

OUR COMIC PAGE.



ALL MADE UP.

Natica (casting fly)—Now, when girls fish for a husband they never use artificial bait.
 Gladys—Oh, yes they do.
 Natica—When?
 Gladys—Why, when some of them try to attract unwary men by their looks.

HELPING THINGS OUT.

A Boston hotel had sent a man up into the sugar-making regions of Vermont to purchase the annual supply of pure maple syrup from a certain maker, and he wanted the latter to understand that he

they finally had it analyzed.

"Did, eh?"
 "Yes, and they found sorghum in it."
 "Do tell!"
 "Upon my word!"
 "And New Orleans molasses?"
 "Upon my word!"
 "And melted brown sugar?"
 "Did I ever!"

"And you want to understand that no such game can be played on us again. If it is attempted you will lose our custom."
 "Game? Game? Why I don't understand, I'll call Bill and ask him to explain."

His son Bill was working about a hundred feet away, and he called him up and told him what the agent had said, and then added:

"Bill, you made most of the syrup. Did you put any sorghum in it?"
 "No, pop."
 "Any common 'lasses or brown sugar?"
 "Not a speck."
 "But this man says sunthin' ailed it. What do you think it could be?"
 "Well, I don't know of but one thing. Last year was a bad year for sugar-making, and when I saw that we were going to run short I tapped a few beech, elm and ash trees, to help out the maple. Maybe it wasn't a success."

JOE KERR.



Called Bill.

was a man that couldn't be horn-swagged. He, therefore, began:

"Mr. Blank, our people had so many kicks about your syrup last year that



TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

How can I warble in measures light hearted;
 How can I chant of spring's opening buds,
 When the carpets are up and the cook has departed,
 And all things are steeped in the odor of suds?

How can I sing of the freshening breezes?
 Or prattle of green on the hedge rose's clumps,
 When the air is pervaded with coughs and sneezes,
 And two of the children are down with the mumps?

How can I joy in the beauty that's vernal?
 How can I dream of green meadows outspread?
 When I've got to go round with this wretched, infernal,
 Extremes, blanket cold in my head?

Going to Apologize.

I wanted some information regarding a certain man in a Long Island village, and on my way down by train I fell in with a man that I thought might post me, and questioned him.

"Skinner? Skinner?" he replied. "I believe there is a Skinner there, but I'm not certain. I'm going to Bayport, too, and I'll help you make inquiries."

"I rather took it that you lived there."

"Oh, no. Never saw the town in my life. I'm going there today to see Deacon Haskins and do the square thing."

"Did you and the Deacon have a falling out?" I asked.

"Yes, something of one. I met him in



TOO OFTEN FITS.

"Pa, why do they call this a strawberry shortcake?"
 "Because it is short of strawberries, I reckon."



Called him a liar and offered to lick him.

Long Island City on Washington's Birthday, and we got to talking about George. The Deacon said he didn't believe the boy cut down that cherry tree."

"But you do?"
 "Well, at that time I was dead-sure of it. The Deacon and me had it red-hot. He didn't believe and I did, and I finally called him a liar and offered to lick him in two minutes by the clock. I am now on my way to see him and apologize. Yes, sir, I'm going to do the square thing."

"Then something must have happened since you called him a liar?"
 "Yes, sir, something has happened. I've been down to Mount Vernon and taken a look for myself. They showed me the stump, and when I came to examine it closely I found it to be the stump of a plum tree."

"That was surely a discovery."
 "You bet it was, and it satisfied me that there is a liar in the case somewhere. It may be George Washington, history, Deacon Haskins or me, but I'm going to apologize first and then go mighty slow until I find out."

JOE KERR.



Weary Weakfish—Doggone it! Every invitation to dinner I've had today has had a string tied to it!

Taking No Chances.

At the village postoffice I met a young farmer about 23 years old and had a few words with him about the weather and spring wheat, and we left in company and walked along the highway for half a mile. I wanted to know how the presidential candidates stood in the country, and so I asked who he favored.

"Nobody," was his reply.
 "You must have read more or less concerning the three or four of them?"

"Yes."
 "Then what do you think of Taft?"
 "Dunno."
 "Of Bryan?"
 "Dunno."
 "Of Hughes?"



