

A PAGE OF FUN



STILL AT IT.
Fanny—How do I look in the water?
Viola—Best ever—when your figure's totally immersed.

It Will Improve.

"O H, YES, I tried the country this year," said the man with the healthy tan and the starved look, and if it hadn't been an off year I should have come back weighing at least 30 pounds more."
"What do you mean by an off year?" was asked.
"Oh, I'm quoting the old farmer. He assured me that it was an off-year for milk, fresh butter, eggs and poultry, and of course I couldn't expect what wasn't to be had. Then he assured me that until this season flies had been unknown, and the hum of a mosquito had been unheard. It was an off-year for berries and other fruits, and an off-year for fish in the lake. I was pe-hungry, but he informed me that it was an off-year for pies."
"But what did you have to eat?"
"Nothing much."
"What did you do?"
"Nothing much."

"And what did you pay per week?"
"Oh, the usual seven dollars. The farmer assured me that it was an off-year for boarders or he would only have charged six."
"And you didn't kick?"
"No, not exactly. I may have said a little something that hinted that way while he was driving me to the depot."
"What was it?"
"That if I were to come up again next year I should expect improvements. He thought it over for a spell and then replied:
"And you'll find 'em, too. Next year I'll have a box of blacking and a brush for every boarder that wants to shine his shoes, and a wet rag handy for every one that wants to wipe the shine off again!"
JOE KERR.
WELL! WELL!
The Big Chap (boastfully)—I am a self-made man.
The Small Man (a joker)—I refuse to accept your apology.



Sitting in an easy chair,
Reading old romances,
Where the men are brave to dare,
For my lady's glances,
For the hero of her choice
With her soul she wishes—
From the kitchen comes a voice,
"Mary, wash the dishes!"

TRAINING BILL.

THE grocer had asked the farmer who was selling him some new potatoes if he didn't have a son, Bill, and the answer was:
"Yes, I've got a son Bill, but I don't know just where he is now."
"Struck out for himself?"
"Yes, kinder. You see Bill come home from town one day and told me about them Marathon races. He said it was a big chance to make a thousand dollars or so. He was a purty good runner, and by training a little he thought he could lope away from the best of 'em. I thought it over and told him to go on. Say, Bill played it on me to beat the band."
"As how?"
"He began by lyin' abed till 8 o'clock in the mornin' and leavin' all the chores to me. Had to have a separate breakfast and extra things cooked.

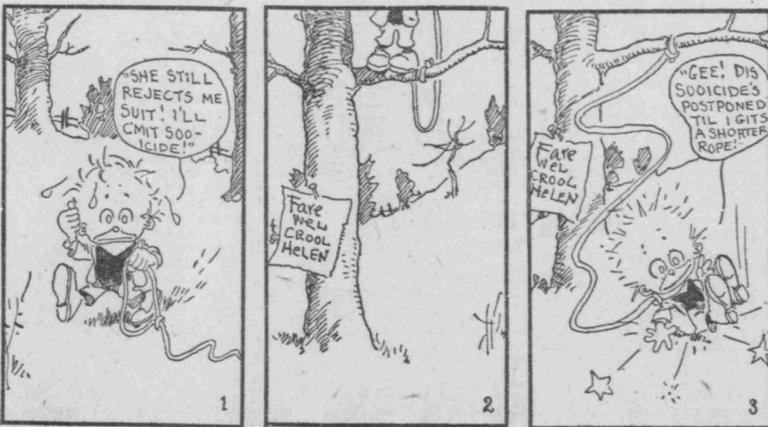
"Then he got a hammock and loafed in it most of the day."
"Then he had to have a box of cigars and smoke all the time to reduce his weight."
"Then he ordered beer by the case to put springs in his heels."
"Yes, kinder. You see Bill played poker with a lot o' fellers 'nights to get nerve on him."
"Then he took to courtin' three gals at once. He said it was to work up his cheek."
"Concern his pletin', but Bill loafed on me for two long months and borrowed forty dollars of me, and when the race came off he only run a mile and then tumbled down."
"And what did you do?" asked the grocer.
"Got him home and fastened him up in the hen-house and went to the woods to cut a gad. While I was gone he broke out and disappeared, and I've heard he's

took up with flyin'-machees. You don't have to have no trainin' for that, you know, and there's nobody at home with a gad across his knees waitin' for his first born to appear and have two months' laziness licked outter him."
JOE KERR.

