

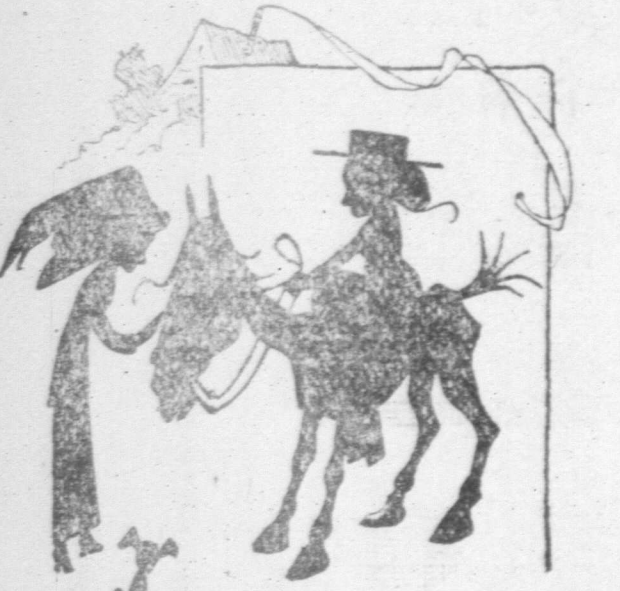
A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK



It Pays to Advertise.
An obvious truth is of no particular consequence unless by some personal touch, attention is called to it in an original way. The recent experience of a young man out of work in New York illustrates this. He had a placard on his back, a la sandwich-man, and started to walk up Broadway. On the placard, in large letters, he had painted: "I want a job." He got it.

English Papers Please Copy.
The teacher had guests at school one afternoon and naturally was anxious for her pupils to make a good impression.
"William," she asked of a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"
"Yes, ma'am," was the quick reply. "He was an American gen'ral."
"Quite right," replied the teacher. "And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"
"Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy. "He was remarkable because he was an American and told the truth."

Mr. Brown had just registered and was about to turn away when the clerk asked:
"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"
"Name?" echoed the indignant guest. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"
"That is what aroused my curiosity,"



AT THE HORSE SHOW
Minnie—"Are you a good judge of horses?"
Tillie—"I don't know, my dear; I never ate any."

A Big Difference.
A learned bishop was once taken to task by some of his denomination brethren on the charge of exhibiting conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility.
"It is not conceit," replied the bishop, with that ponderous bearing that shrouded opposition. "It is not conceit, brethren. It is the consciousness of superiority."

Identifying Himself.
One of the guests at a wedding, seeing a dandy-looking young man who appeared to be on terms of familiarity with the principals asked:
"Are you related to the bride or to the bridegroom-elect?"
"No," was the gloomy reply.
"Then," said the guest, "what interest have you in the ceremony?"
"Well," replied the young man, "I'm the defeated candidate."

The Trouble.
Willie—"Then you really think the Sunday papers give a child false ideas of life?"
Gills—"You bet. Look at the power it gives him of the purchasing idea of a nickel!"

Revised.
I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know just where—
For I was there!
(No flowers.)

In the course of one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber's shop to be shaved.
"You're a stranger?" asked the barber.
"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."
"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"
"Oh, I guess so."
"Have you bought your ticket?"
"Not yet."
"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."
"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said, with a sigh. "I never saw such luck. I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."



Injured Party (who has just been turned out of a public-house, explaining his little grievance):
"Now, what d'you shay, conshable? D'you think I'm intoxicated?"
Constable: "Yes, I should certainly say you were."
Injured Party: "Well, I'm quite willing to be analyzed."

An old Scotch lady was compelled to carry an ear-trumpet with her wherever she went. Upon visiting a small church in Scotland, not long ago, she was watched very suspiciously by the sexton until she reached her seat. Then, as if he could stand the suspicion no longer, he went over to her and, shaking a warning finger emphatically, he said:
"Madam—one foot, and you're out."

