



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

Economical Ladies.
Zion City has adopted a set of very strict rules for women's dress. The slit skirt is barred, the open-work blouse is barred, lace stockings are barred, etc.

Rev. H. P. Andersen, defending Zion City's course, said the other day:

"If you would realize the necessity for this course all you need do is to look at the latest Paris fashions. The bodices are outrageously décolleté. The skirts are more and more cut away in front."

Dr. Andersen permitted himself a shocked smile.

"These dreadfully décolleté blouses—these skirts more and more cut away—can it be that the ladies are trying to make both ends meet?"

After His Own Heart.
At the Progressive banquet in New York last month a westerner told a story about the colonel.

"My wife and I," he said, "have a large family of children, and whenever the colonel comes west and stops off we have a new addition to show him. That pleases him, you bet."

"The last time the colonel came to see us he was in a hurry. As he was leaving my wife said to him: 'But you haven't seen our last baby.'"

"No, ma'am," says the colonel, his eyes twinkling behind his glasses, "and I never expect to!"

A Lesson From History.
F. Irving Fletcher, at one of the Sphinx Club's dinners in New York, began a historical review of advertising with the words:

"None understood the value of advertising better than Samson. Samson took two solid columns. The result was that he brought down the house."

Unflattering.
Charles F. Murphy, apropos of Richard Croker's famous letter, said good-naturedly at Good Ground:

"Mr. Croker's letter makes me feel like the lady at the Norristown Hotel. This lady was plainly dressed, but she did not think that she looked out of place at the hotel's 75-cent table d'hôte. Yet her waiter, having set before her a plate of soup and a plate of fish simultaneously, bent down and whispered in her ear: 'Eat yer soup first.'"

Not Always.
William J. Burns, the eminent detective, had just captured a forger who, formerly clean-shaven, now had his countenance disguised under a huge growth of brown dumfries.

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Burns, "his disguise didn't go with me. It isn't always true, you see, that the best way to get out of a scrape is to raise a beard."

Aviator. (to workman who has rescued him from the sea): "Ah, my preserver, my good preserver!"

Workman (dejectedly): "Stow it, gov-nor. Don't chaff a fellow just because he works in a jam factory."

The wife of a bibulous citizen waited one day for her husband till ten o'clock, and then went to the police station to see if he was there.

"No, ma'am, he ain't here," the sergeant said; "but sit down and wait—we expectin' him every minute."

Tourist: "I say, guide, it's about time we were getting near those famous falls, isn't it?"

Guide: "Yes, sir. May I request the ladies to stop talking for a moment, and you will then be able to hear the thunder of the waters quite distinctly."

Fred: "I thought you'd forgiven me, I said, and promised to forget it?"

Bella: "But I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it."



A GENTLE HINT.
"Tom: I feel just like having a good time. Can't we celebrate something?"

"Latty: Why, yes; today would have been the anniversary of our wedding if we had married just a year ago. Let's celebrate that."

A beginner at golf was playing his first game, and his opponent was struggling with his emotions as he watched the attempts to hit the ball. But he was unable to repress a smile when he overheard his caddy remark to his confrere:

"Bill, if he was a playin' wiv new-laid eggs his golf wouldn't cost him much, would it?"

A school scene. The teacher speaking:

"Be industrious, children, and you will succeed. You remember, do you not, the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," the children piped.

"And what difficulty, what almost insuperable difficulty, nearly crippled the great George?"

"He couldn't tell a lie!" chorused the children.

A tourist recently stopped for a drink of milk at an Irish cottage. He noticed on a dresser a brick with a faded red rose on the top of it.

"Why do you keep these?"

"Sure, sir," was the reply, "there's memories hangin' about them. Do ye see this big dent in my head? Well, it was the brick done it, sir."

"But the rose?" asked the tourist.

His host smiled quietly.

"The rose, sir, is off the grave of the man what threw the brick."

One on the Butcher.
Mrs. Putton-Ayres had picked up a few French phrases which she worked into her talk on every possible occasion. Entering the butcher's shop one day she inquired if he had any "bon-vivant."

"Boned what, ma'am?" asked the butcher, puzzled.

"Bon - vivant," she repeated, "that's the French for good liver, you know."



Mother: "Helen, little girls must not talk all the time at the table!"

Helen: "When will I be old enough to, mother?"

The cry of "Divide, divide!" which aroused discussion as to its legitimate use in the commons the other evening, reminds one of a country view of the words, as noted in "Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways." The canvasser was trying to persuade a voter that every member of parliament did not make money in the house, but the voter could not be persuaded.

