

# A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK



**Rough on the Professor.**  
The mild-mannered old gentleman who was staying with Mrs. Slimkins was a geologist, and when one morning his landlady's little son informed him that there was a queer old stone in a neighboring field, he was in high glee.

"Come along and show it to me," he said, making his way to the spot.

"I—I—I ain't got time, sir," said the boy, and he began a hasty retreat.

There were cattle in the field, but the professor took no notice of them until a terrible roar attracted his attention, and he saw a fierce bull advancing to greet him. It was a near thing, but the professor won by a trouser-button. On the other side of the hedge he was surprised to see the landlady's son.

"You little ruffian!" shouted the professor. "I believe you sent me into that field purposely. I expect you wanted to see me killed."

"No, I didn't, sir; it was mother did."

"What?" gasped the professor.

"She 'eard a dog 'owling outside our 'ouse last night, an' as it means there'll be a death soon, mother thought it was only right to try an' 'ave it out of the family."

**Sorry He Spoke.**  
An athletic pedestrian was returning home late one night when an evil-looking tramp accosted him, asking what the time might be.

The pedestrian, feeling certain that the fellow had designs on his watch, did not hesitate, but delivered a stinging blow on the man's face, exclaiming as he did so:—"It has struck one."

The man doubled himself up, and nursing his battered nose in both hands, murmured:—"What a lucky thing for me I didn't ask him the time an hour ago!"

**At The Concert.**  
A concert was given by some amateur musicians the other evening. It was largely attended by the general public. One young lady belonging to one of the first families, with a large-sized mouth, sang a selection from an Italian opera which was vociferously applauded, particularly by a stranger in one of the front seats. Turning to his neighbor, with whom he was not acquainted, the stranger said:—"What beautiful teeth that young lady has!"

"I'm glad to hear you say so. It is a high compliment to me."

"Ah! you are the young lady's father. You have indeed a charming daughter."

"Oh, no, I'm not her father."

"Her brother?"

"No, I am no relation whatever, but I'm the dentist who fixed those teeth you admire so much. I only charged five guineas for them, but they have not been paid for yet."

Johnny used to say his prayers every night and ask for a little baby brother. But for a long time no baby brother came along, and at last he stopped praying for one. Soon after this his mother became ill, and the nurse took Johnny in to see her. She showed him twins. Johnny looked at them a while and said:—"I'm lucky I stopped praying when I did!"

A Lancashire man, who had been for a tour round the world, was much annoyed with a report of his return which appeared in a local paper. This report ended:—"His numerous friends are surprised that he is unchanged."

He did not know that the offender was the composer, who, in setting up the report, had omitted a letter "c," thus substituting the word "unchanged" for "unchurch," which the reporter had written.



**A WOMAN'S QUESTION.**  
Cashier: "I cannot cash this cheque, Madam."  
She: "Why not?"  
Cashier: "There isn't enough here to meet it."  
She: "Then can't you meet it half way?"

**Music and Meals.**  
"I know," said the restaurateur, "that a great many people object to music while they are dining; but there are a great many others who like it. I think, at any rate, that the moral effect of music is good. For instance, it gives an atmosphere of friendliness—I might even say tenderness—to everything."  
"Good!" said Billings. "Tenderness is good. I wish you'd ask your orchestra leader to try a few bars on this steak, will you?"

**Causes and Effects.**  
"I wonder why it is," said Billdad, "that so many of these social lights look so like monkeys."  
"I fancy," said Cynicus, "that it is because they are such good climbers."

**Wonderful.**  
"Mind reading? Nonsense!" said Hawkins contemptuously. "Nothing in it! I'll give you ten dollars, Jimmerson, if you'll read my mind right now. What am I thinking?"  
"Why," said Jimmerson, eyeing Hawkins keenly, "you are thinking that mind reading is perfect nonsense, that there is absolutely nothing in it, and that therefore your ten dollars are perfectly safe."  
"By Jove!" cried Hawkins, paying up like a gentleman. "That's wonderful, Jimmerson! You got it exactly. How the dickens do you do it?"

**An Economist.**  
"Now, look here, my man," said the philanthropist to the tramp, "there is no use of an able-bodied fellow like you passing his days in idleness. Come to my office and I'll give you work."  
"Thank you sir," said Weary; "but I'm afraid I can't come. I'm trying to keep my income down under four thousand, so's I can save the income tax."

**The Wise Physician.**  
"My advice to you, sir," said the physician, as he diagnosed the case of the dyspeptic, "is to change your hotel. Go over to the Derringle and live for awhile."  
"Why, doctor?" said the patient. "The food at the Derringle isn't any better than that at the Merrington!"  
"I know that," said the physician; "but the Derringle is run on the European plan, and you have to pay for what you eat there, sir."

