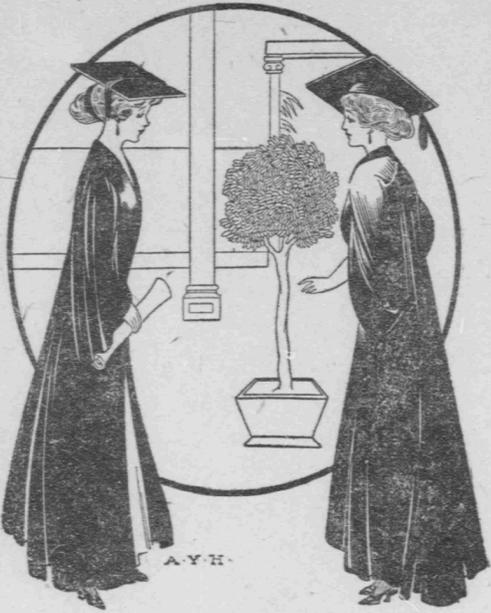


# A PAGE OF FUN



ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Kitty—What is the title of your graduation essay?  
Mabel—"Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." What's the title of yours?  
Kitty—"Beyond the Alps Lies the Wash tub."

### Johnny Composes.

"My dear teacher, has asked me to write a composition on Mr. Roosevelt in Africa, and I will say that he got tired of hunting Senators Bailey, Tillman and Foraker, and went to Africa to hunt something with more legs. He will be walking out some day and meet a lion. The lion will roar and call out.  
"Who are you, and what do you do here?"

"I am Teddy, and I am after your scalp!"  
"Spare me!"  
"I will not."

"And the lion will then and there be murdered in cold blood and Teddy will whoop. Next day he will go out in his pride and meet a rhinoceros, and the rhino will squirt at him and say to himself:  
"There is a white man who seems to be running the show. I will butt in."

"And he will charge Teddy like an avalanche and strike him in the stomach and send him skyhigh, and a day or two later some natives will pass that way and find the remains and say to each other:  
"He was a heap Big Injun in the United States, but he didn't know Africa and the rhino."

"Fellow-pupils, be great, but don't be too great. When one is too great he gets it in the solar-plexus, and that is the end of him."  
JOE KERR.



NO FUN IN THAT.  
De Quiz—Do you think flying machines will ever take the place of autos?  
De Whiz—No, indeed. How could they? At best they could only injure the occupants.

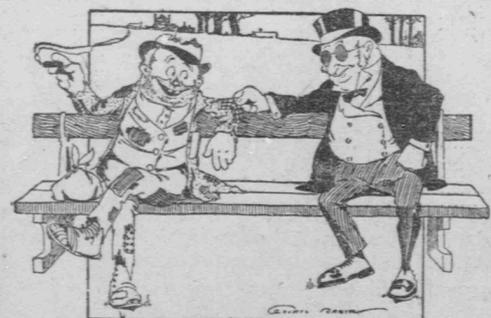


WE WONDER ALSO.  
She—Oh, George! I'm so proud of you! But how can I kiss you with that mask on?

### Not that Way.

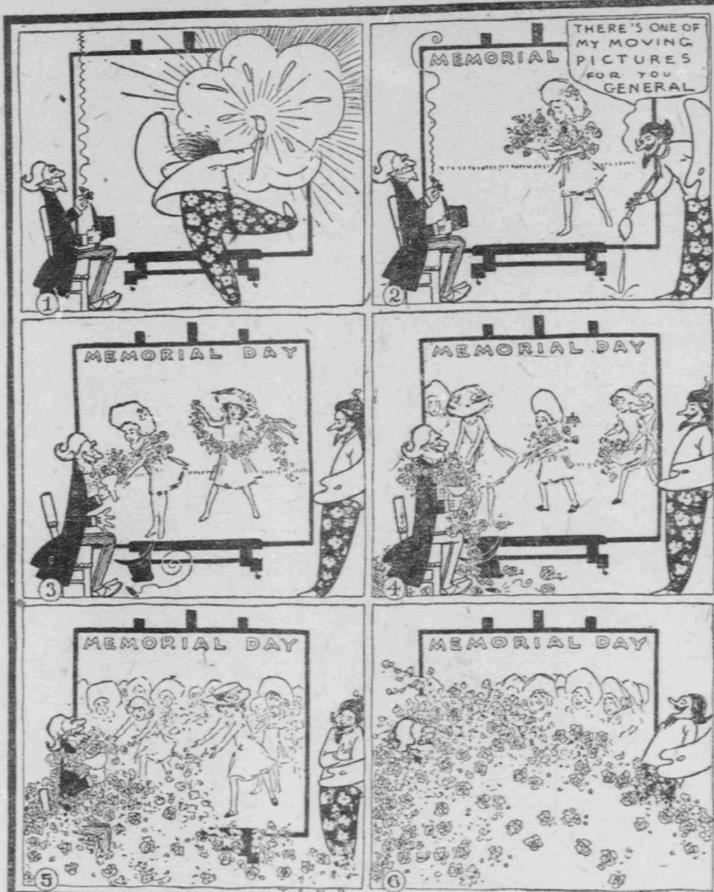
There was a man in the car who was talking very loudly of hard times and lack of work and the dissatisfaction of the masses, when another spoke up and said:  
"So far as you are concerned you have only yourself to blame. I recognize you as one of the men who asked my advice about betting on the election last fall."  
"Yes, I did."  
"Do you remember what I told you?"  
"You said bet on Bryan."  
"I did, and you should have followed my advice."  
"But if I had where'd I be now? Maybe you haven't heard he wasn't in it when

