

## A PAGE OF FUN



**HOW COULD IT HAPPEN?**  
Hubby—The moths have eaten everything in this closet.  
Wife—I don't see how they could get in. I kept the door locked all summer long.



**A MISTAKE.**  
Pa—What did you mean by telling your ma I kissed the maid?  
Willie—I meant "the cook."



**OVERHEARD BETWEEN CARS.**  
Yes, I used to be a first-class aeronaut until I was taken sick while up in the balloon.  
Um, what was the sickness?  
Aw, I was taken with a high fever.



**ONLY GOOD ONES.**  
I'm sorry, kids, but there ain't another single wormy chestnut in the bag.



**SO KIND.**  
I'm afraid, Bridget, that we will not be able to live together any longer.  
Indeed, mum; an' where is it you do be goin'?

## A Case In Point

"SEE," said the man who had been scanning a newspaper as he enjoyed his cigar—"I see that at the present time there are no less than six Counts and Lords here with us in search of American brides."  
"Yes," briefly replied the one addressed.  
"They want rich ones, of course."  
"Yes."  
"It's got to be a real matter of business."  
"Yes."  
"I've heard folks say there ought to be a law about such things."  
"What's your idea about it?"  
"I'm on my way to Reno, sir, and don't care to talk."  
"To Reno, not to get a—?"  
"Yes, sir, to get a divorce from one of those American girls who ought to have married a Lord or a Count but made a victim of me instead!"  
"Dear me! Dear me!" mused the man with the paper after a moment's thought. "Maybe we are all wrong and the Lords and Counts don't get no soft snap after all!"

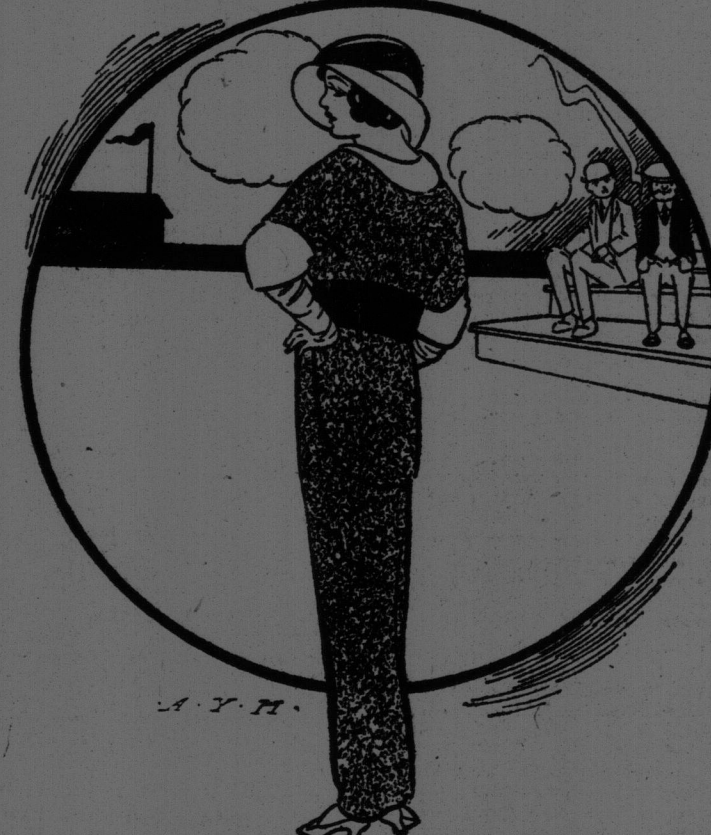
## ALWAYS OUT OF SIGHT.

These "lend-a-hand" chaps may be all right, but there's another kind. And that's the "lend-a-dollar" chap—Whew! But he's hard to find.



**THAT WILD SHAGGY APPEARANCE.**

"Do you writers rumple up your hair to accelerate thoughts?"  
"No. We do it to scare off collectors."



## AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

Riggs—Pisgus take that woman!  
Wiggs—Why, old man, she is the most beautiful girl in this town.  
Riggs—That may be. But she obstructs my view of the left goal.

## He Caught On

"AY," said the smiling old gentleman as he halted under the awning to get out of the fall shower. "I've caught on."  
"To what?" was asked by another man who had also left his umbrella at home.  
"To football."  
"Why, there's no game today."  
"No club game, but I've caught on just the same. Say, I've read a heap about football, but could never understand it until half an hour ago."  
"It's as easy as baseball to see through."  
"Mebbe it is, but it has always been too much for me."

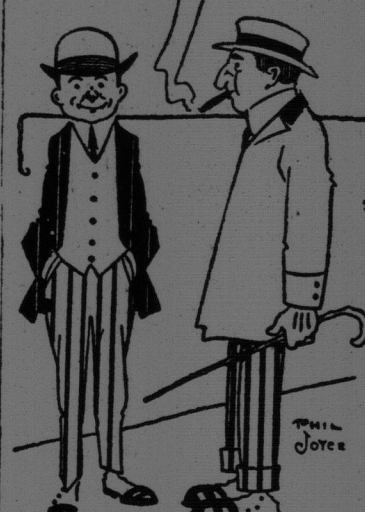


## DIDN'T SEE THEM.

Ethel—Tom, I don't see any cripples!  
Tom—Of course not yet, my dear; the game is young. What did you expect?  
Ethel—Well, where are the quarterbacks and halfbacks who were to play?

## Hard To Understand Woman

"H. You can't please a woman," he said, disgustedly; "it's no use trying."  
"What's happened now?"  
"I met that pretty Miss Sweet in a dark hallway and kissed her. I didn't think she'd mind, you know."  
"And she did mind?"  
"Well, she pretended to be very angry, so I thought I'd smooth things down by telling her that it was all a mistake; that I thought she was somebody else."  
"And then?"  
"Why, then she really was very angry."



## CASE OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"  
"Yes."  
"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"  
"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

## A Flaw in the Honeymoon

THE young husband shook his head disapprovingly.  
"I am afraid, Helen," he said, "that you will never understand mother's method of utilizing trifles. Why, mother, with just a scrap or two, would make as nice a pie as you ever saw."  
The young wife's eyes sparkled.  
"Well, Henry Jawa," she said in chilly accents, "you can make up your mind once and for all that there'll be a good many scraps in this little domestic circus of ours before I attempt any piece of that sort."

## HER EXPLANATION OF IT.

"What are you laughing at Maude's letter?"  
"She writes that they had foggy weather all the way across."  
"I don't see anything funny in that."  
"No; but she adds that the captain must have neglected to take out his clearing papers."



## IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Jester—Terrible news! The enemy has scaled the walls and captured three of your court jesters. What shall we do?  
King—Why, recover my wits. Ha, ha!



## SO KIND.

Hubby, dear, I want some furs this winter.  
All right, dearie. I'll get you a set of ear muffs.



## CAUGHT.

Oh, it's you, you naughty boy! I thought it was burglars in the pantry.  
So did I, and I was lookin' for them.