



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

"I suppose," said the new saleswoman, "that you want a suit that will make you look attractive to your husband?"

"Attractive to my husband?" echoed the shopper. "I should say not. He wouldn't know if I wore a suit ten years old. What I want is something that will make my next-door neighbor turn a pale pink green with envy."

"I am thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked the comedian. "Take my advice and don't wear the villain. An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."

"Are you a good loser?"

"I ought to be—I've had practice enough."

Mother: "Willie, is it possible you are teaching your pupil to swear?"

Willie: "No, mother; I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough-looking waiter suggestively. "Gentlemen at this table usually—remember my sir?"

"I don't wonder," said the customer cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget."

Ethel: "How did Jack happen to propose a second time?"

Kitty: "Because I refused him the first time, of course."

Willie: "Pa, what is a slave to fashion?"

Pa: "A man who has a wife and some grown daughters, my son."



Doctor: "You should die—*causam*—they are the secret of life. The Patient: "Yes, but how do you keep it a secret?"

A Treat for Her. "Surprising I gave you your supper," said the first-looking woman, "what will you do to earn it?"

"Madam," said the second-looking woman, "I'll give you an opportunity of seeing a man go through a whole meal without finding fault with a single thing."

"The woman thought for a moment, and then told him to come in and she set the table."

More Commercial Candor. From a Leeds grocer's circular:—"A perfection of blending is obtained in—Tea, which, upon analysis, is pronounced to be absolutely injurious to health."

Mother: "What is Freddy crying for, Nellie?"

Nellie: "Miss Smith whipped him."

Mother: "Why did she do that?"

Nellie: "Miss Smith wrote the word 'particled' in my exercise book, and said it meant 'very same piece.' Then she told Freddy to say a sentence with the word 'particled' in it, but he hadn't been attending, for he said, 'Pa, tickles you under the chin, Miss Smith, for I've seen him.'"

Mother (packing schoolroom): "You will pack your boxes at once, Miss Smith, and leave today. How dare you strike one of my children!"

Ambiguous. The vicar, advertised for an organist the other day. Among the replies he received was the following:—"Dear Sir: I notice that you have a vacancy for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position."



THE JUSTWEDS. Eugene—This bookcase is an inch out of plumb. We must have that fixed.

Imogene—Oh, dear! And I've heard these plumbers are so expensive.

"What is the air composed of?"

"Please, sir," replied the child, "oxygen and cambrigen!"

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the wanderer at the door.

"Poor old sailor!" echoed the lady who had opened the door.

"Yes'm, I followed the wotter fer twenty years."

"Well," said the lady, as she slammed the door in his face after a critical look thereat, "you certainly don't look as if you'd ever caught it up."

"Ain't I lucky?"

It was at a beer emporium at Formby that a Waterloo Cup sweepstakes was held. After the draw a customer who had invested in four chances entered the bar, and after the usual ceremonies the following dialogue took place:—

Customer: "Who drew Tide Time?"

Publican: "Why, my wife. Ain't she lucky?"

Customer: "Aye. An' who drew Old Distemper?"

Publican: "My lass. Ain't she lucky?"

Customer: "Aye. An' who drew Old Diddy?"

Publican: "That's a funny thing, too. My lad drew Diddy. Ain't he lucky? An' these hasn't paid for their four tickets yet, lad."

Customer: "No, I ain't. Ain't I lucky?"



Crafty Neighbor (to stout old lady who has just entered carriage with four on each side): "Excuse me, Mum, but you'll find more room on the other side—there are only four there."

Old Lady: "Thankie, Sir, so there be: I ain't noticed." (Changes over.)

"Change of Name. From Jacob Galba, iwushuku-Bright to Galba Iwashuku Okotom."—Sterra Leone Weekly News. We notice no improvement.

Commercial Candor. Notice in a shop window at Reading:—"Try—'s Sausages: None like em."

Quits Natural. Miss Caustic: "Your friend Smythe brags that he is a self-made man. You never hear a self-made woman boasting about it?"

Mr. Critic: "No. They like everyone to think it's natural."

Complimented. The young author approached the postoffice stamp window.

"How much postage will this require?" he asked. "It is one of my manuscripts."

