



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOUR OF THE WEEK

Town Went Into Mourning.
"Fifty dollars!" cried Watkins, after the judge had named the fine. "Why, judge, that's an outrage. I admit I was going too fast, but fifty dollars?"
"Them's the fingers," said the judge, coldly.
"All right, I'll pay," said Watkins, "but I'll tell you right now I'll never come thru this town again."
"That so?" said the judge. "Wasn't you sorry. You've been a mighty good customer. Bill," he added, turning to the sheriff, "hang traps on the courthouse, will ye? This here gentlemen's about to pass on forever."



Speedy Boarder—How! You—haw—may not believe it. don't you know, Polly, but I was born with a—haw—silver spoon in my mouth.
Polly—Well, fancy! An' me an' another thought you spoke like that an' purpose.—Inny Bulletin.

The Landlord's Mistake.
New Tenant—Look here, you'll have to make some alterations in this place. It's not fit for a pigsty.
Landlord—I didn't know you wanted it for a pigsty. I thought you wanted it to live in.

Down and Out.
"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"
"Sure, I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."

Two Viewpoints.
Modest Suitor: "I am going to marry your sister, Willie, but I know I am not good enough for her."
Candid Lady: "Brother, that's what she says, but she's been telling her she can't do any better."



Substitute (forte)— "To have-and-to-hold."
Bidderoom (dear)— "Ah!"
Contract (fortissimo)— "TO HAVE-AND-TO-HOLD."
Decorum— "To have and to hold."
Contract— "FROM THIS DAY-FORWARD."
Bidderoom— "Till this day fortnight!"

"Monkey nuts are dangerous," said the round man, "I must quit last week, owing to the pain-looking spectacles one sees walking about in the streets; appearances are certainly deceptive."

The Laziest Man in Town chased a dog up and down in front of his house after every snowstorm just because the dog's ears sweep the ground.

The Chicago man who drank horse liniment and thought he was a horse should be more careful in the future. Some day he might drink cough medicine and think he is a coffin.

The Parisian women who have adopted the fad of painting flowers on their faces may furnish some members of the sterner sex a new excuse for the strawberry tint of their noses.

Well, Yes.
"Those women are trying to stop the manufacture of amber fluid."
"Beer o'war's sh?"

What the Parrot Said.
Just outside of the city of F. England, there was a landlord of a country inn that owned a parrot. Now it was the custom then to have a free lunch on the counter, and as many of the boys had walked quite a distance to get their glass of ale on a Sunday morning they were not any too sparing on the sandwiches.

At last the innkeeper hit upon a scheme whereupon he could curb the appetite of his customers so he taught the parrot to say: "One at a time, gentlemen, please, one at a time," as he then hung the bird up over the counter.

As everyone knows sunshine is good for us all so it was for the parrot. Her master made a practice of giving her a little liberty in the yard on a good day, and one day on going outside to bring the bird in found her engaged in battling about a dozen sparrows. Everything went along smoothly and to the parrot's satisfaction for a while. Her reinforcements became unbearable, but the grand finale came when the good old bird, with a swipe of her foot to a sparrow's head said: "One at a time, gentlemen, please, one at a time."

Anticipated.
He was full of zeal for the temperance cause, and was holding a series of lectures in a workman's hall. But the audience was very unkind and kept interrupting. So much so that at last he hired an ex-prize fighter to keep order. That night the orator contrasted the contents of home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

"What is it we want when we return home from our daily toil?" he asked.
"What do we want to ease our burden, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our faces and joyous songs to our lips?"

He paused for effect, and in the silence could be heard the voice of the keeper of the peace.
"Mind," he said, "the first bloke that says 'beer,' out he goes with a bang."

He Got Them.
"I want damages," shouted the bruised and battered citizens who had just been beaten up by his athletic rival.
"I think," replied his friend and adviser, after his critical inspection, "that if you look in the glass you'll find you've got 'em."

Young Man Arrested with Brass Fittings.—A headline in a daily. Must be a hardened criminal.
Things ain't divided right, by gum! Some folks get all the wine, and some Get all the castor oil.

