



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

The Humane Hermit.

Once upon a time a traveler discovered a hermit basking in the sunshine at the entrance of his cave. "I presume," inquired the wayfarer, "that you were driven to abandon the haunts of men and embark in the hermit profession by reason of the weariness caused by the efforts of other people to pry into your business?"

"Not so!" replied the hermit. "I took to the wilds because I could not restrain my curiosity about other people's business."

Thereupon the traveler bowed low and said, "For once in my life I see a man who possesses a willingness to take the same medicine that he prescribes for others!"

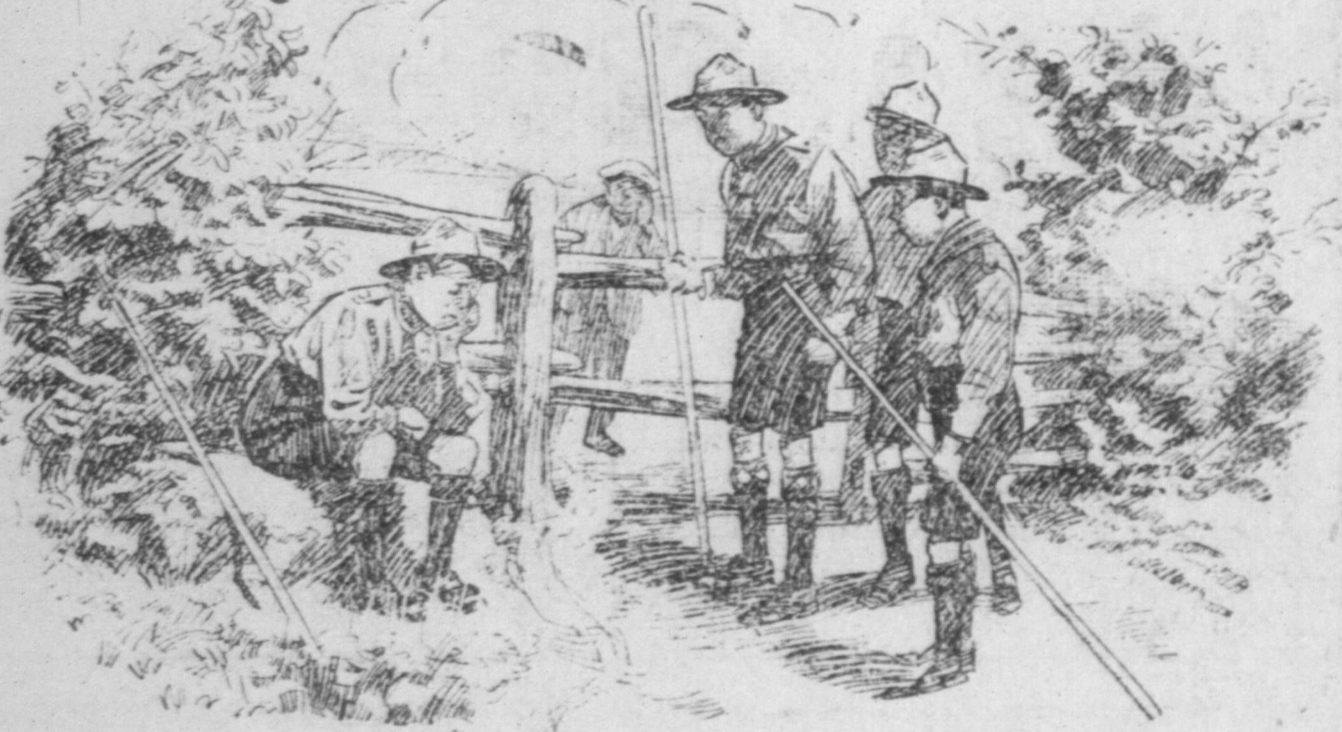
A Good Thing.
Ford—Has Suburbs a well-appointed house?

Shaw—He must have. Since he moved out to Loneyhurst, his neighbors never think of going anywhere else when they want to borrow anything.

Foiled.
Madge—How was it you didn't have a good time at the reception?
Marjorie—I heard a story about a girl who was there, but she kept within hearing all the time, and I couldn't tell it to anybody.

