

LAUGH & THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

BY JOSH WINK.

TEDDY OUT WEST.

I reckon Pres'dt Roosevelt is ez happy ez
a lark
Out thar' a chummin' with the boys from
daylight until dark,
An' goin' over all the good old times of long
ago,
When he lived on the plains an' shot the
b'ar an' buffalo.

I know jest how he feels to be whar' things
aint so elect,
Whar' you don't hafter act the fool with
ev'ry one you meet,
An' do the diplomatic shine, an' scrape an'
grin an' bow—
Gosh, I don't see how he stands it ez he
seems to, anyhow!

Jest think of what he must a done when he
first got a chance
To put on buckskin breeches in the place of
taller pants!
Why, I'd a ruther seen the cowboy picter'
that he made
Than see him ride in state in the inaugyral
parade.

I bet it wuzn't very long till his b'lied shirt
wuz gone,
An', like a nach'ral man, he had a flannel
garment on;
An' then I bet that fine silk plug wuz
changed ez quick ez scat.
For the downright solid comfort of an' old
rough rider hat.

It's more invigoratin' than a Sunday mornin'
dram,
An' he'll go back to Washin'ton the pride of
Uncle Sam.
I aint much of a prophet, but, be gosh, I'm
putty shore
If he's ever made a candydatche he's ours four
years more!

HOW ABOUT KENTUCKY?

The terrible Turks have a frightful way
When they turn themselves loose to slash
and slay,
And make the Armenians scarce—but say!
How about Kentucky?

The fierce Boxers butcher women and men
And carve up the poor "foreign devil" when
They imagine they wont get caught—but
then,
How about Kentucky?

The hideous cannibal black, we know,
Quilte frequently roasts and eats his foe,
But granting that even such horrors are so—
How about Kentucky?

Kentucky's the place where feuds are bred,
Where men go out and are carried back
dead,
And the coroner finds them full of lead.

HOW ABOUT KENTUCKY!

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Smith—Brown would cheat his own
mother!

Mrs. Smith—Why so?

Smith—I passed the collection plate in
church this morning and he had the nerve
to put in that bad quarter I gave him yes-
terday!

AT 11:30 P. M.

Irate Father—What do you mean by call-
ing on my daughter at this hour?

Young Man—I pressed her—

Irate Father—W-h-a-t's that!!!

Young Man—Pressed her for an answer
to my proposal, and she asked for an ex-
tension of time.

ONE DEFINITION.

Son—Papa, what is a shyster lawyer?

Successful lawyer—It's a man, my son,
who tries to take business from us respect-
able attorneys.

SPORTING ITEM.

Bangs—Who is the champion light-weight?

Jones—My grocer.

HE WAS SLOW.

Ethel—How did you feel when he asked
you to marry him?

May—Felt like shaking him for not hav-
ing done it sooner!

JOSH WINK.