



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

Might Have Her Tonsils Removed.
 "Shall we have a eugenic marriage dear?" he asked.
 "Well for my part," she replied, "I don't think it is necessary. I've been operated on for appendicitis. I've been treated with antitoxin, and I have a vaccination mark that is as big as a quarter."

Cause for Palfors.
 Wife—George, I want to see that letter.
 Husband—What letter, dear?
 Wife—That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. Hand it here, sir!
 Husband—Here it is, dear. It is from your dressmaker.

Following Instructions.
 "This story of yours is flat," announced the editor. "I've read it, and it's not very first thing it tells you is not to roll your manuscript."

Criticism.
 A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what that was they were playing. "That is the 'Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster. "Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye have given him an awful death."

No News to Her.
 "Dearest," he said, "I couldn't live without you for a week."
 "I know you couldn't," she replied. "That is why I felt so sorry for you the other day, when father threatened to cut off my allowance, just because we had been married for a year."



Neverwork (to kindly disposed gentleman): "Wot's the good of working. Everything's monopolized. Why, 'ere's this chap doing the work of three men and can't get a living."

Sherlock on the Job.
 "How do you know she is his wife?" "Didn't you notice when they were dancing together, that he didn't clap his hands for an encore?"

Always Thinking of Beauty Aids.
 Earnest teacher—What is profile?
 Frivolous girl—Profile? Why, it is something in a man's set.

Degeneration?
 Howard—My son is a headliner in vaudeville.
 Coward—From whom does he inherit his talent?
 Howard—His grandfather was secretary of state.

Real Extravagance.
 A man who had never been hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground.
 "Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.
 "Yes," replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."

Just Naturally.
 First Suburban: "How do you get so many eggs?"
 Second Suburban: "I treated my hens so unscientifically they're all laying for me."

Of Course!
 Cinder: "That eugenic couple have a baby."
 Ella: "So? What did they call him?"
 Cinder: "Eugene of course!"

Definite.
 First Photographer: "You were rejected yesterday, weren't you?"
 Second ditto: "Yes, but I got a clear negative."

1914 Model.
 "Seen the new cigar, Jim, that has the slit at the bottom of the wrapper?"
 "No, I haven't! Does it draw well?"

Profiting by Experience.
 Little Tommy had been naughty all day. At last, to cap the climax he slapped his little sister.

Room Servers.
 "These collapsible opera hats are a great convenience!"
 "Yes; you have no idea how much room they save in a flat!"

Sometimes.
 Tommy: "Pop, a man and his wife are one, aren't they?"
 Tommy's Pop: "Yes, my son, sometimes one is too many!"

Not Guilty.
 Visitor: "How does the land lie out this way?"
 Native: "It ain't the land; it's the land agents."

The Proper Spirit.
 Mrs. John: "My husband admits that there is no place like home."
 Mrs. Jack: "How thoughtful!"
 Mrs. John: "But he spends his evenings going around to congratulate the other places."

The Caller. I want to see your master about a bill.
The Diplomatic Servant: He left for the country last night.
The Caller: I want to pay him.
The Diplomatic Servant (hostile): But he returned this morning.

Pleasing Theory.
 Anxious Mother—There's a look about that young man's eyes that I don't like. He looks at me out of their corners, as if trying to conceal something.
 Daughter—Perhaps he is trying to conceal his admiration for you, ma.
 Mother (much relieved)—Oh, I didn't think of that!

Worst Yet To Come.
 Mrs. Shimm—I see the Moroccan authorities have captured Kasull, the notorious bandit. Do you think that will end his career of evil doing?
 Shimm—It is to be hoped so; but he may yet go into vaudeville.

A Bishop Surprised.
 "I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eighty, "that profanity was so extremely prevalent."
 "Do you hear much of it on the road?"
 "Why," said the bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully!"

His Only Chance.
 Johnny—Paw, why was Adam created first?
 Paw—To give him a chance to say something, my son.

A Bargain.
 Footpad—Your money or your life!
 Mrs. Tightly—That's reasonable enough, Jake. You've got only fifty cents.

Better Drained Now.
 Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whittinghame informed Mr. Balfour that "it's gaun to rain seventy-two days, sir."
 "Come, come," said the statesman, "surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days."
 "Aye, aye," was the response; "but the world wasnae sae well drained as it is noo."

Serene Audacity.
 "I have a mind to give you a whipping!" exclaimed the impatient father.
 "Well," replied the athletic youth, "maybe you can. But if you succeed, it will be some item for the sport page."