Winter Training.
"You have more stamina," commented the delighted manager. "I see you're able to go a longer route. Your winter training must have helped you."
"I think I did," said the star pitcher. "You see, last winter I only did twenty minutes in vaudeville. This winter I was out with a five-act play."

Inspiration.
"You can't write verse on some subjects. Now, for instance, what poetry is there in a pork chop?"
"I can see you've never been real hungry."



GOOD DEEDS AND ILL WEEDS.
The Sympathizer (to fellow-scout in distress): Hallo, Smith, what's the matter?
Smith (faintly): Just done my good deed for today. Took a cigar from a beastly little kid.

Very apt was a description of the wilds of Mayo, given by an Irish farver. He had two passengers with him, one of whom lived in a very rich grazing district. He was astonished at the bleak, miserable aspect of the country they were passing thru, and he began questioning the driver as to its quality, powers of production, and what it would feed to the acre.

"Well, sir," replied the driver, "it might feed a hare to the acre in summer, but in the winter she would have to run for her life."

Mr. W. M. R. Pringle, M.P., tells a story about a northern member of parliament concerning whom tales were in circulation to the effect that he was a member of the House of Commons and that he had a large number of supporters.

"Not a word about that," whispered the chairman of committee. "It's made you the most popular man in the place."

An old worthy who was in the habit of calling each evening at the village inn for a "drap o' the best," found the landlord one night putting a shine on the taps. After a few remarks about the weather, he received his nightly dram. When he had gone the landlord discovered, to his horror, that he had supplied Donald with a half-gill out of the bottle of sulphuric acid which he had been using for cleaning the taps.

"Donald, what did you think o' the whisky ye got last night?"
"It was a fine dram, a good warming dram, but it had wau-fault—every time I coughed it set fire to ma whiskers."

The Easiest Way.
Joe: "What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?"
Josephine: "Hold the hammer in both hands."

Visited Pa.
He: "I called to see your father this afternoon."
She (fluttering visibly): "Oh, did you?"
He: "Yes. He has been owing our firm a little bill for some time."

Wouldn't Do.
"Why did you break your engagement to Cholly?"
"He has one of these whiskermustaches that kept brushing my complexion off."

Benevolence.
"Why does an automobile smell?"
"To safeguard the deaf and blind."

Bad Luck!
Postman: "Bad luck, Mr. Doolan! Here's a black-edged letter for you!"
Mr. Doolan: "It's me poor brother Pat, dead! O'd know his handwritin' anywhere!"

One Way.
Miss Varney was trying to illustrate to her youthful Sunday school class the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical she said:

"Now, suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple. That would be one way of returning good for evil."

A little girl, sitting in one of the front seats, raised her hand.
"Well, Elizabeth," said the teacher, "what is it?"
"Then," said Elizabeth firmly, "he would strike you again to get another apple."

Time Serving.
"What are you making such a fuss about? I thought being executor of an estate was a soft thing."
"Perhaps it is sometimes. But I have to wind up the affairs of a clockmaker."

Avoiding Offense.
The man staid at the telephone. He would fain relieve his mind, but there were ladies present.
"Why," he at length exclaimed indignously, "should I say 'hello' when the reverse is true?"

Weakest Cog.
"What's the most liable to get broke about your automobile?"
"The owner," replied Mr. Chug-gins.

"She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man. "Yes," replied the young woman, with a glance at her rival's complexion, "and hand-painted, too."

The Source.
Mr. Hoyle was a most indulgent father, but of late he had commenced taking advantage of his generosity. "Why, when I was your age, young man," he said one morning, after a particularly urgent demand for more funds, "I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you spend in a day."

Heroic, but Effectual.
"Doctor," said the young man about town, "I want you to tell me what to do to cure myself of smoking. I've sworn off a dozen times, but it does no good. I'm a nervous wreck."
"Why do you come to me for advice, young chap? The only way to quit smoking is to quit, and you can't do that. You lack the will power."

"Think so?"
"I know it. I'll bet you ten dollars on it—and leave it to you."
"It's a bet, doc. Good-morning."
"Good morning."
Several months later:
"Doc, I've come to break it to you gently that you don't know it all. I have cured myself of the habit of smoking."

"That's good!"
"Yes; and you owe me just ten dollars. Remember our little wager?"
"I do. You win. But my bill is twenty dollars. You owe me a penny, young chap. . . . Thanks! Good-morning!"

