

ZEPHYRS OF HUMOR FOR A WINTER SEASON

NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS

TWO passengers faced each other in a first-class carriage of the boat express. One was grey-haired and a trifle grumpy, the other was young, immaculate, and rather on the swell side.

The younger of the two would keep putting his head out of the window, much to the annoyance of his companion, who had remonstrated with him on more than one occasion.

But the younger man could not sit still, and just as they were approaching a big town popped his head out of the window again.

"Look here, my dear sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "This time I really must insist on your keeping your head within the carriage!"

"Why?" queried the other in a rebellious voice.

"First, because having the window open is bad for my rheumatism, and, secondly, because we are coming to a suspension bridge; and, as I am a director of this line, I do not intend to sit still and see the girders damaged."

"DON'T GET INJURED"

A COMMERCIAL traveler went home one day and said to his wife:

"I have done something to-day that I should have done when I first started on the road. I have taken out an accident insurance policy on my life. If I am killed the company pay \$5,000. If I am injured, then I get \$5 a week."

"For how long?" she asked.

"As long as I am laid up."

"But it might be only a week."

"Yes."

"And you would only get five dollars."

"That is all."

"And if you get killed you get \$5,000?"

"You would," he answered patiently.

Well, the next morning, when he started on his journey she threw her arms round him and cried:

"Now, John, for Heaven's sake, what even you do, don't get injured."

"NOT JOKING"

JOEY was rather apprehensively awaiting his father's return from business. He had a curious little feeling that more would be heard about the broken panes of glass in old Grime's glasshouse.

"Take off your coat, my son, and come along with me," said pa after he had rested from dinner.

"You're not going to give me a hiding, are you, pa?" inquired young Joe with a nervous gulp.

"Didn't I tell you this morning that I would settle with you for your bad behavior when I came home?" queried father.

"Yes," said Johnny hopefully; "but I thought you were only joking, like when you told the grocer you would settle with him."

"THEY COULDN'T EITHER"

SHE was a charming Canadian girl, but she could not see the point of a joke. Her class mates at college, jolly, fun-loving girls, regretted this serious defect in their dear friend and determined upon a reform.

So they made up a little joke with a very broad point to spring upon Evelyn that night. Accordingly, when they had all met in Evelyn's room, Clara propounded the joke, which was really a riddle.

"Maud," she said, "can you tell me the best way to make a Maltese cross?"

"No," replied Maud after due thought. "How do you make a Maltese cross?"

"Pull its tail," said Clara promptly.

The other girls tittered obligingly, but Evelyn sat solemn as an owl with a puzzled frown on her classic brow.

"What's the matter with you, Evelyn?" cried the girls, justly indignant.

"Can't you see the point?"

Evelyn shook her head. "Girls," she said, "I know it's a Maltese cross, but I can't for the life of me see how any one could make a Maltese cross out of a pullet's tail."

KNEW THEM ALL



UNCLE: "I thought you said you knew all the slippery places."
Nephew: "Yes, uncle; you're on one now."

HE WAITED TOO LONG

PERKINS, the waiter, gazed dully at the picture-postcard that had just arrived for him. Then a wave of purple ascended his rotund neck and spread over his countenance.

The grinning hall-boy who had brought him the card promptly burst into fits of laughter.

"You little hooligan!" gasped Perkins, venting his wrath on the boy.

"What's the matter?" inquired the under-manager.

"Matter!" spluttered the napkin-wielder. "Do you remember that bragging swanking Yankee who left here last week? I waited on him hand and foot, and when he left he said he wouldn't insult me by offering me a few dollars. A \$5 bill, he said, wasn't fitting recompense, but he'd send me a note when he got to town."

"Has he sent you a banknote, then?" asked the manager.

"Not much!" gasped the infuriated waiter. "It's a picture-postcard of a monkey, and the note underneath reads: 'Thy bright smile and winning way haunt me still!'"

"IN THE SLEEPING-CAR"

IT was in the early days of sleeping-cars, when they measured the sheets by square inches and weighed the blankets on letter-scales. It was also a suffering passenger who, tossing and jolting through the dark and chilly night, wondered whether by error he was sleeping between towels and would possibly find the sheets hanging over the towel-horse next morning.

