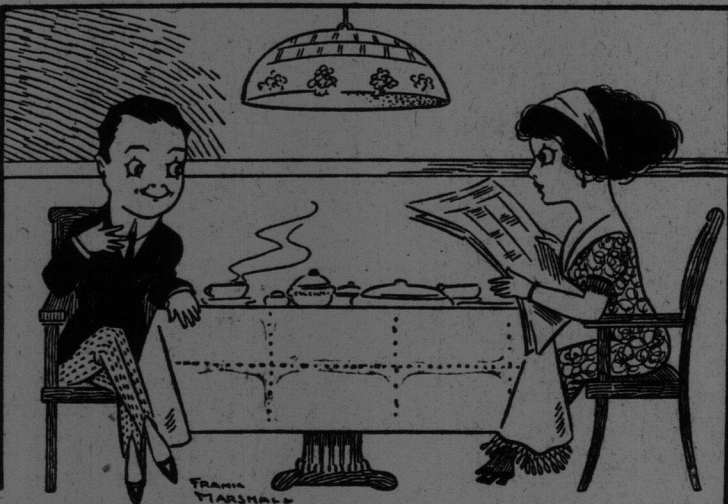


A PAGE FUN



ONLY TIME HE WOULD QUIT.
Your husband tells me he has quit playing the races.
Dear me! I'm so sorry to hear that!
Don't you think it indicates a good intention on his part?
No, it indicates that he has no money left.



Wife—They used to say football was brutal, but baseball is even worse.
Hubby—Anybody hurt in the game, my dear?
Wife—Hurt? Why, gracious, William! The papers say that three different players died at second base.



NOT MUCH.
Isn't it a relief to have these children of yours back in school again?
Not much. They just learn a lot of new questions to ask.

One More

HE miner dropped his pick and stared with bulging eyes at the yellow mass which a stroke of the implement had just laid bare. For a minute he was struck speechless. Then, like one gone mad, he gave forth a mighty shout.

His mate came running from the mouth of the tunnel.

"What is it?" he cried breathlessly.

"Gold!" yelled the other. "Pure gold! Tons of it!"

"Is that all?" exclaimed his partner, disgustedly. "From all the hubbaloos we were makin', one ud think ye had dug into a firkin o' butter!"

CHUMLEIGH KNEW.

Dumleigh—"I just saw Mrs. Gushleigh, down the street, talking to your wife."

Chumleigh—"I wasn't my wife."

Dumleigh—"How do you know?"

Chumleigh—"Didn't you just say that Mrs. Gushleigh was doing the talking?"



A QUANDARY.

"Doggone girl, wina, away! It always takes me about a half hour to pick out my fiancée."

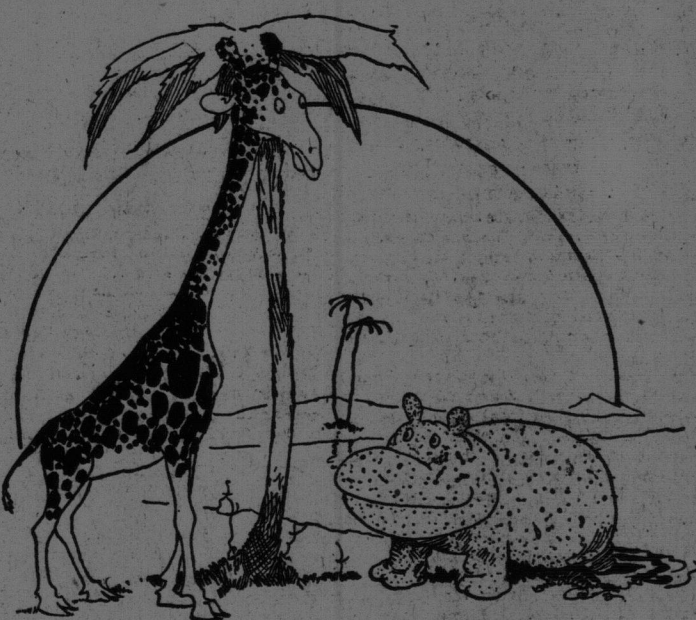
He Finally Won

ETTIE," cried the enamored young man. "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."
"Oh, no, you wouldn't, James," retorted the girl. "The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, therefore it has no end."
"Yes, I know," continued the young man, "but what I meant was that I'd do anything to please you. Ah! Dear-est, if you know the acting void—"

"Now, I am surprised, James," interrupted the girl. "Nature abhors a vacuum, and there is no such thing as a void; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be void if there was an ache in it?"
"Oh, well," rejoined the young man, "at least I've got cash and property amounting to nearly \$100,000, and I want you to be my wife. So there!"
"James," rejoined the fair one, with-

out a moment's hesitation, "since you put it in that light, I haven't the heart to refuse you. Let the wedding bells ring without unnecessary delay."

SUBSTANTIAL APPETITE.
"Come, lead a butterfly life with me," He whispered beneath the bowers.
"No, thanks," the practical girl replied.
"I eat beefsteak, not flowers."



MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

The Hippo—I never could understand why the good eating stuff grows so high up on trees.
The Giraffe—Oh, my dear sir, why worry about things above your station in life? Let those with long necks solve that problem.



AFTER VACATION.

'Tis lone where ocean billows swell;
'Tis lone where breakers dash.
The keeper of the beach hotel
Is counting up his cash.

The Child Had To Wait His Turn

LADY in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the cabin of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsey. While waiting for the article she sought to be found she observed a woolly head which appeared from under the edge of the bed and asked:

"Is that one of your children, Aunt Betsey?"

"Deed an 'tis, honey," was the reply.

