With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

The Blue Rose

By H. M. Egbert.

"Yes, gentlemen," declared Prof. Toppingham, beaming across the table at the college trustees, "I'm going to retire and end my days in the country. I haven't seen a flower or a shrub outside the campus for 15 years and I intend to devote my days to the study of nature now that you've decided I'm too old to work in harness and pensioned me off."

"John thinks he'll like the country," put in the professor's wife, who had been admitted, by special courtesy, to the valedictory proceedings. "But he has one defect, he doesn't know—"

But a woman's interference in the discussion was not to be tolerated. Laura was politely but firmly relegated to obscurity.

"I suppose you'll be making some of those wonderful botanical discoveries you're always talking about," interrupted Jones, the natural history shark, with gentle irony.

Prof. Toppingham thumped his fist upon the table.

"Jones," he cried, "you may deride me from your lofty heights. But who has done the great work of the world, sir? Answer me, sir. The expert, with his brain trained to run along its shallow groove, or the untrained investigator, lit by enthusiasm and untrammeled by pedantry? The trouble with you professionals is that you've got into a rut. It has been my dream for years to produce blue roses, and I'm going to do it."

"John is an enthusiast," said his wife. "All his life he's had one defect, and I simply can't get him to believe it. He's—"

"When you produce your blue rose, pray let me see it," interposed Professor Jones, firmly. "I'll make you a standing offer of ten thousand for the first plant, Toppingham. Have you ever tried to grow roses—even red ones?"

Laura bit her lip, frowned, and then smiled softly, as a woman smiles sometimes when she has a secret with nobody to share it.

Prof. Toppingham carried out his intention. He purchased a house in

"Prof. Toppingham Thumped His Fist Upon the Table."

New Jersey, about one and a half hours' ride from New York. It had a large garden attached, and here, freed from the routine of class work, he set himself assiduously to the cultivation of his blue rose, which was to be the wonder and admiration of the whole world.

"You see, Laura," he explained, "this book says that no flower displays more than two of the primary colors in any of its varieties. It says we can have yellow and red, but no blue roses; blue and red but no yellow hyacinths and hydrangeas; blue and yellow but no red crocuses and tulips. But it doesn't say why. I have found out the reason. Because of their chlorophyllic reaction to the invisible ultra-violet rays of the spectroscope."

He sent the following telegram to Jones:

"Prof. Jones, Bronx College, New York: Have grown a sky blue rose; come at once and bring ten thousand."

Fifteen minutes later, when he had opened the telegram and given it three readings in incredulity and amazement, Prof. Jones emitted a yell that shook the staid old buildings to their foundations, grabbed his umbrella, and ran, hatless, toward the terminal. One and a half hours later he was standing, splashed with the mire of the New Jersey roads, at the Toppinghams' door.

"You've got to show me before I believe it," he cried, grabbing the professor by the arm. "Take me to it."

Upon a sickly shrub one scrawny rose, redder than a June sunset, blossomed in solitary state.

"Where's your blue rose?" asked Jones in stupefication.

"Why, there it is, right under your nose," said the professor in irritation.

"Suffering Munyon," cried Jones, turning to Mrs. Toppingham, "why did you let him bring me down here for this, madam?"

"I tried to tell you that the professor was color blind," answered Laura, sweetly, "but you wouldn't let me."

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Jinx' Diplomacy

By Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Jinx permitted the evening paper to drop into his lap unheeded and sat and stared contemplatively at his better half where she sat darning the previous week's crop of stockings and socks.

"I was just thinking what a wonderfully lucky man I am to have such a sensible little wife," he said.

"Do you really think so, By? I got my—"

"Think so? I know so! I met Jones' wife to-day and—"

"What did she have on?"

"Oh, how do I know? Men never notice such things, that is generally speaking, but I noticed her hat this time."

"Did you? I got my—"

"Yes, and that is the reason I was thinking to-night more than ever how

She Was Wearing a Distressed Peach Basket.

very sensible my own wife is. Mrs. Jones had on one of those whaleback affairs that looks just the same whether you see it coming or going and it had a bunch of blossoms on it such as never grew outside the pea-green imagination of some milliner's apprentice, and it came down to her eyebrows, and say she looked like the deuce!"

"I want to show you—"

"And then I met Mrs. Leslie. She had on the mother of the baby washtub that Mrs. Woollard had kidnaped, and it was the dizziest thing you ever saw in all your life; had enough stuff, fruit, flowers and vegetables on it to have filled it if it had been turned right side up. It looked like the makin's of a boiled dinner with the makin's of a peach cobbler on the side. Honest you would have thought the freaks were out on parade to-day.

