

# PASSING OF THE SUMMER JESTERS



### ABSENT TREATMENT.

Fibble—Hello, Jack! You're looking fine. What are you taking?  
Fobble—Wife's taking it—her vacation, you know. Ha, ha!



**FALLS FOR THE BIRD MEN.**  
Reporter (to aviator)—What is the best state in which to fly?  
"Texas. She has 287 counties in which to fall."

**NOT ALL ALIKE.**  
The Man—You have the sweetest blue eyes in the world, darling!  
The Angel—Don't talk nonsense! You say that to every girl.  
The Man—No, indeed, my pet! The last one had black eyes.



**NOW'S THE TIME TO SUB—**  
"Here's a magazine article telling how to fall from a horse that stumbles."  
"That's the sort of stuff that makes a monthly publication indispensable."

### A SHORE CHANGE.



Mr. Puttson Call: "My dear, before you go out let me introduce Mr. Margin to you—our head man downtown."  
Miss Call: "I'm very much pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Margin. Papa has spoken so often of you. Let's go up on the beach."



Mr. Margin: "Why, certainly."

### SOME PEOPLE'S VACATIONS.



Who are these men who have cooped themselves up in this stuffy little room on this hot summer evening? Reader, they are overworked toilers from the great city, who have come down for a "breath of fresh country air."



### SAVED HIS STRING.

Farmer—Hey, there, don't you see that sign, "No Fishing?"  
City Chap—Yep, but look at the basket of beauties I caught. The man who put up that sign must be a chump.

### SHE HAD THE IDEA.

Bridget—If you please, ma'am, the cat's had chickens.  
Mistress—Nonsense, Bridget! You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens.  
Bridget—Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?  
Mistress—Chickens, of course!  
Bridget—Well, ma'am, them's what the cat had.

### ROPED IN.



Jack Overstroke (who is unwillingly giving Miss Olecrop a swimming lesson): "Now, don't be afraid. Just trust yourself to me and let me support you."  
Miss Olecrop: "It's rather an unfair advantage to take in the water, but you may ask p-p-papa."

### FILLING FOR THE VACUUM.

Mother (to policeman)—Shure, Dennis isn't a bad boy at all at all, but he's troubled now an' thin wid a rush of mind to the brain.

### HOW MADAM SCORED.

They had had another quarrel. "I won't say marriage is a failure," he began, "for some"—he sneered cynically—"some are more fortunate in what they get than others."  
"You are right, dear," she said. "You, for instance, got me, but I—got only you."

### A BORN SOLDIER.

Client—You ought to have gone into the army, not the law.  
Solicitor—Why?  
Client—By the way you charge there would be little left of the enemy.



### SURE THINGS.

Longshot—Do you consider horse-shoes an emblem of luck?  
Placer—Yes, when they are on the winning horse.



### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

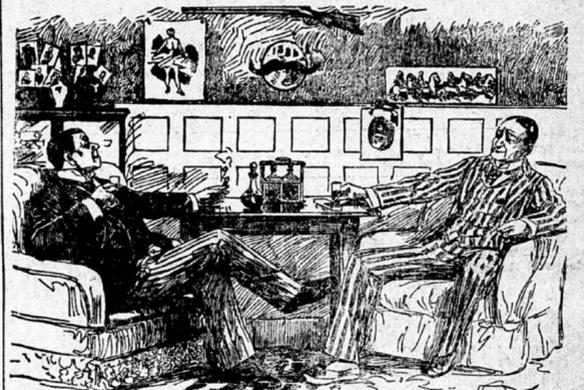
Wife—How people gaze at my new hat! I suppose they think I have been shopping in Paris.  
Husband—More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.

### A PLAY VOYAGE TO EUROPE.



The country boy invites his sister to the creek on a promise to take her to the "other side." The "other side" was where the farmers were making hay.

### A MEMENTO.



Sears: "Mountain sheep horns, Percy?"  
Brimmer: "No, not exactly. It's a mustache I raised and wore when I was ranching in Nebraska a year or two ago."



### HAD THE FACTS.

Teacher—On which ends of the earth are the poles?  
Jimmy—North and south.  
"Correct. On which side are the most people?"  
"On the outside."



### ACCORDING TO ORDERS.

Stage Manager (to chorus girl)—You'll get snub nosed if you push that wash rag that way. Why don't you wash down?  
"Didn't you tell us to wash up?"



### WHERE IT FAILS.

"A strawberry queen down south is one who got a husband by writing her name on the box shipped by her pa."  
"It wouldn't work if she wrote her name on the average shortcake."



### DAMAGED IN TRANSIT.

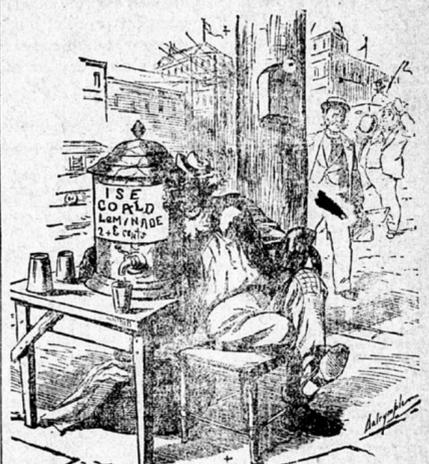
"John, take this bouquet to Miss Winks and tell her to accept it as a feeble token of my affection."  
John (delivering the gift)—Mr. Fluke sends this as a token of his feeble regards.

### UNDERTOW AT SALVATION CREEK.



Parson Dipper: "Kindly remove dose obershoes, Mrs. Kink. I hez no objecshins agin yo' wearin' 'em, but I's feered dat de rotary resistance agin dis strong current would discommodate de amputation!"

### KEEPING COOL IN A DREAM.



Mr. Mogus (talking in his sleep): "Day ain't no res' fo' d' ole man. Heah, it's gottin' go 'n' chaps d' ice off'n d' sidewalk 'n' shubble snow out'n d' basemen' steps."

### A SUMMER RHAPSODY.



Looks warm, doesn't he? He does, reader. He is warm. He is that graceful poet, Alaric Stillwater Mallows, writing a sleighing song for the Christmas number of a popular publication. At this moment he is trying to find a suitable rhyme for "sleighs."