"Come," he answered, "I am not going to believe that. Don't you see in the paper often enough cries of 'Divide, divide'? Now, do you think they'd cry 'Divide' if they'd got nothing to divide? No, no; they just take the taxes and divide them amongst themselves, that's what they do."

Could Be Trusted.
There is a certain Ohio judge whose wit has enlivened many a dull case. On one occasion, counsel made in his court this statement on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance:

"My client, your honor, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of a waterworks."

After a survey of the client, his honor replied:

"Yes; he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

A Give-Away.
"What made you think Mr. Lovetwet had been drinking?"

"Why, when the charlotte russe was set before him he tried to blow off the foam."

Not in His Proposition.
"How did you propose to support my daughter, sir?"

"I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."

The Parson's Imprudence.
"Confound her imprudence!" he exclaimed in an unguarded moment, speaking of an important but troublesome member of the congregation.

Next day the lady called again, and the clergyman's little boy entertained her briefly:

"What does 'confound' her imprudence mean?" he sweetly queried.

"That's what papa said when you went out the other day."

Ask the Birdie.
Mother: "Now, Willie, run along to school, and mind you be a good boy! A little bird will tell mother if you are bad."

Willie: "All right, mother!"

Mother (after school): "Well, was my little boy good at school today?"

Willie: "Nothing doin'; you go ask your birds!"

Retired Painter and Decorator (to artist whom he has commissioned to paint his daughter's portrait): "And none o' your stepdahn paintin' for me: three good coats, mind ye!"



THINGS THAT ONE MIGHT HAVE PUT DIFFERENTLY.
"How de do, Lady Smythe? I've just driven the motor over to fetch my wife away."

"How nice of you, Admiral; but I do wish you'd come sooner."

Mr. Hogenheim: "Come and dine with me tomorrow?"

Mr. Walker: "Sorry, I'm fixed up; I'm going to see Parsifal."

Mr. Hogenheim: "That's all right; bring 'im along with you."

moulds the character is completely upset by statistics from Paris."

Frapp: "What statistics are you thinking about?"

Phillips: "Parisians eat one hundred thousand pounds of snails daily, and yet the people are considered fast."

Mrs. Jockins: "I heard something this afternoon that fairly knocked me speechless."

Mr. J.: "Do you mind repeating it to the baby, my dear?"

At a luncheon in her beautiful New York residence a journalist said to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont:

"I am glad you entertained Mrs. Pankhurst so splendidly while she was here. Mrs. Pankhurst is, saving your presence, the most brilliant woman speaker the most eloquent woman speaker I have ever heard."

"And yet," said Mrs. Belmont, smiling, "she never finishes her sentences, does she?"

A vicar and his churchwarden were playing a round of golf. The man of the cloth was completely off his game, and after fozzling most of his shots, and suffering from the disadvantage of being unable to use the common expletives which give comfort to the ordinary golfer, he gave up in despair.

"Cheer up, my friend," consoled the layman. "There's one thing—you'll get your own back when you have to bury me."

"That's all very well," was the gloomy reply of the vicar, "but even then it will be your hole."

He had held forth for so long on the subject of his adventures that the entire smoking-room was distinctly bored. Finally he reached the end.

"It was there that I first saw a man eating tiger," he announced, boastfully.

"Fool! that's nothing," said a mild-looking little man, edging towards the door. "I once saw a man eating rabbit."

"And he sauntered gracefully out,"

A certain territorial officer is much disliked by his men. One evening, as he was returning home, he slipped into some deep water. A private in his regiment, however, happened to see him, and after some trouble succeeded in pulling him out. The officer was very profuse in his thanks, and asked his rescuer the best way he could reward him.

"The best way you can reward me," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the astonished officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?"

"Because, if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in!"

A good story of how the president of the board of education was cornered by a London elementary schoolgirl, being told it is Mr. Pease's excellent habit to visit schools in his spare time, and he is just now devoting much attention to the problem of the disturbance of work by outside noises. He was in a school near a railway line the other day listening to a class of girls in a reading lesson, when a noisy train went by. He stopped the girl who was reading and said to her:

"Did you unconsciously raise your voice as the train went by?"

The girl replied:

"If I was unconscious of it how can I tell you?"

For once a cabinet minister had no reply ready.

Tommy: "Do you like cheese, Stella?"

Stella: "Oh, I just love cheese! Why?"