Walked along the highway for half a mile.

"Dunno."
 "Of Foraker?"
 "Dunno." was the same monotonous reply.

"But can't you say whether you believe one of the four to be honest and upright and the man for the place?"

"No—can't say."
 For the next 20 rods we walked along in silence. Then we came to a road where he had to turn off, and he looked at me and said:

"Stranger, I don't want you to think I'm a blithering fool, because I know I ain't."

"No?"
 "It's just because I'm courting a widder woman who has one of the best farms in this country. She's what they call a strong-minded woman. She ain't made up her mind yet which is the best man, and so I hain't, and I hain't going to take no chances by coming out and shooting off my bazoo. I want that widder and I want that farm, even if nobody is elected president for the next ten years."

JOE KERR.



THE COQUETTISH HABIT.

Mr. Acker—I don't like your new spring hat, my dear.
 Mrs. Acker—I'm not surprised. Madam De Swell said it was the sort of hat that husbands wouldn't like.

COME GENTLE SPRING.

Oh, it's coming, merry spring,
 And the robin's on the wing,
 And the snow is getting slushy under foot,
 And the lambskins soon will frisk,
 In a playful way and brisk,
 And the hog he will begin to grunt and root.

There'll be money by the ton
 For every father's son,
 And we'll be playing of the races as of yore.

JOE KERR.

The Only One.

Mr. Blink had advertised for a chauffeur, and he passed over a dozen applicants until he came to one whose general appearance seemed to fill the bill, and then said to him:

"Sir, I want a man different from the ordinary chauffeur."

"Yes, sir. I thought from the reading of the advertisement that you did. I am different."

"In what respects?"

"If you have a wife, I will not flirt with her."

"If you have a daughter, I shall not cajole her into eloping with me."

"If your wife tries to find out through me where you go certain nights I shall be mum."

"If any dude asks me how much money you are going to give your daughter when she marries I shall tell him to go to."

"I shall not come to your house to court the parlor maid."

"Should I be out in the auto alone, and a son of a gun should want to race me, I shall decline."

"I am a first-class liar regarding speed when arrested by the police."

"I never give things away to newspapers papers."

"If divorce proceedings are instituted I go on the stand for you."

He was told to remove his coat and vest and undergo inspection, and when it was found that his angel wings were fully developed he was hired on the spot for \$100 per month.

JOE KERR.



Getting slushy under foot.

Oh, the frog who's been a chump,
 He will soon be on the jump,
 And the dandelion will show its yellower head;
 And the crocus he will croak,
 And will call it all a joke,
 And the blizzards of Dakota will be dead.

And the man that sells his coal,
 Soon will find himself ashual,
 As again the house fly cometh softly near;
 And the skeeter soon will buzz,
 And his victims they will cutz,
 And the crow be loudly cawing he is here.

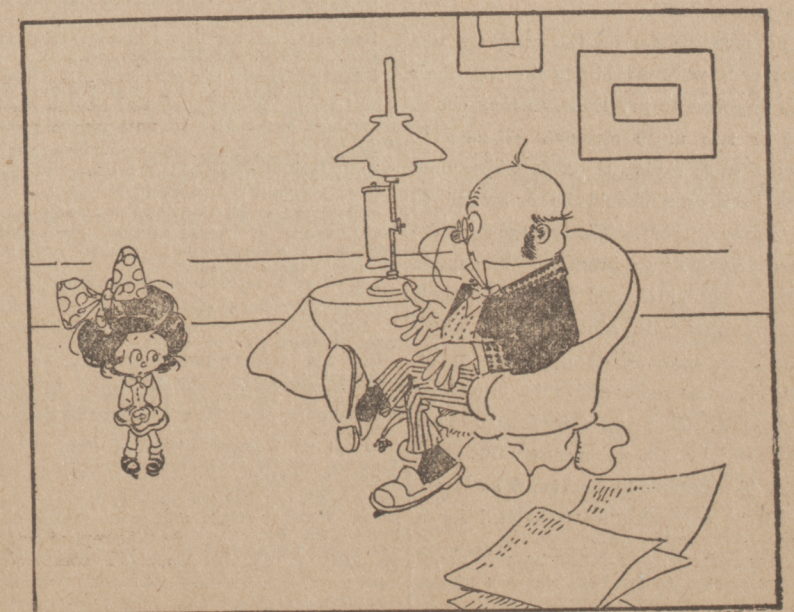
Oh, the milk will freeze no more,
 And the days of frost are o'er,
 And the overcoat may go to "Uncle's" shop;
 And that battered winter hat
 Will soon be on the rust,
 And the hunching of our undershirts will stop.