they counted up the votes?"  
"But I didn't advise you to bet that he would be elected last fall. No, I knew he couldn't be."  
"Then when was it?"  
"I advised you, sir, to bet that if Mr. Bryan lived long enough and ran often enough he would ultimately be elected President of the United States. Get the thing correct, sir."  
"And what good would it have done me to bet that way, even if I could have placed one?"  
"Why, you would have something to look forward to in the dim future."  
JOE KERR.



WRONG GUESS.  
"When I had good eyes I was a tailor, and I knew my business, and if you will pardon me, sir, I can tell by the feel of this cloth that you paid at least \$90 for that suit."

### Professor Daubo and His Realistic Painting.



The General is agreeably surprised.

### NOT DANGEROUS.

Jiggers—In this state statistics show that we have one doctor to every 544 inhabitants.  
Wagers—As long as that ratio prevails we can enjoy at least comparative safety.

### IN AND OUT.

Jack—Do you expect a good income from your uncle's estate?  
Tom—Yes; but I'm puzzled over the outcome of the will.

### AND THOSE AWFUL NAMES.

Wise—I've got a great scheme.  
Smart—What's that?  
Wise—Start an alphabet trust in Russia.

### SHE WAS WISE.

Mrs. B.—This magazine says that a good cry is healthful.  
Mrs. W.—And it's the truth.  
Mrs. B.—How do you know?  
Mrs. W.—A good cry gained me a two-month sojourn at the seashore last summer, and I came back feeling like a new woman.



ONE CONSOLATION.  
De Quiz—Did that graduate ask you if her hat was on straight?  
De Whiz—Yes, it was the only thing on earth she didn't know.

### WELL-MEANING, BUT—

Vivian—So you don't like Mr. Smith?  
Violet—No, he is very clumsy, especially when dancing.  
Vivian—But he means well.  
Violet—Yes. He is one of those people who think it doesn't matter how much damage they do if they say "Excuse me."

### A BIG DIFFERENCE.

The Dramatic Critics—Is Miss Footlites really going to retire from the stage?  
The Manager—No. She's only going on a farewell tour.

### HIS REASON.

The Managing Editor—What was Brushen Pallette, the artist, kicking so strenuously about?  
Art Critic—In my criticism of his new picture I said he was a dett colorist, and the compositor made it dirt.

### THERE ARE OTHERS.

She—Did your friend Boozem succeed in breaking his terrible drink habit?  
He—No. The habit succeeded in breaking him.



THE FATEFUL BOOK.

Dorothy—Fred Sweet pulled the petals of a daisy for Grace Chance, and it came out "she loves me."  
Marion—And did she pluck a daisy for him?  
Dorothy—Not exactly. She turned the leaves of Bradstreet's and it came out "I love him not."

### She Found Out.

"I thought I'd stop for a minute and inquire the price of tomatoes," she said to the grocer as she sat down her basket.  
"Yes'm—they are three cents apiece."  
"Whist, but isn't that high?"  
"It is, but we must have protection for the American raiser, you know."  
"And how much for a washboard to-day?"  
"Thirteen cents—reduced from fifteen."  
"And what makes that, sir?"  
"The tariff, ma'am."  
"Oh, I see. And how much for 'taters, if you please?"  
"They are up 30 cents a bushel."  
"Whist again, but what makes that?"

