Left-Handed Penmen Not Wanted.

Few business men will employ a left-handed person as a clerk or bookkeeper and the prejudice against them extends to the government departments at Washington. The chiefs of those departments are entirely willing to overlook bad penmanship on the part of a really good and industrious clerk, but it is the man or woman who writes with the left hand at which the balk is made. The dead line is drawn just the moment it is ascertained that a clerk is left-handed and he is forthwith informed that if it is his desire to continue in government service it will be necessary for him to write with his right hand. This information is always a bitter pill for the left-hand penholders, but there is nothing to be done but begin to write with the right hand or "throw up the job," and few are anxious to quit government service even for this cause.

Success.

Some people think success means simply to get rich. Others think it means merely to keep out of jail. One of these definitions is about as near correct as the other, says a philosopher.

A Little Mistake.

Young Lady—What is the price of that bicycle costume?

Dealer—That is not a bicycle costume, miss; it's a suit of sanitary underwear.

Good Time to Die.

Gloomy Man—Who is the fool who wrote "I Would Not Die in Springtime?"

Wife—Fool!

Gloomy Man—Yes. Springtime is just the season to die. Escape the spring house cleaning, you know.

Still a Child.

Old Man—What! Marry that child?

Suitor—Your daughter is no longer a child, sir; she is a woman.

Old Man—Nonsense! Why, she isn't a bit bossy yet.

No Nonsense Nowadays.

Modern Poet—Give me a rhyme for influenza.

Friend—What are you writing?

Modern Poet—An ode to spring.

Another Long-Felt Want.

Tough—Have yer got pull enough in Washington to git a patent fer me?

Patent Lawyer—What is your invention?

Tough—It's a pneumatic tire fer perlice clubs.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I wonder what has become of Goodley. When he was at school, you remember, he used to talk so much about uplifting mankind. Entered the ministry, perhaps."

"Oh, no! He's manufacturing explosive shells and torpedoes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Directly Under It.

"It's funny," said the long-winded bore, "but nobody ever seems glad to see me."

"And haven't you ever found out the cause of your unpopularity?" inquired hs candid friend.

"No, I can't discover it."

"Well, Well; it's right under your very nose."—Philadelphia Press.

Extreme Measures.

Mother—If I catch you chasing those hens again I'll wash your face every day next week!—Punch.

True Enough.

Towne—Did you tell Markley you had just bought a magazine rifle?

Browne—Yes.

Towne—You're a truthful gentleman! Why, it's only a cheap single-barrel affair.

Browne—Well, I bought it through an advertisement in a magazine, didn't I?—Philadelphia Press.

Charitable Sex.

He (at amateur concert)—What do you think of Miss Screecher's voice?

She—Oh, I think it's all of what it's cracked up to be.

Then or Never.

Miss Willing—Should a girl allow her fiance to kiss her before they are married?

Mrs. Wedderly—Well, if she wants him to kiss her at all she should.

Something to Mow.

"I wonder if they produce hay in the arctic fields?" said the hallroom boarder.

"I don't know whether they call it hay or not," replied the cheerful idiot, "but it's something the Eskimos."

A Princely Reward.

"Boy," said the wealthy man, beaming with gratitude; "you have done me a great service and I am going to reward you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped the small boy.

"Here, in this case, is the first dollar I ever made. Gaze on it and let it inspire you to be industrious and saving. Good-by."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cares of Youth.

"Wot's worryin' him? In fer a lickin'?"

"Nope; worseer'n that. He says terday's the day he's decided ter propose to the teacher."

Why She Objected.

"I suppose, my dear," said old Moneybags, "that you object to my using tobacco because it is a poison."

"Yes," replied his young wife; "because it is—er—such a slow poison."

An Old Saying Applied.

"I am agreeably surprised at the room you have given me," said the manager of the theatrical troupe, with a patronizing air. "It's really first-class."

"Ah!" replied the proprietor of the hotel. "Your room is better than your company."—Philadelphia Press.

Slight Mistake.

Shopper (in department store)—Isn't it rather early to have those mosquito nets on sale.

Saleslady—Beg pardon, but those are boarding-house blankets.

Finale.

"Are you still making visits to your dentist?"

"No."

"How's that?"

"Oh, nothing, only I ran out of teeth."

Safety Appliance.

Husband—Why did you want a speaking tube from the dining room to the kitchen?

Wife—So I can give the cook orders without having her throw dishes at me.

Not in Her Line.

Mrs. Fadden—Have you ever had any experience in firing china?