"Porter," he cried as the train gave a particularly vicious jolt and dragged his last sheet of bed-clothing aside, "bring me a cork-screw."

The porter came hurrying along the aisle.

"Sorry, sir," he said respectfully, "but we don't allow drinking in the berths."

"I don't want to drink," retorted the suffering passenger. "I merely want to extract a pillow that has worked its way into my ear."

"CHEAPER"

LADY CUSTOMER: "I would like a pound of sulphur. How much is it?"

Druggist: "Fifteen cents a pound, madam."

Lady Customer: "I can get it for ten cents across the road."

Druggist: "I know it, madam; and there is also a place where you can get it for nothing."

"CONSIDERATE"



MASTER: You were very late this morning, Mary. I noticed last night you had company in the kitchen, and it was twelve o'clock when you went to bed.

MARY: Yes, sir; I was, and I said to myself you will be sleepy this morning and I would not disturb you by coming down too early.

TELEGRAPHIC MIRACLE

THERE are evidently still some people who are unacquainted with the fact that telegrams are signalled electrically over the wires by a system of dots and dashes, which, differently arranged, denote the various letters of the alphabet.

Here is the account of what took place at a Canadian post-office some few weeks ago.

An Irish farm laborer presented himself at the telegraph counter of the post-office at C— and handed in a telegram addressed to his wife at L—

The clerk counted the message, which consisted of twelve words, and said, "25 cents, please," when the clerk, following the customary rule, examined the back of the message form to see whether the sender had filled in his name and address (in the case of non-delivery, etc.), but to the clerk's surprise he found instead a sheet of very thin paper neatly pasted over the back containing a closely written letter of nearly two hundred words.

"What's this?" he inquired of the Irishman.

The Irishman looked troubled for a few seconds; then bending over the counter he whispered in the clerk's ear, "Shh! it is so; the devil of a gossamer 'll notice it."

"MIGHTY STYLISH"

A FARMER came to the city the other day and, among other things, he visited a high-class restaurant. His appetite ran to cheese, and inquiring of the waiter what sort of cheese they had remarked that he desired "some of this new."

"Why don't you try a bit of Roquefort?" suggested the waiter.

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"Hang it," he added, "bring me some. I like the name, anyway."

"Oh! I suppose it's some he thought he would take some home to the wife. Arriving late, he laid the small cheese wrapped in silver paper on the side-board.

He forgot to inquire about it till next night, and then he asked his wife how she liked it. She said it was "mighty stylish in the city, but somehow or other I couldn't use it. I couldn't get no foam out of it, and when I washed the children they smelled sort of funny. I can't say I like it."

"OPEN CONFESSION"

MR. AND MRS. JUSTINBOW occupied the same armchair.

"Darling," suddenly whispered he into her little pink ear, "I shall never really be happy until I've told you something."

"You remember the reason you married me, don't you?" resumed her reminiscent hubby. "You gave yourself to me in gratitude for having saved your life from drowning at M—, isn't that so?"

"Yes, sweetheart," Little Mrs. J.'s voice was sweetly tremulous.

"Well, dearest," her better half continued with set face and tragic calm, "I deceived you. The water was but waist deep."

A deadly silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of the self-confessed culprit. Then out of nowhere came a meek, small voice which said:

"Don't worry, dear; I knew, because I'd got my foot on the sand all the time!"

"BUDDING BUSINESS MAN"

SHE was an aristocratic but vinegar-faced lady, and she had called on her friend, Mrs. Huston.

"He's a charming little fellow, Mrs. Huston," she said, referring to Will Huston, junior. "Only five years old, you say? You'll give me a kiss, won't you, Willie?"

Willie did not evince any signs of eagerness to comply with the request, but he kissed her.

"That's a good boy," said the visitor; "but what are you holding in your hand so tightly?"

"It's a quarter mamma gave me," said the truthful Willie; "she said she 'spected you'd want to kiss me and I told her I wouldn't do it for less."

"HIS LAST GOOD DEED"

JUST one week had elapsed since Tom had landed in Canada. Returning to his rooms rather late one night, he came upon a man sitting on a doorstep, evidently joyfully oblivious to the cares of this world.

"Been dining?" asked Tom.

