

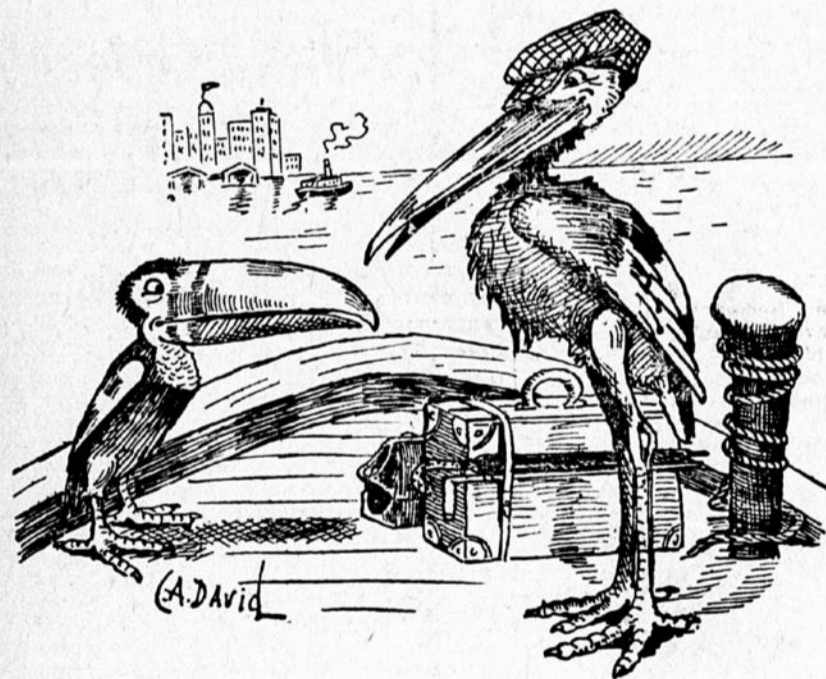
A PAGE OF FUN



A CRUEL REMARK.
He threatened to drown himself if I refused him. What did you say? I told him he couldn't use me as a life preserver.



THE BRIDE'S SALAD.
"Look, darling! What's that in the salad?" said he. His astonishment freely expressing. "Why, of all things—a button!" she gasped. "Oh, I see; Of course, it's part of the dressing."



KEEP AWAY FROM GERMANY.
Toucan: "Leaving us?"
Stork: "Yes, thought I'd take a little trip to France—for a rest."



MORE THAN LIKELY.
Ruth (reading from novel)—He kissed her on the forehead. The proud beauty drew herself up.
Vera—I suppose that was to get her cheek up to the proper height.



CORRECT.
Willie, can you name the chief product of Mexico.
Yes'm. Trouble.

Had the Usual Success

WHAT! Back from the country so soon? I thought you went up to that little place where you could get board for \$6 and \$7 a week so that you could save money.
"I did."
"Had it all figured out that the longer you could keep your family there the better off you would be."
"That's right."
"And yet you're back."
"Yes, I'm back, and say!"
"Well?"
"You couldn't loan me fifty, could you?"

WILD SCRAMBLE.

"How many courses do they have?" whispered the city man who was about to take his first meal in the country boarding house.
"Only one," replied the old boarder, "and we call that the 'race course.'"
"Race course? That's a queer name."
"Not at all. You have to race or you don't get anything at all."



YOU LOOK LIKE A BRIGHT BOY. HOW MUCH SALARY DO YOU EXPECT?
WELL—SEEM' AS HOW I LOOK SO BRIGHT, HOW DOES TEN THOUSAND A YEAR HIT YER?
DO IT NOW!



POINTED.
Reggy—Yes, although it is blooming monotonous I turn in every night at 9 o'clock sharp.
Peggy—How do you manage it?
Reggy—Manage what?
Peggy—Why, to turn in sharp after being so dull.

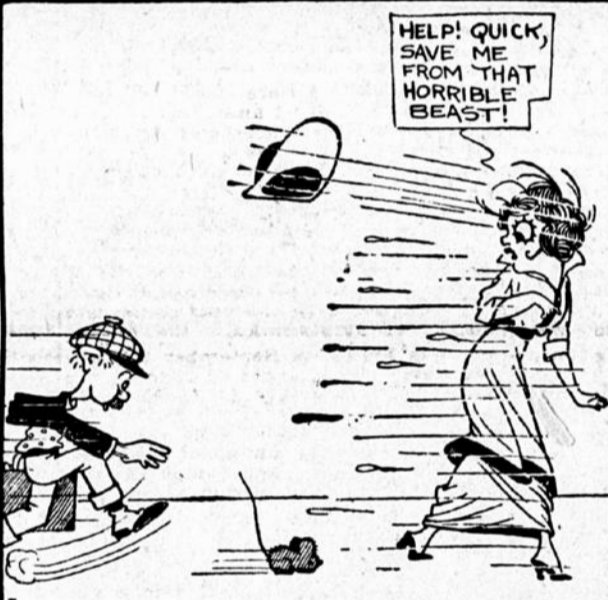
Romantic Rosie And The Movies



SAVED FROM A BEAST!
DO NOT FEAR, MISS, I WILL KILL HIM, VERY DEAD!
SAVED! MY BRAVE HERO!



