

A PAGE OF HUMOR, WITH PICTURES BY GIBSON AND OTHERS

JULY



FORCE OF HABIT.

By thousands the women rushed into the show when they read this dime museum sign: "The fat lady's weight has been greatly reduced. From five hundred to four ninety-nine."

Docile.

Griggson—Been down in Jersey, eh? Mosquitoes pretty wild down there, I understand.

Essex—Wild? Why, man, they're so tame, they'll eat out of your hand.



EASY MONEY.

Miss Millions—Well, was papa's answer satisfactory?

Mr. Penniless—Oh, yes, very. He said he'd give me five thousand dollars if I'd keep away from you hereafter.

In Doubt.

"Why do you suppose their marriage turned out so poorly?"

"I don't know whether it was because they were so admirably fitted for each other, or whether it was too carefully considered."



PROFESSIONAL DISCORD.

So you don't think there is any possibility of our getting along together? See—Not the slightest—w-we both write love stories!



Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

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MISS COLUMBIA—HER DAY.

ADVERTISING A LA MODE. SPECIAL CARTOON—DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY JOHN H. SHOLL.



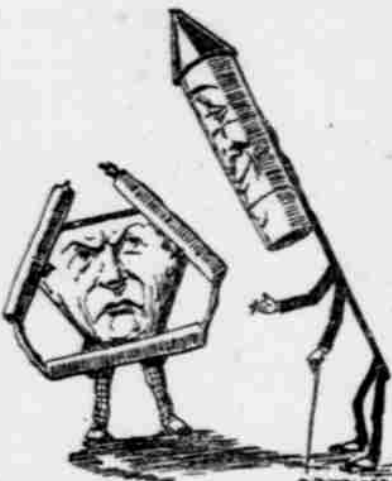
All hail, thou grand and proud protectress of thy glorious brood of half a hundred states: Extending thy expansive form across a continent's wide fields; One wing deep dipping in Atlantic's brine, the other o'er Pacific's placid bosom spread; Low trailing thy tail-feathers in the frozen ocean of the North— And heaving thy pulsating breast above the torrid waters of fair Mexico's broad gulf; Within thy talons bearing, for the friend, the olive-branch of peace— And weapons of destruction for the foe that would assail the smallest of the progeny! Well holdest thou thy haughty head aloft within the starry sky— For though but young, thou art a giant grown, of conscious might, acknowledging few peers. May'st thou forever tranquil dwell in harmony with all thine own, And unmolested by the powers of Earth—respected by the strong and honored by the weak: And may'st thou never know defeat, nor learn to bow thy head in shame.



BEFORE

AND

AFTER USING.



Sky Rocket—Ah! I'm going off on the Fourth, and have a high old time. Pin Wheel—Bah! You're always shooting off about yourself. I never blow about it, but generally have a gay little whirl myself.

The How of It.

"Tell your side of the story, Slew-foot," said the Justice of the Peace. "Wal, sah, yo' honah," returned the battered victim of the assault. "Somehow, I don't 'pear to reorganize as much about de fight as I oughter, 'sides, dat I was present. Uck, yassah!—I was so'ly right dar; I kin tell dat by de feel of muh head! Dis yug am all I knows about de ramification, sah; I gits mixed up in a convulsion wit dat nigger, and I says to him—and I promulgated de specification tollable loud and coo'se, too, I did!—I says to him, 'Yo' am a liah, sah; a momentous, low-down, nappy-headed liah! Dat's deess precisely what I says to him, sah. And den, sah, de doctah says to me, 'Set up and drink dis.' And dat's all I knows about de irascibility, yo' honah!"



Clara—He makes love beautifully. Maude—I knew he would be a credit to me.

His Request.

"You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

Mrs. Witherby looked at her husband with the practical look of an expert wife.

"I leave tomorrow," she said, "to be gone a week, and I hope while I am gone, my dear, that you will be good."

Witherby opened the closet door and brought out a large phonograph that had been lying there covered with dust.

"My dear," he said, "I will be good. But tonight I will be detained at the office. When I come home I want you to talk to me into this machine."

Mrs. Witherby looked surprised. "What for?" she exclaimed.

"Simply this," replied Witherby. "I'm so used to hearing your remarks when I crawl in about three in the morning that unless I have the usual thing while you are away I won't be able to sleep a wink."

The Day of Din. Gone are the kilts and curls; our joy is now a "truly trousersed" boy. A month ago his age was eight, and lo! he wants to "celebrate!"

The Glorious Fourth pervades his dreams: His head with joyous visions teems Wherein the crackers hang and fizz And rockets through the darkness whizz.

Come, Mother, never mind the noise: It can't be helped—"boys will be boys." The Day of Din is at our gates: This year our baby celebrates.

He wants torpedoes, crackers, caps, Like all the other little chaps: But those alone will never do— He ought to have a cannon, too.

A neat revolver, with a quart Of blanks, will give him added sport: Some rockets, too, the finest sold— Yet not too large for him to hold.

The common horn of painted tin, Produces but a feeble din: To help him root for Liberty I'll buy a steam callopie!

Of course, 't would be a sad surprise If he should lose those twinkling eyes, Or sacrifice a nimble leg To Freedom and her powder-keg.

Pshaw! Accidents? Perhaps they may Occur, a thousand miles away. Not with our Roger—goodness me! With our baby, don't you see?

So, let the welkin whoop and ring: And never mention such a thing As Ambulance or Amputate: Our baby wants to celebrate!

Frank Roe Hatchelder.

In the Millennium. Inquisitive Shade—Everybody seems happy here except that small group of gloomy-looking men in the corner. Who are they?

Informative Shade—Oh, they're the souls that used to edit the popular magazines, and they're unhappy because there's nothing left to expose.



"Where did you get such a remarkable suit of clothes?"

"Don't mention it. I told my wife yesterday that an intelligent man, cared nothing for fashion so long as his clothes were whole and comfortable, and this morning I found she'd locked up everything but this Summer-before-last outfit."

The Patriyat. This is the day to which our youth still yearns In spite of knowledge of his former burns: When crackers crack and cannons cannonade, And peaceful solitude to chaos turns.

Some for the quiet forest glade; and some Long for the sweet millennium to come: But in the heart of Young America There's love for dynamite and banging drum.

Ah, well; we all felt so when we were boys, And found rich pleasure in these sounding toys: So when our children follow in our steps Let's live in patience, and enjoy the noise.

D. E. G.



"So your name is George Washington Johnson, eh? Do you know anything about the great man you are named after?"

"Yass, sah. In course I does. He's my pappy."

Placed. "They belong to the lower middle classes."

"How did you manage to place them so soon?"

"They pay all their bills promptly and never have had a scandal in the family."

THE FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH THAT NEVER CAME OFF. DRAWN BY HY. MAYER.



1—It was a momentous occasion and the villagers assembled on the green to listen to the glorious words of liberty and independence to be delivered by the Mayor of the town.

2—A village maiden appeareth and upon the rostrum places the lucky floral horseshoe made by the young ladies of the town to honor the speaker.

3—Here—he cometh—Rounds of applause greet him.

4—Tableau.