A PAGE OF FUN

Holiday Maids -- The New Year Girl

NON COMPOS.

Waitress—Oh, Mrs. Van Hash, that new boarder has gone crazy.

Mistress—What's he been doing?

Waitress—He asked for a second helping of prunes.

NEAR AT HAND.

The man sat on the water cart,
Whence all but he had fled;
He was the driver, and he sought
To find his steeds a bed.

SMARTNESS.

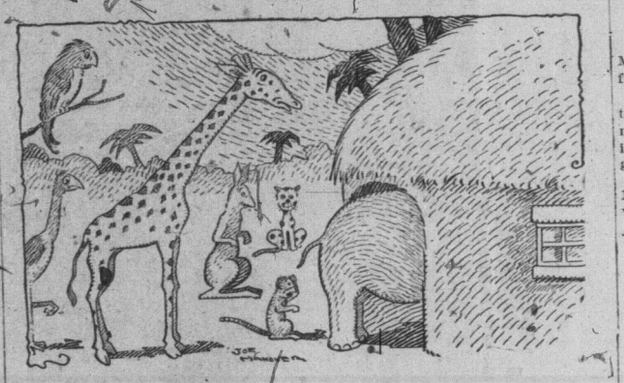
"Boys are a great deal smarter than when I was young."

"What makes you think so?"

"They manage to get away with so many things that would have earned my brothers and me a fine whipping."

NO EGGS.

Fresh eggs—statistics show it—
Are rather high to day—
I guess my hens all know it;
At least they do not lay.



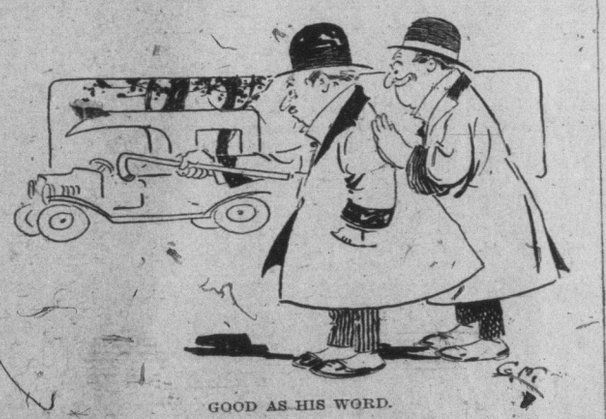
NEW YEAR'S CALLS IN THE JUNGLE.

Chorus—It's an outrage! Hippo and Jumbo make such long calls on Mr. and Mrs. Leo in their hut, and while they're there nobody else can get in!

AND LEAP YEAR IS ALMOST OVER.

"I proposed to George last night while we were skating."

"Goodness gracious! Weren't you afraid he'd get cold feet."



GOOD AS HIS WORD.

Look here, this enclosed car you sold me for as good as new rattles terribly.

But, my dear, sir. I told you it was a rattling good car.

END OF A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN.

Gladys beau took her younger sister Mabel aside and confided in her as follows:

"Now, I am going to tell you something Mabel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

"Forgive you, Mr. Sparks," said Mabel. "Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for?"

LAST CHANCE.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf New Year's Day and quit borrowing money."

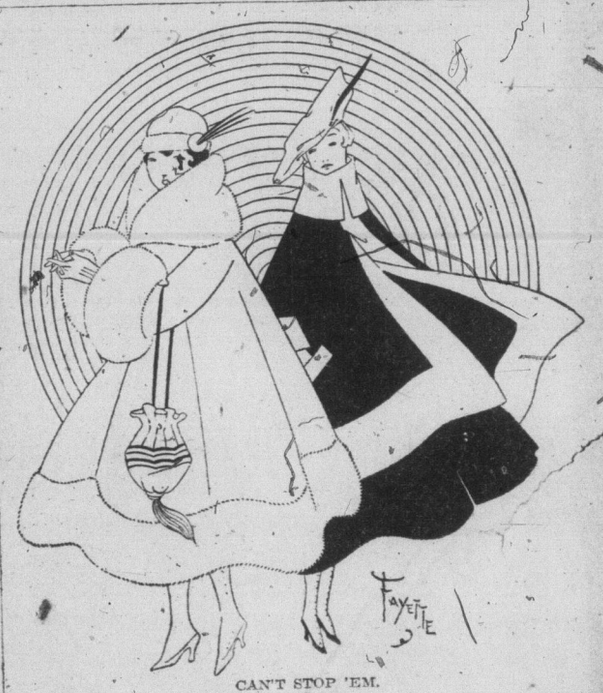
"Good for you."

"So if you'll lend me ten dollars now I won't bother you again for a long time."

IF IT SNOWS

Oh, the snow is falling, falling,
In the valley, on the hills.
It is falling on the rivers;
It is falling on the rills;
It is falling in the woodland;
It is falling in the vales
Also on the distant mountains
And the likewise faroff trails.

It is falling on the housetops,
On the walk and on the street,
On the mirthful New Year caller,
On the brave policeman's beat.
It is falling, falling, falling,
Here and yonder, everywhere,
'Cause it's winter and the snowflakes
Simply can't stick in the air.



CAN'T STOP 'EM.

"The custom of making New Year's calls has gone completely out of fashion hasn't it?"

"Yes, and it's a very good thing it has. Jack says his only wish is that the bill collectors would abandon their custom of making calls on the second of January."

And They Get Away With It