

Children Win The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.



Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

DID SHE MEAN IT THAT WAY?

"Dear Teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday, as she fell in the gutter. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother."—Youth's Companion.

DEFEW'S BEST COMPLIMENT.

Senator Defew, at a dinner in his honor in New York, said of his notable oratorical gift, "I have received many compliments on my skill at after-dinner speaking, but the naivest compliment of all came from an up-state farmer.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

Among the coffee drinkers a high place must be given to Bismarck, according to the London Chronicle. He liked coffee unadorned. While with the Prussian army in France he one day entered a country inn and asked the host if he had any chicory in the house. He had. Bismarck said: "Well, bring it to me; all you have." The man obeyed and handed Bismarck a canister full of chicory.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Papa," said the hopeful youth, "can you tell me what is natural philosophy?" "Of course, I can," said papa, proud and relieved to find that there was at least something he could tell his offspring. "Natural philosophy is the science of cause and reason. Now, for instance, you see the steam coming out of the spout of the kettle, but you don't know why or for what reason it does so, and—

"BANG UP" ETHICS.

Senator Brown, according to the New York Tribune, apropos of the marital misadventures of a young multimillionaire, said at a dinner in Washington: "The trouble is that too many of our big rich young men think that among their many rights is included the right to do wrong.

PROVIDING THE DIAMOND.

The baseball fan was feeling sentimental, says the Boston Traveler. The game was over, and the sun had set and the moon had risen, and now the fan was with his lady love, trying to hand her a few hot ones.

LET MRS. JENKINS DO IT.

Professor Jenkins was deep in a philosophical disquisition with a visiting classmate, says the Youth's Companion, when his neighbor, Mrs. Ely, knocked on his study door and then opened it without further ceremony.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

There's a certain minister whose duties sometimes call him out of the city. He has always arranged for some one of his parishioners to keep company with his wife and little daughter during these absences.

UNCONVENTIONALITIES.

"This is a little past our dinner hour, Mrs. Whetlock, but we're waiting for you to go."

A NICKEL WASTED.

The telephone bell rang loudly in the silent watches of the night in one of the largest hospitals of New York recently, and one of the young internes, who was doing duty in the office at the time, answered, says the New York Times.

ALTOGETHER TOO PARTICULAR.

Lord Talbot Demalshide was talking in New York to the Milwaukee News, about the thoroughness of the customs investigations.

NOT INTERESTED.

Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania, says the Cosmopolitan, is an inveterate smoker, and his choice as to his selection of cigars. Lighting a Havana recently, he said:

WANTED HIS DISGUISE.

A man who traded horses with a Quaker went to him a few days later and said:

Quips and Flings

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theater manager. "That ain't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy!"—Washington Star.

Guest—I'll take some of that. Water—Some of which, boss? Guest—Some of that there. Can't you read?

"What is that piece you were playing?" asked the New York hostess. "It used to be Mendelssohn's Wedding March," replied the musician, "but I have put it into ragtime and entitled it 'The Reno Quickstep.'"—Washington Star.

"Knicker—is the great detective's wife in the county?" "No, she can't find any of his clothes in the bureau."—New York Sun.

Gibbs—Do you ever think of the debt you owe your ancestors? Dibbs—No; they are not pushing me like my tailor and grocer.—Boston Transcript.

"The little birds have to learn to fly now by watching the aeroplanes." "The mother birds are off gridding, eh?" Put the graphophone out doors now to sing.—Pittsburg Post.

"Why was that man thrown from the veranda?" "He wanted the host to put the July heat record on his phonograph."—Buffalo Express.

"The clinging type of girl is disappearing." "Yes; modern woman, with her numerous habits, is more like a cactus than a vine."—Washington Herald.

First Bridegroom—They are well matched. Every day in the office at the time, answered, says the New York Times.

"Your life is too sedentary," said the doctor. "What you need is constant excitement."

"I want a pair of shoes that will be plenty large enough," she said, as the clerk looked into her old one to find the number.

"In that case," he replied, "perhaps you had better step over into the men's department."—Chicago Herald.

Wigwag—The secret of a happy married life is to marry one's opposite. Cynicus—Yes, I have frequently remarked that your wife was a most charming woman.—Philadelphia Record.

"So you have adopted a baby to raise?" we ask of our friend. "Well, may I say all right, but don't you think you are taking chances?"

"Not a chance," he answers. "No matter how many bad habits the child may develop, my wife can't say he inherits any of them from my side of the house."—Life.

"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter."

"There's a penalty for that, too." "I'd like to know what it is."

"Hard labor for life."—Houston Post.

"In our country, where can one really find the cream of society?" asked Miss Bliss.

"In Reno, of course, where society goes through the separator," replied the cynic acidly.—Judge.

"Well, John William, how be things w' you?"

"Gravely quiet. Very quiet. Ain't buried a living soul for over a month."—London Opinion.