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means the place of—thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can anyone give another example?"
Nobody appeared very anxious to do so, until little Johnny Snags, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly:
"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

The other morning Mrs. Jones went to see her neighbor, Mrs. Smith. It was obvious that she was greatly upset about something. "I'll have to get rid of Fido," she burst out. "He broke into the larder yesterday."
"Dear me!" said Mrs. Smith, sympathetically. "Did he eat much?"
Mrs. Jones tried hard to speak calmly, while her eyes blazed with righteous wrath and burning indignation, as she replied:
"Every single thing except the dog biscuits!"

A well known suffragette was recently talking to a reporter about the comparative deceitfulness of men and women.
"Women," said the reporter, "are the more deceitful."
"No," said the suffragette, "men are the worse. Look at the way they deceive their wives."
"Do you claim," the reporter asked, "that men should never deceive their wives?"
The would-be voter smiled. "Oh, no," she said.
"How could the average man ever get a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

An American who prided himself on a wonderful imagination that could conceive the biggest lies on record once made a wager that he could tell a greater falsehood than any man in the town where he resided. The stakes being deposited, he proclaimed that he once threw a ten penny nail with such force that it pierced the moon.
"Aye, that is true," exclaimed another man. "I saw him do it for I found it on the other side and caught the nail."

A barber, after scraping away industriously for a few moments, made the usual inquiry:
"Razor all right, sir?"
"No, no," said the customer, "if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face."
The barber beamed.
"Thank you, sir," he said.
"No," added the customer, reflectively, "I should have thought you were using a file."