Mrs. Artless—No, indeed! Our cook attends to that when she has a bad day.

An Unlucky Combination.

Prison Visitor—What brought you here, my man?

Convict—Superstition, ma'am.

Prison Visitor—Superstition?

Convict—Yes, ma'am. It was the unlucky 13, ma'am.

Prison Visitor—Thirteen! In what way?

Convict—Why, the judge an' the jury united against me, ma'am.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easily Found in the Dark.

He—I think I ought to take a hot foot bath. Where is the mustard?

She—Out in the pantry.

He—Pshaw! It's dark out there and I haven't got a match.

She—You don't need a match to locate it. It's right alongside of the Limburger cheese. — Philadelphia Press.

Not Quite the Same.

Mrs. Backwoods—Our Henry's doin' real well in town. He's runnin' a hotel now an' it's a big one, too.

Mrs. Korntop—Do tell!

Mrs. Backwoods—He surely is. Got a letter from him this mornin' an' he sez. "I'm a hotel runner now an' it's a real swell place."—Philadelphia Press.

Masculine View.

"The coming woman," said the typewriter boarder, "will not take a back seat for anybody."

"I hope you are right," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor. "Those females who ocupy the back seats reserved for smokers in street cars make me real weary."

Usurping Her Prerogative.

"Will you marry me, darling?" asked the young man in the parlor scene.

"Sir," rejoined his fair companion, "this is leap year and you should know that in matters of this kind a gentleman should wait until he is asked."

No Chance for a Blow-Out.

"If I were to give you $10," said the philanthropist, "would you blow it in?"

"Nary a blow, mister," replied the hard-luck victim. "Ef I wuz ter git hold uv dat much coin in er lump it 'ud take me breoth erway. See?"

Other Side of It.

"When women get their rights," said Miss Strongmind, "there will be less foolish lovemaking."

"That's all right," rejoined Mr. Masherton, "there won't be a girl left worth spooning over."

Botany Class.

Teacher—Mushrooms always grow in damp places.

Pupil—That's why they look like umbrellas, ain't it?

An Indorsement.

Ascum—But does this medicine really cure deafness?

Clerk—Eh?

Ascum (shouting)—I say, does it really cure deafness?

Clerk—Well, I should say so! I've taken it regularly for twenty years.

There's the Rub.

Towne—If it hadn't been for that fellow Cutter I'd be $100 richer today.

Browne—Oh, forget about it. You ought to take things philosophically.

Towne—I do. That's easy enough, but it's hard to part with things philosophically.—Philadelphia Press.

Cooked Up.

"So this is the old family Bible?" said Mr. Newsooter, who was waiting in the parlor for Miss Passay.

"No," replied Miss Passay's little brother, "that's the new one sister bought last week so she could write in it all about when she was born."—Philadelphia Press.

Synonyms.

"Oh, there's a word of nine letters that describes Crabbe to a 't.'"

"Ah, yes—'pessimist.'"

"Well, I meant 'dyspeptic,' but it amounts to the same thing."—Philadelphia Press.

Murder Will Out.

"You simply can't get that girl to tell her age."

"Well, time will tell, even if she won't."

The Style that Costs.

"After all, I guess it doesn't cost much to live in New York."

"It may not cost much to live," replied the man who had tried it, "but it costs a lot to make people believe you're living and not merely existing."—Philadelphia Press.

The Gypsies.

Gypsies were found in England about 1514, according to "A Dyalogue of Sir Thomas More" (1529), but the exact year of their arrival is unknown. They were present in Scotland in 1505, and possibly they were the "Saracens" whose depredations in that country prior to 1460 are on record.

Batailiard and other authors believe that gypsies existed in Europe from immemorial times, for they find no account of their crossing the Bosphorous, and no record is known to exist of their passage to England or Scotland.

They were better received in these countries than in any other, but so early as 1531 an act was passed requiring the Egyptians to quit the realm under pain of death, a similar edict being issued in Scotland in 1541 and at varying periods in most of the European states.

Transportation across the seas was among the milder means adopted and probably was the cause of much further dispersion of the tribes. Under Henry VIII. gypsies were shipped from England to Norway or France, and from France, so recently as 1802, they were deported to Africa.

After people pass forty they find that they have no place to wear their new clothes unless they go to church.

A huge sunfish, the largest ever seen, was recently captured near Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of California. It weighed about 1,900 pounds.

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United States.

JOLLY JOKER

Bell Boy (outside of room 55)—Say, the gas is escaping in there. Countryman (inside of room 55)—No, it ain't; I locked the door.—Ex.

