN SPEAK.

TEXTILE WORKERS REBUKE THE PROTECTIONISTS.

With Free Raw Material They Say They Can Distance the World—Wages Often Reduced Under McKinley Rule—A Peep Behind the Scenes.

It is not meant that only such tariff reformers as favor reductions in the lines they are interested in shall be called. Let the consumer be heard. Free raw material is well, but where is its advantage to the masses if it does not result in reducing the prices of manufactured products? Give the people a chance.—*St. Louis Republic.*

McKinley Must Go.

The American people at the polls in 1890 and again in 1892 repudiated McKinleyism and its motto. The American people have given protection an ample trial and they are tired of it. Its beneficiaries have grown steadily more and more aggressive and