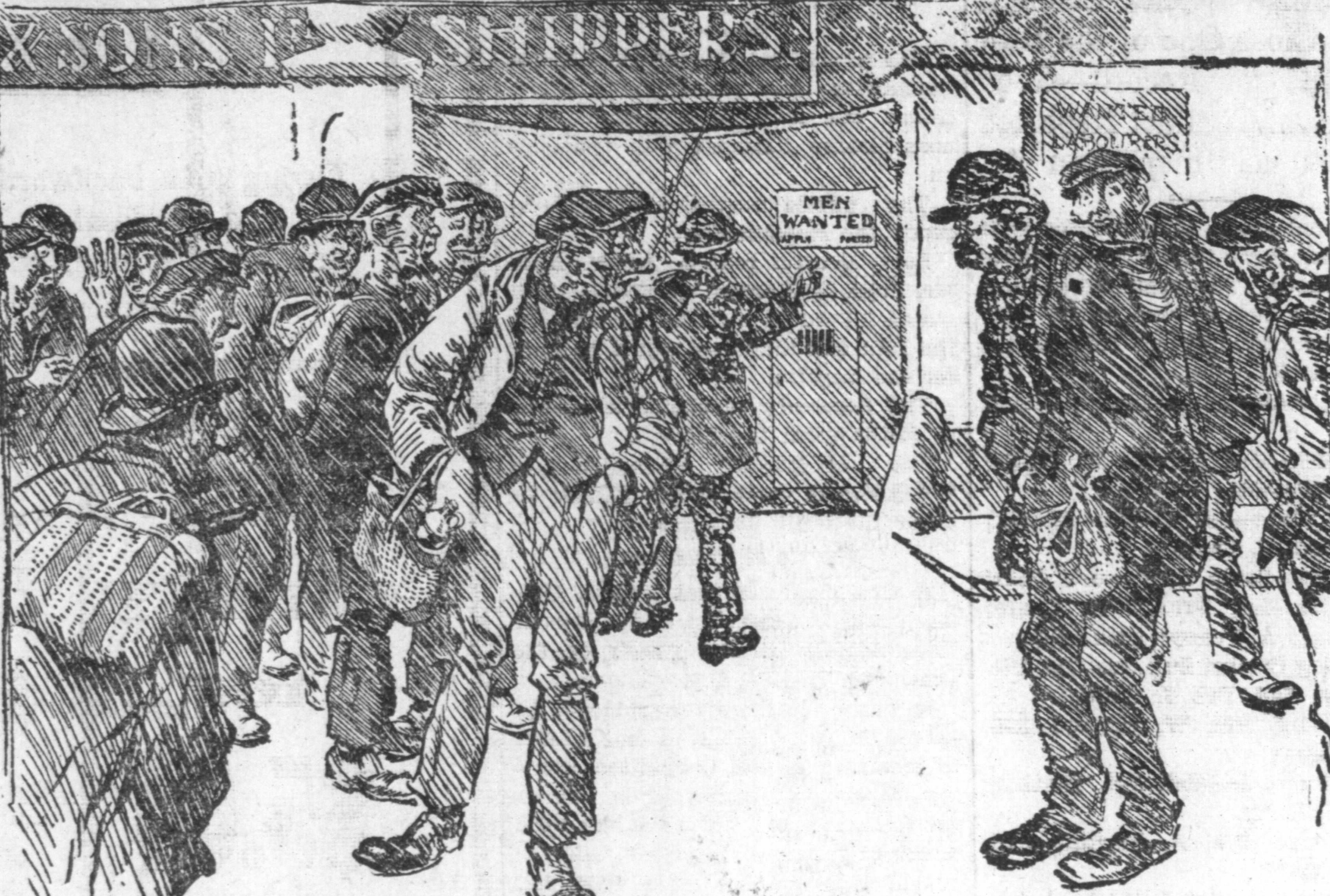


TWICE LENT.
Gladys—"Does your husband give you an allowance?"
Delores—"Oh, yes; but he borrows it before I get a chance to spend any of it."

The dean of a certain cathedral was one day walking thru the precincts when he came upon a laborer at work on a small plastering job. The man looked up at him, and went on with his work without touching his cap.
This lack of due respect nettled the dean, who purposely passed the place shortly afterwards. Again the man failed to salute, and the dean said, reprovingly:
"My man, do you know who I am?"
"I am the dean of this cathedral," the laborer glanced from the short-tempered cleric to the lofty building, and replied:
"And a very good berth, too. Mind you keep it!"

What She Meant.
Amelia was all sweet, nice, and nervous and she said to her sweet-heart:
"You have been so old a friend. I want to tell you something, I am, and she blushed, "I am going to be married."
"Wait," he cried hoarsely. "Before you go further, hear me. I must say it, tho I have no right now, but I will have less right later. I love you; I adore you; I have loved you since we were children together. I do not see how I can live and see you the wife of another. But at least you will know that I have loved you all these years, and when you hear the wind sigh over my distant grave—of course, that is nonsense—'Don't take on so, John Henry.'"
"Don't take on so, John Henry," she said softly. "I'm going to marry you!"
Then the strong man fainted, and, as she bent over him, a determined little line showed about her mouth, and she muttered: "I had to do something to bring him to it."

One of the newly-rich, John Johnson by name, to establish a sort of literary character, had bought a lot of books, among them a copy of a rare old dictionary. It was somewhat out of repair, and he took it to the binder's. When finished, he noticed that the words, "Johnson's Dictionary," had been stamped on the back. He fell into a furious passion, and demanded of the man:
"Why didn't you put the full name on—John Johnson's Dictionary?"



First Workman: "Got any baccy on yer, Bill?"
Second Ditto: "Yus; but I thought as 'ow you 'ad stopped smokin'?"
First Ditto: "Wal, I'm a-doin' of it gradual like—I don't smoke me own baccy no more."

Customer: "Walter, confound it, this steak isn't tender enough!"
Walter (who is under notice to leave): "Not tender enough? Well, what do you expect? Do you want it to jump up and hug and kiss you?"
"Your wife used to like to sing, and she played the piano a lot. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?"
"She hasn't the time. We have two children."
"Well, well! After all, children are a blessing!"

Bald-headed Gentleman (in barber's shop): "You ought to cut my hair cheaper; there is nothing much to cut."
Hairdresser: "Oh, no; in your case we don't charge for cutting the hair, we charge for having to search for it."
Customer: "You say these watches cost five shillings to make? Why, that is the price you are selling them at!"
Jeweler: "That's quite right."
Customer: "Then how do you make any profit?"
Jeweler: "Repairing them."

