

# THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE EASTERTIDE

## PENITENCE.



He—Did you go to the party last evening?  
She—Oh, dear, no! I'm keeping Lent. I staid home and played solitaire and ate marshmallows all night. It was just lovely!

## A Preliminary Query.

"CAN you cook?"  
"One moment. Are you a poet, an artist or a newspaper man?"  
"Why do you ask this?"  
"Because I want to be sure I'll have something to cook."

## A PUNGENT FOOTNOTE.

To the stocking she said,  
With a smile that was bland,  
"Ere I lie to bed  
I will take you in hand."

As her needle he eyed,  
With his mouth all askew,  
The stocking replied:  
"I'll be darned if you do!"

## EXTERNALLY GUARANTEED.



"Are your Easter eggs fresh?" asked the captious guest.  
"They are fresh painted, sir," replied the diplomatic waiter.

## THE RULING PASSION.



"What was it that poor girl murmured so painfully when they dragged her from under the trolley, car—was she asking for her mother?"  
"No; she wanted somebody to straighten out the ribbon bows on her new Easter hat."

## FORCE OF HABIT.

MRS. SCHOPPEN—Give me a dozen stamps, if you please.  
Postoffice Clerk—Yes'm. Two cent?  
Mrs. Schoppen (absentmindedly)—Are they the best you've got?

## HER GET-UP.



"What's the difference between vision and sight?"  
"See that girl?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, she's a vision, but her general get-up's a sight."

## A DISCREET ANSWER.

"LET me see. Are you the head of a household?"  
"Nominally."

## DO IT SO RARELY.

"DO you believe that many a true word is spoken in jest?"  
"Yes, because when some people tell the truth it sounds like a joke to those who know them."

## Maternal Advice.

YOUNG TROUT—Judging from the appearance of that bright thing up there, I conclude it's a nice fly.  
Mother Trout—My child, don't jump at your conclusion or it will be your finish.

## Not All Her Own.

"IT'S ridiculous to say that any one could dance well with artificial legs."  
"Oh, I don't know. There's Mme. Padden, the ballet dancer. I'd hate to say how much is artificial about hers."

## AN EASTER FORECAST. BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

SATURDAY morn., of hopes galore,  
The date for its arriving!  
'Twould surely come, the milliner  
swore,  
Though she be nonsurviving.  
Into the past the moments glide.  
Prue more and more is nettled.  
Alas, near the crest of Eastertide  
The weather looks unsettled!

SATURDAY noon—it has not come!  
(As might have been expected.)  
And voice is wrathful and face is glum  
And figure all dejected.  
Horizonward is a bank of cloud  
Steadily onward crawling.  
Nervous the house, and anxious  
browed—  
Barometer is falling.

SATURDAY eve—and still no hat!  
Heavy the apprehension.  
Milliners all are frauds, 'tis flat;  
Prone, all, to mean invention.  
Fly the signals of import plain  
To those who read a warning.  
Floods and lightning and hurricane  
Are due for Easter morning!

SATURDAY night—a step, a ring,  
Rustle of tissue paper!  
Cries: "How darling!" "The sweetest,  
sweet thing!"  
Somebody cuts a caper.  
Skies are suddenly smoothed betimes;  
The storm signs disappear, oh!  
Up the mercury swiftly climbs  
For Easter—bright and clear, oh!

## AFTER CHURCH IN BUNNYVILLE.



Oh, what a sight on Easter morn, 'neath April skies of blue,  
When after church the rabbits stroll along the avenue!  
The swains o' Bunnyville are there, and every one in town  
Is out in Easter suit and hat and stunning Easter gown,  
And what excitement stirs the throng, how all the rabbits stare,  
When Molly Cottontail sweeps by with Mr. Belgian Hare!

## Getting His Money's Worth.

DRUGGIST—Look here! You have been copying from that directory for an hour. What do you want for your penny?  
Miserly—I am copying down all the names in here so that I won't have to spend a penny next time I want a certain person.

## Cause For Action.

BROWN—New-pop is suing his wife for divorce.  
Green—Because why?  
Brown—Because she named the baby for her first husband.

## ANOTHER MYTH DISPELLED.



Said the ostrich to the rabbit,  
"Will you tell me, sir, I beg,  
If you think you'll claim the honor  
Of this splendid Easter egg?"

## A Pressing Engagement.

"CLAUDIE!" he cried, rushing madly in. "I have been scouring the neighborhood for you."  
She laughed strangely and rested the chemical bottle on a shelf.  
"We should put up a sign," she said. "I have been dyeing, and you have been scouring."

