

A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK



When to Forget.
Tommy: "Pop, what is a diplomat?"
Tommy's Pop: "A diplomat, my son, is a man who remembers every woman's birthday, but forgets her age."
—Philadelphia Record.

Base Injustice.
Mrs. Kindly: "Now, I'll give you a dime, poor man! But I hope you will not go and get drunk with it."
The Poor Man (much hurt): "Lady, you do me a great wrong to suggest such a thing."
Mrs. Kindly: "I didn't mean to accuse you."
The Poor Man: "I'm glad of it, lady. Do I look like a man who could get drunk on a dime?"—Fuck.

It Wasn't Like Sargent.
Once when John S. Sargent, the famous painter, was at a banquet, a young lady whom he knew very well said to him: "Oh, Mr. Sargent, I saw your latest painting, and liked it because it was so much like you."
"And did it kiss you in return?"
"Why, no."
"Then," replied Mr. Sargent, "it wasn't like me."—Exchange.

Rapid Revision.
"Blood has turned Cubist."
"Rot!"
"Sold his first picture for a thousand."
"Fine!"—Plain Dealer.

An Unkind Cut.
Artist: "I paint only for pleasure."
Fair Critic: "And only for your own, I presume."—Fleegode Blatfret.

So Selfish.
"You know, my dear, men are quite impossible. If I accept Jack's proposal, he will expect me to marry him; and if I refuse it, he will expect to be allowed to marry some one else."—Bystander (London).

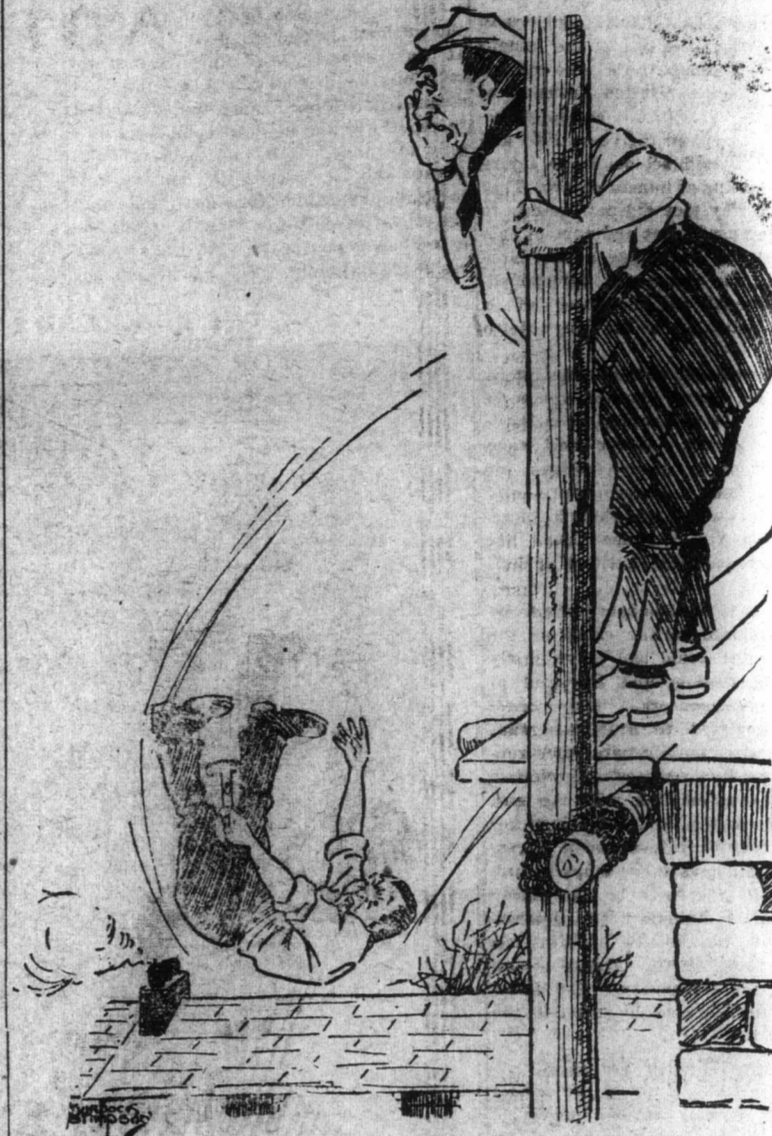
Her Blame.
Mrs. Crabshaw: "Why didn't you tell me before I married you, that you were never home before midnight?"
Crabshaw: "I thought you were my dear, and I was to be around to your place as late as that nearly every night."