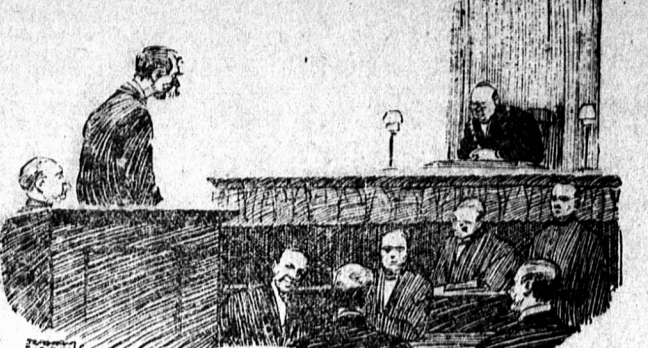
**The Power of Language.**  
"I can't get that woman to take any fresh air," complained the young physician.  
"You don't word your advice properly," said the old doctor. "Tell her to perambulate daily in the park, taking copious inhalations of ozone."—Washington Herald.

**Inconsistent Noise Fighter.**  
"I'm going to start an Anti-Noise Association," said the man.  
"How will you go about it?"  
"Well, the first thing is to get the public interested. I have already engaged half a dozen speakers and a brass band."—Washington Star.

**Silenced.**  
"What became of that original Wilson man in your neighborhood? We don't hear anything of him any more."  
"No; he's very still nowadays. He asked a favor of President Wilson and hasn't dared to speak since."—Detroit Free Press.

**Two Sorts of Operations.**  
"I see they have operated on a Philadelphia boy's head in order to make a better boy of him."  
"That isn't where my dad used to operate on me to make a better boy of me."—Houston Post.

**Good Business.**  
Mrs. Rich—"Why do you pay your maid such awfully high wages?"  
Mrs. Rosta—"Oh, it pays in the long run. She never breaks those expensive vases any more, for fear we will take it out at the end of the month."—Boston Transcript.



**Magistrate:** "You are charged with being drunk and disorderly; what is your name?"  
"Angus McNeil McNash."  
Magistrate: "If I'm—! Who paid for your liquor?"

**Timely Aid.**  
An old colored woman came into a Washington real estate office the other day and was recognized as a tenant of a small house that had become much enhanced in value by reason of a new union station in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked briskly.

"Deed, an' Ah's glad to hear dat, seh," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, for sho', case A des come in dayah terday ter tell yo' ac dat Ah couldn't raise hit dis month."—Harper's Magazine.

**Enterprising.**  
The honest farmer who took in summer boarders greeted the new arrivals with truly rural enthusiasm.

"I swan, I'm right down glad to meet ye," he cried as he extended his horny hand. "How's th' folks to hum?"

The man of the party looked at the enthusiast with some suspicion.

"I gave an actor feller a month's board for to teach it to me,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



**What color eyes d'ye like best, Billy?**  
"Blue! I dunno. What color are yours supposed to be?"

A medical professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:  
"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty the King."

In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some wag had added to the announcement the words: "God Save the King."

The judge of a Texas county was also cashier of the town bank. One day a stranger presented a cheque for payment, and his evidence of identification was not satisfactory.

"Why, judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence men to prison on no better evidence than this!"

"That may be true," replied the judge, "but when it comes to handing out cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

It was the dinner of the Puddleton Wanderers at the Club, and the bottle had been round three times; the jokes were flying fast and furious.

"If it takes a football team at dinner half an hour to eat a ham, how long will it take them to eat a hammer?" asked the lanky but resourceful center-forward.

"That," promptly answered the smart little outside-right, "depends whether they are professionals or 'ammer-chewers."

Mr. Arthur Roberts, the famous comedian, once averted a panic in a theatre by a timely joke. Some scenery had caught fire, and the smell of burning alarmed the audience so much that the manager seemed imminent. At this moment Mr. Roberts appeared at the footlights and addressed the spectators, assuring them there was no danger.

"I give you my word of honor there is no danger," he said.

Still the audience did not seem at all convinced, which led the actor to exclaim:  
"Ladies and gentlemen, confound it all do you imagine if there was any danger I'd be here?"

**Experiences.**  
"So you claim the world is round," sneered the skeptic. "How do you know that it is not square?"  
"Because I have had too many dealings with it," grimly replied Columbus.—Florida Times-Union.

A simple-hearted and truly devout country preacher, who had tasted but few of the drinks of the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down on this plate. In silence and happiness this new vicar of Wakefield quaffed his goblet, and then added:  
"Madam, you should daily thank God for such a good cow."

The manager of a well-known touring company wired to the proprietor of a theatre in a small town; where his company was to appear: "Would you like to hold rehearsal at your theatre at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Have your stage-manager, stage-carrier, assistant stage-manager, assistant stage-carrier, prop-man, chief electrician, and all stage hands present promptly at that hour."

