

# LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

**A Tragedy of the Tracks.**  
(A Ballad of Mixed Mechanics.)  
The crowd was gathered at the start,  
The auto course was clear,  
The stern chauffeur upon the seat,  
Was Chauncey Vere de Vere.

Like galloping tubercull  
The thing began to cough,  
Brave Chauncey seizes the what's-it's-  
name—  
A shot and they were off!

His engine was a thing-un-bob  
Imported from Paris,  
His tires, I wot, were you-know-what—  
The kind they ought to be

Small wonder, then, that Chauncey sped  
More swiftly than the wynde—  
Before him lay the open course,  
His rivals all behind.

But Chauncey looked with anguished gaze  
Upon his steering gear—  
The crack-a-jack was out of whack  
And acting very queer.

The thing-a-jig began to dig,  
The what's-it's name to pop,



**THEN HELL BE GOOD.**  
If you want to cure hubby of staying  
out nights,  
Just sit with your back to the door,  
And when he does come say, "Is that  
you, dear George?"  
If your hubby's own name's Theodore!

And shame, oh, shame; the auto came  
Abruptly to a stop!  
With leers and jeers and dastard sneers  
The rival cars stood by—  
Their spurs was up to win the cup,  
Their hopes and speed were high.

But prone beneath his moveless car  
Our anguished hero lay—  
No hope was his—the funny-biz  
Had broken quite away.

So Vere de Vere, the chauffeur, wept  
Beside a wayside ditch.  
"All lost!" he cried, "because of that  
Defective ask-me-which!"  
Wallace Irwin.

**Takes Time.**  
"What do you think of Wagner's  
simple life?"  
"Think it's a good thing for people  
who have time to practice it."

**Chronic.**  
Manager of department store: "Are  
you aware you can be put in jail for  
kleptomaniac?"  
"Why, no, I've been practicing it on  
my husband for years."

**The Real Thing.**  
"Why do you call your auto she?"  
"Because it is always breaking down  
at critical moments, raising the devil  
most of the time and keeps me  
broke."

**Two Tales.**  
Nodd: "I tell you that auto of mine  
is a great success. Runs like a dream."  
Todd: "Why, I understood it was  
breaking down every night and kept  
you up until midnight."  
"Yes, so my wife thinks."



**A LADY-BIRD.**  
Mrs. Farmer: "I don't suppose you ever did any hard work in your life."  
Weary Willie: "Oh, yes. In me younger days I used ter try ter please  
women."

**Homelike.**  
"Mama," said the little girl who was  
having her first experience of riding in  
a sleeper.  
"Hush, dear," whispered mama, "you  
will waken the others."  
"But, mama, I only want to ask one  
question."  
"Well, what it is?"  
"Who has the flat above us?"

**Even If It Was a Dog-Wood Tree.**  
"Now, why," remarked the little dog,  
in speaking to the tree,  
"Would you say that the heart of you  
is like the tail of me?"  
The tree gave the conundrum up. The  
pup, with wisdom dark,  
Explained the matter, saying, "It is  
farthest from the bark."

**A Pair of Birds.**  
"Isn't the doctor's wife beautiful?"  
She has a neck like that of a swan."  
"Quite so. And the doctor has a bill  
like that of a pelican."

**The Last Straw.**  
"Quit yez blaggardin', now, or yez'll  
foind Oi hov a war-r-m tongue."  
"Faik, it ought to be war-r-m, bein'  
in a flannel mouth." (Hostilities open.)

**Circumstances Alter Cases.**  
Fascinating divorce: "Honestly, now,  
bishop, if I were to come to you and  
ask you to marry me you wouldn't re-  
fuse me, would you?"  
Bishop Hichurch (embarrassed):  
"Ahem! Well, Mrs. Hillie, I can hard-  
ly say on such short notice. This is so  
sudden, you know!"

**What We Leave.**  
Lives of great men all remind us.  
As their pages o'er we turn,  
That we're apt to leave behind us  
Letters that we ought to burn.  
—London Star.

