

Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

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The Way Things Turn Out

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.
THUG GREEN was a raw-rawing freshie
 With an arm like a twelve-by-twelve beam
 And a hand like a hod, so he got on the squad
 And presently played on the team.

HIS game was a marvel of tactics;
 He played like a battering ram;
 He would strangle a half with a hideous laugh,
 Though his outward demeanor was ca'm.

THE girls were all crazy about him
 And when, in his slashing career,
 He would gouge out the eye of a rush flying by
 They would murmur in glee, "Ain't he dear?"

OR when, at a critical moment,
 He would plant down his battleship feet
 On the right tackle's head and leave him for dead,
 They would whisper: "Oh! isn't he sweet?"

AND every one called him a hero,
 And said: "By the style of his play,
 If he keeps out of jail he scarcely can fail
 To land in the White House some day."

BUT up on a corner of Broadway
 The Thug may be frequently seen
 Inside the third door on the twenty-eighth floor,
 Where the sign is Chiropodist Green.

To-day's Best Story.

A VERY mild North of England vicar had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. He determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:
 "I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk you are serving me."
 "Yes, sir," unobsequiously answered the tradesman.
 "I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively and not for christening."

AN ARTISTIC SERVANT.
 The girl had been but three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. The mistress was giving instructions.
 "Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.
 "No, ma'am," was the reply. "Will you have 'em in their jackets or in the hood?"—Penny Magazine.

A HANDY HABIT.
 O'Brien—"Tis a queer thing about a cousin o' mine. He has a great habit o' walkin' in his sleep."
 O'Toole—"Ye don't tell me? Can't he be cured of it, at all?"
 O'Brien—"Cured of it? Shure, 'tis the makin' of him; he's on the police force."—Illustrated Bits.

THE MOTOR FACE.
 A few days ago a well-known personage was motoring in Derbyshire, when a policeman stopped him.
 "You'll have to take off that mask," said the officer; "it's frightening every one who sees it."
 "But I'm not wearing one," explained the unfortunate offender.—The Tatler.

A KILLING FROST.
 Mrs. Gaddic—"Of course Mrs. Nuritch thought, when she brought her daughter out she'd be quite a society bud, but society took no notice of the poor girl at all."
 Mrs. Gloat—"Ah, nipped her hopes in the bud, eh?"

HAD LEARNED BETTER.
 Auntie—"I notice your dolly doesn't cry 'Mamma' when she is squeezed now. She did when I bought her for you."
 Niece—"No, auntie; but you forget this is her second season out!"—London Opinion.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.
 "And then, mind you," exclaimed Miss Passay, indignantly, "she asked me if I wouldn't marry the first man that came along!"
 "The idea!" exclaimed Miss Cutting. "Don't these obviously unnecessary questions make you tired?"

SOUR GRAPES.
 "That fellow," said one woman, "is constantly repeating the old joke about the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket."
 "But, you know," the other explained, smiling, "he married a rich wife."—Scraps.

Bad Weather.
 "I want to do some Christmas shopping to-day, dear," said a fond wife—"but is, if the weather is favorable. What is the forecast?"
 "Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning and floods."—Lippincott's.

Poor Fellow.
 The Mother—"If he proposes to-day, tell him he must speak to me, if he doesn't propose, tell him I want to speak to him."—Fitzgerald Blatter.

The Hallroom Boys Visit a Rival Establishment.

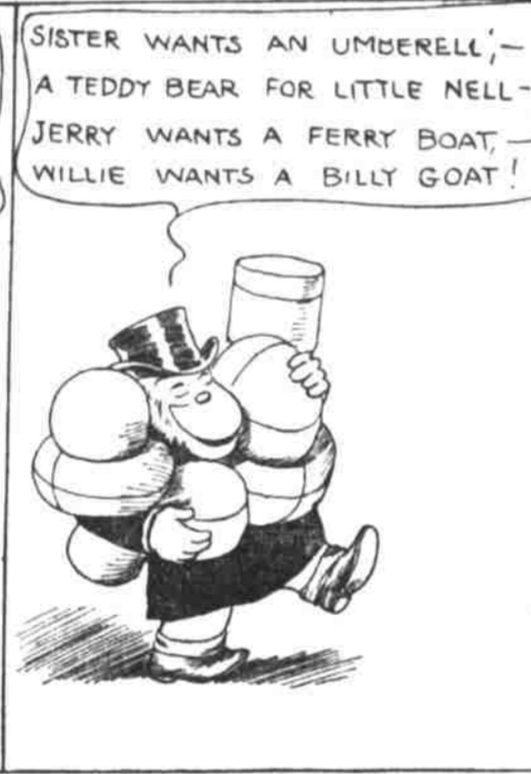
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But They Are Recognized by an Old Friend, and Their Mission Proves a Failure.

Rhymo the Monk Does Some Christmas Shopping.

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THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

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It Happened in Birdland.

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ESSAYS OF LITTLE BOBBIE

PLAGIARISM.