Three hours later he had the following reply: "All right. He will be there!"

**When we were married,** sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite."  
"And it didn't last?" queried the sympathetic friend.  
"Last!" echoed the young wife, drying her tears. "It didn't last as long as a wood pavement!"

"If you didn't take so much interest in horses you would be better off," snapped Mrs. Growler. "You have had horses on your brain all your life."  
"I suppose that is how I happened to marry a nag," retorted Mr. Growler, his face ambushed behind the sporting paper.

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad."  
"I have indeed."  
"Buffalo-hunting—"  
"Yes."  
"And bear-hunting—"  
"Of course."  
"Well, you just come round and let my wife take you house-hunting and bargain-hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."

**HER FIRST VISIT.**  
Ethel (noting with horror the sadist on the floor)—"Mamma, does he butcher dolls?"

Husband (the father of six daughters): "Come Rosa, there is a gentleman in the drawing-room who wants to marry one of our daughters. He is a wine merchant."  
Wife: "A wine merchant? Heaven be praised! Then he will be sure to select one of the older brands."

**Worked the Other Way.**  
A very old Irishman one day astonished a friend by announcing that he was about to get married.  
"Married!" exclaimed his friend. "An old man like you!"  
"Well, you see," the old man explained, "it's just because I'm getting an old boy now. 'Tis a foolish thing, Pat, to have a wife near ye to lose the eyes of ye when ye come to the end."  
"Arrah, now, ye old fule," exclaimed Pat, "don't be so foolish! What do ye know about it? Close yer eyes, indeed! I've had a couple o' them, an' faith! they both of them opened mine!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A visitor to a stately ancestral home was being shown round by an old retainer. He paused before a picture.  
"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "That must be an old master."  
"No, sir," the guide replied; "it's an old master—it's an old mistress!"

"I cannot understand why my second husband is so fastidious," confessed a Glasgow lady to her bosom friend. "He scarcely eats anything. My first husband, who died, used to eat everything I cooked for him."  
"Did you tell your present husband that?"  
"Yes."  
"That's the reason!"

**Caused A Frost.**  
"What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged?"  
"His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note for 1,000 kisses."  
"Well?"  
"I thought it was a prescription and took it to be filled!"—Indiana Normal Advance.

**Didn't Want to be Left Alone.**  
"James, there's a burglar downstairs! I'm going for help."  
"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."—Harper's Magazine.

**Beats the Sewing Circle.**  
Gibbs—I can't for the life of me see why women are taking such an interest in politics.  
Hibbs—I can, when I think of the political scandals.—Springfield Union.

**One Drawback.**  
"Can we get the public's money with this proposition?"  
"Just like taking candy from a baby."  
"I don't like that simile. A baby often puts up a very unpleasant howl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Jealousy.**  
"Is young Miss Maud jealous?"  
"I should say so! She will hardly let her husband use the telephone, because she thinks 'Hello, Central!' sounds so off-hand and familiar."—Washington Star.

**Certainly.**  
"What does auto-suggestion mean?" asked Jinks.  
"That's when your wife begins to figure out how much you would save in car-fare if you had your own machine," replied Jinks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**On the Midway.**  
"We had to let our glass eater go."  
"What was the matter?"  
"Somebody got him to sign the pledge, and he got so stuck up he wouldn't eat anything but mineral water bottles."—Detroit Free Press.

The street-corner lecturer was waxing very eloquent on the social problem, and as a matter of elucidation he asked his audience:—"If you saw a portly gentleman, dressed in the clothes that you worked for by mistake on a sweater, and smoking an Egyptian cigarette that you could be smoking, what ought you to do to him?"  
"There was silence for a moment, and then the piping voice of a lad at the back of the crowd replied:—"Have ye any cigaret pictures?"

It was in the commercial-room, and the talk had turned to hens.  
"Talking of hens," remarked the American, "reminds me of an old hen my dad once had on the farm out Dakota. She would hatch out anything from a tennis-ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."  
"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my old mother once had," remarked the Irishman. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, sir, she laid twelve eggs, and sat on them, and when they hatched, begorra, eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker!"

**Impossibility.**  
"No man can serve two masters," observed the goodly person who was visiting the penitentiary.  
"I know it," replied Convict 1313. "I'm in here for bigamy."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



**Stout Party:** "No fewer than four men got up and offered me their seats in the train today."  
Rude Man: "Was there then room for you?"

**Easy.**  
Knicker—How do you remember to water the plants when your wife is away?  
Booker—I keep 'em in the bathtub.—New York Sun.

**In the She Class.**  
Jack—I see by this paper that a ship's life is twenty-five years.  
Joe—Well, you know, the other "shes" never go beyond twenty-eight years.—Yonkers Statesman.

**REST AND CHANGE!**  
"Why not go for your holiday where we went last year? It's a glorious place. The shops there are simply—gorgeous!"

