



A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

Dilatory Tactics.
 Wife (about to prepare meal): "The question of what to eat is never settled."
 Husband: "Well, why don't you settle it then, instead of laying it on the table every time?"

An Inappropriate Machine.
 Detective: "Did the cashier do anything to divert attention while his subtracting operations were going on?"
 The president: "Yes; the hypocrite persuaded the directors that the bank needed an adding machine."

The Way of It.
 Abel: "Pa, what gave you the dyspepsia?"
 Adam: "The woman tempted me and I did eat."

A Superficial Attempt.
 Wiseman: "I see Englishmen are resuming the habit of wearing whiskers."
 Cynic: "Yes. A superficial attempt to revive the ancient virility of the nation."

It Isn't His Fault.
 Howell: "Edison says that we sleep too much."
 Powell: "Well, it isn't his fault; he has invented enough things to keep us awake."

Degrees.
 Crawford: "If you don't believe in medicine, why don't you try the faith cure?"
 Crabshaw: "My boy, I find that even harder to swallow."

The Love Cure.
 Her parents sent her to Europe in the hope that she would get over her infatuation for young Fluddub.
 "An easier way would be for them to let her marry him."

Verdant.
 Old hand (to new ticket seller at state fair): "Ever been on the wicket before in a crush?"
 "Nope."
 "Thought not."
 "You give change first, and tickets afterward."
 "What is the difference?"
 "Hundreds of dollars, my boy. No one ever passes in and forgets his tickets."

Naming the Boat.
 "We've named our motor boat 'True Love.'"
 "What's the idea?"
 "Never runs smooth."

Worse Than That.
 "You intimate that he robs Peter to pay Paul?"
 "Dear man, it's worse than that! He robs Peter to pay Pauline."

Black Hand Ensign.
 In the spring of '95 a reporter for The Arkansas Traveler died. The day after the funeral a visitor to the office found the editor and his staff talking about their late associate.
 "It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said, "and loss, indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "Ah, I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crapes."
 Opie read frowned. "Crape," he said. "Where do you see any crapes?"
 "Over there," said the visitor, pointing.
 "Crape be darned," said Read. "That isn't crape. That's the office towel."

A member of parliament enlightened a political club luncheon recently by telling the story of a certain famous politician who attended a banquet at which it was expected important speeches would be made. A dish of whitebait was set before him and, after looking at the fish and then at the other guests, he remarked:
 "Gentlemen, let us follow the example of these little fish—drink a great deal and say nothing!"

The legislature of a western state contains this year several women members. At a recent banquet they were invited to speak, but all with one accord began to make excuses, and one of the men was asked to represent them. He accepted, saying that he was willing to act, so far as in him lay, but that his case was similar to that of a naughty little girl who was told that if she didn't behave she would be shut up in the chicken-coop.
 "You can shut me up in the chicken-coop if you want to," replied she, "but I ain't going to lay any eggs."

A number of persons were talking about telescopes, and each professed to have looked thru the "largest one in the world." One after another told of the powerful effect of the respective telescopes. At last a quiet man said, mildly:
 "I once looked thru a telescope. I don't know as it was the largest in the world, I hope it wasn't. But it brought the moon so near that we could see the man gesticulating in it wildly and crying out: 'Don't shoot—don't shoot!' The old fool thought it was a big cannon that we were pointing at him."

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was resistant.
 "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."
 "Whisky, my father," responded Michael, "and it was your river-freer's siff that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our linnites!"
 "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

Sir Frank Lockwood was on one occasion conducting the defence of a person charged with cattle-stealing, and was pressing a witness in cross-examination to ascertain how far he was away from the animals at a certain time.
 "How could you tell they were beasts?" he asked.
 "Because I could see 'em!"
 "And how far off can you tell a beast?"
 Witness looked calmly at Sir Frank, and said: "Just about as far as I am from you!"

The teacher was addressing his pupils on the subjects of laziness and idleness. He drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer—the man who dislikes work and who begs for all he gets.
 "Now, John," said the teacher to a little boy who had been very inattentive during the lesson. John was instantly on the alert. "Tell me," continued the teacher, "who is the miserable individual who gets clothes, food, and lodging, and yet does nothing in return?"
 John's face brightened.
 "Ease, sir," said he, "the baby."