"Yes."

"Do you live here? Want to get inside?"

"Yes."

Seeing no wife or light about, Tom helped the fellow upstairs and pushed him into the first doorway that he came to.

As he groped his way out of the house he came upon another figure, evidently in a limper state than the one he had just helped.

"You been dining, too?" he queried.

"Yes," came the feeble reply.

The good-natured fellow thought he could not do more than assist this woe-begone traveler upstairs also. As he reached the street for the second time he saw a man evidently in a worse state than either of the former couple he had met. As he approached, however, the man fled to a passing policeman.

"CONSTABLE," he gasped, "I demand protection from this man. He's carried me upstairs twice and thrown me down the lift-shaft!"

"OYSTER STEW"

"WAITER," asked the impatient customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"

"Yesuh," replied Erastus Pinkley.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavor it."

"He wasn't put in to flavor it, suh."

"He's supposed to choke it."

RATHER FRESH



JOE: For my part, I think women are the salt of the earth.
MAE: Guess you're right, when you consider the number of men they have driven to drink.

VALUABLE LOOT

OLD BEN was a kleptomaniac. He realized his falling, which caused him such keen humiliation that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to enter the homes of any of the neighbors.

One evening an old friend of Ben's returned to the town for a visit and called on Ben. Later he proposed they go together to make a call on a mutual friend, but, to his surprise, Ben refused.

"No, no," he cried shaking his head.

"Why not?" asked his friend. "It's only a step away and it's not late now; besides I don't know when I'll be round these parts again."

"Well," said Ben, "you know how I always steal, but if you promise to watch me and see I take nothing, I'll go."

"Ben," said his friend as they returned, "you did nobly. I watched you every minute and you never took a thing."

"Don't," groaned Ben as he pulled a moist rag out of his pocket, "I've got the dishcloth!"

"HARD MEAT"

REGINALD was the recognized wit of the office, and when the new office-boy arrived it was expected as a matter of course that he would do something really funny. The boy was exceptionally green, and Reggie did not disappoint his admirers.

"Here, boy," he called, "run over to Pibbs and Dibbs and get five cents worth of pigeon's milk, will you? Here's a dollar. Bring the change back to me, and be quick about it."

The boy set out, but did not return for some time, and when he did get back the chit party was giving some orders to Reginald.

But the boy knew nothing of office etiquette, so he stepped between Reggie and the "boss" and produced a live pigeon.

"Here you are," he said. "Mr. Pibbs says you can jolly well milk the bird yourself. And there ain't no change."

"THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGG"

THE old family physician being away on a much-needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."

"WAITER!" called the customer in a restaurant where an orchestra was playing.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it will have a softening influence on this steak."

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS"

"GIMME a dozen o' bananas for children," said the red-faced man to the assistant in the fruit shop.

The young man put them in a parcel.

"And gimme some o' the other stuff as well—the grocer says he doesn't keep it in stock."

"The other stuff?" said the assistant with a puzzled look.

"Yes, I ain't good at pronouncing big words, an' I suppose I must have made a mistake with it, for the grocer laughed at him. But its that there stuff as you say can be given to the kiddies with bananas."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the mystified assistant.

"Well, you are a nice man, you are, to be a fruiterer. Ere, come outside an' I'll show you the placard in your window."

So he hauled the young man outside and pointed to the bill, which proclaimed that:

"Bananas may be given to children with impunity."

It took the young man a dictionary and a quarter of an hour to convince the red-faced man that "impunity" isn't a new kind of patent food.

HAD USED HIM :: TOO MUCH

SIX-YEAR-OLD Tommy was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocery shop for a pound of lump sugar. He played marbles on the way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for.

So he took home a pound of the granulated article. His eldest sister sent him back to the store to exchange the sugar.

"Tommy," said the grocer as he made the exchange, "I understand there is a new member of your family."

"Yes, sir," replied the kid, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that, hey?" enquired the grocer.

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy; "rather had a little sister."

"Then, why don't you exchange him, Tommy?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we have used him four days now."

"WELL ADVISED"

THE waiter rubbed his hands as a stout lady, followed by a family of seven hungry-looking boys and girls, entered the restaurant.