Another On Her.
Geocer: "Wouldn't you like some horse?"
Mrs. Newswed: "Mercy, no! We don't keep a horse!"

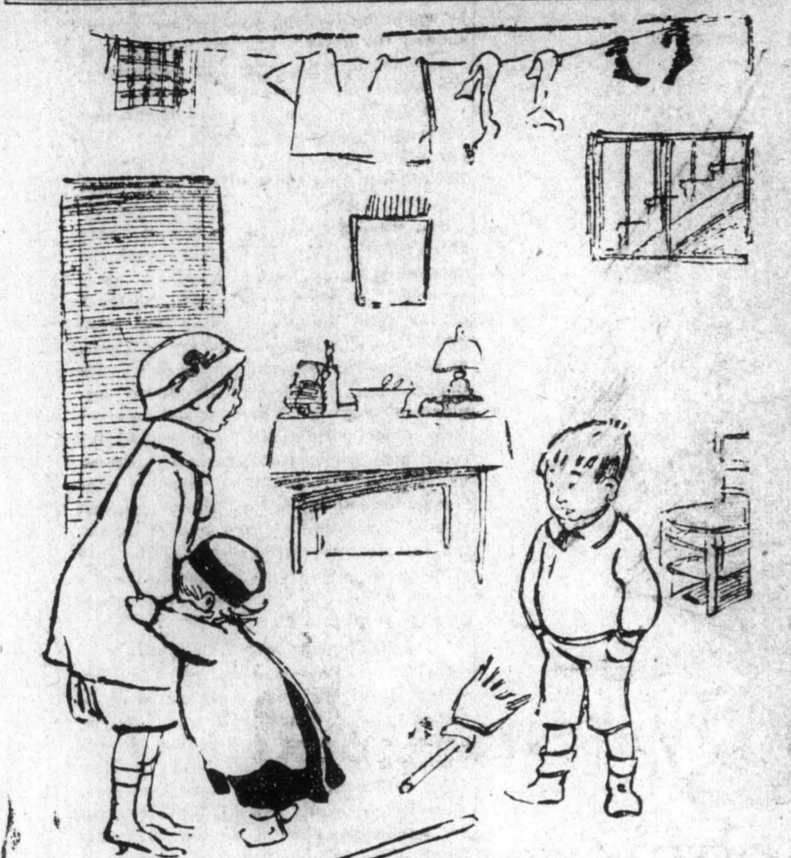
His Thought.
She (after the quarrel): "Leave my presence."
He (confused): "Why—or—would you get them all?"—London Opinion.

High Finance.
A man from his neighbor's little boy to the drug store to buy five postage stamps. He handed him two dimes, the boy's only being for himself. Some time afterward the boy came back blubbering and said he had lost one of the dimes.
"But why didn't you buy me the stamps?" asked the man.
"Because, mister," replied the boy, "it was your dime I lost!"

She Would Talk.
A prominent motor racer was asked by a friend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him while he was trying a new racing car.
"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me, and I'm not having my mind distracted, it might prove dangerous, you know."
"But these girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is my sister. They are crazy to go with me, and I'm sure they will be very good."—London Opinion.



"Let yourself go limp, Bill. Let yourself go limp!"



"What! You strike women now, do you?"

"Well, she would play at fathers and mothers, so of course I had to 'biff' her!"—Journal Amusant.

Madn't Missed Him.
A ring at the telephone drew the office boy. "Lady to talk to you, sir," he said to the senior partner. The senior partner took up the receiver, and stood at the phone for several minutes. Then he laid the receiver down, and went back to his desk. Twenty minutes later he raised the receiver, said a few words, and presently hung up. Then he turned to his partner. "It was my wife," he explained. "She was still talking, and hadn't missed me."—Argonaut.

All at Sea.
Gaydog (who has taken a few friends on a little cruise): "Boys, I'm sorry, we'll have to turn back—I've just learned that my wife has eloped with my chauffeur!"
Agonized Chorus: "But, think of us! We can't go back, our wives haven't!"