Mrs. Upton: "My dear, one servant is not enough in the kitchen. We must have two."
Mr. Upton: "Good gracious! We have three daughters, and only yesterday I paid a bill for their tuition in a cookery school!"
Mrs. Upton: "Yes, that's what is the matter. They are all assisting at the cooking, and Kew's says she must have additional help to clear up the mess!"

"Here, sir," said the antique dealer, displaying a huge sword to a clerical looking collector. "Ever see anything more interesting than that? That's Balaam's sword."
"But, my good man, that cannot be," said the collector. "Balaam never had a sword. He only wished for one."
"Quite right, sir," said the dealer. "This is the one he wished for!"

Mr. John Burns always has a stock of good stories. One he tells concerning a visit he once paid to a London lunatic asylum. He was taken all over the establishment, and finally arrived at the gardens, where a number of the patients were working. Mr. Burns espied among these a man with whom he had some slight acquaintance, and was about to speak to him when the lunatic suddenly exclaimed:
"Well, I never! You, too! The very last person I thought to see here."



SURELY NOT.
Kindly Gent—Willie, aren't you afraid you're late for supper?
Willie—Now! I got de meat.

Hot, Rather.
A party of commercial travelers seated round the coffee-room fire were drawing the long bow and spinning yarns of wonderful adventures on sea and land. A silent listener sat in the corner. Presently one of the company addressed him:
"Have you traveled much, sir?"
"A little. I've been round the world seven times."
"Then you must have had some striking experiences. Perhaps you would like to tell us one or two."
"Well," said the stranger, "perhaps the most remarkable was on my last voyage. At one time we found the heat so terrific that we used to take it in turns to go down into the stove-hole to get cooler."
No more yarns were related that evening.

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a narrow passage, "stopped by an angel."
"And I am like the angel," said she, "stopped by an ass."

Essentials.
Cub: "I suppose the three 'Es' are still the essential foundation for a good newspaper?"
Editor: "Not on your life. It's the four 'S's' nowadays."
Cub: "Three 'S's'?"
Editor: "Yes! We've got to have a snappy editorial writer, snappy reporters, and a snippy society editor."

Fashion's Slave.
Crawford: "So your wife kept nagging at you for money because she hadn't any decent clothes?"
Crabshaw: "Yes, and as soon as she got it she lusted in Dutch necks and skin-tight skirts!"

So Thoughtful.
Lillie: "I hear that your father is to replace your motor car with an aeroplane."
Tillie: "Yes, poor dear! He thinks we can't see the milliners' show windows from an aeroplane."
Lillie: "There goes one of the most successful dentists in this town; and yet he knows little about dentistry."
"What's the secret of his success, then?"
"He keeps the magazine table in his waiting room strictly up to date."

A Great Sticker.
That grocer who sells thirty-eight and forty-six cent butter out of the same tub is sometimes a great sticker for honesty.

Shading Down.
Nervous performer at country concert: "I 'avent—never—sung to a pianer before, but I dessey we'll get on all right if ye can just play the 'high notes a bit low."

At the Movies.
He (his arm around her): "What a dainty wrist you have, honey!"
She: "That isn't my wrist, dearie! That's the ankle of the man beside me!"

Classified.
Uncle Ezra (on first visit to city, in front of door): "It's all marble in there, Eben; but I don't know what kind of a place it is."
Uncle Eben (ditto): "Don't show your ignorance, Ezra. If the people are wrapped up in it, it's a Turkish bath; if they ain't got much on it, it's a fashionable restaurant."

Some men are so wise that a future marrying a woman with a past is ever present.
Lots of futures can be traced to the belief that other people are not quite as smart as we are.
To the man who is always waiting for something to turn up, success is always just around the corner of the next street.
A man is apt to think his latest good resolution is the best he ever broke.

Time may be money, but it hangs much more heavily on our hands.
Women wear so much false hair nowadays that it is extremely difficult to tell which is switch.
The man who feels that he has a message for the world generally sends it collect.
The egotist wouldn't be satisfied with himself unless he felt that everybody else was also satisfied with him.

