

A PAGE OF FUN



CHEER UP. Her Future Husband—I'm afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I've saved up. Mrs. Deane-Freed (cheerfully)—Never mind, dear. A wedding trip only happens once in three or four years.



WEARY WILLIE'S RETORT. Ah, my poor man, what brought you to this? Me feet, mum. Yer didn't think I was wealthy enough to hire a taxi-cab, did you?

Humor From Childland

I WAS dining with some friends of mine whom I had not seen for some time, and the little daughter of my host was seated at my left. During the meal I turned to her and asked her name. She blushed rosy and hung her head upon being addressed by a stranger. Her papa said, "Can't you tell the gentleman your name?" "Patience Wallace," the little one made reply. "And how old are you?" I asked. "Four years old at 11 p. m." I have thought of this quaint reply and laughed at it many times since.

The Sad, Sad Truth

WHAT troubles you, my darling?" He asked in fond concern. "No longer on your cheeks, dear, The roses redly burn. Your eyes betoken pain, dear. What means that gasp, that sigh? Oh, tell me, tell me, dearest!" Now, this is her reply. I took it down verbatim. As sure as I'm a sinner. "I guess it's them cucumbers Or the greens we had for dinner."



DEVOTED TO DUTY. Hubby—Are you ever coming to bed? Wife—I don't know. I promised Mrs. Swift that I'd keep track of her husband while she is away, and I'm going to know what time he comes home if I have to stay up all night.



HIS GUESS. "Who was it wrote 'Distance lends enchantment to view'?" "I don't know, but I'll bet he never sat on the gable end of a house and watched a ball game that was going on two blocks away."

Wanted the Sensation

THE venerable farmer with the tobacco-stained whiskers and furrowed brow climbed aboard the limited and shambled into the smoker. "Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "Is that that 2-cents-a-mile rate good on this train?" "It is," replied the conductor brusquely. "Where is your ticket?" The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot bag. "Ain't got no ticket, mister," he said slowly, "but here be 2 cents. I never rode on one of these pesky flyers and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile."



A GENEROUS MAN. "There are two hammocks here," she said as she sat down in one of them. "Well, there's no use of our being selfish," he replied as he sat down in the same hammock. "Let some one else have the other."



STUCK. Mother House Fly—Have you seen Big Buzz, your father? Child House Fly—Yes, ma, but he wouldn't speak to me—he was busy with a paper.



NOT SO BAD. Nervous Lady—Don't your experiences frighten you terribly, professor? I hear that your assistant met with a horrible death by falling 4,000 feet from a balloon. Professor—Oh, that report was greatly exaggerated. Nervous Lady—Exaggerated! How? Professor—It wasn't much more than 2,500 feet that he fell.



GIVING HER AWAY. Mr. Phatt—Now that I'm to be your new brother-in-law, won't you give me a kiss? Lulu—If I had kissed all de fellows what sis has promised to marry, it would be goin' some.

Perhaps So

HE had looked over a dozen different songs in the music store when the young man clerk sweetly asked: "Ten? your name Miss Blank?" "Yes, sir." "I thought I recognized you. You were at the Squirrel Inn last August?" "I was." "With your mother?" "Yes, sir." "A Miss Blake introduced us." "Did she?" "And we had many a wander together over the hills. We also sat in the moonlight and held hands and talked love."

Summer Wanderings I HAD a good time at the beach; They set a splendid table. 'An Ethel was a perfect peach, Or was it Mabel? I like the mountains, I confess, For there I met a fairy, Whose name was Genevieve, I guess, Or maybe Carrie. I found the lakeside fine, indeed. One maiden coy and clever Named May or Fay declared that she'd Be true forever. And for the farm I have a place Deep down in my affections, I also have of Ruth or Grace Fond recollections.



A POOZLE FOR FAIR. Peggy—I play golf just to kill time you know. Peggy—Well, your style of play would kill most anything.



SO BROILED. Peggy—Don't lean over so much. What do you suppose we'd do if this boat turned turtle? Clara—Oh, I s'pose you'd turn lobster and join the turtle in saying I was to blame.

BACK TO THE SOIL

Jinx Is Some Horse Trader

BY RITTEP