The Hallmarks of Station.
 Poly—Is yours a select neighborhood?
 Poly—I should say it was! On one block we've six limousines, four Pekinese pups and one baby carriage.

Satisfied Him.
 When a fellow is traveling a long distance, all by himself, he gets lonesome and has a hankering to talk to anybody who looks as if he might be the least bit companionable. You know how that is?
 Well, other people feel that way, too. So why do you get mad when some total stranger bores you? Wouldn't you like to bore some other total stranger? Well, then!
 In the smoking-room of an east-bound Pullman the other evening, there were two men—one of them grumpy, the other one receptive. After smoking two indifferent cigars the latter said to the former:
 "Buffalo," acknowledged the other one, taken off his guard.
 "Is that so? Well, Buffalo is a great town. I have a cousin living there, and I've been there myself several times. The last time was during the Pan-American Exposition, 12 years ago and over. Er—what are you going to do in Buffalo?"
 "Change cars."

A Manner of Speaking.
 "So you're going to be a taxi driver in New York? Why, I've a brother who lives there!"
 "Is that so? Well, I hope I run across him some time."

A Gracious Providence.
 When the late P. T. Barnum was exhibiting his famous Siamese twins, they were, as is well remembered, a wonderful sensation.
 A certain divine, accompanied by his daughter, was much interested, and their curiosity was unbounded. The young woman asked where the twins were born. Mr. Barnum told them that they were born in Siam.
 "And are they brothers?" asked the clerical gentleman.
 "Oh, yes!" said the world's greatest press agent.
 "Well, well!" said the visitor. "Think of that, Mary! How good and kind of a gracious Providence to allow them to be brothers, and not to have linked a pair of strangers together for life!"

Her Own Caller.
 Recently an imposing matron employed a new domestic named Norah. A couple of afternoons later she went downtown shopping, leaving Norah in charge of the house.
 "Norah," said the mistress, as she removed her wraps on her return three hours later, "were there any callers while I was out?"
 "Yis, ma'am," was the quiet rejoinder of Norah. "Mrs. Cassidy called."
 "Mrs. Cassidy?" wondered the mistress, pausing a moment to commune with herself. "Why, I don't know any Mrs. Cassidy."
 "Quite likely, ma'am!" came back the calm response of Norah. "O'H! interduce yez the next toime she comes around."

Reality.
 Minister (calling on inmate of prison): "Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."
 "Well, they've got me hypnotized, then, that's all!"

Cherchez la Femme.
 Considering that to be seen in the streets these days, it certainly is to be near-sighted.

The Test.
 Haw: "What would you do for the girl you really loved?"
 Aw: "Marry someone else."