During a winter visit to Florida Andrew Carnegie attended a service in a little negro church. When the contribution-plate came around, Mr. Carnegie dropped a five-dollar bill upon it. After the contents of the plate had been counted, the clergyman arose and announced:
 "Brethren and sisters, the collection this evening seems to figure up six dollars and forty-four cents; and if the five-dollar bill contributed by the gentleman from the north is genuine, the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately."

Old Woman: "They're awful things, these motor cars! They're not safe at all!"
 Old Man: "No, there's always something goin' wrong with them."
 Old Woman: "Which would ye rather be in, a collision or an explosion?"
 Old Man: "I would far rather be in a collision."
 Old Woman: "For why?"
 Old Man: "(thoughtfully): 'Because in a collision there ye are; but in an explosion, where are ye?'"

Reminded Him.
 "A man never loses anything by politeness," said the Old Fogey.
 "I know a lot of men who never intend to," added the Grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Worse Luck.
 Maggie: "What's the matter with Frank? He looks worried."
 Gurgins: "He can't meet his bills."
 Maggie: "That's nothing. I can't dodge mine."—Springfield Union.

Marjorie: "She's going to have her picture taken in her transparent suit."
 Madge: "Why doesn't she go to one of those X-ray photographers?"
 Judge.

Solving the Problem.
 Teacher: "If I cut a beefsteak in two, and then the halves in two, what do I get?"
 Boy: "Quarter stein."
 Teacher: "Good! And then again?"
 Boy: "Eighths."
 Teacher: "All right! And then again?"
 Boy: "Sixteenths."
 Teacher: "Exactly! And then?"
 Boy: "Thirty-seconds."
 Teacher: "And then?"
 Boy: "(impatient): 'Hash!'"

A PAINFUL MOMENT.
 Mother (sternly): "Young man, I want to know just how serious are your intentions toward my daughter?"
 Daughter's Voice (somewhat agitated): "Mamma! Mamma! He's not the one!"

AT THE CONCERT.
 Musical Enthusiast (at charity concert): Ah! We shall hear more of this young man, I'm sure.
 Sufferer: Not tonight, I hope.

His Mistake.
 After his services were over, one of the congregation turned to his wife and said:
 "On my way to church I picked up a button and put it in my change pocket, where I had a quarter."
 "Gracious, my dear!" anticipated his wife, very much horrified. "And you dropped it into the collection basket by mistake?"
 "No, certainly it!" replied her husband. "I put it in the quarter."

Just the Same.
 Knicker: "But you can't shoot before the season opens."
 Bocker: "It makes no difference; I never hit anything, anyway."

Still Hopeful.
 "What's that noise in the cellar?"
 "Some one told Miss Unwed, at our Halloween party, that if she would walk down the cellar stairs backward and stand looking over her left shoulder, she would see the face of the man she is to marry."
 "But this is the first of December!"
 "I know it. She's down there yet."

Doesn't Mind the Bumps.
 Sillious: "The way of the transgressor is hard."
 Cynic: "Oh, well, he can generally afford pneumatic tires."

Three American artists were telling tall tales about their work.
 "The other day," said one, "I painted a little deal board in imitation of marble with such accuracy that, on being thrown into the water, it immediately sank to the bottom."
 "Fought!" said another. "Yesterday I hung my thermometer on the easel supporting my view of the Polar region. It fell at once twenty degrees below freezing-point."
 "All that is no line," remarked the third artist, in conclusion. "My portrait of a prominent New York millionaire was so lifelike that it

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"A woman came into the hospital the other day, and she was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down her back."
 "You couldn't do anything for her, could you?"
 "Yes," we treated her for bacteria."

Barber (finishing the lathering of a customer): "Yes, sir, there's no carelessness allowed by our employer. Every time we cut a customer's face it means a fine of a shilling."
 Then he added, brandishing his razor:
 "But today I don't care a rap; I backed a winner yesterday, and have just drawn a sovereign."

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 "Look here," he said; "you shouldn't quarrel like that, you know. Look at the dog and cat lying together. They get on very well together."
 "Yes, they may," retorted the husband; "but you tie them together, and see what happens then."

An American called upon to return thanks for the distinguished strangers at a public dinner, said:
 "This is quite unexpected; in fact, when I came into this room I felt much like Daniel in the lion's den. When Daniel got into that place and looked round, he thought to himself, 'Whoever's got to do the dinner speaking, it won't be me!'"—Detroit Free Press.

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 "Another speech from the throne," was Sothorn's comment.

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