

A PAGE OF FUN

And They Get Away With It



A YOUNG SKEPTIC.

Caller—Ethal, if you drink so much tea you will become an old maid.
Ethal—I don't believe that at all. Mamma drinks lots of tea and she's been married twice an' isn't an old maid yet.

WHY HE WAS CUT OFF.
"I thought you were a friend of his?"
"I used to be."
"And now?"
"I had to give him up in self-defense."
"Why?"
"To every life insurance and book agent that asked him if he had any friends who might be interested in their proposition he insisted on giving my name."

THE BORE RETORTS.

"I am passionately fond of music," said the bore.
"In fact, music always carries me away."
The girl hastened to the piano and played several popular airs; then she swung around on the piano stool.
"You still here?" she queried. "I thought you said music carries you away."
"So I did—music."

Every man has his price and every woman her figure.

Might does not always make right, but it usually makes good.

HIS DELICATE FEELINGS.

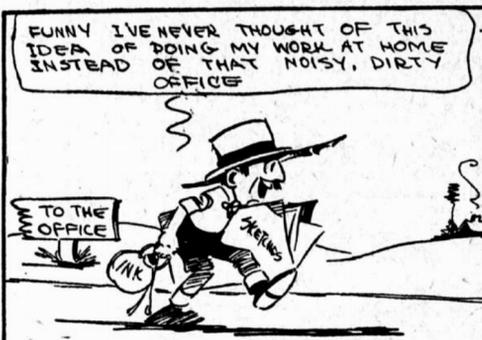
"See here," said the storekeeper to Lem Nev-sweat, the village idler, "for a married man you spend a lot of time loafing round this store. Why don't you go home and do something?"
"Well, you see," was the answer, "I'm so tender-hearted it breaks me all up to set around home all day an' watch my wife work so hard."



TENDENCY OF THE TIMES.

"Looks like an age of feminine supremacy."
"How now?"
"Just saw a crowd of kids at play. The little girls in the party were bossing the job of constructing a snow woman."

THEORETICAL ONLY.
He has splendid ideas of what a citizen ought to be.
Yes, but he falls down on what a citizen ought to do.
What do you mean?
He hasn't shoveled the snow off his sidewalk once this winter.



FUNNY I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS IDEA OF DOING MY WORK AT HOME INSTEAD OF THAT NOISY, DIRTY OFFICE



AH! THIS IS GREAT! NICE AN' QUIET, NO ONE TO INTERRUPT



DEARIE, COME QUICK! THE BABY TIPPED THE PIANO OVER ON THE CAT!!



I HATE TO INTERRUPT YOU AGAIN DEAR, BUT THE FURNACE IS SMOKING SOMETHING TERRIBLE



DEAR, TEND THE BABY I WANT TO RUN OVER TO MRS JONES' AND SEE HER NEW HAT



ANYTHING TO PLEASE.
Mr. Jones strolled into a gent's furnishing store, and was greeted with:
"Good morning, sir, anything I can do for you?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Jones, "could you take that yellow tie with the pink out of the show-window for me?"
"Certainly," answered the clerk, "pleased to take anything out of the window any time."
"Thank you very much," replied Jones, "it has bothered me ever since you put it in the case."



QUEER ENOUGH.

Are you going to the fancy-dress ball?
Oh, yes.
In what garb?
I shall wear one of the quaint old costumes of 1906.

IN WINTER TIME.
When the ball yard's vacant,
When the diamond's bare,
When the bitter breezes chill the outer air,
Every star's a holdout;
Busher's values climb,
Each team wins a pennant
In the winter time.

Though riches have wings, even the best and surest of coupons are clipped.

A running account makes many figures.



FALSE TO HIS ARGUMENTS.

"I don't see Si Perkins any more at the grocery lyceum."
"Si sorter lost caste. He was setting on a cracker barrel arguing that life wasn't worth living. A lamp exploded."
"Well?"
"Si was the first man out."

OH, JOY!
Today when I got out of bed
I nearly jumped with joy,
And, looking in the glass,
I said,
"Shake hands with me, my boy!"
You ask why did I thus behave?
The reason's very slight.
It was—I hadn't got to shave;
I'd shaved myself last night!

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.
"Only a woman could get away with it."
"What?"
"Wearing furs and a straw hat at the same time."



SOLID GRUB.

Mrs. Brown's buffet lunch made a great hit with the men present. Something new?
At a woman's lunch, yes. In addition to the fruit salad and macaroons she furnished a few ham sandwiches.

Strict Neutrality

So many minds there seem to be
About the proper course to choose
In keeping strict neutrality
We feel constrained to air our views;
To show how we each action shun
That might give warring powers offence—
We take not sides with any one,
Nor favor A at B's expense.
We won't offend e'en in our food,
But choose each dish with thoughtful care;
Vienna rolls, though counted good,
We've banished from our bill of fare.
French-fried potatoes, we eschew,
And English walnuts likewise bar,
Italian macaroni, too,
And pass up Russian caviar.
Though we are fond of music gay
And love to make the echoes ring,
The French horn we no longer play,
Nor "Blue Alsatian Mountains" sing.
No Belgian blocks shall feel our feet,
No German silver touch our hands,
We ne'er in Austrian restaurants eat,
Nor listen to Hungarian bands.

Of Prussian Blue we do not speak,
And Paris Green is left unsaid,
For wares Japanese we never seek,
On Turkish rugs we will not tread;
And thus we'll take our careful way
Till peace shall come on land and sea,
Preserving still from day to day
A very strict neutrality.

HIS SUCCESS.

He married a widow.
Well?
He says he's got her wishing her first husband could see the sort of man she has now.



DETERIORATION.

"Did you see 'Hamlet' at the opera house last night?"
"Yep, and I tell you that fellow Shakespeare is certainly falling off. It wasn't near as good as his comedy of 'errors' that I saw twenty years ago."



WISE.

"Why are you saving his letter? Do you think you will ever want to read it again?"
"No, but he wrote at the bottom of it 'be sure to burn this,' and that's just the sort of a letter that ought to be saved."



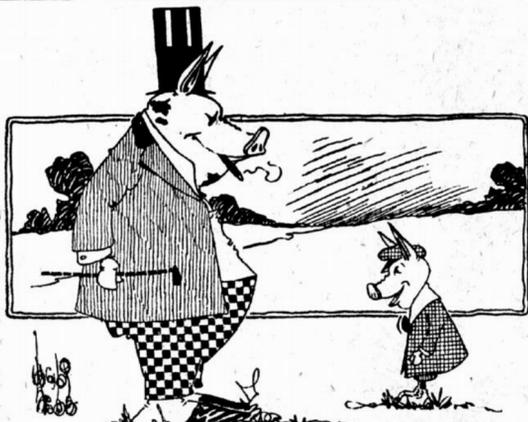
SOOTHING HIM.

What's the trouble, Reggy? You seem annoyed.
Daisy called me a fool.
Don't mind her. That girl never did have any tact.



A WARNING.

For fear that I shall spread disease
Look out you folks,
I'm going to sneeze!



HIS BEST EFFORT.

Mr. Hogg—Yes, young man, I'm a self-made man.
Bobbie Pigg—Y'made a hog of yourself, didn't you?



WAS COVERED ALL RIGHT.

Smith—Are you covered?
Brown (saddy)—Yes, with mud, blood, chagrin and insurance. Is that enough?