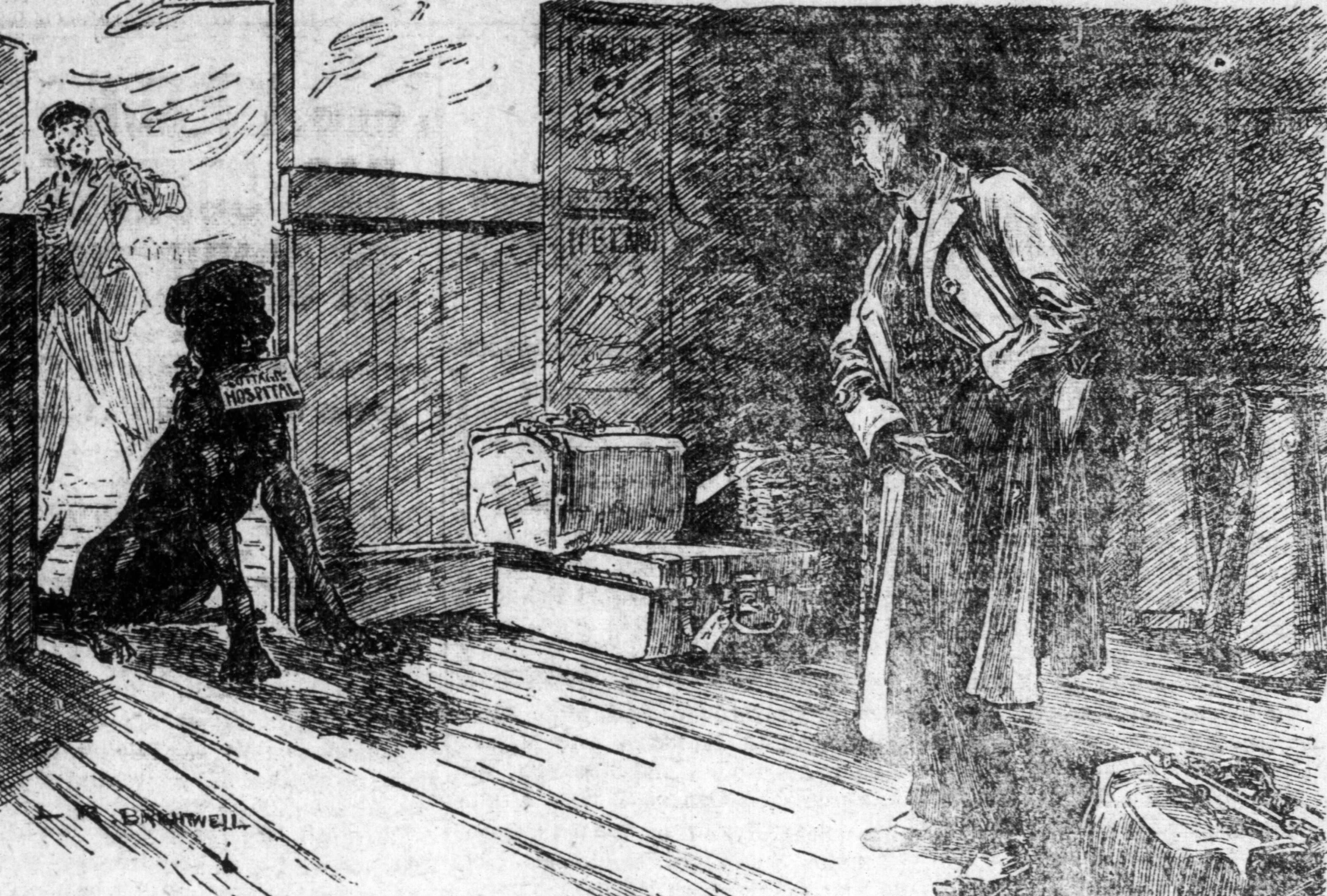
She was very literary and he was not. He had spent a horrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books of which he knew less.
 Presently the maiden asked, archly:
 "Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"
 He floundered helplessly for a moment, and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily:
 "I've read 'Romeo'!"
 Olive and Gerald, whilst out walking, met a vicious bulldog, and Gerald's conduct in the next few moments left much to be desired. When they had safely passed Olive turned to Gerald and said, reproachfully:
 "Gerald! And you said you would face death for me!"
 "I know I did," answered Gerald, "and I meant it. But that bulldog wasn't dead!"

A lady of recent widowhood encountered much difficulty in framing an inscription for her dear husband's tombstone. After endless consultations with her friends and neighbors this was the one she selected:
 "Rest in Peace—until we meet again."

Little Tommy at school was being examined in geography.
 "Now, Tommy," said his teacher, "if your left hand is west and your right is east and in front of you is north, what is behind you?"
 Tommy wriggled about, and finally he answered:
 "Well, the whole class can see it's a patch I have on my trousers. You don't need to point it out."

Insult to Injury.
 A widely-detested man, who had somehow managed to become a member of a well known west-end club, made himself peculiarly obnoxious to his fellow clubmen by continually swaggering on the steps at the entrance.
 One day, soon after he had taken up his position there, a Major X, in passing him, said:
 "I say, M., I could get up a subscription of five hundred dollars for you if you would only take your name off the books."
 "So M., in his dudgeon, went off to a friend of his, W., and said:
 "What do you think, W.? I have been grossly insulted by Major X. He said that if I would take my name off the club books, he would get up a subscription of five hundred dollars for me. What would you do?"
 "Well," replied W., "if I were you, I would not take it, you stand out, and you'll get a thousand!"
 "Bidget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?"
 "Well, mum, that's for him to say. O! done my best wid the materials at hand, mum."
 A clumsy carver once sent a goose into a lady's lap. His apology was better than his carving.
 "Ah, madam, how potent your charms are: they attract not only the living but also the dead!"
 "Is your client going to plead insanity?"
 "I haven't decided," replied the lawyer. "He wants to look the ground over and see which is the easiest to escape from, the prison or the asylum."

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs.
 "I say," said the Frenchman, "that he was born in France; therefore he is a Frenchman."
 "Not at all," said Pat. "Regorra, if a cat should have kittens in roven, would you call them biscuits?"