Willing To Oblige.
An old and weatherworn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of a western village. Pausing in front of a little meeting house for a moment, he then went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the subject of "The sheep and the goats," and had been evidently drawing a contrast between the two. Said he:
"We who assemble here from week to week and do our parts and perform our duty are the sheep; now, who are the goats?"
A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet, saying:
"Well, stranger, rather than see the play stopped I'll be the goats!"
The preacher collapsed.

Just the Kind.
A lecturer was touring thru the country recently, and delivered an address before an audience in a country schoolhouse.
In the course of his remarks he reviewed the agricultural prospects of the country, and as an illustration told a story of a poor farmer who had died, leaving to his wife the farm heavily mortgaged. He said that the widow set to work with a will and succeeded upon one year's wheat crop in paying off the entire mortgage.
When he had completed his lecture, the gentleman shook hands and greeted the members of this audience. One middle-aged man finally approached him thoughtfully and began:
"I say, mister, you told a story 'bout the widow raising a mortgage on one year's crop?"
"Yes, my friend, that was a true story. It happened only two years ago."
"Well, sir, could you tell me who that widow is? She's just the kind of woman I've been looking for all the time."

Scaring Off Willie.
"Willie," said the belle, cheerfully, "I'm a little heavy, thinking of you."
"Thinking of me, my precious?" asked Willie.
"In a way, yes," replied Gladys. "I have been thinking that, were you to marry me, everyone would say you ought to die for the sake of my money."
But Willie was not at all alarmed. "What care I for the base, unthinking words?" said he gallantly, adjusting his immaculate gloves.
"Still, Willie, nothing shall part us. I will marry you, no one."
"And I will not have people saying unkind things about you, so I am disposing of my fortune to the mission-aries."—Why, indeed, why are you saying?
Willie looked back thru the half-open door at the missionary.
"Daddy, Daddy!"

She Didn't Mind.
"Of course you are paying for my time," said the pretty stenographer, "and if you waste it, waste it."
"I do," promptly declared her employer, and kept on waiting it."

Her Sole Qualification.
Mrs. Bagrox: "Tell me, professor, will my daughter ever become a great pianist?"
Her Vogleschnitzle: "I cannot tell."
Mrs. Bagrox: "But has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician?"
Her Vogleschnitzle: "Ach! Yah, Matam: she has two hands!"—Fuck.

A Serious Error.
"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday, and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."
"Well, aren't you?" said the editor.
"No, I'm nothing of the kind; and it's confoundedly awkward, because, you see, I'm a local merchant."—Cleveland Leader.

Evidence.
"What makes you think he's a foreign nobleman?"
"I overheard him say he owed everything to his wife."

The Widow and Her Mite.
A young man was lounging on the bench in the park, when a little mite, presently the little mite ran up to the young man, and was patting on the hand.
"What's your name?" inquired the little mite.
The young man told her.
"Oh, you married?"
"No, I am not," said the young man.
The small mite turned to the pretty widow, saying:
"What's the matter, I atk him, mama?"

R. S. V. P.
A sporting gentleman, meeting an old angler, who was a persevering but unsuccessful hand, asked:
"How are the fish in these parts?"
"Well," replied the old man, grinning, "I really don't know. I dropped them a line every day last week, but I've got no reply yet."

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"With what results?"
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"Hallo!" he said, "I didn't expect to find you chaps playing for filthy lucre."
"Indeed?" said one of the players.
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"Up hill is it?" returned Pat. "Because, that's the way the horse looks on."—London Opinion.

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Young But Discreet.
A certain man, who lives in a suburban town in North Jersey, is a beauty. He is not only long and angular, but has a face and complexion that neither pale blue sky yellow nor any other color in dress erect will compare to.
One day the aforesaid party called to see an acquaintance, and while waiting for him to appear in the parlor, was attracted by the little eight-year-old son.
"Well, what do you think of me?" asked the father, after conversing several minutes.
Instead of replying, the boy turned aside and thoughtfully hung his head.
"You haven't answered me," smilingly persisted the father. "Aren't you going to tell me what you think of me?"
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Reserved His Opinion.
Gibbs: "Don't you think that some of those modern dresses are rather immodest?"
Dibbs: "No; but I'll reserve my opinion of their wearers."—Boston Transcript.