Classie: Are you going to marry my sister, faine?
Embarrassed Caller: Well— I really don't know yet, you know.
Classie: That's what I thought.—Well, you are!

Something Different.
"Oh, Willie, Willie!" exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved. "How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Johnson boy?"

"Mamma," said William, who appeared in a regrettable state of disorder and with a bruised face, in utter disgust, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

The man with the unkempt hair and the roll of manuscript entered the music publisher's office with an air of assurance.
"I have here," he said, "a popular waltz song that ought to catch on quickly this summer."
The publisher, who replied the music publisher, "I really haven't time to have it played over. A brief description of your song will indicate its merit."

"Well, I has an' original title, and"
"Oh," said the publisher, "that is a fault easily remedied. But about the rhymes in it. Do 'true and 'bibe' and 'you' rhyme in the chorus, and does it contain such phrases as 'I love you say, and 'don't say, no, sh'?"

"Why, no. I have tried to steer clear of all such hackneyed expressions."
"Do you mean to tell me that you have no line about 'the moon is shining bright, and an answering echo 'my heart is pine'?" Doesn't 'eyes' connect with 'prize,' and 'skies above' furnish an excuse for bragging in 'love'?" You song contains none of those things."

"Why, no, this popular waltz song is original!" roared the music publisher. "Do you want to ruin me? I daren't publish such a crazy song! Get outside!"

Sir Homewood Crawford, the city solicitor, relating reminiscences of his experiences at the London institution the other night, told a story of King Edward.

As Prince of Wales, the late King attended the Guildhall, to preside over the centenary banquet of the Iron and Metal Ware Institution. The lord mayor, Sir John Kull, was also an invited guest. As the Prince and the lord mayor reached the top table, his Royal Highness made way and said:

"My lord mayor, there is your seat."
The lord mayor replied, "No, your Royal Highness."
The Prince then said, "Excuse me, you are king of the city, and that is your rightful place."
His lordship's reply to this was, "Well, your Highness, if I am king of the city, then I command you, sir, to take the chair."

"Blanche, dear," said the watchful aunt to her niece, "don't you think Fred spends too much money upon you?"
"Do you think so, aunty?"
"Indeed, I do, Blanche. I've been noticing, and I think he's really extravagant. You ought to check him and tell him to save his money. You will need a good deal when you begin housekeeping, and it is far better for him to put in the bank the money he is now spending on motor trips and luncheons, and tickets to this fink and that, than to be squandering it. Think over the matter a minute or two, dear, and you will see it as I do."

"Oh, I've thought about it already, dear aunty. I'd take your advice if I were absolutely certain that I've been engaged before, aunty, and I don't intend to advise a young man to economize for some other girl's benefit."

Ocular Demonstration.
"Did you water the ferns in the drawing-room, Nora?"
"Yes, mum. Don't ye hear the water drippin' on the carpet?"



Robinson Caruso.
"No man is as well known as he thinks he is," says Caruso. "I was motoring out Long Island recently. My car broke down, and while the chauffeur was repairing it I entered a farm house to get warm."
"The farmer and I chatted in the kitchen before the wood stove, and when he asked my name I told him modestly that it was Caruso."
At that name he threw up his hands.
"Caruso!" he exclaimed. "Robinson Caruso, the great traveler! Little did I expect ever to see a man like you in this here humble kitchen, sir!"

Not a few wealthy Americans take in the Sunday school, among them Mr. Wammaker, who owns one of the biggest stores in America. One day, after Mr. Wammaker had explained the lesson to the children, he said: "Now, is there any question that any boy or girl would like to ask me?"

One Suggestion.
The difficulty experienced nowadays in deciding what to tax and what to leave untaxed recalls the story of an earlier chameleoneer of the exchequer, who was reduced to despair in similar circumstances. Finally he decided to consult a friend who had on several occasions helped him to find fresh sources of revenue, and having written to this friend he waited hopefully for his reply.

The friend's suggestion came by return mail: "Put a tax on umbrellas," he wrote, "and make the bishops order the prayer for rain to be read in all the churches."