Oh, the spring will all revive,
 As the bee doth in its hive,
 And the panicle it will linger here no more.



VERNAL PROGRESS.

Any signs of spring out your way?
 Yes, we've all got over the grip and have nothing new but neuralgia.



STARTING EARLY.

Daughter—Say, Pop.
 Father—Well?
 Daughter—H-h-have you any objections to a son-in-law w-w-with red hair?



RUBBING IT IN.

Bronson—Easy seems rather vexed because Mrs. Easy bought a spring bonnet. That isn't a pretty way for a bridegroom of a few months to act.

Woodson—Yes. But she insisted on having the hat trimmed with mistletoe.

Bronson—What about that?

Woodson—Nothing; only Easy says if he hadn't kissed her under the mistletoe last December he wouldn't be paying for that hat now.

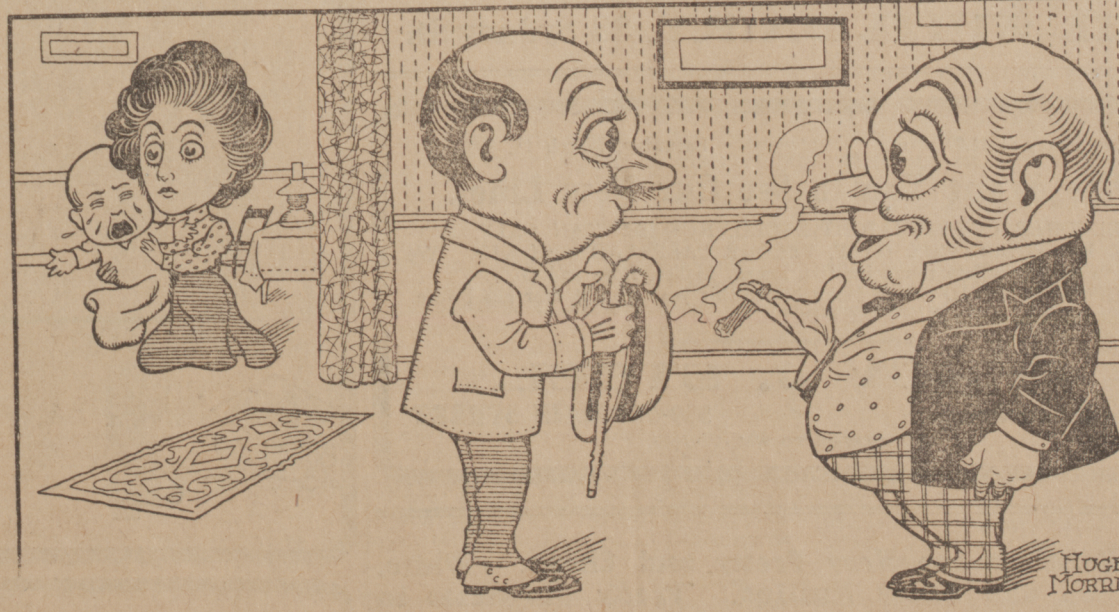


SADLY MISTAKEN.

Hubby (disgustedly)—That doctor is a fool.
 Wifey—What's the matter, dear?
 Hubby—He said I need exercise. Think of it! Exercise; Exercise for a man who has looked after his own furnace all winter and is now contemplating the opening of the lawn mower season!

SUBSTITUTES.

Lost piety and I should clash,
 For me my friends repent.
 My books, umbrella and my cash,
 I find, are keeping Lent.



CAME NATURAL.

Visitor—What's the matter with the baby?
 Grandpop—Crying because it was born in a March.
 Visitor—What's that got to do with it?
 Grandpop—You have heard of being as mad as a March hare?