

A PAGE OF HUMOR, WITH PICTURES BY GIBSON AND OTHERS



A JOLLY OLD STAG PARTY.



A LITERARY MOVEMENT.



PRECAUTION AT THE BUTTEBURGH THEATER.

Mr. Humbug (The manager)—Ladies and gentlemen! In order to prove to you that the curtain is asbestos Willie Firefly will crawl from the footlights to the proscenium arch.



ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Little Boy—Mamma, is that the one you said looks so much like uncle?

He Was Posted.

"What can you tell of Vermont?" asked the teacher during the geography lesson.
"Well, for one thing," replied the grocer's son, who was of rather unusual width betwixt the eyes, "it's the place where the genuine Vermont maple sugar doesn't come from."

Corrected.

"The biggest trout," we hear men say, "Are always those that get away." This is not true. The biggest trout Are only those we lie about.

A Helpful Suggestion.

"I skurcely know what to do with that ere nephew of mine who graduated from the academy six weeks ago," said honest old Farmer Bentover. "Since that important event he ain't done anything of consequence, but set around like a knot on a log, and grow hair and smoke cigarettes and oose Latin quotations and sage advice. He 'pears to sorter gaze up at himself in what might be called a large, allopathic kind of way and look down on the rest of us in a homeopathic manner, tempered with mercy, as it were. Now and again he is kind enough to let us know who wrote Gray's Elegy, and give us bits of information about the Mesopotamians, and dilate a little on the peculiarities, or something of the Pedes and Meridians, as I believe their names were, and all such as that, and once in a while he plunks a few strains on the mandolin to sorter soothe our savage breasts. But he won't do anything that is in the least flavored with work, and a more tee-totally, contaminated, no-account young cub I never seen in all of woe's appointed ways! Honest, Eary, I d'know what in tunkett I'm goin' to do with him."

"Wa-al, 'Gustus," replied shrewd old Farmer Hornbeak, "fur as I can see, there ain't anything for you to do but to incorporate him. Somebody that don't know him may think he's all right, and take him off'n your hands."



"Why don't you get er polo turban, Magie? I thought your father wuz er bricklayer, too."



Jones—Don't you think that a man is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass to grow where before there was but one?
Smith—Well, I used to think so, before I owned a lawn-mower.

In the Good Old Times.

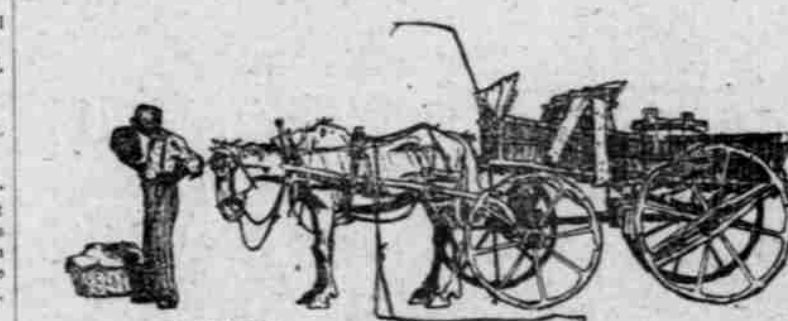
When good stuff filled the washtub bowl,
Strange things would happen oft,
they say:
Full many times, upon my soul,
The knight fell at the break of day.

The One Worth Imitating.

Mrs. Brown—I am having the greatest difficulty trying to make Johnny keep his toes straight when he walks. I tell him to imitate his father, but it doesn't make the slightest difference; he will toe out, and that's all I can do about it.

Mrs. Smith—I had the same trouble with Willie.

Mrs. Brown—I should never have suspected it. What did you do to him?
Mrs. Smith—I read him a little article in the paper saying that when an Indian is on the warpath he always toes straight ahead.



STRENUOUS LIFE.

"De 'sponsibility ob married life am suttinly tremenjous. Me an' you, Bill am putty nigh wo'n out appotin dat ol' woman ob mine—totin' de washin' fo' her to do.

SPECIAL CARTOON—DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



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"You have been very successful with the girls—what is your rule in making love to one?"
"I have no set rule. I merely try, with all the power there is in me, to make as big an ass of myself as possible."

Is It?

Norman Harris.

Is it right to kiss a girl?
With her dower of charms laden?
Is it right to kiss a maiden
When she puckers up her lips to be kissed—

Is it?
Ask me, and I'll give you answer—
Be you Post, Prince, or Lancer,
Are you able to resist?
When allured by your flattery,
She unlocks the masked battery
Of her eyes,
Are you wise
Enough to pause and ponder then,
Or to scheme it out with pencil or with pen?

Last—
Though you be a saint in Heaven
I will wager you'll take seven,
And desist,
Theorist,
Only when the blushing maiden
With her dower of charms laden,
Puts a ban
Mr. Man
On the pretty-puckering lips that you have
kissed.



The titled fortune-hunter's conception of the American girl.

Depends on Whose Pudding.

The proof of the pudding is in the eat-
ing.
No. Afterward.

Her First Thought.

"I have decided at last upon the novel
I shall write," confides the ambitious girl
with literary impulses.

"O, how perfectly fine!" exclaims her
bosom friend. "What is it to be?"

"It will be bound in old rose, with the
title printed in dull gold, and with my
name in pale gilt below a medallion in
colors."

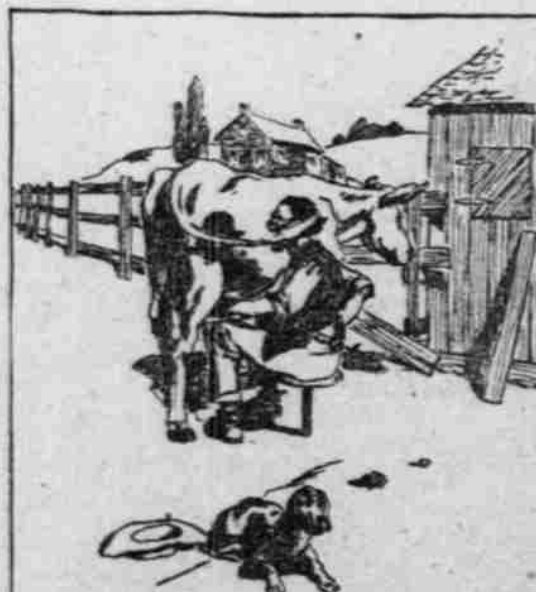
Cupid: Chaeffeur.

When Cupid in his auto runs,
He always spares the little ones.
Immune from fines, the reckless duffer
Makes only the grown-up ones suffer.

EVERY BEE HAS HIS DAY—DRAWN BY RANSOM



The Cow—Hello! Here comes a bumble bee.
Thank my stars, I have—



A tail.



Farmer Meadowgrass—I'll tie your durned old
tail so tight it'll never come off.
The Cow—Now, if that bee lights there'll be
trouble.



"I'm just hittin' the high places."



"Now I wonder what in tarnation was the
matter with that cow?"