"SAFETY FIRST."
He jests at scars who has never been at war with himself.
The people who are content are merely those who don't know any better.
The man who is on the winning side is most apt to preach the triumph of right.
The fellow who is always on the fence must be pretty well balanced to stay there.

Big Guys.
Jay: "I'm tired at 'vor of these high baseball salaries."
Joy: "Why?"
Jay: "It's getting so nowadays that a player will soon call a taxi when he gets a pass to first."
The X-Ray Skirt Again.
Ed: "Why is Miss Bones like a bum pitcher?"
Ike: "You got me."
Ed: "She can't show any curves."
Force of Habit.
Willie (in the cemetery): "This can't be Hardupp's grave. The inscription reads 'Mrs. Hardupp.'"
Gills: "Yes, but you see he had his tombstone, like his other things, put in his wife's name."

Pertinent.
Mrs. Henpeck: "It would be better for you men if the women had votes."
Henpeck: "Do you mean that if you were bossing things outside you would stop doing it at home?"

It Was Hard.
"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.
"The only thing I'm kicking about," answered the burglar, "is being identified by a man that kept his head under the bed clothes the whole time. That's wrong."

Overdid It.
Assistant: "What's the matter?"
Publisher: "Matter enough! This new publicity man has ruined us!"
Assistant: "I thought you said he was the best man we ever had?"
Publisher: "He was 'till he discovered that our edition of the Bible was our best selling book last year. Now he has spread broadcast pictures of the author, his wife, photographs of him shooting in the Rockies, jabbering with the neighbors, and feeding his pets, and has even arranged a tentative lecture tour for him."

Few Can.
Willis: "Wonderful memory Bump has."
"Indeed!"
Willis: "Yes. You could go to him right now and he could tell you just where he put his lawn mower, fannel trousers, and screen doors."

Something Just as Good.
Don't talk too much is a good motto. A stiff lower jaw is sometimes as useful as a stiff upper lip.
It takes nerve to allow a dentist to kill one.
The weaker a man is the stronger his habits grow on him.
It is quite possible to eliminate the sting from a joke and still retain its point.
We would have to be gifted with second sight to see what some men and women ever see in each other.

His Secret.
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His Way.
"I never return borrowed money," said Beately. "You see, people are so close-fisted nowadays that when I borrowed a dollar they make me feel that I have earned it."

The Real Need.
Willis: They have got automobiles within the reach of the average man's pocketbook now.
Gills: Yes. Now hope they'll get them within reach of the average man's understanding.

Ah, Yes!
Englishman (learning baseball): Tell me, old top, why did you just call that shortstop a "bird"?
American: Why, he was captured in the bushes!

Did His Part.
A little boy of five was invited to a children's party. The next day he was giving an account of the fun, and said that each of the little visitors had contributed either a song, a recitation, or music for the pleasure of the rest.
"Oh, poor little Jack!" said his mother. "How very unfortunate you could do nothing!"
"Yes, I could, mother," replied the young hopeful. "I stood up and said my prayers!"

New Duty.
"Mabel, I'm drawn on the grand jury."
"So am I, Gertrude."
"Our responsibilities will be heavy."
"I realize that. What shall we wear?"
"What would you do when first employed to bring an action?" asked an examiner of a young candidate for the legal profession.
"Ask for a retaining fee," was the prompt reply. He passed.

Dancing Elsewhere.
Bo Home—I suppose you found your visit to Russia very interesting. What did you notice specially?
Cosmopolite—The absence of Russian dancers.