The head of the flock looked at the bill of fare and selected steak as being fitted to her requirements.

"Steak for you, Reginald?" she inquired of the biggest boy.

"If you please, ma."

"Steak for you, Bertha?"

"Please, ma."

"Ah," she said when all the seven had fallen in with the steak idea, "bring me one nice steak, waiter—and eight plates."

The knight of the serviette gasped. "Do you hear me?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," stammered the waiter. "I was only thinking that if your family sat at the table next to the lift and snuffed 'ard, they'd get more of a meal!"

"REALITY"

THE march had been a long and tiresome one, and as the house was being made for the night the captain of the regulars noticed that Pat was looking very much fatigued. Thinking that a small drop of whisky might do him good, the captain called Pat aside.

"Pat, will you have a little drop of whisky?"

Pat made no answer, but folded his arms in a reverential manner and gazed upwards.

The captain repeated the question several times, but no answer from Pat, who stood silent and motionless, gazing devoutly into the sky. Finally the captain, taking him by the shoulder and giving him a shake, said:

"Pat, why don't you answer? I said, 'Pat, will you have a drink of whisky?'"

After looking around in considerable astonishment, Pat replied:

"And it is you, captain? Begorra, and I thought it was an angel spakin' to me."

"SNAPPED HIM UP"

IT was "ten o'clock sharp" on a Monday morning. Mr. Goahead, chief of the vast commercial house of Goahead and Wearum, was interviewing applicants for the vacant position of traveler.

"Ahem!" he coughed pompously as the first man was shown in. "Your name is Getham, I believe. So—the great man fixed his pince-nez on his nose and continued, "your testimonials are in order and—er—your appearance is good. There is just one question I should like to ask you. I presume you have—er—never got into any sort of trouble during your life?"

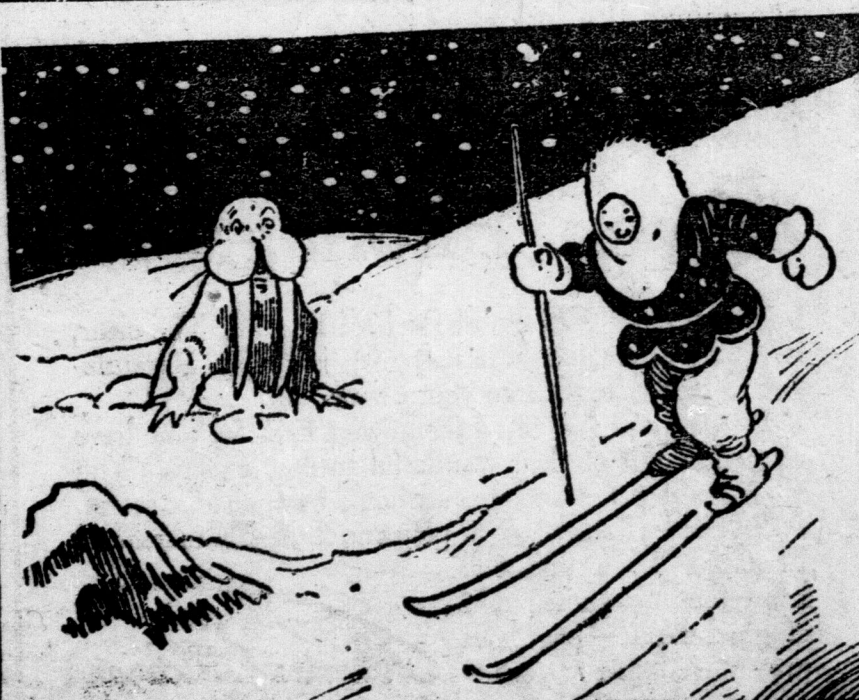
"Once," replied the sturdy applicant, "I was in prison for a month."

"Then I'm afraid," he began; "but wait," he added, "I will be fair, as you have been so straightforward to me. What were you imprisoned for?"

"Assaulting a man who wouldn't give an order," was the laconic response.

"Tommy," said the head of Goahead and Wearum, as he turned to his confidential clerk, "tell those others outside I'm suited."

SNOW JOKE



THE WALRUS (seeing a man for the first time): "Well, I never! Look at his feet! What a funny place to have tusks!"