

A PAGE OF HUMOR, WITH PICTURES BY GIBSON AND OTHERS

SPECIAL CARTOON—DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



He—This is my dance, I believe.
She—Don't let me deprive you of it.



Postmaster—Well, if that ain't the fourth letter old Peter Perkins is got this year. Durned if I don't believe he writes 'em to himself.



She—How long did it take you to learn how to make love?
He—Well, I suffered almost constantly for five years.



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ADVICE TO STUDENTS—BE READ TO. IT SAVES THE EYES FOR BETTER THINGS.



"What kind of a rug is this?"
"Brrrrr! I put these furs on my bathing suit because I didn't want to freeze to death."

A Boomerang.

Nodd—I've just spent a lot of money on the house I rent.
Tedd—It's in good condition, isn't it?
"Oh, fine. Why, it's in such good condition now that the landlord has raised the rent on me."

The Pace That Kills.

First magnate—I expect my new palace will cost two millions.
Second magnate—Mine is going to cost three millions.
"Ah, but you started building yours six months later than mine."



Alkali Ike—So Grizzly Pete died a lingering death, did he?
Rawhide Rube—Yep; he lingered just 30 seconds too long in this vicinity after calling Bronco Bill a liar.

A Pleasant Outlook.

He—Darling, our engagement came just in the nick of time.
She—How is that?
He—Why, when I told the head of the firm, he said it just saved me from being fired.

The woman who takes pleasure in hitting a man never does him any real harm.



INJUSTICE.

The professor's child—Mamma, have I got to go to papa's lecture tonight?
His mother—Yes, Willie.
"But I haven't been naughty."

Moments of History.

Napoleon was about to cross the Alps when a happy thought struck him.

"Gaston!" he cried to a Marshal, who had just ridden up on his wheel.

"Tell the army of the frontier to remove all the hotel proprietors ahead. For then—"

His face lighted up in the fire of real inspiration—
"The way will not be half so steep."

Avoidpouls.

"She's a fine actress, isn't she?"
"Well, almost too fine. I should say she was 35 pounds under weight."

Only a Woman.

Husband—My dear, you won't mind if I go on a little fishing trip, will you?

Wife—Certainly not. I don't care at all. I wouldn't have you stay home for the world, but of course if you do go I shall never forgive you.

Makes the Difference.

First guest—I always come away from a wedding feeling rather sad, don't you?

Second guest—It depends upon whether I know them well enough to give them a present or not.



THANKFUL.

Old gentleman, excitedly—See here, that ball just missed my head.
Golfer, fervently—Thank heaven, it did not hit you. It would have spoiled the best drive I have made this year.

IN THE GOSSIP FLATS—DRAWN BY COLLMAN.



"Yes, we've had a very pleasant evening, but I shouldn't have stayed out so late. You've no idea what gossip there would be if anyone saw me."



"Please unlock the door very, very quietly. The slightest noise will bring inquisitive people into the hall. And I have such spiteful neighbors."



"Thank you, ever so much. Please don't slam the door in going out. I'll steal upstairs as softly as I can. I do so hope I'll not meet anybody."



"What's happened?" "It's burglars do you—?" "No, it must be fire. The firemen always ring—?" "Yes, every bell in the house is ringing!" "The street for mine."



"Heavens, you've been leaning against the path buttons."



"How perfectly scandalous! At 2 o'clock in the morning, too." "I'm sure he's been drinking." "It's that woman on the third floor. I always said—'I shall certainly give the landlord notice.'"