SUMMER RESORT MOSQUITO.
The landlord views them with disdain,
Yet of the many there
'Tis they alone who ne'er complain
About the bill of fare.

BUT HUG THE GIRLS.
My friend, were I the ocean,
Bathing girls I'd adore,
I'd wave my coaxing billows
In beckonings for more,
And I don't mind confiding
I would not hug the shore.

The "Sooicides" of Sam. (Eighth attempt.)



Bumped Again.



JUNGLE GOSSIP.
Mrs. Monk—Mr. Leo looks well satisfied with himself today.
Mr. Monk—Why shouldn't he? Roosevelt is to get \$1 a word for telling how he first missed hitting him.



THE SUMMER GIRL'S COLLECTION.
Harold—Pardon my presumption, but I—er—
Judith—Well?
Harold—Will you—er—permit me to add another engagement ring to your collection?



ON INVESTIGATION.
Cholly—Why, you girls were both engaged last year. I supposed you would both be married by this summer.
Girls—We would have been, but we found that we were engaged to the same man.



PLENTY OF SPORT.
Farmer—Yes, my boy gets a good deal of fun out of automobilin'.
Visitor—But he doesn't own a machine.
Farmer—Of course not. He's one of the country constables.

The Chinese Loan.

WHAT I can't understand," said one of the men on the rear platform of the car, "is that Chinese loan business. This country seems to be forcing China to accept a loan."
"It is all as plain as day," replied the financier. "We induce China to take a loan from us."
"Yes."
"She goes on and spends the money."
"Naturally."
"When the time comes for her to pay up she doesn't have the dough to pay with. What do we say to her? We say: 'John, you blasted heathen, pay up or turn Christian.'
"I begin to see."
"And then we add: 'John, your fellows over in the U. S. are asking too much for shirt-washing. Cut the price down one-third.'
"And they have to cut, of course."
"And then we say to him: 'John, your country is too blamed big. We'll take a slice of it to relieve you.'
"I see—I see."
"And after a few years more we walk into his shop some day and present him with an American flag and tell him to whoop. He asks what's the matter, and we reply:
"Cut off that queue, get into store clothes and raise sidewhiskers, for Uncle Sam has taken possession of this country and don't want any mossbacks loafing around."
"Say," said the other as he smiled and rubbed his hands, "it's great; it's

fine; it's immense. Why, it beats the green goods business all to pieces and it's twice as safe to work!"
JOE KERR.



AT THE SEASHORE.
Maude—Do you think Mrs. Swift plays a strictly honest game of bridge?
Viola—Impossible. That woman would even cheat at solitaire.



OUR PARVENUES.

Host—Oysters are very dear at this season. These cost me \$1.00 a dozen.
Guest—Well, er—would you mind giving me about 30 cents' worth more?

Toeing the Mark.

WHEN the ball game had been finished one of the members of the club sought the manager to say:
"When we first went on the grounds today a mighty handsome girl made eyes at me."
"Then you are fined five dollars, sir. I have taken hold of this club to bring it back into something like discipline."
"Then she smiled at me."
"That's five dollars more."
"I returned the smile."
"I saw you and that's ten. Discipline shall be maintained."
"Then she flirted with her palm leaf."
"Five dollars, sir—five dollars."
"And I raised my cap to her."
"Another five."

"Then she sent me a note by a boy. Perhaps you saw him?"
"I did, and I had already fined you ten dollars."
"The note read—"
"Oh, it read, did it? That's another five. This club has got to toe the mark or disband."
"The note asked me whether I was playing baseball or football, and who that good-looking fellow over there—meaning you—was."
"Um, Sir, your fines aggregate forty-five dollars, but owing to the fact that you have done your best to assist me in maintaining discipline and reaching a high standard they are remitted. Leave one with me."
JOE KERR.



A DAILY HINT.
The Poetic Lady—Oh, had I the wings of a dove!
The Other Lady—They're not wearing them nearly as much as they are fruits and vegetables on the hats.



HIS IDEA OF LAND.
Fair Passenger (on her first voyage)—Are we far from land?
The Captain—No. The ocean is only about a thousand feet deep around here.