PEACEFUL PERSUASION.
 (Jones is not naturally a generous man.)

The mist was complaining to the maid that the balusters seemed always dusty: "I was at Mrs. Brown's yesterday, and her stair-rails are clean and as smooth as glass."
 "Yes, mum," said Mary Jane, "but you forget that she has three small boys."

The Governor (threateningly): "Lock here, Parkin, I've got tired of seeing these figures dropping month after month, and I shall have to seriously consider taking the only steps left to me to bring about an alteration."
 The Manager: "Yes, sir, and from when would your resignation take effect?"

Bishop Crighton interviewed a London vicar at St. Paul's Cathedral, and requested that he would abandon the use of incense, to which the vicar attached most vital importance.
 "You see, my lord, I have the cure of ten thousand souls to minister to."
 "Quite so," rejoined the Bishop; "but you don't wish to cure them with smoke like so many kippers?"

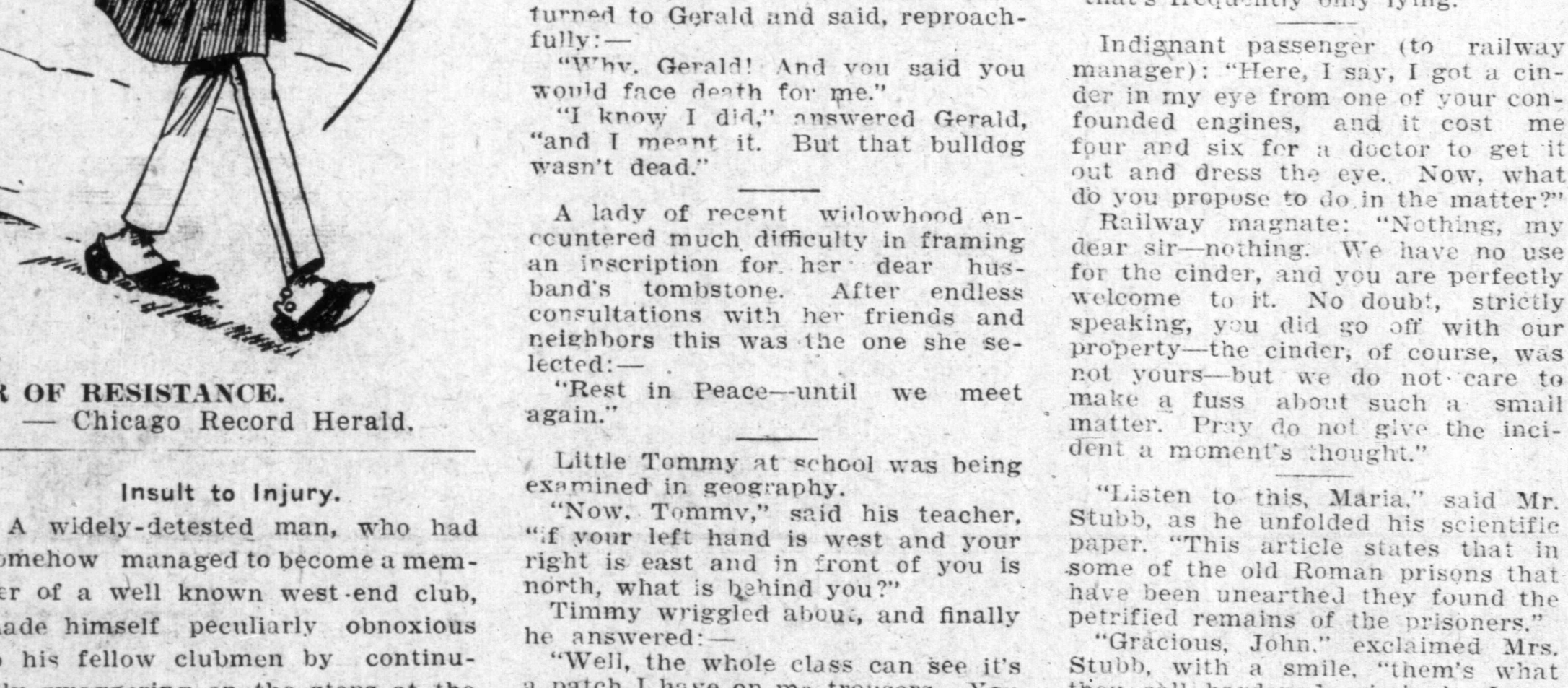
Harvey, aged five, was being instructed by his grandmother in morals. She told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," were in reality oaths, and but little better than other profanities.
 "You can always tell an oath, my boy," she said, "by the prefix 'by.' All such are oaths."
 "Well, then, grandma," asked the young hopeful, "is 'my telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?"
 "No, Harvey," replied grandma; "that's frequently only lying."