Overdue Now.
"How is your financial?"
"All at sea."
"Oh?"
"He says he's going to pay up everything when his ship comes in."

Her Line of Interest.
"John, did you read about this Denver millionaire giving his wife a diamond tiara?"
"No."
"It's in all the papers. Why don't you keep posted on current events?"

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"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!"

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"There's nothing so hard to find as a young bronco," said the westerner.
"Oh, I don't know," replied the man from back east. "Did you ever try this water wagon?"

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"I see it says ere a workingman in France 'as just wake up aft on a trance lastin' seventy-seven days, an' the 'is wife repeatedly called 'im by name; 'e was oblivious to the fact that she was there."
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Disgusted Spectator (to bandy-legged half-back, who has let the ball slip thru his legs): "Na then, stupid! Don't let them play croquet wiv yer."

Some Fish.
Cook: "The pang has the laugh on Beanbrough."
Frye: "What's the idea?"
Cook: "Then Beanbrough was in Florida, he sent what he said was a postcard picture of a big fish he caught."
Frye: "Is that so?"
Cook: "Yes; but you know, he is a siffle neersighted, and the postcard he picked out bore the picture of a submarine boat."

The Only Way.
Women are the real conservatives, after all. If they can't do things the way they've always done 'em, they are likely not to do 'em at all. Which wise reflection is prompted by a story from the athletic club.

A large crowd of the wives and unmarried sisters of the members were taking advantage of the bathing-pool facilities the other afternoon. There were so many of them that they had to dress in relays. It was while the third section was dressing that a cry went up from one of the dressing-rooms.

"What's the matter, dear?" called one voice.
"Why, I don't believe I'll be able to get dressed in time to go shopping with you," wailed a voice in reply.
"What seems to be the trouble?"
"The fact is, so wet is here that I can't sit down to put my stockings on."

Exceptions.
Footie, the comedian, dined one day at a country inn, and the landlord asked how he liked his fare.
"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Footie.
"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.
"I except nobody," said he.
"But you must!" screamed the host.

"I won't!"
"You must!"
At length a petty magistrate took Footie before the mayor, who observed that he had been customary in this town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to ancient custom. Upon this decision, Footie paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom, except the mayor.

Had Better Keep Mum.
One "attendant" the bookkeeper employed by a certain concern bulged into the private office and timidly approached the desk of the boss.
"Mr. Jinks," said he, after some hesitation, "during the past week I have been doing the clerk's work as well as my own, and this being pay-day, I thought I would remind you of that fact."
"Yes, sir," responded the boss thoughtfully. "You make ten dollars a week and the clerk makes five dollars. Is that right?"
"Yes, sir," answered the bookkeeper with a hopeful expression.

"Good!" smiled the boss. "Then, as I figure if you you made half a week for yourself and half a week for the clerk, I will let the cashier to fix the amount at seven dollars and fifty cents."

The Real Question.
"My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"
"Why," said the son irreverently, "I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?"

Marcella: "Mr. Beanbrough seems to be greatly bothered with indigestion."
Waverly: "I should say so! He refused to attend a moving-picture show the other evening because one of the scenes had a banquet in it."

Landlord: "That fellow who just swaggered past? Oh, that's Bill Brown, an' he's a terror to auty-mobilists, I tell you!"
Guest: "Ah! the village constable, eh?"
Landlord: "Worse: he's the city motor-repair man within ten miles."

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the reporter.
"My which?" queried the oldest inhabitant.
"Your longevity," repeated the reporter.
"Never had it. As far as I can remember, I ain't never had no such complaint."

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Cyrus (entering a sixteenth-floor office of the Syndicate Building, perspiring and panting)—Them stairs must be awful miles long!
Occupant of Office: "Why didn't you come up in one of the elevators there?"
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Lame Duck: "Did you see the look that chapman gave us?"
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Tommy: "Pa, what is an anomaly?"
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Freshman: "Why don't they wear watches with full dress?"
Dormite: "No one could get them both out at once."

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"Muh po, breaved brudder," consolingly said good old Parson Bagger, addressin' a solemnly dry widower, "it is a solemn thing when a man loses de wife o' his buzzom."
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