"What do you mean by coming in here with that fire all out to ribbons?" shouted the enraged owner of the sixty-horse-power racing car.
"I ran it over a milk bottle, sir," said the trembling chauffeur.
"A milk bottle, eh? Seems to me you could see a thing as big as that, sir," Philadelphia Ledger.

Effective.
"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."
"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.
"When do I take it, doctor?"
"Oh, you don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk."

Making His Mark.
"Professor, what has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last evening?"
A fine student, but absent minded in the use of chemicals is very. That description on the ceiling—notice it?"

"That's him!"
"I'm not surprised. I always thought Tom would make his mark. If he got a chance."

The Waiter's Revenge.
Having proved unappreciated, the waiter was told that his services would not be required in the restaurant after Saturday night. When Saturday noon came he was in a reckless mood and ready to "come back" at the most valued guest in the house. Soon he had his opportunity.

"Waiter, confound it! This steak isn't tender enough!" growled a fat patron.
"Not tender enough?" the waiter snickered. "Whaddis 'e expect? Want it to jump up and kiss you?"

Waiter's Luck.
Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M. P., who was one of the guests at a recent Irish Club dinner, told an amusing experience.

He was once passing the new Whitehall office building in Whitehall when his companion, a Scotsman, pointing to the emblematic devices engraved over the door, indicated the Scotch thistle, the English lion and the Irish harp.

"Where is the emblem of Wales?" asked his friend.
"Oh," Mr. Hughes replied, "I expect there is a leak in the roof."

A. E. I. O. U.
It happened at a school where the children were hopelessly involved in miscellaneous subjects, such as grammar, physiology, etc., etc.
Teacher: "What are the principal parts of the body?"
Sharp Pupil: "The body consists of three principal parts—the head, the chest, and the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

The Puzzled Patient.
"Um, yes! Ah! Um!" remarked the medico, in his best bedside manner, to his patient, as they stood in the consulting room. "I'll give you the following prescription." And he handed him the small packages. The patient opened them and read the directions.
"A powder for my headache," he said aloud, "a pellet for my liver," he continued, "and a capsule for my gouty foot." Then he stopped, and pondered deeply for a moment. "My doctor," he queried, "how'll the little beggars know the right place to go when they get inside?"

Willie's Query.
Little Willie: "Pa, what's a redundancy of words?"
Pa: "Using more words than are necessary to express one's meaning, such as 'wealthy plumber, poor poet,' etc."

Protection that Don't Protect.
Tommy was playing in the garden when he happened to notice that next door's blinds were drawn down.
"Mother," he asked, "why are those blinds drawn down?"
"Only to keep the sun out," said she.

Two days later his mother informed him that their neighbor had got a son. After thinking deeply for a few minutes, Tommy said:
"Seems to me, mother, he wasn't much good keeping the blinds down!"

Parliamentary Amenities.
Sir Henry Lucy tells how, after the home rule bill rupture, Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry James still retained unbroken an intimate friendship.
One day, in conversation, Lord Morris remarked on the charm of this incident in the storm and stress of party warfare.
"Yes," said Harcourt, softly, with a wistful, faraway look in his eye, "we are, as you may say, brothers."

Quite Contrary.
Bings: "You say your wife is an anti-suffragist?"
Bangs: "Yes, she spends her time gadding around the country asserting that woman's place is the home."

What Would Happen?
"Had I the wings of a bird—" began the poet.
"You'd suffer," interrupted the prosaic person. "Your wife would take them away from you to trim a hat."

How Rude!
"That bulldog at the last place reminded me of a straphanger," said Wemyr Willie.
"Elucidate," said Dusty Rhodes.
"As soon as I got up he took my seat."

India, my boy! said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is just the finest climate under the sun, but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die, and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate as has killed them."