"What is its name?"

"Dat chile ain't got no name yet, Miss Rosa," Aunt Betsey said.

"Why, it must be five or six years

old. Surely it ought to have a name at that age," the lady said.

Aunt Betsey nodded.

"Dat done worried me a whole lot, honey. Hit sho' has," she said. "But what Ah gwine do? My ole man he done used up all de good names on de dawgs, 'an now dat chile des hatter

wait twell one ob dem die, so he can git his name."

THE REASON.

Jiggs—You say you despise the city, why do you live in it?

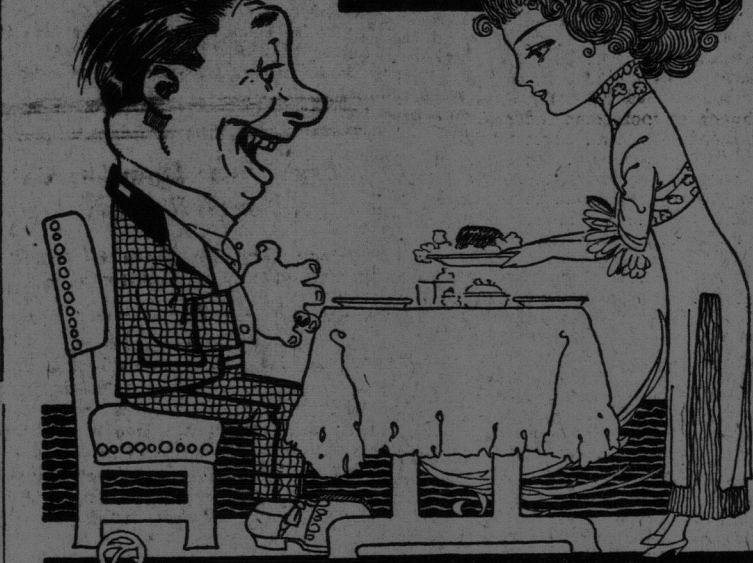
Jiggs—To make money enough to keep my country place.



NOT APPRECIATIVE.

Was the play you tried in that country town a success?

Not exactly; we played before six coal oil lamps and three of them went out after the first act.



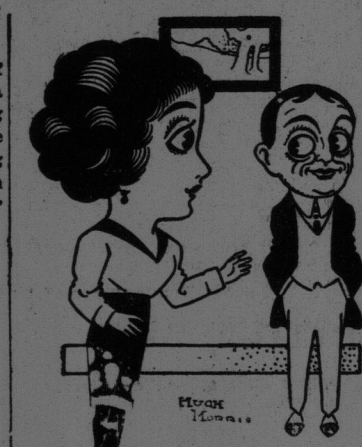
HIS SPECIALTY.

Some people to the table bring
A laggard grace and visage ill,
The dinner bell's delightful ring
Awakes in them no joyous thrill.

But when beside the board I sit,
No gloomy looks are mine the while,
And if they serve my favorite bit
My face will hardly hold my smile.

His Decision

ONE day while walking with a friend in San Francisco the professor of a well-known university and his companion became involved in an argument as to which was the handsomer man of the two. Not being able to arrive at a settlement of the



WHAT SHE GAINED.

Hubby—Well, do you think you've gained anything from your two weeks in the country?

Wife—Indeed, yes, I've learned more about the different brands of canned goods than I could pick up in a year at home.

AN INDICATION.

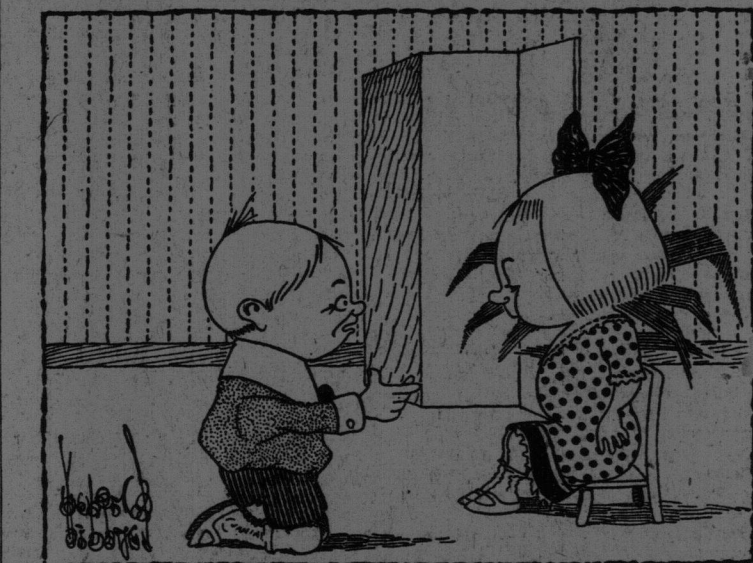
Quis—Do you think there is any truth in the saying that one who is lucky in love is unlucky at cards?

Whiz—Well, I have observed that some of the ladies who are most successful at bridge have husbands who are out a good deal at night.



AWFULLY DULL.

Marion—So the place you spent your vacation got to be awfully dull?
Evelyn—Just dreadful, dear. Toward the end I had to get engaged again to a young man I was in love with early in the summer.



A POOR SUITOR.

She—Why, Willie, you only make a penny now and then runnin' errands. That wouldn't keep me in sodas.



MODERN CONVENIENCES.

Mrs. 'Possum—"Willie, run up to the gymnasium and take your morning exercises with little Ethel."



A SAD REMINDER.

Here are some very nice crusts I trimmed off when I was making sandwiches.

No, thank ye, mum, dey remind me too much of de cause of me down-fall—