WHEN I went to school yesterday my teacher sed well, well, Bobbie, what do you think, one (1) of the other boys has been riting essays too, Algernon Blots, son of our estimable brewer, sed teacher. Why, teacher, I sed, can you beat it? Let me see the essay, I sed, & this is the essay she showed me:

This essay is about beer. It is what my father makes. It is brown at the bottom & white at the top where the foam is. I look not on the beer when it is brown in the stein for in the end it bites like a silder & stings like a wener werst, already you.

Now, Bobbie, sed my teacher, I want you to rite me a essay about Plagiarism, wich means stealing stuff from grate poets, authors, etc.

Grate Men Wich Stole Stuff.

Plagiarism cums from a old Roman word wich means Go as far as you like, among the grate men wich stole stuff is Mister Shakespeare, Mister Lord Byron, Mister Belasko etc. Mister Belasko is the only one (1) I named wich is still living & he isnt ashamed of anything he did. Doant be afraid to steal stuff in the Literary wurld, he toid me, as the old post sed, Mister Belasko toid me: Everybody steels but Father & he cant write.

When I went hoam & asked Pa about Algernon Blots, wich had been stealing my essays, Pa laffed. Doant you care, Bobbie, he sed. Remember, Bobbie, Pa sed, this poor boy of wich you speak of is only a brewer's son, doing the best he can, why doant you send him a poem of protest, sed Pa, like this:

Men may boost Blots's essays as much as they will
 But the scent of the lager will sting to them still.

Never mind, Bobbie, sed Pa, keep plugging away & unless you are running on a muddy track, Pa sed, you will be the one (1) best bet.

Pa Rote a Peece Once.

Speeking of stealing, sed Pa, I rote a peece once for a song, it was called The Wedding Hells was Ringing & the Bride was on the Job, there was lots of butiful lines, Pa sed, telling how the sweet yung gurl had cum clear down on the Lenox Ave. line, & the fellow never calm, so the sweet gurl sed

Take back yure ring of ony, I will go back to the Bronx!

Then, sed Pa, after all the musick publishers passed up my peece, it was stole by Miss Victoria, wich called it There was I, Waiting at the Church. It was ever thus with me, sed Pa, ever since childhood's happy days at the Business college, Pa sed. I never stooped to pick up a watermelon, sed Pa, but what the farmer calim & made me fade away.

After all, sed Pa, what is life? A moment here, then Hevven, perhaps. Perhaps, sed Ma, but I will make you twenty (20) to one (1) to show, Ma sed.

CLUB WOMEN.

I was noticing in the papers, I toid my teacher, that sum wimmen wich is called club wimmen has had a ste with each other about how low thare dresses shud be & how many cabs thay shud have. My Pa galv me sum good dope about club wimmen, I sed to teacher, wich I wud like to make into a essay.

Bobbie, my teacher sed, you must not use slang like that word "dope" wich yure Pa galv you, but the first time you git I wud like you to rite me the essay of wich you speak of.

Club wimmen, Pa toid me, is sumthing almost new, aitho there was sum club wimmen in the past. The reason thay are called club wimmen, Pa sed, is becausa thay always have a club out for each other. First they cum together at the club & shake hands, then thay lead with thare left & then with thare right, & thus thay ge thru club life, Pa sed, jabbing & swinging, jabbing & swinging.

Is Ma a club woman, I asked Pa. No, Bobbie, sed Pa, yure Ma is not a club woman. Yure Ma once toid me that sum of her lady friends had speak of forming a club wich was to be called the Various Vestals or sumthing like that, Pa sed. We are to be called Vestals, Ma toid him, becausa when our husbands tries to kide up thare beils we will have our lamps trimmed & burning.

The skeem fell thru, Bobbie, sed my Pa, mostly on account of the kicks wich was made by yure old Dad & the other husbands of the sed Vestals. Yure mother was informed, Pa toid me, that if the wimmen started such a club as the Various Vestals the husbands wud start a club called the Chickenhawks & swoop down on the old hens, Pa sed, when thay was having thare first meeting.

Mister Russel is in favor of Wimmens Clubs, sed Ma. Yes, sed Pa, but that is becausa thay are grate for raising children, other peepal's children, Pa sed. In fact, Pa sed, Mister Russel is in favor of anything jest how wich will git peepal's minds off of other candidates. If the men git worried becausa thare wives are at the club, the men will forgit about Fatty Taff & his large round boom, sed Pa.

In conclusion, sed Pa, no son of mine shall ever marry a club woman unless she is the treasure of the club, sed Pa, in wich case, he sed, the old man might listen to reason.

Too Easy.

The Union Bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the director was sleepless. He wondered whether the bank police were really trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank at midnight. The police were good for nothing. They looked on quietly while the director pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director. —Simplicissimus.

Not Qualified.

"Did you intend to drown yourself?" asked the magistrate at Newcastle Police Court yesterday when a candidate was remanded on a charge of attempted suicide. "No, I cannot swim," replied the man. —London Daily Mail.

The Lady Cabby.

Fran von Pappe, Berlin's first woman driver of a taximeter cab, took \$30 in fares between 10 and 11 o'clock, and a cabman, "Lady's Waiting."