

A PAGE OF HUMOR, WITH PICTURES BY GIBSON AND OTHERS



"Yes, I want a man. How many hours will you work a day, and at what wages?"

"That depends. I want one dollar more a day than ye want to give, and two hours less than that ye think is right."



HOW THOSE GIRLS LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Edith—Harry paid me such a compliment last night! He said that it seemed to him I grew prettier every time he called.

Ethel—Why don't you ask him to call more frequently?

An Innovation.

Uncle Timrod—I've just got a letter from my nephew, over t' Allegash. He says they had something new there, in the way of a celebration.

Hi Spry—What was it?

Uncle Timrod—A rainless Fourth o' July.



Plaintiff (breach of promise case)—That man got right down on his knees and promised to marry me!

Defendant's Lawyer—Hum—any wit, nesses?

Plaintiff—Well, I should say there was! Papa was there with the shotgun, and mam with an ax, and brother Billy with his bulldog.



GETTING INTO THE GAME.

No Surprise.

First Mosquito—I hear you've had an addition to your family.

Second Mosquito—Yes. Three thousand boys and eight thousand girls.



DANGER.

"If we really like each other I don't see why we shouldn't be engaged for another Summer."

"That's just the trouble. I knew a girl once who got so used to being engaged to the same man that she finally married him."

Widespread.

The Justice of the Peace in an up-state town was the proud father of two little wide-awake boys, one of whom had amazing proclivity for finding out the meaning of a big word and then using it as soon as the proper opportunity presented itself.

One day he chanced upon the word "epidemic" for the first time. He gazed at it eagerly for a minute. Then, running in haste to his mother, he held the book high up in his hands and asked:

"Wot 'is mean, mamma? Loo! Wot 'is mean?"

The mother explained to him, as clearly as possible, that it meant a whole lot of people together, with the same kind of disease. The youngster, apparently completely satisfied with the mother's explanation, went back to his reading.

A few days later he came running to his mother and said:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

"What is it, my boy," asked the mother, taking him in her lap.

"Is Mamie Jennins, Ray's sister?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the mother.

After a thoughtful pause, the child said again:

"And is Maggie, Ray's sister?"

"Yes," answered the mother again.

"Well, is Fordie, Ray's bruvver, too?"

"Yes, my son," said the mother, beginning to wonder what the child was trying to get at.

The little explorer dropped his curly head toward the floor and thought a minute. Then he asked again:

"Ah! is Fannie, Ray's sister, too?"

"Yes," again replied the mother, with a smile.

There was a brief silence, and then the little inquirer, looking up suddenly, with childish delight written all over his face, said:

"Well, 'ey had a red-lar 'epidemit' up 'ere, didn't 'ey, Mamma?"

Some Rules.

For a Newly Engaged Man.

Don't get her into the carriage, or flower habit. You'll find it's hard to break her of it afterwards.

Never make love to her before the rest of the family. But move the sofa into a direct line with the parlor door, so they can watch you through the keyhole. There is more seat to this.

It is better, if possible, to put her younger brother on a regular allowance. This will avoid unexpected drains—and it's business.

Take her sisters to the theater occasionally and keep on their right side. When there is a family dispute later, you may need them.

Blow her father off to a good square meal occasionally and open up a bottle with him. If he sees you with her too much, he will get the impression that you are an ass anyway, and you must do something to correct this.

When you are with her, don't talk about her family, your family, the weather, the crops, the business outlook or politics. In fact, there is only one safe rule—don't talk at all.

TOM MASSON.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.



"Gee, but they've got it bad!"

SPECIAL CARTOON—DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



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Mr.—The cook has agreed to stay.

Mrs.—How did you manage it?

"I told her it was cowardly to leave me alone."

Personal.

First Grasshopper—Are you going to the ball this evening?

Second Grasshopper—No. I'm giving a private hop of my own.

All Right.

She—Darling, am I too heavy for you?

He—Don't get off, dear. I don't mind being crushed to death in a cause like this.

Too Much to Expect.

"I wonder why they have never married?"

"Because he would make an ideal husband, and she an ideal wife."

The Real Thing.

Clara—Is Charlie much of a flirt?

Maud—He's really an expert. He makes love as if he didn't know how.



TWO WEEKS AT THE SEASHORE.

They Broke the Silence.

"H'm—yes!" said the able editor of the Polkville (Arkansas) Weekly Clarion. "It was the customary 'quiet wedding,' was it not, Mr. Springer?"

"Wal, not to hurt!" replied Mr. Tut Springer, from out 'Possam Trot way, who had percolated into the sanctum with the news of a recent marriage in his ball-tick.

"No; not so's you could notice it much. Our intentions were the best to be had, of course, but you just naturally can't run down a groom that's been suddenly took with a panic and lit out in the general direction of Lower California, and bend a few guns over his bashful head and drag him back and boost him through the ceremony, without making more or less noise—it can't be done! And when it comes to trying to talk down and quiet the bride's mother when she whirls in and tells the groom precisely what she thinks of him and his nefarious conduct—as heaven is my judge, it ain't half-way possible! You are shorley obliged to ketch that there lady unawares, and hog-tie her in her favorite rocking-chair, and pack her off across the prairie plumb out of hearing, or else you can't do a thing but listen to her. But, while it wasn't exactly a quiet wedding, it wasn't no-way rowdy; there was no particular shooting, and the licker was first rate."

TOM P. MORGAN.



FISCATORIAL PRIDE.

"We are trout," said a fish to the skipper.

"Not would-be aristocrats, see? So I hope you'll not misrepresent us by marking our case 'C. O. D.'"



Prisoner—Well, Yee Honor, I haven't been arrested before for six months.

Judge—Were you convicted then?

Prisoner—Yes, Yee Honor; I got six months.



A lady of the 18th century with her ruff removed.



TOO MUCH.

First Spider—Aren't you extravagant with that web, my dear?

Second Spider—I'm merely putting up a decent parlor.

"I know, but the cost of building has doubled."

Sporting.

"England is more friendly to us than she used to be."

"Well, I don't know. When it comes to America, she is always putting up the dukes."

Economy.

"I thought you were going to wait until Fall before you were married."

"I was. But I couldn't afford to be engaged all Summer."

AN INTERRUPTED GAME OF CHESS—DRAWN BY HY. MAYER.



ACT I.

ACT II.

ACT III.