"Two cents an ounce," smiled the clerk. "That's first-class matter."

"Oh, thank you!"

If I ever wandered home about half-time in the morning and met at the door an imported Japanese kimono, crowned by a flock of ultramarine blue hair done up in curl papers, we'd swear off.

As General Sherman would say, if he came back and gave the Mexican situation the up and down, it's a hell of a war.

The Why of the Pote. "I love to sing of Spring," said he. "When fell is Winter keeps, I love to sing of twining birds, And lovely turnip greens, To sell my verse for just enough, And buy a plate of beans."

At Cedar Creek. "All the shuttle of Cedar Creek," said the veteran captain of a company in one of Virginia's bravest regiments, "my company, which generally wasn't afraid of the arch-fiend himself, got demoralized and panic-stricken. Despite all my efforts, they broke and started pell-mell for the rear."

"As one fellow, whom I knew was as fearless as a lion, dashed by me, I drew my revolver, and cried:—"

"Halt! and return to your place! If you don't I will shoot!"

"Shoot and be hanged!" he replied, never slackening his pace.

"What's one bullet to a basketful?"

Thompson's Turn. Jenkins: "Didn't the lawyer on the other side give you a terrible overhauling?"

Thompson: "Didn't he, tho? You can bet if I have any more law business, I'm going to hire him!"

What Ma Would Have. Father, teaching his 6-year-old son in one of Virginia's bravest regiments, begged his son to listen:

Father: "Mother, if you had a dollar, and I gave you five more, what would you have?"

Mother (replying absently): "Hysicks."

Irony of Fate: "To swear off for six months and then be run down by a beer truck!"

"Genial" Morgan, slangist and Stillson fan, just dropped in and opined that this new hair dying fad was very "genial." We predict a short life for "Genial."

A Davenport Iowa, wife laughed herself to death after hearing a story told by her husband. Faithful unto death!

History As She Might Have Been. The seven Foolish Virgins were making a kick about the way they were given the rush from the bridegroom's house.

"Well," said they, "our lamps may not be trimmed, but we are—and that's a cinch."

The learned divine who hazards that women will dress as they please evidently is married.

The Greeks may have been a sturdier race than ours, but we'd like to see these Greek persons go up against the tango seven nights a week.

Reverse English. I cannot sing the new songs, They fit me with disgust, As I remarked, I sing them not, I haven't got the crust.

It must cheer the ghost of Mr. Benton to know that his death is "officially" denied.

In other words, Mexico is not much of a health resort.

"Are you and papa doin' to stay at home dis evening?" asked the child of his mother.

"Yes, dear," her mother replied.

The little one looked thoughtful for a moment, and then lisped, "What th' matter?"

"You're been awful true to me."

"You've been awful that hateful cat."

"That hussy, Lillie Jones."

"My dear," said I, and heaved a sigh. "These words of yours ain't right, I have one every night."

My honeyed words she heeded not, But cut me, oh, so dead, For on my coat she'd found a hair, A long, sleek hair, and red, A tango red—the latest shade, My goose was cooked, I knew, For Lillie's hair was tango red, While Lillie's hair was blue."

Utilizing the Mirror. A dentist was filling a lady patient's back teeth. When he finished with the first tooth he handed the lady a hand mirror that she might see the result for herself. Then he went on with his task, repeating this performance with the mirror after each tooth was filled. Finally, when the job was completed and she had handed back the mirror with thanks, he said:

"Well, madam, how do they look?"

"How do what look?" she returned.

"The teeth I just filled."

"Oh, I forgot about the teeth," she exclaimed, reaching for the hand glass.

"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"

"My hair."

Lord Salisbury's Majesty. The Bishop of London on one occasion, when he went to Buckingham Palace, told the King that he had passed Lord Salisbury in an ante-room, but the latter did not seem to know him.

"Oh," said King Edward, "Lord Salisbury never recognizes anyone" and going to a bureau he took out a new portrait of himself and handed it to the bishop, saying, "What do you think of this?"

"A very excellent likeness, sir," said the bishop.

"When I showed it to Salisbury," said the King, "he looked hard at it and then said: 'Poor old Buller! I wonder if he's as stupid as he looks.'"