**The Girl Who Was Not Left.**  
"D'ye ever notice," inquired the trav-  
eling man, "how the women in a sleep-  
ing car seem to sleep with one eye open  
all night in order to be the first to  
reach the women's dressing room at  
daylight in the morning? And how the  
first up makes about four strides of it  
to the women's dressing room and  
bangs the door thereof in the faces of



The poet one day wrote a sonnet  
In praise of his lady-love's bonnet.  
Said she: "It's absurd!  
Why, there's never a word  
Of the price of the bonnet—dog-  
gone it!"

all the other women, who quickly tag  
after her, and then proceeds to spend  
an hour and forty-two minutes in  
priming, while the other women stand  
outside the door thinking things of  
their sex that are a sin and a shame,  
and even sometimes banging on the  
locked door with their impatiently  
clenched hands?

"Well, I recently saw—or, rather,  
heard—a dead new one on a sleeping  
car.  
"It was on a trip from New York to  
Chicago, and the train was due in Chi-  
cago about 8 o'clock in the morning.  
There were five show girls of an ex-  
travaganza company moving from New  
York to Chicago on the sleeping car.



ELOPEMENT A LA GASOLINE.

Two of them occupied the berths in the  
section next to mine.  
"Exactly at 5.30 o'clock in the morn-  
ing, when the train was still two and  
a half hours from Chicago, I was pro-  
duced out of sleep by the tremendous  
buzzing of a bell.

"What d'ye s'pose that bell was? Oh  
just a plain, everyday, ninety-nine cent  
alarm clock of the common, or garden  
variety."  
"The chorus girl in the lower berth  
in the section next to mine had set the  
thing at that unearthly hour so's to  
make dead certain that she'd get first  
whack at the women's dressing room in  
the morning. By the time the alarm  
clock stopped its infernal racket every  
man in the car had his head poked out  
between the curtains.

"Then the show girl, in a long kimo-  
no, with her sun locks hanging down  
her back, and a lot of make-up gear  
tightly clutched to her bosom, appeared  
in the aisle, making hotfoot for the wo-  
men's dressing room. On her way  
down the aisle she gave her sisters of  
the chorus the hairy hoot.

"It's a clammy, moist morning," she  
remarked to them as she sped, "when  
your little playmate Bertha gets it  
where Tecumseh wore the elks' teeth,  
and then banged and locked the dress-  
ing room door and maybe she alone  
wasn't worth the price of a ticket when  
she reappeared about an hour and a  
quarter later."



A COMPARATIVE EXHIBITION.

"Now," said the inquisitive bachelor,  
"I want to ask you a question. Do you  
think in the married state—"  
"No," replied Henpeck promptly; "I  
ain't allowed to."—Philadelphia Press.

"Now, Henry," she began, with set  
face.  
"May I kiss you before I go?"  
"Well?" eagerly.  
"Just one thing constrains me to say  
yes."  
"And what is that?"  
"The fact that you cannot very well  
kiss me after you go."—Houston Post.

Farmer Foddershucks was angry with  
his scapegrace of a son. "Young man,"  
he thundered, "ye're a disgrace to this  
here family! It's a mighty good thing  
fer you that I ain't rich."  
"Why, dad?" asked his son sheep-  
ishly.  
"B-cuz if I wuz, I'd disinherit ye—  
that's why!"—Cleveland Leader

"Did my diamonds call forth any com-  
ment?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.  
"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Cay-  
enne. "I heard several people refer to  
you as the human chandelier."—Wash-  
ington Star.

The king: "This crown is too heavy;  
it feels uncomfortable!"  
Court physician: "Your majesty, the  
fault isn't with the crown; the trouble  
is with your head—it's too light for it!"  
—Detroit Free Press.

**PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.**  
A woman always wants some one to  
help her to keep a secret.  
If time were money, all sleepy people  
would have a dowry.

Paradoxical as it sounds, the coming  
man is one who has already arrived.

When women were created a maga-  
zine fashion plate was not used for a  
pattern.

A woman cannot make a monkey of  
every man she meets; sometimes she's  
too late.

He who says he has never made a mis-  
take in his life makes the greatest mis-  
take of his life.