The wife of a wealthy manufacturer had occasion to call in the help of a new floor-pollisher.
"Do you understand your business thoroughly?"
"All that I ask, madam, is that you shall inquire for yourself at my last situation. On the floor of the large drawing-room alone five persons broke their limbs during last winter, and a lady slipped down the grand staircase."
"You refuse me?" said the ardent youth.
"I do, indeed," replied the bewitching girl.
"Ah, then I shall go off to the war in Mexico. Suppose I return minus an arm, minus an ear, and minus a chin? Suppose I return a mere remnant of a man, what would you say?"

The beautiful girl brightened up.
"I should accept you on the spot. I always had an irresistible fascination for remnants."

Famous Tenor (who has been invited to dinner): "I should be only too pleased to do as you ask and sing a little song, but I am quite hoarse tonight."
Hostess: "Oh, what a pity! Can't you do anything else?"—Filegate's Quater.



THE BRUTE AGAIN.
Wearry Hostess—"Yes, I've been having such trouble with baby. Every night I have to get up about twenty times, getting his things."
Visitor—"Why don't you make your husband do something?"
Hostess—"Oh, I daren't wake my husband; if I do he always drinks baby's milk."

In the house of commons the other day a capital story was told by the Marquis of Tullibardine. An old lady in the Highlands engaged the young son of a crofter to act as page, and fitted him out with a livery which was to be worn only on special occasions. On the day of a dinner party a shock-head was thrust into the dining-room and a voice inquired:
"Please, ma'am, am I to put on my ain breeks or yours?"

A tourist called at an inn in Donegal and ordered a roll and butter and some tea. It was brought, and on cutting the roll he found a black-beetle in the middle.
"Here!" he called to the waiter, "take this and show it to the proprietor."
"I wouldn't be after showing it to the proprietor if I wor you, sor," said Pat.
"Why not?" inquired the tourist.
"Terrible man, the proprietor, sor. Sure, he'll be after charging ye for a mate's tea."

MacBull—"I shall be a gay grass widower for the next two months—wife's gone for a holiday to the West Indies."
O'Bear—"Jamica?"
MacBull—"No, it was her own idea."

"How did you propose to support my daughter, st?"
"I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Judge: "Describe what passed between you in the quarrel with your wife?"
Man on Stand: "The plates were regular dinner size, your honor, and the teapot had a broken spout."—Boston Transcript.

Business Competition.
An enterprising young florist, in order to increase his trade, displayed this sign in his window:
"We give a package of flower seeds with every plant."
His competitor across the street promptly sought to meet the competition by placing in his window the following announcement:
"We give the earth with every plant."

Debtor: "I want to pay that little bill of yours."
Creditor: "Tary well, sir."
Debtor: "But I can't"—Life

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded omnibus kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.
"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.
The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:
"Chief, I ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."—Argonaut.

"I kept my head when I felt into the water," observed the young man.
"How fortunate!" replied the caustic maid. "I must have helped you so nicely to float!"—Judge.

Crawford: "What's the matter with that fellow who is holding out the lamp-post and shuffling his feet?"
Crabshaw: "There was a time when I'd have said he was drunk; but now perhaps he's practising a new dance."—Puck.

Motorist (on country road): "I'll give you five pounds for that picture if you don't put another stroke to it."
Artist: "I am really very flattered by your offer; but it is not quite finished."
Motorist: "Oh! that doesn't matter; I just want the canvas to mend a busted tire with."—Chicago Times.

Chin Government.
"In choosing a wife," says a philosophical journal, "be governed by her chin. The worst of it is that having chosen a wife one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way."

Of Course.
"How did you fare with that man-icure?"
"Got trimmed."
"Only a Hat."
"Been to the theatre this week?"
"Yes."
"What did you see?"
"A bullock velvet bow, some tortois shell combs, a couple of plumbeous chiffon knot and a stuffed bird about the size of a hen!"

His Finish.
"Your son was quite an aviator, wasn't he?" asked the first fly.
"Dear, yes," said the second. "But on his last ascent he descended in the middle of a plate of soup and was lost before help could reach him."

Cruel!
"I'm certainly glad I was blessed with a pretty name," said Patience.
"Yes," said Patricia. "It is fortunate when one has a little chance of a change."