**One Lesson Learned.**  
"Now, Mamma," said the teacher, "which is the correct form—the dog and the cat are there, or the dog and the cat are there, or the dog and the cat are there?"  
"What?" cried the teacher.  
"Yessum," said Mamma, "because ah there is slang, ma'am, and nice little goys don't use it."—Horace Dodd Gastil.

**The Wrong Hunch.**  
"Yes," he was saying, "as a matter of fact, a man doesn't learn what happiness really is until he is married."  
"I'm glad you've discovered that at last," replied she, with visions of immediate proposal.  
"Yes," he continued; "and when he's married it's too late."—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Perfect.**  
"Binks appears to have been high in the wind."  
"Yes; he is even above reproach."—Buffalo Express.

**Reckless Spender.**  
Saphedde—"It costs me \$25,000 a year to live."  
Miss Caustique—"How foolishly some people spend their money!"—Philadelphia Record.

**Weather Note.**  
A heavy bunch of clouds passed over Hogwallow yesterday bound for a Sunday-school picnic in progress near Rye Straw—Paducah Hogwallow Kentuckian.

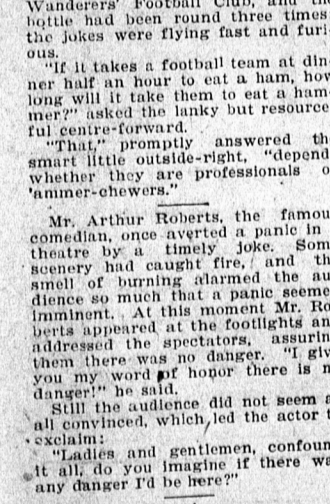
Algy's Mother—"I suppose yer gittin' a good foe, sir, for attendin' to the rich Smith boy?"  
Doctor—"Well, yes, I get a scotty good foe; but why are you asking?"  
Algy's Mother—"Well, I hope yer won't forget that my little Algy threw the brick that 'it' hit!"

A minister opened his Sunday school class with the well-known hymn, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." In the middle of the first verse he stopped the singing and complained strongly of the half-hearted manner in which it was rendered. He made a fresh start.  
"Now, then," he shouted, "Little drops of water, and for goodness' sake put some spirit into it!"

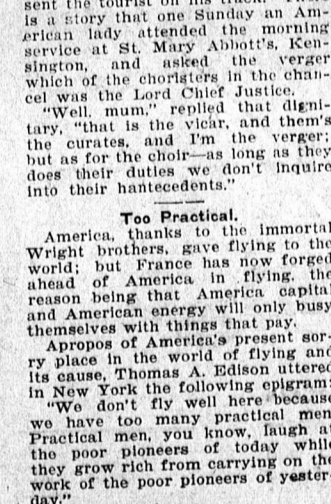


**You might let me have the car for an hour, Uncle.**  
"All right, my boy, you can have it."  
"And I say, can you let me have the price of a couple of fines or so?"

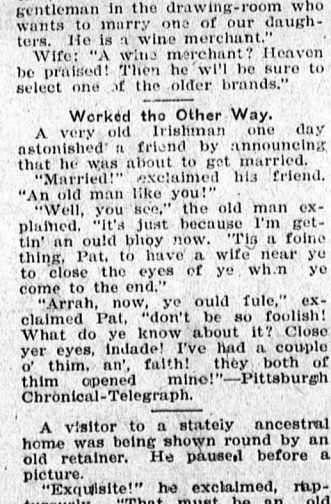
**Reginald (to his grandfather, the general):** "I don't know, grandpa, but I reckon it's an awfully hard job to make up my mind whether to be a soldier like you or a sailor like old Peter Grigson."



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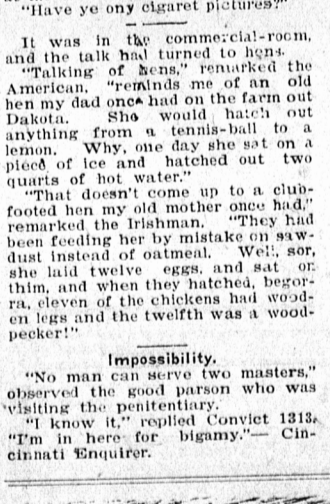
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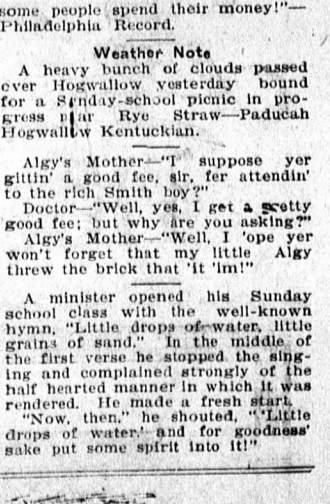
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