

# A PAGE OF HUMOR, WITH PICTURES BY GIBSON AND OTHERS

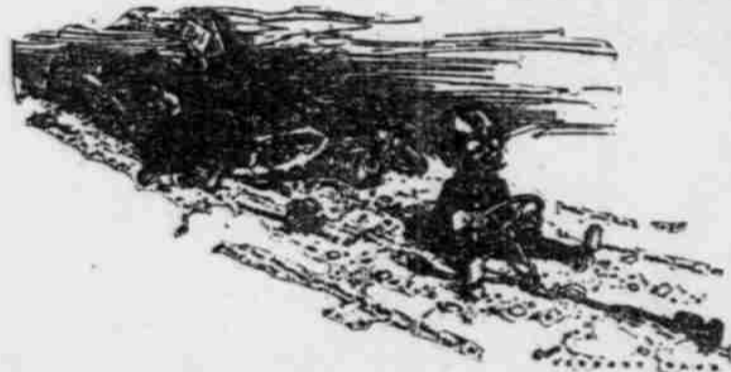
SPECIAL CARTOON—DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



She—I'd be perfectly happy here in the country, if there was only a theater or something to go to in the evening.  
He—I agree with you, Ethel. What we want is a farm in the heart of the city.  
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THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE.



"Never mind, George—I've saved the trading stamps we got with it!"



The actor—Well, I've just got a Summer engagement.  
The friend—Is there money in it, or is it a love part?

**Important.**  
The way of a man with a maid is not a matter I care to plan. But I should really like to know the way of a maid with a man.

**Goldsmith in 1905.**  
When lovely woman stoops to folly, And has her sins told in the press, Why does she not grow melancholy? Why do her smiles grow none the less? The reason that she is so sunny And cares not how the good may rage, Is that she's thinking of the money She'll make by going on the stage.

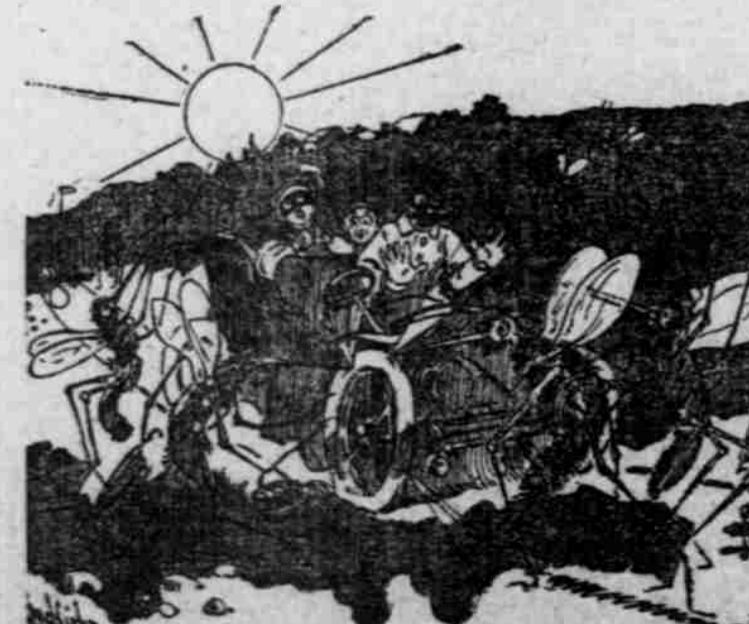


"Ah, Genevieve, just say one little word of three letters that will make me happy!"  
The maid—Gilt!

**Polltiness.**  
The N—s have a Summer cottage in an unfrequented spot along the shore. On hot Summer afternoons, when they are alone, Mr. N— allows his son, age 3, to go into the water without the formality of a bathing-suit. One such afternoon last Summer a party of young people from town arrived unexpectedly, and were comfortably settled on the wide veranda when young Richard calmly ascended the steps, clad only in unsuspecting innocence and a huge straw hat. For an instant absolute silence reigned, then the boy's big brother said sternly: "Richard, remove your hat in the presence of ladies!"

**Hope.**  
Hope springs eternal in the old maid's breast: She never is, but always to be pressed.

**A Laggard.**  
First schoolgirl—Maggie is very much behind hand in her studies, isn't she?  
Second schoolgirl—Atrociously so. Why, she doesn't know any more than her parents.



JERSEY JUSTICE.

**The Reason.**  
Uncle Ezra—What in tunkets d'ye s'pose the Widder Higgins married old Lester Trotter for?  
Uncle Timrod—For his money, o' course! Why—I gash!—he's gettin' 't a month pension!

**A Savior.**  
"You have a new baby in the house, I believe, sir?"  
The voice of the kindly and decorous-looking stranger was respectful and solicitous.

"We have, sir," said the temporary head of the house and baby's father. "What can I do for you, sir?"  
The stranger paused, and then entered the hall.

"I feel sure," he said, "that you will listen to me to the end. In the first place I'm not an agent. I am a buffer."

"A Buffer? What is that?"  
"I stand between you and—well, I represent the society for the prevention of cruelty to newly-made fathers. I forestall all the visits of relatives. When the neighbors call to offer their advice as to feeding and care, one of my representatives will be on hand to protect you. If the trained nurse doesn't suit, I have a patent device for getting her out of the house without any unpleasantness. I ward off the agents for new baby foods. In brief, sir, for a slight consideration, I agree to protect you from the outside world until your baby is on its feet."

The joyful father clasped his hand.  
"My dear sir," he exclaimed fervently, "you have come just in the nick of time. Run right upstairs, will you, and get by the trained nurse if you can and get me a few decent clothes out of the chiffonier that once was mine. I've been living in the front hall now for four days without even the blessings of a clean shirt, and no one to talk to but the doctor as he came and went."

TOM MASSON.



The wasp—Gee! I'd like to see the fellow that said it was cool around the Flat-iron.

**Mathematical.**

"Yes!" said the old mathematician with a gleam in his watery blue eyes: "I've always looked at it that way. Marriage is Addition; when the little once come, it's Multiplication; when dissension looms up to cloud the horizon of their happiness, it's Division; and then when the final parting comes it's Subtraction!"  
"And how about Divorce?" asked the listener.  
"Oh! I guess that would come under the denomination of Fractions!"



The giraffe:  
The Hippo:  
Why in thunder don't you keep step?

**Those Tom Cats.**  
"Each dog has his day," Is a proverb o'er-true; So we add, if we may: Each cat has his night! Walter Pultner.

**Changed.**  
To love a girl and then not get her Was once a timely song. To get a girl and then not love her Is now not far from wrong.

**Described.**  
"What kind of a honeymoon did you have?"  
"First rate. I distributed a continuous line of klases over three railroad systems, at a cost of a thousand dollars."



Chirup—Lucky bird that Tweety. He got run over by an airship and gets \$10,000 damages.



A WELCOME TO THE SUMMER GIRL.