Tommy (hesitantly): "A certain party called me a piece o' cheese today!"

"Why don't you brush your hair?" asked the man of the boy with the frowsy head.

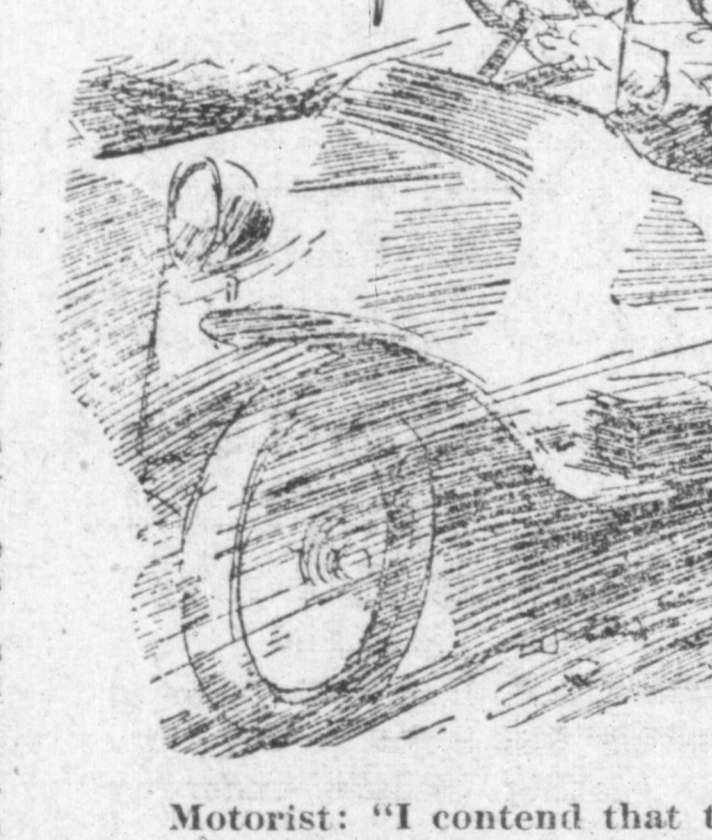
"Ain't got no brush."

"Why don't you use your father's brush?"

"He ain't got no brush."

"No brush? Why hasn't he a brush?"

"Ain't got no hair."



Motorist: "I contend that the man with no regard for the lives of others deserves to lose his own."

Candid friend: "Then I hope you're insured, old chap!"

The attendant led the visitor into the violent ward.

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed the stranger, "what are those lunatics doing with that straw, leaves, flowers, feathers, and ribbons?"

"Our millinery department," explained the attendant. "This is where the hat styles originate."

"Mary," said her little brother at the breakfast table, "did Mr. Evans take any of the umbrellas or hats from the rack when he was going home last night?"

"Why, of course not, Jack," replied Mary, with a laugh. "Why should he?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jack. "Because when he went out I heard him say, 'I'm going to steal just one,' and—why, what's the matter, Mary?"

A drill-sergeant was drilling a recruit squad in the use of the rifle. All went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at "ready," and then the sergeant gave the command: "Fire at will!"

Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun. "Which one is 'Will'?" he asked.—Tit-Bits.

While the judge was giving his charge to the jury in the burglary case, one of the jurymen fainted. His lordship had just impressively said—

"Gentlemen of the jury, in arriving at a verdict you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defence into consideration and give them full weight."

At the words "and give them full weight," the jurymen swooned away. He was a coal merchant.

A story is told of Viscount Bryce, whose book on the American constitution is a classic on the other side of the Atlantic. A young American had as companion on one of his railway journeys in this country a more elderly man. They got into conversation in the course of which an argument arose as to a certain point in American politics. They differed widely in their opinions, and finally the young man said—

"I know that I'm right, for I'm quoting your fellow-countryman, James Bryce."