OH, HEAVENS! A MOUSE! HELP!
SAVED! OH! ISN'T HE THE FEARLESS HERO!



HELP! QUICK, SAVE ME FROM THAT HORRIBLE BEAST!
OH, MY HERO! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME FROM THAT AWFUL BEAST!



HERE Y'ARE, LOIDY! FOOL ALL YER FRIENDS! MADE OF SOR-U-WINE TIN, AN' LOOKS LIKE A REAL MOUSE! RUNS FIFTEEN MINUTES ON ONE WIND-UP. ALL FOR THE SMALL SUM OF TEN CENTS, ONE DIME, TWO JIMMIES, OR ONE TENTH OF A BUCK! WANT ONE, LOIDY?



CUTE LIL' FELLER, AIN'T HE?
OH, MY HERO! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME FROM THAT AWFUL BEAST!



HERE Y'ARE, LOIDY! FOOL ALL YER FRIENDS! MADE OF SOR-U-WINE TIN, AN' LOOKS LIKE A REAL MOUSE! RUNS FIFTEEN MINUTES ON ONE WIND-UP. ALL FOR THE SMALL SUM OF TEN CENTS, ONE DIME, TWO JIMMIES, OR ONE TENTH OF A BUCK! WANT ONE, LOIDY?



EMBARRASSING.
Dolly gave herself away awfully yesterday. How?
One of the boys insisted she had a fiery temper because her hair was auburn and to win the argument she had to admit it was dyed.

Some Medical Advice

YOU'D have known he was a medical man by his looks and by the medicine case he carried, but the man who bumped into him on the street was too excited about something else.
"Here, sir, what are you doing?" exclaimed the doctor as he recovered from the collision.
"Going to lick a man!" was the reply.
"But wait. Don't you know it's 90 degrees in the sun?"
"I don't care a darn!"
"And that fighting will raise your temperature to 140?"
"What of it?"
"A temperature of 139 means sunstroke and death!"

"Are you a doctor?" asked the man.
"I am."
"Then you are way off your base. The man I'm going to lick works in else."

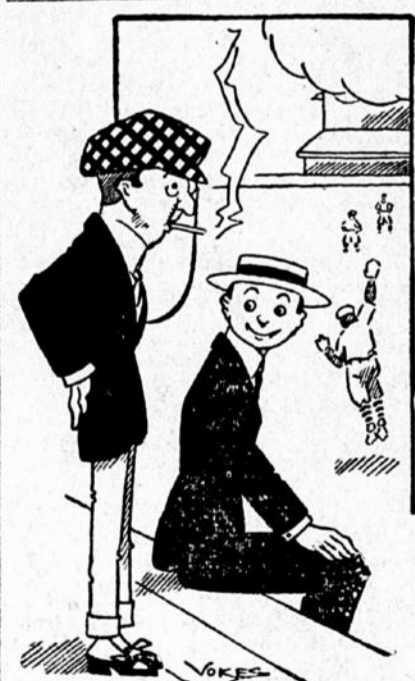


HERE, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? EXCLAIMED THE DOCTOR.
an ice house, where the temperature is only 60 above, and oh, jeez, how I will make him holler!"
"But—"
"Oh, I brought along my overcoat so I shouldn't take cold doing it! Thanks, Doc—I'm all right!"

Why He Brought It.

A YOUNG man and a canoe landed together at the hotel, and the young man gave the orders about

having the craft put into the lake. The guests crowded around to make their comments, and they were most favorable to the young man and the canoe. It was the consensus of opinion that the craft cost at least a hundred dollars, and that its owner would make a gallant show with it.



AT THE BALL GAME.
Englishman (after 5th inning)—I say, old man, when do they serve the tea?
American Friend—They don't serve tea at a ball game.
Englishman—No tea between innings. Then what's the object of the blooming game.



THAT IS YOUR CANOE IS'NT IT?
Every hour for the next three days the guests were on the watch, but the canoe remained tied to the bank. Finally, the young man was asked: "That is your canoe, isn't it?"

A PERFECT BEAR.
Emma—"My husband is the most inconsistent man."
Muriel—"What has he done, now?"
Emma—"He said he was too poor to buy new drawing room furniture, yet he gave thousands of dollars for a seat on the Stock Exchange."

"Oh, yeth," he lisped in reply.
"Does it leak?"
"No, thir."
"Is it up here for service?"
"Yeth, thir, if anybody wants it."
"But why don't you use it?"
"Because, while I lisp, thir, I am no damphool. I brought it for show!"



SUPPLY LIMITED.
How'd you like to have all the ice cream you wanted? Aw, there ain't that much in the world! Shut up!

RIGHT.
THE man who owns a baby will tell you how it howls. He'll swear the kid's a nuisance. And, goodness, how he scowls! But if you say you know it, And at the baby scowl, The dad, you'll find, is ready, To knock your head clear off.
EX-COLLEGIATE.
"Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?"
Is a song we've often sung; They are all office-boys at present. Starting at the lowest rung.