An Offence. "Why did they fire Dusty Rhodes from the Order of the Sons of Rest?"

"Per havin' 'n's as stupid as he looks."

Parody. March wind And April shower Make me shuffle By the hour.

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Willie, "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

Customer (trying on dress suit, jocosely): "I hope I'll never be mistaken for a waiter."

Tailor: "When in doubt, keep your hands in your pockets."

A Warning. A colored man, on trial for life in a remote Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All I has to say is this, judge: If you bangs me, you hangs the best cook in Tennessee."

Consoling. "I told your father I could not live without you," he exclaimed sadly.

"And what did he say?" replied the dear girl.

"Oh, he offered to pay my funeral expenses."

Hence the B's. "Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins.

"Because that is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

Privileged. When she assured me that I might look on her always as a sister, I exercised a brother's right, And most affectionately kissed her.

With Cold Bottles. "Beanbrough is very fond of the birds."

"An ornithologist, eh?"

"No; epicure."

Obscure. "You say you used to have a profession, my good man?"

"Oh, yes, lad; I used to manufacture petticoats."

Little Mr. Elmeton, a traveling salesman, on Thanksgiving Day found himself for away from home, and naturally very lonesome. He knew not a soul in the hotel at which he was staying, and he decided that he must attract some attention at any cost.

"Presently the bell-hop came thru the lobby, bearing a Mr. Murphy," Mr. Elmeton said, "and he shouted, 'Say, boy, vat initials?'"

"Mis' Rogers," said Belle, wiping her hands on her apron, "you 'st got to get rid of that triflin' Jim Johnson or I leave you."

"What's the trouble, Belle?"

"Why, that colored trash is stealin' from me same as it I was white."

Before the passage of the present strict banking laws in Wisconsin, starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprisingly small amount of capital needed was well illustrated by the story of a prosperous country town banker, told on himself, when asked how he happened to enter the banking business.

"Well, he said, 'I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store building and painted BANK on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited a hundred dollars with me the second day another man dropped in and deposited two hundred and fifty, and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself!'"

"Your name," asked the teacher, registering a new pupil.

"Arthur."

"And what's your first name?"

"How?"

"Well, haven't you got them wrong? I think Arthur must be your first name, and know your family name. Isn't that right?"

But the small pupil was not persuaded. A day or two later he volunteered.

"Teacher, mother says 'Edward' is my first name. She says I got that name when I was born and she didn't name me Arthur till three months later!"

Two impostors, having almost dulled their tempers—and their noses—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather-bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to doze the lump, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he wretchedly shook his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up."

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, "it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"

A charming girl of eighteen, the daughter of a Western ranch-owner, and quite a society queen in her own city, had been brought by her father, to the White House reception.

As her small hand disappeared within the heavy grasp of the President, the maiden looked up at him and smiling sweetly said:

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Roosevelt. I've often heard dad speak of you."

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with a rather wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"A new teacher, we've got a new baby at our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that nice. What's the baby's name?"

"Several days later the teacher remembered to inquire about the new baby."

"Oh, Rosie, how is little today?"

"The child looked bewildered. "Oh teacher, we ain't got no baby."

"Yes, you told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. No teacher, his name's Mose, his name ain't Ike. We found we already got one Ike."

Nora was applying for a place as cook, and when asked for a reference, presented the following:

"To whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for us a week and we are satisfied."

Musician: "What's the rent of this room, including the use of the piano?"

Landlady: "I can't say at hand. You must play me something first."

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A good-natured man going home late at night spotted a man leaning against a doorpost.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Drunk?"

"Yes."

"Want me to help you in?"

"Yes."

With difficulty he carried the drooping figure up to the second floor.

"Is this it? Do you live here?"

"Yes."

Rather than face an angry wife, the good-natured man opened the first door, pushed the limp figure in and closed the door. Then he groped his way down stairs. As he came out he saw another man apparently in a worse condition than the first.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You drunk, too?"

"Yes, came the feeble reply. "Shall I help you up stairs?"

The good Samaritan carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived, opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the street he saw a third man, evidently worse off than either of the others. As the good Samaritan approached, however, the man fled up the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

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