

A PAGE OF HUMOR, WITH PICTURES BY GIBSON AND OTHERS



A Slight Draft.

If you send wife dear a cheque for just one hundred kisses,
You only have your foolish self to thank.
If you return and she admits with downcast eyes and blushes
The obliging teller cashed them at the bank!



"How do you suppose old Si Perkins has the best garden in the neighborhood?"
"Because he spends less money on it than any one else."

Necessity.

Husband—Why do you quarrel so often with me?
Wife—Because it makes you so good-natured between times.

Explained.

Bobbie—Do you always have boiled dinners on wash day? We do.
Visitor—Why so?
"Because it's cheaper to boil the clothes and the dinner at the same time."

Ambiguous.

Briggs—Cholly Fiddleback went down to the shore the other day and got way in beyond his depth.
Griggs—Surf, or girl?



At the Shore.

He—Nobody but a confirmed idiot would come to such a place as this more than once.
She—How many years have you been coming here?

Necessary.

Mrs. Catterson—Why is there a special meeting of the women's guild this afternoon?
Mrs. Hatterson—Why, don't you know? Two new families have moved into the neighborhood.



There are times when one wishes to be alone.

SPECIAL CARTOON—DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



A Resolve.

Cousin Kate—Now that you are well off, Charles, you mustn't let them say of you "a fool and his money are soon parted."
Cousin Charles—No, you bet, I won't. I'll show 'em that I'm an exception to the rule.

Advertisement.

Wanted—A good, reliable, experienced nurse, to take complete charge of an historical novelist.

Hero.

Briggs—Did you know that Heavy-side made a goal at football, and crippled himself for life?
Griggs—Why, no. I must hasten to congratulate him.

A Barrier.

Doctor—I am afraid, madam, that I shall have to remove your husband's stomach.
Wife—Good! That's the only thing that has ever been between us.

The Limit.

"Mrs. Piper is a well dressed woman, isn't she?"
"Splendidly. Why, she couldn't dress any better if her husband could afford it."



Maggie (haughtily)—Me face is me fortune.
Chemmie (cheerfully)—Don't cry, girl. I'll give you a nickel.



Recent Discovery in Evolution, 1905

PICKING CHERRIES.



"Is your mistress in?"
"No, ma'am. This is her afternoon off."

Wrong of Him.

He—I would believe your love was more lasting if I didn't know how you have treated the other fellows in the past.

She—But you shouldn't talk that way. The only thing that keeps me in love with you is the thought that I can throw you over at any time.

The Impossible.

The Major—No, sir, I tell you there's absolutely no way to ascertain the exact age of the world.

The skeptic—That's so. You might just as well appoint a scientific committee to investigate the origin of one of your stories.

A Limit.

Mrs. Slimson—Now, my dear, I shall be away two hours, and I want you to promise that you will mind that nurse.
Willie—That's a long time, mamma, but suppose I mind her for the last half hour?



A Novice.

Ethel—Has he ever loved before?
Edith—I think not, he seems surprised to think it is costing him anything.

A Distinction.

Husband—Here! I've made a list of the things we can afford and those we can't.

Wife—One for you and the other for me.

Those Girls.

Clara—I have had to lead young Charlie Dangleton on a lot.
Maud—But don't you find that so of all men?

No Hope.

Miss Summit—I never could marry a man whom I couldn't respect.
Mrs. Highbloom—Then you must intend to die an old maid.



The casserole was delicious and potatoes were served au gratin—Heavens! I didn't know that they gave anything free there.



Overworked.