"I wonder what becomes of the little girls who dig up the seeds they plant, to see if they are growing." They be-

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, You must be a happy soul; How we envy you your joy Splashing in your swimming hole.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, All your ways are glad and sweet; Nights, though, end the long day's joy, For you have to wash your feet.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, Of thee I'd write a sonnet. When in youth my foot was bare It had a stone-bruise on it?

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, You must be happy, heaven knows, Sitting on the river bank Squeezing mud up through your toes.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, How we pity you—oh, gee! When you, in your childish joy, Step upon a hummel!

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, Not with sorrow forced to grapple; What vacation you'll enjoy Until time for the green apple.

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy, When you escape the teachers, You can run out and enjoy A sun seat in the bleachers.

The muckraker looked at his hat And cast it reluctantly down; Said he, as he did, "It's a pretty fair lid, But, then—there's a dent in the crown."

He looked at his feet in dismay And sighed, as a martyr might do, "There's doubt not a bit, Try certainly!"

He looked at his nose in the glass And murmured as a man who wears crape "Alas! I can smell With the organ full well; But, then—would you notice its shape?"

He looked at his face before he prayed, And Froisart's stories of the fray, I love to read of Gil Bias gay, And so on down the famous list.

So, prince, be wary, before your day Be blunged in murky, mournful mist, For proudest am I when I say I have a punch in either fist.

Folks are easily stampeded. Just when all their sense is needed; That's a fact by all conceded. As a universal rule, If you'd meet the situation, Give it your consideration, Show no silly perturbation, Just keep easy, calm and cool.

When your hands and arms are waving, When your tongue is loudly raving, When, in short, you are behaving Like a perfect bloomin' fool.

Electric luncheon: Alternating currant pie: First a currant, then a fly. —Chicago Tribune.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

Matters never can be mended, Too much effort is expended, Use your wits as they're intended, Just keep easy, calm and cool.

Don't be foolishly elated, Don't with pride become inflated, Don't get mad and irritated, All your passions strictly school; Try to hold yourself together, Don't let go and snap your tether, Even in the present weather Just keep easy, calm and cool.

A WHOLESOME REMEDY. Miss Mary Elizabeth Madeline Fayles, A girl about seven or eight, Had cherished the habit of biting her nails, And practiced it early and late.

From such an absurd and ridiculous trick It was not a long time before Each delicate finger-tip down to the quick Was painfully tender and sore.

Elizabeth's father declared 'twas a sin Such beautiful fingers to spoil; And big brother said, with a comical grin "Let's smear them with capsicum ointment."

So capsicum, aloe and pitch were applied, And vile things too many to name; But Mary Elizabeth silently cried "And nibbled her nails just the same."

Then Mrs. Fayles said, with delight in her voice, "I've thought of a cure sure as fate!" She tried it at once and had cause to rejoice; The nail biting ceased from that date.

What potent device did this fond mother use In curing the trick of her pet? 'Twas simply an artifice, stratagem, ruse, She brought her a manicure set.

A BALAD OF RECREATION. A bold and sturdy man was he, He vowed that he would go To join the merry revelry, And see the Summer show.

"My coin so white I will employ," "What is it for, my pleasure there, Like silver bullets to destroy, Theimps and elves of care."

He ate and drank what he should not, He rode on monsters strange, Baseballs he threw. He took a shot At everything in range.

His hair hung dankly on his brow, His burning breath was short, And still he strove, exclaiming, "Wow! Am I a real sport?"

He's homeward bound, the day is o'er, But why extend the song? Back up the ambulance once more, He'll be all right ere long.

QUITE DIFFERENT. Oh, he preached it from the houseposts, and he whispered it by stealth; He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth. He shouted for the poor man, and he "ran" the rich man down; And also every King and Queen who dared to wear a crown.

He hallooed for rebellion, and he said he'd head a band To exterminate the millionaires, to sweep them from the land. He yelled against monopolies, took shots at every trust, And he swore he'd be an anarchist, to grind them in the dust.

He stormed, he fumed, and ranted, till he made the rich man wince, But—uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since. —Tit-Bits.

Electric luncheon: Alternating currant pie: First a currant, then a fly. —Chicago Tribune.

THE WIFE OF JIMMY ETHEL'S GARDEN. Another Domestic Adventure of the Newlyweds.

BY MAY KELLY.

"So this is the wonderful garden you wanted me to stay home and work in this afternoon?" "Yes, Jimmy."

"Should think it would ruin seed sales! Might as well run in a few pictures of snails, bugs, grasshoppers, and what not, and sell 'em with watermelons under their arms."

"I want to find out just what I'm handling here, because I'm blimmed if I know what to call them when I invite 'em to dinner anywhere and want the catsup!"

"How do you mean, Jimmy?" "Simply run a garden in connection with the weather bureau. Whenever I water it, predict heavy, drenching, continued showers. When I forget the darned thing, then I'll forecast hot, scorching sunshine; precipitation 0. Can you beat it?"

"I'm not at all, Ethel, just a little wireless conversation with—the Emperor of Japan. Hope you don't object."

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