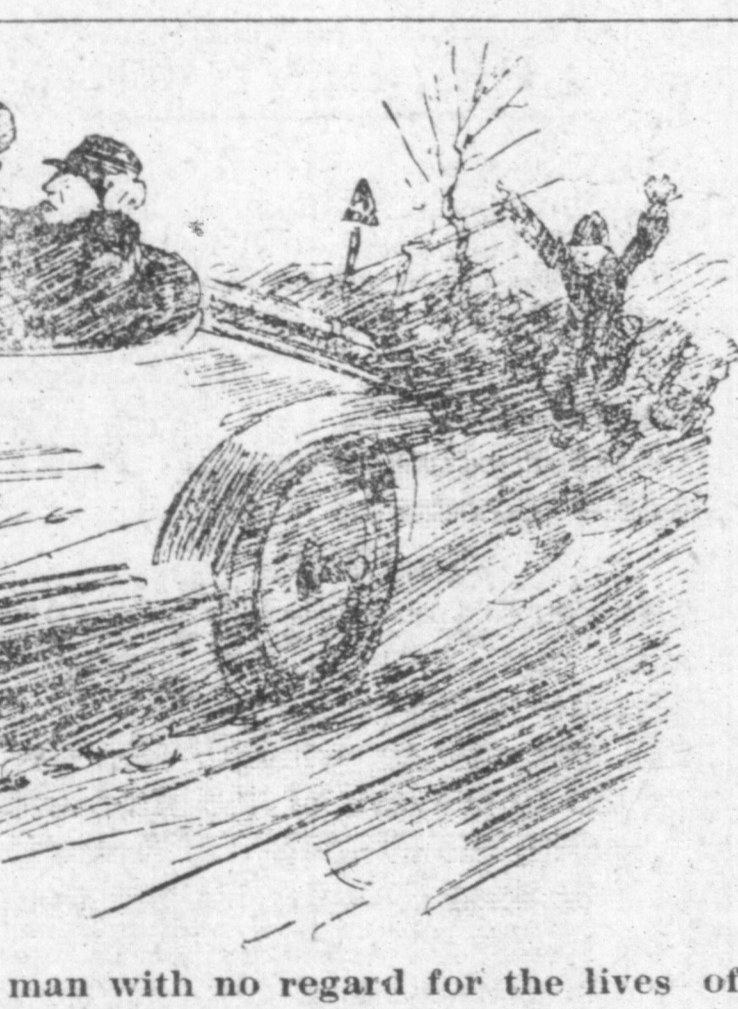
"I am Bryce!" was the other's quite retort.

Church: "Are you doing anything to help along this reform in spelling?"

Gotham: "Yes; I've just discharged my blonde typewriter."

So you are deaf and dumb?"

"Perfectly. But I will not say a word except in the presence of my attorney."



Little Bobby heard his father say one evening: "Pshaw, I wish young Sparks would go. It's nearly midnight and I'd like to lock up the house and get to bed. What on earth can Sparks and Mabel find to talk about all these hours?"

Bobby tiptoed to the parlor door, peered thru the keyhole, and then tiptoed back to his father, said: "It ain't Mr. Sparks' fault, pa. He can't go. Mabel's sitting on him."

During the morning services at a western university the pranks of the boys annoyed the instructor in charge very much. Finally he burst out: "Boys! Such conduct is displeasing to God; and what's more, I won't stand it!"



"Oh! Ethel, why don't you use your finger bowl?"

"What's the use o' wastin' this nice jam, mother, when I can lick my fingers?"

It is said of General Smuts that, during his last visit to England, he was present at an official reception, and in the course of the evening he found himself next to a rather high and mighty young officer.

"Let me see," remarked the latter, staring at General Smuts rather superciliously, "haven't we—ah—met somewhere?"

"Yes," replied the General.

"Thought so," remarked the officer, adding with a bored air: "One meets so many people. Let me see, where did we meet?"

"In South Africa," retorted the General, curtly. "You surrendered to me during the war!"



Mr. Green: "What a lot I seem to have learned tonight! How I have benefited by this conversation with you, my dear Miss Roberts. Somehow your intellect seems to appeal to mine. Are you a literary lady?"

Miss Roberts: "No, I am a teacher in an infant school!"

It Sure Am.
Down in South Carolina they caught an old negro roost-robber "with the goods on him," as they say, and forthwith haled him into court to stand trial for chicken stealing. When old Rastus was placed in the dock the judge said:

"Now, Uncle Ras, I suppose you realize that you're in a jam, and you quite realize what a court is?"

"Why, your honor?" came back Rastus, "a cot? Why a cot am shore a place where dey dispenses wif justice!"

Busy Days.
"Gent uptown telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house."

"Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."

The Cabby and His Bible.
An Edinburgh cabman was driving an American round the sights of the northern city. In High street he stopped, and with a wave of his whip announced: "That is John Knox's house."

"John Knox?" exclaimed the American. "Who was he?"

"This was too much for the cabby. "Good heavens, man!" he exclaimed. "Did you never read your Bible?"

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