

ZEPHYRS OF HUMOR FOR A WINTER SEASON

DASHING



TEACHER: "How would you punctuate 'The wind blew the five-dollar bill round the corner?'"

Tommy Smart: "I would make a dash after the five-dollar bill."

QUITE A DIFFERENT MATTER

"Why do you object to vaccination?" asked the busy magistrate, sharply, of the applicant for an exemption certificate.

"It's a matter of conscience, sir," was the reply.

At that moment the clerk whispered to the great man on the Bench. "Ah!" said his worship. "I am informed that you have a brother in the police force. Now, does he object to having his children vaccinated?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; if vaccination is not against your brother's conscience, why should it be against yours?"

"Well, you see, sir, it doesn't exactly follow. Bill, as you're talking about, has got neither children nor conscience."

He got his certificate.

UNDERSTOOD ALL RIGHT.

A CHINAMAN was once brought before the magistrate of a Canadian city and fined a dollar for an infraction of the by-laws. The magistrate found it a bit difficult to explain the punishment to the "Chinkie," who, apparently ignorant of English, stubbornly refused to understand.

"Now, look here, John," the magistrate explained impatiently. "It's a dollar, see? You pay money no-go to prison. Savvy?"

"No savvy," retorted the Chinaman for the tenth time.

"Let me get at him," cried the corpulent constable, fresh from Erin, who had made the arrest. "I'll teach the haythin to miscomprehend yer honor." Permission being given, Michael jumped over the dock rail, seized the Chinese, and yelled in his ear, "You will face off the tea-caddie, d'ye hear? Ye're fined two dollars."

"Heap big lie," replied the Chinaman blandly. "It's only one."

STRIKING FOR HOME

"Yes, sir, I've been a soldier, and once came mighty near being mixed up in a battle, and if it hadn't been for obeying the orders of our old colonel, who was a regular brick, I might be sleeping with my martial cloak round me now," mused the old warrior.

"Why, how was that?" asked a listener.

"Well, the enemy were in sight, and we were getting ready to go for 'em. I wasn't feeling the least bit comfortable, when all of a sudden up jumps the old colonel, on a stump, and shouts, 'Now then, boys, up and at 'em! Strike for home and country!'"

"Some of them—a good many, in fact—struck for their country, but I struck for home, and precious glad I am I did it!"

THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD



WAITER: Are you ringing that bell for me, sir?

Irate Customer: No, I'm telling it, I thought you were dead.

WHEN SILENCE REIGNED

The scene was the pretty little resort of Piddle-on-Sea. The hero of the occasion was a sleek, well-fed gentleman, who had motored over from the nearest town to deliver his lecture, "The Art of Getting On." He had gathered his victims round him in the village schoolroom, and was getting on splendidly. Suddenly there came a wonderful outburst.

"The successful man," he said, "is the man who strives. His motto is 'Push, and keep pushing,' for by that alone will he reach his goal."

The applause was not precisely deafening, but there was a bit of a row at the rear of the hall, in which a little man was the central figure.

"You, too, my friend," said the lecturer, rather angrily, "you'll have to push as well if you want to get on in the world."

For a moment there was complete silence. Everyone looked towards the little man, who bobbed up like the bull's eye of a target.

Then out of the silence came the little man's big voice.

"Suff you, guv'nor, I reckon," he remarked, cheerily. "Half a dozen youngsters have bagged the petrol from your motor car to light a bonfire, and you'll have to push, push, push!"

SUITED AT LAST

A commercial traveler had taken a large order in the North for a consignment of hardware, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scottish manager who had given the order a box of Havana cigars. "Naw," he replied; "don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak them—and I am a member of the kirk!"

"But you will accept them as a present," said the Scot.

"Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a merely nominal sum—say, six-pence?"

"Well, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and not liking to refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll be takin' two boxes."

FOND OF CHILDREN



ANGRY CUSTOMER: "See here, sir! That dog you sold me yesterday has bitten a piece out of my little boy's leg!"

Dog Fancier: "Well, sir, didn't I say he was specially fond of children?"

IN THE PROFESSION, ANYWAY

The two famous actors were having a round on the links, and every stroke proclaimed the fact that, however experienced they might be on the stage, on the green they were novices. Several fair-sized bits of turf had been dislodged, and then when one unusually large slice parted from its native soil one of the two accompanying caddies turned to the other and whispered, in the stage manner:

"Did ye tell me they were actors, Jock?"

"Aye, Wull," admitted the other, with a faint air of apology.

"Well," responded Wull, "if it wasna that yer usually a truthful chap I would have thought they were scene-shifters."

A SCIENTIST



WILLIE (who got a microscope for Christmas): "Say, cook, lend me a flea, will you?"