Unfortunately the men who claim  
that the world owes them a living are  
not preferred creditors.

A schemer is a man who points out  
the silverlining of a cloud, and then  
proceeds to borrow your umbrella.

Judasberger: There's several ways of  
making money.  
Inventor: Yes, but only one honest-  
ly.

Judasberger: Which one?  
Inventor: I knew you didn't know it.

She had not been to London for some  
twenty years. They had been the rounds  
of the theatres and enjoyed themselves  
according to their own sweet ways,  
and, returning to their home, the affec-  
tionate husband asked his wife how  
she had enjoyed herself, and she re-  
plied:

"I missed a good deal. Things have  
altered, o.j.h."  
"Ah!" she said, looking up at the  
as if half in prayer, "what has becom-  
ing of that dear, old-fashioned lang-  
guishing look which lassie gave to the  
swains in the days of my girlhood?"

"Nothing serious, doctor?" inquired  
the curious neighbor.  
"I am afraid so," replied the doctor,  
with a serious look, stroking his chin;  
"you see, Mr. Inksling is a joke writer,  
and he has broken his funny-bone."  
The chaperon whispered to her charge,  
who sat next to the fish they were both  
angling for: "We are coming to a long  
tunnel dear; you had better sit over on  
the other side with me."  
"Tsh!" replied the modern maiden,  
"judging by the short tunnel we just  
went thru I think he will be sure to pro-  
ceed in the next."

Maud: "Heard from Jack lately?"  
Gertie: "Oh, yes, often. He's an ex-  
cellent correspondent."  
Maud: "One r or two, dear?"

"A woman has no sense of humor,"  
said Mr. Hawhaw.  
"What makes you think so?"  
"When she sees a man fall off a street  
car she wonders if he's badly hurt in-  
stead of laughing at him."—Washing-  
ton Star.



**OF NO ACCOUNT.**  
"Plaze, mum, kin I git off to-morry?"  
"Is it necessary, Bridget?"  
"Well, no, mum! but me an' Tirrence  
wants to git married, that's all."

Wife: "Just the same, you never  
hear of a mon using her religion as a  
cloak."  
Husband: "Of course not, my dear.  
Religion is too inexpensive."—Chicago  
News.

"Surely you're not jealous of your  
husband?"  
"Yes, I am. He simply can't keep  
his eyes off the women."  
"Oh, yes, he can. You should see  
him some times when he has a seat in  
a crowded street car."—Philadelphia  
Ledger.

"All right," replied her husband,  
"here it is."  
"Gracious, Henry!" she exclaimed,  
suddenly paling. "What's the matter?  
Are you sick?"—Washington Star.



**ALMOST AS GOOD.**  
Auto-boat owner: "Did you see me cut down that fisherman?"  
Friend (enthusiastically): "Sure! Say, it's almost as good as automobilin'!"

## A PRIVATEER OF

### Clever Tactics of an English Cap- turing a Fre

Last week's issue of a Chicago paper,  
in its interesting notes on privateering,  
reproduced me of a story told me nearly  
fifty years ago by an old British officer  
who was captured by a French priva-  
teer nearly forty years before I met  
him. His afterwards related this story  
to an English journalist, who put it in  
its literary form, changing some of the  
names and publishing it in an English  
periodical. Here is the story as it was  
told, with the real names restored:

"Gentlemen"—The little open cabin  
decked with the good armed schooner  
Betsey, was darkened by the weather-  
beaten face—as brown-as brown as  
beaten—and the shock of fiery red hair—  
with whiskers to match—of our Capt.  
McLeod. He had been at sea in every  
part of craft and in every part of the  
world; and, as you may think, the old  
Nova Scotian was as stout and thoro  
a sailor as ever faced wind and weath-  
er, and cannon and musket shot, too.