Mother—Johnny Jones, did you get that awful cold out skating? Son—Mother, I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning.—Judge.

Chumply—I don't know whether I ought to take your daughter from her father's roof. Her Father—She doesn't live on the roof.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I say, Broom!" "Call me by my whole name, if you please. It has a handle to it, and it was meant to be used, sir." "That's so. Well, Broomhandle, how are you?"

Curioso—Your name is Ephraim, is it? How'd your parents come to give you that name? Modestus—I don't know for certain, but I suspect it was because I was a boy.—Boston Transcript.

"Women claim that the way to get on with a man is to give him plenty of nicely cooked food." "Well," answered Sirius Barker, irritably, "why don't some of them try it?"—Washington Star.

A Great Debt: Bragg—I owe nothing to any man. Newitt—Oh, yes, you do. Bragg—No, sir! Newitt—Oh, yes. You owe an apology to every man who has to listen to you blow.—Philadelphia Press.

Improvement at the Gas Office: "Did you have any luck when you went to complain about the gas bill?" "Better luck than last month," answered Mr. Meekton; "the man didn't laugh this time."—Ex.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again? Prisoner—Yes, sir, but I couldn't make the policeman believe it.—New Yorker.

"Funny about Ralston wanting his former wife to get a divorce from her second husband so that they might get married again." "Not very. He's always been falling in love with other men's wives."—Ex.

Daily Guide to Flattery: If there is something on the table that the hostess knows is so badly cooked that she feels bored about it, ask for more and eat it with the greatest apparent relish.—Baltimore American.

"Have you any taste for Thackeray?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No, I can't say that I have," replied her hostess; "is that anything like this paprika they're puttin' in everything now?"—Chicago Record Herald.

What he Would Rather Have Expressed Differently: Gushing Lady—Oh, but Mr. Jones, I should love to be beautiful—even if for only half an hour! Jones—Yes; but you wouldn't like the coming back again!—Punch.

Conductor—All aboard! Please get aboard quickly, Miss; the train is about to start. Young Lady—But I wish to kiss my sister good-by. Conductor—Get aboard, get aboard; I'll attend to that for you.—Yale Record.

"Coal vases?" said the hardware merchant. "Yes, sir." "Something nicely japanned?" "No, sir," said the customer, a man with fierce mustache and a foreign accent; "haven't you something in Russia iron?"—Chicago Tribune.

How to Hold Actors: "It always makes me mad to talk to an actor. He pretends to listen politely, but his attention is wandering all the time. Ever notice it?" "No. I always talk to them about themselves."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Owner of Fishpond (to man who is trespassing)—Don't you see that sign, "No fishing here? Angler—Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look at this basketful. The man must have been mad who put that board up.

"It was only five years ago that I started in with our firm at five dollars a week," said Bragg, "and now I earn fifty a week without any trouble." "That's so; it's easy to earn that," replied Newitt, "but how much do you get?"—Philadelphia Press.

Ida—I don't believe Mr. Smart believes my handkerchiefs are linen. May—Why not? Ida—I told him I had my pin money wrapped in my handkerchief and lost it. He said there was a great deal of money lost in cotton these days.—Chicago News.

Tommy—To-morrow's your birthday, ain't it, ma? I wisht I had a dollar; I'd buy you a present. Ma—That's thoughtful of you, my dear. But why do you need a dollar? Tommy—'Cause that's the price of it. It's the dandiest catcher's mask you ever saw.—Philadelphia Press.

Fond Mother—I don't know what to do. I want to send my daughter to college, and yet I don't want to send her into the world unprotected. Wise visitor, who has observed the daughter's disposition—You mean that it would be unkind to send her out into the unprotected world!

Never say again that a newspaper writer is not a master of diplomacy. One of the fraternity was to write up the history of an old lady of 98. He was told she had never so much as learned her letters. Did he blurt it out in print? Not a bit of it. He merely stated on his finely written article that "she can read the finest print as well as she ever could."

Queer.

"Hades is supposed to be located in the center of the earth, isn't it?" remarked the thermometer.

"Yes, but what of it?" inquired the barometer.

"It seems funny, I was just thinking the lower down I should get in that direction the higher up I'd go."—Philadelphia Press.

It sometimes happens that a family which cannot boast that one of its members underwent an operation, can recall a time when one of the children went from one convulsion into another.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.—Longfellow.

It takes two to make a quarrel until you have one of your own, and then it is always the other one who makes it.