KING ALFONSO'S STORY

KING ALFONSO told a shooting-party at Rambouillet an amusing story of a trick he played on one of his Ministers in Spain.

"This Minister," said the King, "was a simply appalling shot, but he would have felt injured if he had been left out of the shooting-parties which are given from time to time for the members of the Cabinet. One day he was posted outside a wood when he saw fifteen yards away a little rabbit. He fired at it with both barrels and missed—as usual—but to his surprise the rabbit still remained in sight, apparently nibbling."

"Once more the Minister fired. He fired in all thirty-six cartridges and at last brought the obstinate rabbit down. Delighted with his success, the Minister himself ran forward to secure the spoils. His chagrin can be imagined when this rabbit of four times nine lives was found to have tied round its neck a card, with the words 'Long life to Senor'—and then the Minister's name."

"Fastened to one of the paws was a piece of string. It was a stuffed rabbit, which one of the beaters had pulled about by means of the string. It was a whole year before my Minister forgave me for the trick played upon him," concluded the King.

SHOT JUST IN TIME

There is a delicious flavor about this story of a Bayswater lady, married to a man who though uniformly unsuccessful in his shooting adventures, boastfully spoke of his "killings."

One day, returning from the country, with the usual accompaniment of an empty bag, it occurred to him that his wife would make fun of him if he returned without even one proof of his boasted skill. So he purchased a brace of partridges to deceive his trusting spouse. As he threw them on the table in front of her, he observed:

"Well, my dear, you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all."

"Dick," replied the wife, turning from the birds with a grimace, after a brief examination, "you were quite right in shooting these birds to-day; to-morrow it would have been too late."

LIKED OYSTERS

"WHEN I was in the produce business years ago," said an old merchant, "I had, among my country shoppers, a German by the name of Jacob Snyder. He did not often come to the city, but when he did it was a great occasion with him and he expected some attention. So one morning, when he turned up in my shop about ten o'clock, I said to him:

"Jacob, you must have made an early start to get here so soon. How would you like to have a bit of lunch right away? Do you like oysters?"

"Vy," he said, "I coult eat a few oysters."

"So we went round to a neighboring oyster bar and I ordered two stewes."

"Now, Jacob," said I, "while we are waiting, what do you say to some raw?"

"Vell," he replied, "I don't mind."

"So we had half-a-dozen raw apiece, and as the stewes had not yet come we had another half-a-dozen on the half shell."

"When the stewes were dispatched, I asked, as a matter of form, if he would not have another, and he said:

"Vell, them's pretty good oysters, and I don't mind if I do haf another stew."

"I nibbled biscuits while he ate stew number two, and when he had finished I said to him:

"They pan oysters very well here. Do you like panned oysters as well as stewes?"

"Vy, I like oysters any way. I don't mind if I haf a pan."

"I ordered one for him, and that disposed of I suggested a few fried."

"Vell," he observed, "I haf eat fried, and fried is good. I don't mind."

"By the time he had finished that order—and I made it a dozen—it was high noon, and I did not feel that I could afford to test Jacob's capacity further. So, paying the bill, I piloted him out, and as we walked along I said to him:

"Jacob, you're right fond of oysters, aren't you?"

"Villiam," he replied, with more animation than he had yet shown, "I'm very fond of oysters. Vy, do you know, I sometimes belief I coult make a meal of 'em!"

ANSWERED



"HOW did I engage you, young man—by the hour, mite, or a—"

Street Urchin: "By weight, I reckon, missus."

MUDDLED IT AGAIN

THE late Edmund Garrett, a brilliant journalist and one-time assistant editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, was a man whom other men loved. But along with his virtues he had an extensive list of peculiarities, some of which are humorously exploited by his biographer.

Garrett had no idea of time, and he used to get into some trouble at the office of the Pall Mall for that reason.

"This must stop," he said to me, "and matters must be mended."

A day or two afterwards an invitation came from the proprietor to dinner. Edmund said that at any rate there must be no doubt about this entertainment, and a good deal of fuss was made about getting ready for it.

Shirts were looked out, white ties and dress-clothes were overhauled, and all the resources of our establishment brought into requisition, so that the appearance of the guest should do justice to the host. Dinner was at eight and long before that time Edmund was arrayed in spotless raiment, starting out in good time to get to dinner.

I stayed reading in the flat. After about half an hour I heard somebody coming up the stairs, and I heard to my amazement the latch-key put into the lock. The door opened and in came Edmund, with a face ashy pale.

He took off his hat and threw it on the floor and said:

"Hang it, old man, I have muddled it again! It was last Wednesday."

"RING OUT WILD BELLS."