Indignant passenger to railway manager: "Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your condenser engines, and it cost me four and six for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye. Now, what do you propose to do in the matter?"
 Railway manager: "Nothing, my dear sir—nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our property—the cinder, of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought."

"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubbs, as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."
 "Gracious, John," exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs, with a smile, "them's what they call hardened criminals. I expect."

"That chap who just passed in his auto must be a politician."
 Boggles: "Why so?"
 Boggs: "Didn't you notice the way he was throwing mud?"

Editor (to reporter): Now, look here; this afternoon I've booked you for a flight with one of these uppish Gown Airmen, and I want you to make a real pithy article out of how it feels.



STRETCHING HIS POWER OF RESISTANCE.
 —Chicago Record Herald.

MY MY! MY!
 IF ONLY
 HE WENT
 HERE

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.



On a Slushy Day.
 Boggs: "That chap who just passed in his auto must be a politician."
 Boggles: "Why so?"
 Boggs: "Didn't you notice the way he was throwing mud?"

Lord Cross was fond of telling the following:
 "Sir Frederick Bramwell, the eminent engineer, one day sat beside me whilst George Bidder and I were engaged in a case before a committee of the house of lords. Lord Hardwicke was one of the members of that committee. He was interrupting a good deal during George Bidder's cross-examination.
 "Mr. Bidder," said he, "you have been talking about a jetty. Will you tell me what is a jetty?"
 "Whereupon Bramwell whispered to me:
 "'Fancy a peer not knowing about a jetty!'"

When a small boy was taking his father's dinner, he stopped for a moment to watch a workman emptying a sewer.
 "That," remarked the youngster, interestedly, "is the grating my brother lost a shilling down."
 "The workman's eyes lit up. 'Well, young man,' he said, with a show of carelessness, 'you'd better get forward with that dinner before it's cold.'"
 In about half an hour the boy returned to find the man still at the same grating.
 "You're quite sure it was this grating the shilling was lost in?" asked the workman.
 "I am certain," replied the boy, "because I saw my father get it out."

Apropos of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's retirement a good story is told by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, in his recently published memoirs. It occurred on the occasion of Lord Rosebery's installation in the chair of the Junior Liberal Association at Birmingham. Observing an animated verbal duel between Mr. Jesse Collins and Mr. J. S. Wisart, Mr. Chamberlain asked:
 "What are Collins and Wisart fighting about?" They are like the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown."
 "Well," quickly replied Mr. Powell Williams, who was seated near, "you wouldn't have them fight for a crown, would you?"

Afraid of Lawyers.
 An old colored man, charged with stealing chickens, was arraigned in court and was incriminating himself when the judge said, "You ought to have a lawyer. Where's your lawyer?"
 "Ah ah! got no lawyer, judge," said the old man.
 "Very well, then," said his honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."
 "Oh, no, sah, you! please don't do dat!" the darky begged.
 "Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"
 "Well, judge, Ah'll tell you, sah. I said the old man, wavin' his lathered out hat confidentially, 'Hitts jes dis way—Ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chickens mahse!'"
 Needs a Rest.
 An Indianapolis woman had a negro cleaning the yard for her. His wife had been dead for several years, and he might be fairly regarded as on the market once more. So his employer seized a favorable moment and proceeded to sound him up.
 "John," she said, "you're a good, steady man and ought to have a home of your own. Lots of women would be glad to have you. Why don't you get a wife?"
 John leaned on his rake and scratched his head reflectively.
 "Well, I tell you, sah," he replied, "you know I was married seven years, an' I've got to have a rest."

During a certain battle the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of his men was extremely devoted to him and followed him everywhere. At length he remarked:
 "Well, my man, you have stuck by me well today."
 "Yis, sorr," replied Pat. "Shure me mither said to me, said she, 'Just stick to the colonel, Patrick, me bhoy, and you'll be all right.' This colonel never gets hurt!"

On a Slushy Day.
 Boggs: "That chap who just passed in his auto must be a politician."
 Boggles: "Why so?"
 Boggs: "Didn't you notice the way he was throwing mud?"

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.

My My! My!
 If only he went here.