## Very Likely.

WIFEY—I wonder why that woman is watching me so.  
Hubby—Probably she's trying to find out why you are staring at her.

## When Joy Weeps.

HUBBY—What sort of time did you have at the theater?  
WIFEY—Perfectly lovely. Some of the scenes were so pathetic that I wept, and the others were so funny that I laughed till I cried.

## IN THE STUDIO.



Dauber—Sorry it's not finished, but I lost my palette knife yesterday.  
Art Dealer—Great Scott! What do you eat with now?

## A CONSCIENTIOUS JURY.

JUDGE—Hem! Your verdict seems to be decidedly mixed.  
Foreman of Jury—Yes, your honor. It's in accordance with the evidence.

## HEADGEAR A LA MODE.



Grace: "Oh, Eleanor, you just ought to see my Easter hat!"  
Eleanor: "Is it pretty?"  
Grace: "Pretty! Why, it's so big and has got so many flowers on it you wouldn't even know it was a hat."

## MORE EASTER BONNETS.



He: "I had a horrible dream last night."  
She: "What was it?"  
He: "I dreamed that each of our five daughters had three heads."

## WHY HE WAS HAPPY.

"I'M afraid there will be a serious falling off in the attendance to-night," said the happy manager.  
"Then why are you so jovial?" inquired the popular star.  
"Because we have sold so many seats that I'm afraid the people will be falling off the gallery into the balcony."

## CUT UP ABOUT IT.

"DID the barber's conversation make an impression on you?"  
"No, but his razor did."

## RAPID.



"Old Bonds advertised for a 'swift typist.' A pretty blond applied."  
"And was she swift?"  
"You bet! She eloped with Bonds' son within two weeks."

## AN EASTER COMEDY. BY A. B. LEWIS.

MRS. DUBBS hadn't lived with Mr. Dubbs twenty-five years without knowing his peculiarities. He never made Christmas presents; he never observed birthdays; he did not regard Easter as the proper day to bring out new headgear. Mrs. Dubbs had always rebelled about the latter, and the time had finally come when she meant to break out in open defiance. She began long weeks ahead to cut nickels and dimes off the household expenses and lay them aside for another purpose. "Oh, I don't know. There's Mme. Padden, the ballet dancer. I'd hate to say how much is artificial about hers."

Queerly enough, Mr. Dubbs had not only come to the conclusion that he needed a new hat, after wearing his old one for five years, but he so far went back on his record as to decide to bring it out Easter Sunday. It took considerable scheming on his part to buy a new "plug" and get it home and deposit the box on the spare bed upstairs the day before Easter, and, although he was home when his wife's new bonnet arrived in its bandbox, it was sneaked upstairs into the spare room and left beside his hat without his being any the wiser. That evening as Mr. Dubbs was returning home from the store he found a puppy on the doorstep shivering with the cold, and in the goodness of his heart, for he was good in streaks, he picked up the pup and carried it in-

side. In the goodness of her heart Mrs. Dubbs welcomed and fed the stranger, and, instead of turning it out in the cold world, she let it remain and make itself at home. Shortly before bedtime Mrs. Dubbs smiled to herself as she looked over at her husband and said: "John, I do wish I had a new bonnet for tomorrow."  
"Y-e-s, and I wish I had a new hat," he mumbled in reply.  
There was silence for a time as she patched a pair of trousers and he read his paper, and then he suddenly started up and remarked: "I wonder where that pup is."  
"He must be upstairs!" she gasped as she looked around.  
It was a race between them to the top of the stairs, and they came out

neck and neck. As they stood in the door of the spare room they saw the dog. He was still chewing away, but had nearly finished. On the bed and floor were strips of handboxes and pieces of hat brim and hat crown, and mingled with them were ends of ribbons, bits of straw and glass ornaments and torn velvet. The pup had done his best.  
"My Easter bonnet!" wailed the wife.  
"My Easter hat!" shouted the husband.  
And that was all—all except that the pup was dropped out of a second story window, the lights turned down and the clock wound up, and as the de-celivers slept they dreamed and moaned and muttered, and Easter day was no more to them.

## Polite.

FIRST HOBBO—Say, did yer ever make an after-dinner speech?  
Second Hobbo—Sure, I always do.  
First Hobbo—G'on.  
Second Hobbo—Sure, I always sez, "Thank ye, ma'am."

## Disenchantment After Marriage.

"DID I chump the widow that he could not live without?"  
"Yes, and now he's wondering how her first husband managed to live with her."