"What they call ad valorem."  
"Of course. And what's the price of fatrons, if not too much trouble?"  
"They are down cheaper than ever."  
"And it's because—"  
"That's free trade."  
"I'm I see. Well, Patrick will be thankful to them great men in Washington when I tell him what you say."  
"You understand it, do you?"  
"As plain as day, sir. The price of fatrons and washboards has come down to give the poor a chance to live, and the price of tomatoes and 'taters has gone up to give the rich a squeeze, as should be the case. Thanke, sir, and good-day to ye."  
JOE KERR.



SAVE HIM TROUBLE.  
The Professor—You should study harder and try to take a degree.  
The Freshman—Waste of time. When pop dies and I inherit his millions I'll endow a university and they'll give me more degrees than I can use.

### TWO STORIES.

The Burglar—After giving his side of the case—Well, that finishes my tale.  
Magistrate—No—it doesn't. As you are a second-story man you will hear the rest of it tomorrow morning.

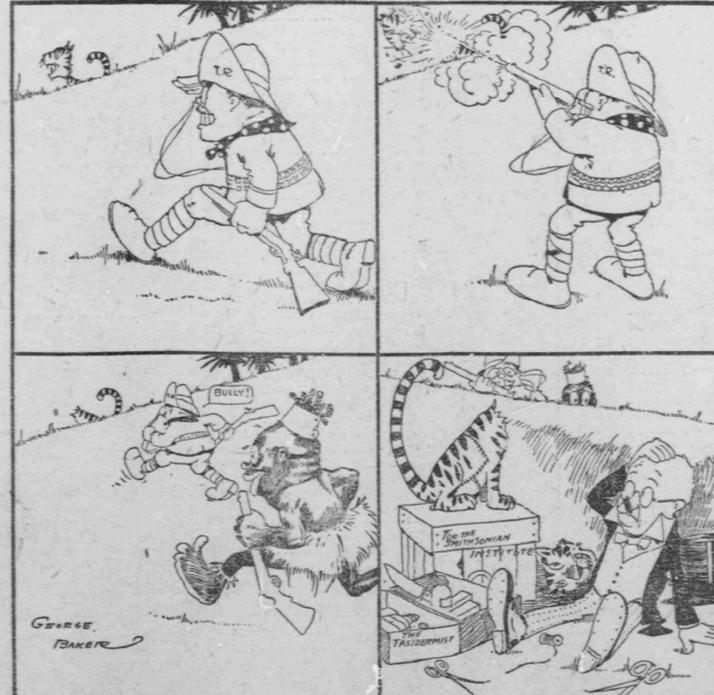
### Back to the Woods.

He was only a salesman in a music store at \$15 per, and she the daughter of a millionaire, but they loved and were tacitly engaged. All they needed to clinch things and make them happy was the old man's consent. He was not a hard-hearted old man, and he had once sold sheet-music and pianos himself.  
"Tomorrow evening you will ask him," murmured the fair girl as she rolled her eyes heavenwards.  
"I will," replied Harry, as a slight shiver passed over him.  
"At sharp 7:30, because he is going out."  
"I won't be a minute late."  
"But on the next evening 7:30 came and no Harry. Then 7:40 and 7:50 and 8 o'clock. It was 8:15 when he came cantering up the front steps and yanked the bell.  
"Father left at 8 o'clock, sir!" said the girl as she drew herself up.

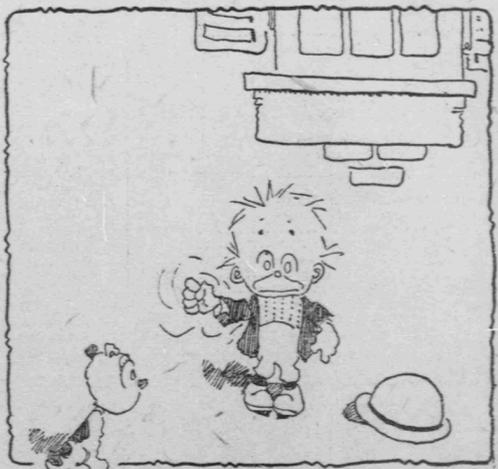
"I'm sorry, dear."  
"But it is too late. Never again!"  
"But, you see—"  
"Never again!"  
"I had 20 cents up on the White Sox and I had to wait until the score came in to see who won. I'll see your father tomorrow eve and—"  
Her face became Scotch granite and she pointed to the door. He had won 20 cents and lost an heiress. A month later she married a Count, and he had his per reduced to \$11.  
JOE KERR.

### HE KNEW.

The Historian—Another generation will have to pass before a true and impartial history of the Civil War can be written. The Publisher—And by that time there won't be enough interest in the subject to warrant the expense of publishing the history.



"Bully Sport."



A CHANGED MAN.  
Coins on all rolls! She spoils me love. Dis would'll never be the same!