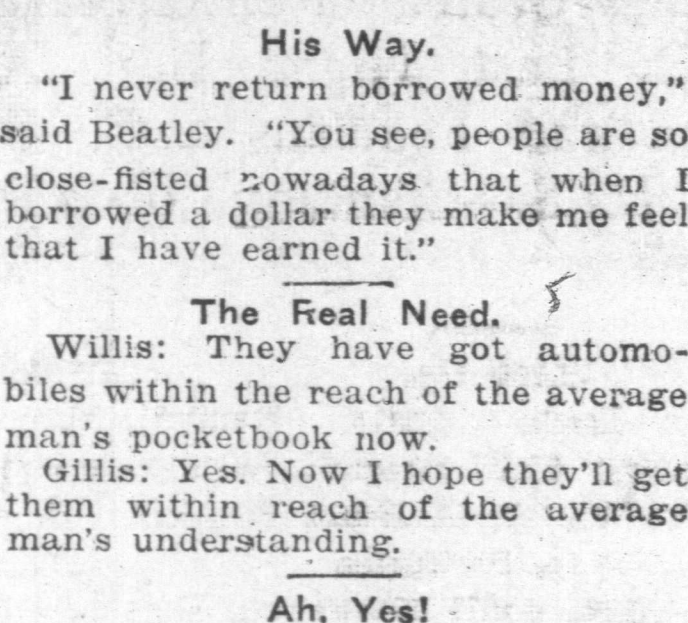
Trying to Please One.
Angry diner—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig!
Waiter—I am doing my best, sir.

Right Impulse, But Wrong Foot.
George—Didn't you notice that I pressed your foot at dinner tonight?
Ethel—Why, it wasn't my foot you pressed. Oh, George, I wondered why mother was smiling so sweetly at the minister!

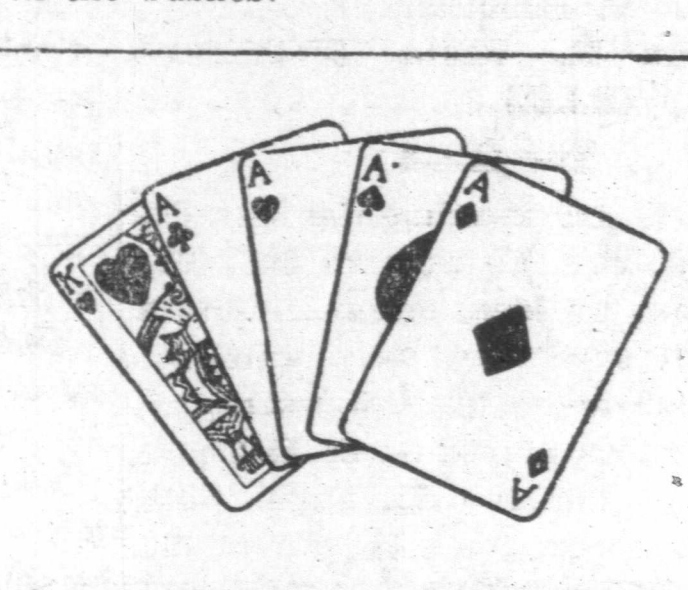
Dead Game.
Photographer—Full length, or bust?
Uncle Si—Sure! An' if she busts I guess I kin stand it.
No.
"Was Eve a snake charmer?"
"No, frien'; those were the days when snakes did the charming."
Just the Girl.
She: "I hear you were disappointed in love."
He: "Oh, no; love is all right!"

Prohibited.
Frosh: "What did Jinks shove his moustache for?"
Soph: "Basketball."
Frosh: "Basketball?"
Soph: "Yep; unnecessary roughness is prohibited."
A Child's Query.
"Mamma, are you going to bed, that you are putting on your nightgown?"
"No, my child; I am going to dinner in the city."

