

# A PAGE OF FUN



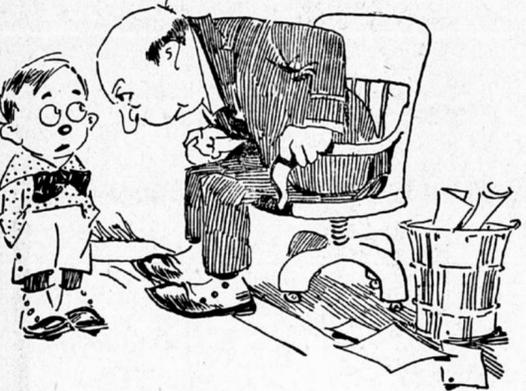
THERE'S A REASON.

You seem to prefer the beach to the piazza. Yes; I prefer to be burnt by the sun than roasted by the gossips.



SOUNDED FUNNY.

Something that Jack said last night didn't sound just right. What was that? I told him if he called me pet names I wouldn't speak, and he replied that he would call me dear at any price.



NO HEDGER.

"Say, boss, can I get off this afternoon?" "Who's funeral is it to be this time, James?" "Well, to be honest, boss, the way the morning papers have it doped out, it looks like it's going to be the home teams again."



NOTHING DOING.

Hotel Proprietor—It's raining hard, sir; don't you think you had better stay another night? Departing Guest—Thank you; I'd rather get wet going home than stay here and get soaked.

HEARD ON THE OCEAN WAVES. It was one of those modern ocean giants equipped with elevators and eight decks.

"Going up!" called the elevator boy as he started to close the door of the cage. "No," responded the pale man, with a wan smile; "coming up." And then he moved over toward the rail.



NO WARNING AT ALL.

Looker On (after a reckless golf player had just hit one of the ladies)—Why didn't you warn her you were going to shoot? Golfer—I did. I cried 'Fore!' two or three times. Looker on—Fore nothing! To attract a woman's attention you should have yelled three ninety-eight.

## He Was and He Wasn't

He had the end seat on a trolley car which had just stopped at a corner, and a woman who wanted to become a passenger stood and looked him straight in the eyes. "Certainly—certainly, ma'am," he said as he shoved along to the other end of the seat. "I have two miles to ride, and I did so hope for an end seat," she sweetly said. "Of course, ma'am—of course," from him. "You are a gentleman, sir, which is a rare thing to be met with on a car." "Just so, ma'am—just so." The car started and proceeded a hundred feet and turned a corner,

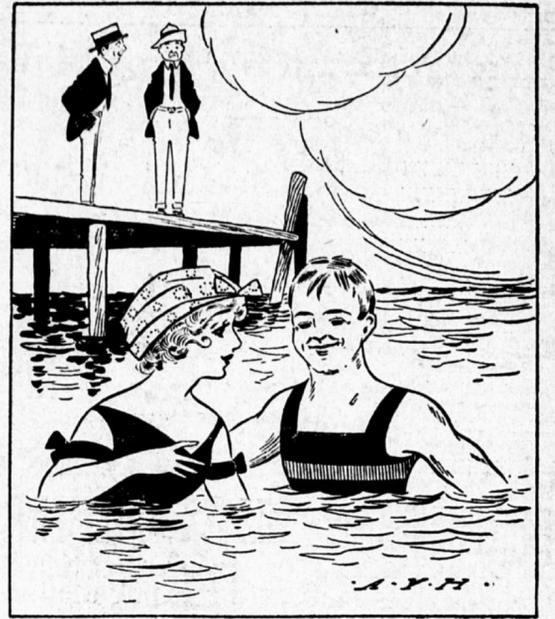


"SIR, YOU ARE NO GENTLEMAN!" "NO, MA'AM—OF COURSE NOT!"

and behold the end-seat was full in the glare of the sun, while the man had about two feet of shade. The woman saw that he was smiling, and with withering contempt she exclaimed: "Sir, you are no gentleman!" "No, ma'am—of course not!" he replied as he raised his hat.

### SCOFFERS.

There was a youth who told the truth. He caught a fish one day. "Six pounds it weighed." The young man said. Folks laughed and turned away.



HIT IT RIGHT.

"Every man ought to know how to swim." "Right you are. If I had learned the art when a boy I wouldn't now be standing on the shore watching some other fellow teaching my girl how."

## Romantic Rosie And The Movies

### A HEART THRU' ART!



### WHAT ROSIE SAYS AT THE MOVIES.



## How It Is Done

There were seven pedestrians under a store awning. Each one had his hat off and was fanning himself with one hand while he used a handkerchief with the other. "Roasting hot!" gasped one of the seven, and the other six languidly re-

sponded: "Worst day yet." They were looking at each other and wondering which of them would wilt first, when a young woman came tripping along. Not a bead of perspiration. Not a damp hair. No languor. Right out in the blazing sun as lively and smiling as if it was October.

"But how does she manage it?" "She takes the new treatment." "And what is that?" "She's been on ice 36 hours before coming out!"



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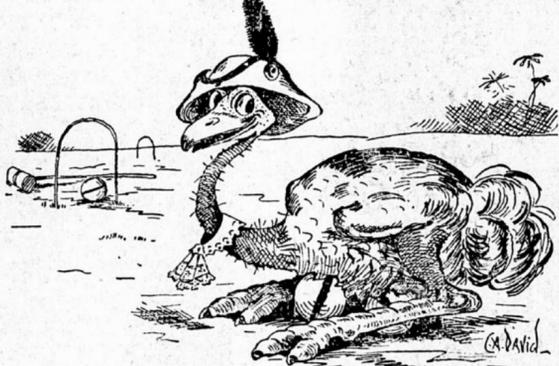
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"Do you see it!" groaned the seven men in chorus. At that moment a clerk in the store strolled to the door and said: "Makes you chaps feel like barrels of soap-grease, doesn't it!"

DISPROVED. Doran—Horan, did yez ever hear the old sayin, 'Beauty is only skin deep?' Horan—I did. An' a foine, true sayin' it is. Doran—It's nothin' iv the kolnd. Ol'm thinkin' iv its foolishness ivery toime Ol take the cover off a baked pitay



"A CROQUET SET."

## Satisfying Pa

MR. FAN (roaring from the top of the stairs)—Ethel! What is that young man doing down there so late? Ethel (sweetly)—He's just dopping out how the teams will finish for the pennant. Mr. Fan (mollified)—All right. Tell him to take his time, not overlooking past performances and the possibility of a slump, and when he gets done he

can compare it with my list behind the clock on the bookcase. GENUINE ARTICLE. "I understand that Mr. Graball started in life by borrowing \$50. You must admire a man with courage like that." "No, I don't. The man I admire is the one who had the courage to lend him the fifty."

MIGHT DO. Head Astronomer—I want a man to figure eclipses, calculate the distances between various stars, fix the orbits of certain comets and, in fact, be a sort of handy mathematical man around the heavens. What are your qualifications? Applicant (proudly)—All last year, sir, I was the official score keeper for a woman's bridge club.



MURDER. "What's the arsenal for James? Oh, I'm jes' waitin' for the next gink to ask me 'Is it hot enuf for you?'"