"Well, gentlemen," says he, "there  
were three of us, Mr. Dargle, a green  
planter in Demerara and Berbice, who  
has 200 slaves, of whom he used to say  
that he had never flogged but three,  
and never sold but one—at his own de-  
sire. He was a mild, quiet man, and  
every house in the coast colonies was  
delighted when his Kettarin appeared,  
with his high stepping bay. The second  
man of the party was Mr. Dargle, a green  
planter's agent, who, as his father was  
a Cuban Spaniard and his mother a  
French Quadroon, was rather of a pep-  
pery disposition, which required all the  
mild persuasiveness of Mr. Dargle to  
keep down. However, he was to my  
knowledge a most energetic and excel-  
lent agent, and as he and his em-  
ployer were generally seen together,  
they usually went by the name of  
"Dargle and water." As for myself, I  
was a poor subaltern in a West Indian  
regiment, going home invalided, after a  
fight brush with yellow Jack.

"There was a dearth of vessels going  
to the old country at this time, owing  
to the dangers to be feared from French  
privateers, so that we had taken pas-  
sage at Demerara on a little Nova Scot-  
ian vessel—the Betsey, of Liverpool—  
and expected to be landed at her home  
port, whence we would make the 100-  
mile trip to Halifax, and there find  
passage to England. The Betsey had  
a fine crew of men—among them sev-  
eral who had seen service in the Amer-  
ican war. These were Freeman, Dog-  
gett, Millard, Stewart and two others.

"What are you drinking, boys?" asked  
the captain.

"Madeira Sangara, Capt. McLeod,"  
said Mr. Dargle, at the same time  
knocking a white-worm with a black  
head out of a biscuit.

"Well, I've just been taking a mer-  
idian—you needn't snigger, Mr. Mosca,  
and the skipper produced a huge old-  
fashioned quinine. "I think that if  
the wind blows as steady as it's doing  
now, to-morrow night we'll be out of  
danger."

"There was a simultaneous clattering  
of glasses on the table.

"And without as much as seeing the  
shadow of one of them—privateers—to  
say nothing of these—privetives again—  
"French frigates, Corsairs, and their  
and their dandy hoist in the nape of their  
topsails."

"Well then, captain, I suppose we  
are safe," says Mosca.

"Why, don't' whoop till you're out  
o' the wood," rejoined our skipper.

"There's often a swarm of these craft,  
as quick as flying fish and as fierce as  
sharks lurking about here—two others,  
villains—to pick up all they can get.  
However—Samba, a couple of bottles  
of that champagne I got from the  
governor."

"Sail ho!" echoed thru our canvas,  
and the brown face disappeared as if  
by magic, and there was a moment's  
trampling of feet. All the watch be-  
low went tumbling up, as they call it;  
and, as you may think, we tumbled up,  
too.

"Where away?" said the skipper, ad-  
dressing a man of the top-gallant mast  
cross-trees.

"Broad on the lee-beam," was the  
answer, "standing on the same way  
with us."

"Glad she's to leeward, at all events,"  
said the captain.

"She's going thru the water very fast,  
sir," said the first mate, touching his  
straw hat.

"What do you make her out, Mr.  
Freeman?"

"Why, sir, she's a smallish vessel to  
carry three square-rigged masts."  
Capt. McLeod looked grave, and  
without a word, took his old pet tele-  
scope from the brackets, and leisurely  
mounted the fore-rigging. It must have  
required long practice to use a glass  
from a yard which was continually on  
the swing, and that sometimes twelve  
or fifteen feet at a lurch. However, the  
captain took a long survey, and then  
descending, went below, and returned  
on deck with an old account book with  
letters down the edges of the leaves  
which were closely scribbled over, and  
an immense lot of loose memor-  
andums, written on all sort of scraps  
of paper, backs of letters and torn bills  
of lading, and turned up B. After a  
long scrutiny, during which we all  
stood anxiously around him, waiting  
for the old hard-a-weather's opinion—  
he brought his clenched fist down upon  
the old books and exclaimed:

"By heavens, it's her and no other,"  
and he read:

"The Jean Bart of Dieppe, consort to  
the Belle Poule, was a barque-built  
sharp for slave trade—altered to frigate  
rig for privateering. Low in the  
water and very fast, particularly on a  
wind—lofty rig—high in the topsails—  
always strongly manned and heavily