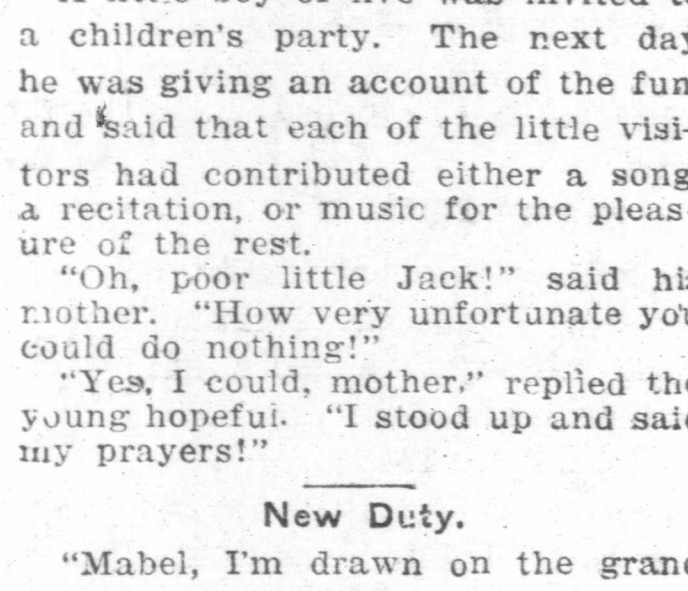
Characteristic.
Pete: "The poker habit sure got Jones, didn't it?"
Skeet: "Yep; he even walks with a shuffle."
A Terrible Jolt.
He: "Miss Smith, do you like animals?"
She: "Are you fishing for compliments?"
Insulted.
Salesman: "I think you will find this cook book very suggestive."
Bride-elect: "Sir!"



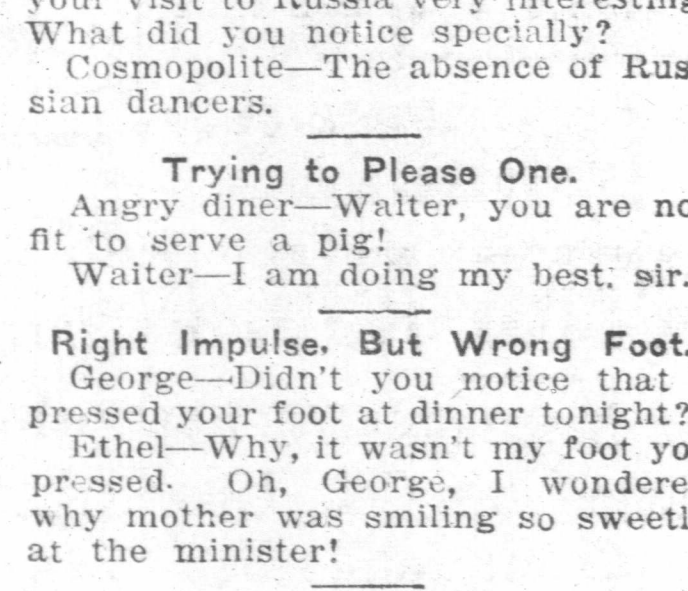
A mastery hand, or a safety razor.



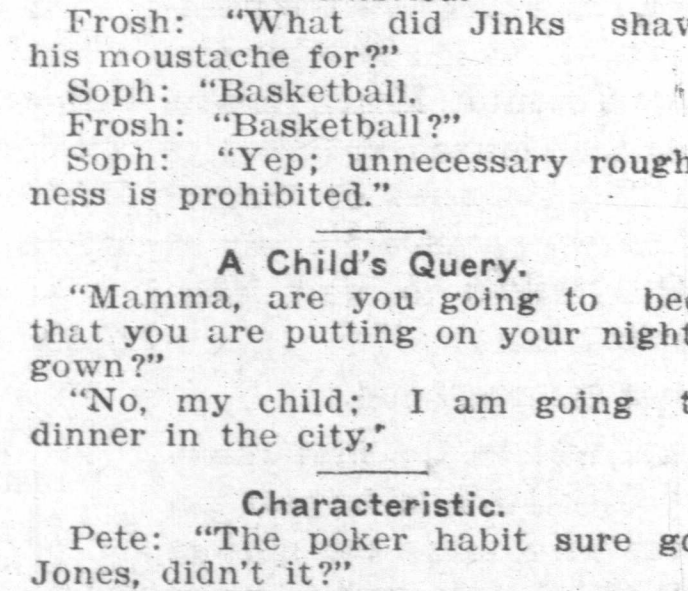
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