THE following is enthusiastically dedicated to any of our young friends who are lucky enough to have a "new arrival" at their homes:

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones too!

Ring out the lover's moon!

Ring in the little worsted socks!

Ring in the bib and spoon!

WHAT WAS HIS REWARD

THE occupants of the railway carriage were listening with joyful interest to the tales of the young man in the corner. He had been all over the world several times, apparently, and his adventures had been marvelous.

"Coolness and courage are the things," he was saying. "Take this case. We were in Central Africa, traveling among cannibal tribes. One evening, when we camped, I had strolled off while my men prepared supper, when suddenly above a rock in front of me I saw the heads of three natives who were watching me. What was I to do? My gun was at the camp. To turn back meant having spears through me. In a moment I decided. Close by were some stones. Pretending I didn't see the niggers, I bent down as if to examine the stones; then, quick as lightning, I picked up three of them and flung them with all my force at their heads. Every one found its mark, and I three natives dropped like sheep. I always take a good aim, and it served me well then."

Then the red-faced man opposite, who had been listening carefully, chimed in:

"An' wot did yer 'ave, guv'nor, a cigar or a cocoanut?"

CEMETERY PROSPECTING.

THERE is said to be enough gold in the teeth of the living and dead people of this country to fill the largest freight ship afloat. Prospectors ten thousand years hence will find rich pickings in what constitute our cemeteries of to-day.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE good old days when a man drove a horse with one arm and supported a dainty bit of calico with the other are only memories of middle-aged couples. The present generation only imagines it is enjoying itself.

TOOK HIM DOWN

THE son of a laborer had become, as he rather too insistently affirmed, "a gentleman." One day, having arranged a dinner-party after his own heart, he wrote to ask his brother, who had also risen in life, to visit him for the occasion. Now, the brother was in no sense a snob, but a quiet, gentle-minded scholar, who occasionally, as scholars will, absented himself from the outward adorning of his person.

Therefore, the one who called himself the gentleman thought it necessary to beg his brother to bring his very best dress-clothes, and this request he several times reiterated, saying that his guests were to be most particularly "swell."

The scholar's life was rendered blessed by a delicate strain of dry humor. He answered the invitation as follows:

"My Dear Brother—As you have laid so very much more stress on the appearance of my clothes than on my self, I fancy I shall best meet your wishes by sending you my best dress-suit for the occasion. You will, therefore, receive it per parcel post, carriage paid, in plenty of time to be presented to your friends at the dinner."

A TROPICAL YARN

"Buns give me the creeps," said the sailor.

"Why?" asked the vicar.

"Well, once we were bound for China, with self-raising flour and currants. We struck on a rock, and, having no boats, it looked all up. But the flour started workin', an' it frothed up through the hatchways and sizzled over the side in big lumps, which got baked hard by the sun and bobbed about like tremendous buns. I got aboard a big one, although the water swarmed with sharks. They started eating the edges of the bun. Daily it grew less, until I was cramped. Then I got washed ashore with only two bites left. Now I never see buns without a shiver. If you offered me a pint o' beer an' a pork-pie, now—"

But the vicar fled.

THE ANNOTATED NOTE BOOK

The woman was the author of a cookery book that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a second-hand book store her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said:

"How about the notes in that cookery book? Were they interesting?"

"No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything."

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.

NEVER SMOKED AGAIN

"What I admire most in a man," said Johnson, "is the power of self-denial. Now, take smoking," he continued, lazily filling his pipe and gazing round at the rest of the party.

"I've never smoked since I was a child, and yet not one of you men could give it up. You haven't got the strength of mind."

At this there arose a storm of dissent. One man had left it off once for a whole twelvemonth, and only resumed it under medical advice. Another had gone without tobacco for two years, and would back himself to do the same again if the bet was big enough; and so on, until a Yankee, who was present broke in:

"I know a feller down in Nebraska," he remarked, "who smoked two ounces of tobacco every day for twenty-seven years, and then giv' it up at a minute's notice, and never tetcht it agin."

"Fact, I du assure ye," he resumed, "as a murrum of unbelief arose. 'He was jest lightin' his pipe, when something cum to him, and from that day to this he's never smoked another.'"

"Marvelous instance of will-power," said one.

"Extraordinary strength of mind," exclaimed another. "What determination!" cried a third. And then the Yankee spoke again, gazing meditatively into the fire the while.

"Yes, it were strange," he said, "Friend o' mine, too, so I know it's true. He were sittin' on top of a barrel of blasting powder at the time, an' the head of his match dropped through the bunghole!"

DIDN'T LOOK HARD ENOUGH



OLD GENT: "And you're sure it's really old? I'm buying it for a birthday present."

Dealer in Antiques: "Old. Why would see it was cracked if you only looked."