Tommy's Aunt: "Don't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?"
Tommy (on a visit): "No, I thank you."
Tommy's Aunt: "You seem to be suffering from a loss of appetite."
Tommy: "That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness."

It Made a Difference.
"The only thing I find to say against you, Jane, is that your washing bill is far too extravagant. Last week you had six blouses in the wash. Why, my own daughter never sends more than two!"
"Ah, that may be, mum," replied Jane, "but I've got your daughter's sweetie in a bank clerk, while my young man is a chimney sweep. It makes a difference, mum."—London Opinion.

Fales Alarm.
"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called upon Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man, who was talking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked like sitting there alongside of her with his arm around her neck."
"John!" screamed his sister, her face the color of a boiled lobster.
"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."
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Found, But Still Lost.
A country minister, driving to church with his new overcoat on the seat beside him, lost the coat en route, and announced his loss from the pulpit.
"Dearest beloved," he said, "I met with a sad loss this morning. Somewhere on the River road, while driving to church, I lost my fine, new, silk-lined overcoat. If any of you find it, I hope you'll bring it to the parsonage."
"It's found, doctor," said a voice from the back of the church.
"Bring your my friend! Heaven bless you!" said the minister, beaming on the speaker, gratefully.
"It's found, sir," continued the voice. "I came along the River road just after you, and it wasn't there."—London Opinion.

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"Hallo!" he said, "I didn't expect to find you chaps playing for filthy lucre."
"Indeed?" said one of the players.
"But it isn't the filthy lucre we object to, it's the filthy look-er-on."
Then the game proceeded in silence.

The Horse Was Blind.
"Don't you think it's very cruel to drive that horse up hill so fast?" said a humane passer-by.
"Up hill is it?" returned Pat. "Because, that's the way the horse looks on."—London Opinion.

A Home Talk.
Husband: "You can put this down as settled, if I ever get out of it you will never catch me in matrimony again."
Wife: "You won't if you depend on me for reference."—Public Ledger.

It's Nasty Look.
Two cabmen, who had had a race for priority of place on the "bank," were staring fiercely at each other.
"Aw, that's the matter with you?" demanded one.
"Nobthink's the matter with me."
"You gave me a nasty look," persisted the first.
"Me? Why, you certainly ave a nasty look, but I didn't give it you!"—Tit-Bits.

The Predicament of a Suffragist.
A well-known university professor who has taken much interest in the woman's suffrage movement was persuaded to carry a banner in a parade that was held in New York some months ago.
His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying the banner so that it hung limply on its standard, and later she reproved him for not making a better appearance.
"Why didn't you march like somebody and let people see your banner?" she said.
"My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't it?'"—Youth's Companion.

RECAUTION.
Neighbor: "My! what a big muzzie. Does he bite?"
Boy: "Naw; that's to keep him from gettin' bit."—Fun.

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A Clinker.
The American chorus girl, who is now invading London with great success, is nothing if not a dandy. Mr. George Arliss, whose performances in "Diarrh" are arousing so much interest, illustrates this with a story.
"You are behind the times, dear here," said a pink and pretty American show girl. "Why, I noticed that 'Twelfth Night' is playing in one of the Strand theatres, and we had that two years ago on Broadway."—Lippincott's.

Revenge.
"Hello, Jack! How are you and Nan getting on these days?"
"She played me a mean trick, and I quit her."
"How's that?"
"She married another fellow."

Lots of Trouble.
Conductor Madam, that child looks older than three years.
Mother: "Yes, indeed he does, conductor. That child has had a lot of trouble—Everybody's."

Appreciation.
Elsie: I don't know could afford to give you such an expensive engagement ring.
Esteria: He couldn't—but wasn't it dear of him?—Life.

Couldn't Talker Much.
Mrs. Green had talked enthusiastically of the largely advertised sale which was to take place in one of the downtown department stores. That evening when her husband came home he looked about at a number of bundles which were lying on a table.
"Well, Mabel, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?" he inquired.
"Oh, Will, I got some of the loveliest set silk stockings at 24 cents a pair. There isn't a thing the matter with them, except that the feet are burned off."—Harper's Magazine.

His Tact.
"Oh," she said, "your conduct is enough to make an angel weep."
"I don't see how he's shedding any tears," he retorted, and his tact saved the day.

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