When Jinx had become re-absorbed in his paper Mrs. Jinx made an unobtusive retreat to her room and opening a huge milliner's box gave a lingering look at a peach-basket creation reposing therein, then closing the box she pushed it noiselessly beneath the bed with the whisper: "I must change that in the morning, I would never dare wear it after what he has said."

"I guess that'll hold her all right," said Jinx to himself as he covertly watched her retreat. "I never could let her go onto the street wearing that thing I saw in the bedroom. I sure had to talk fast though to keep her from springing it on me!"

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A Best Seller Elopement

By Richard S. Graves.

Gladys De Gratewad took a walk one afternoon and strolled into the park. She lived with her parents in a Broadway hotel and had a whole herd of automobiles, but you know how it is yourself. Sometimes you get so tired of riding in automobiles.

On a bench in the park sat a young man, his hair parted in the middle. Between his lips he held alternately a cigarette and the head of his cane. His attire was faultless for the afternoon except that on one shoulder there was a grease spot and some dust on the knee of his trousers. Gladys knew at once he was in deep trouble. She gave him a sympathetic glance and he came right back with the glad lamps.

They walked under the trees and sat on the benches. His name was Algy, he told her, and he was so fascinating, with a great secret gnawing at his heart and his firm lips sealed upon it forever.

"May I call to-morrow, dearest?" he asked, two hours after they had met. Her head was on his shoulder at the time.

"You may, darling," replied Gladys, looking into his troubled eyes, and noting how resolutely the firm mouth drew on the cigarette, so frail and helpless in the terrific grip of his white teeth. After the second draw nothing remained of it but a worthless stub, too short to attract the attention of the tramp before whom he cast it. Gladys thought she never had seen anything so grand.

"May I ask your father to-morrow, my own?' he inquired, his voice trembling slightly, though not from fear. Oh, no, not from fear.

"Yes," she answered, too happy to consider the possible consequences and forgetting to tell him to use the telephone. She knew her father had fists like hams and feet that weighed nearly as much as a keg of nails, but who could think of everything on an occasion of that kind?

After the park policeman had pulled up a stake and pried them apart, Gladys reluctantly went home. Algy also disappeared and the next day at the appointed hour he called at the hotel.

Gladys had noticed, when Algy called, that the dust had been removed from his shoulder and knee. She knew the load of trouble no longer rested upon his heart. She watched from the window as he went away and saw that he had acquired a much larger load, as indicated by the large spots of dust and grease on his clothes. She went again to the park.

Algy was late at the trysting place. Anybody would have been late. First he went lame, then he went home to change his clothes. Then he went limping.

"We will elope," said Gladys, firmly.

"We will elope," repeated Algy, "after we have selected the fastest automobile and punctured the tires of all the others in your father's garage."

Algy selected the automobile himself. He seemed to know about them. He ran them around the block one at a time, holding a stop-watch on them. Finally he selected a car that would run a hundred miles an hour. Then he sent to Wisconsin for three experienced woodsmen to chop the tires of the rejected cars. They came with axes on their shoulders.

At night the choppers were stationed about the garage with their axes poised. Algy and Gladys seated themselves in the fastest car and it began to move forward. At that instant De Gratewad arose from behind a gasoline tank. He stepped in front of the moving car.

"Chop!" he said to the woodsmen. it was the signal Algy had arranged. Then De Gratewad beckoned to the minister, who came forward and married Gladys and Algy as they sat in the car.

"I have just learned," said De Gratewad to Algy, "that you are a chauffeur in disguise. Welcome to our city. Please come early in the morning and replace the old tires with the new ones I have ordered. Congratulations. Good night."

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Waiter Who Gave Away Tips

Divided Money Received with Pianist Who Had Played Accompaniment to His Singing.

Some out of town visitors were taking in an Eighth avenue cafe. The orchestra was excellent, the pianist especially, but first one waiter and then another, to their surprise, would quit waiting and sing.

One sang so well that he was encored again and again. That is, quarters were thrown at him from all sides of the room. Half dollars sometimes. They fell in the sawdust about his feet. He kept right on singing, moving toward the raining quarters, however, and pushing them nearer to him, so that he presently stood in an interesting little circle of quarters and half dollars, the pianist playing his very best at his accompaniment, ringing in extra touches, playing beautifully, indeed.

"How accommodating the accompanist is," commented a visitor.

"Wait, and you'll see why," said a New Yorker who was with them.

Just then, the rain of money ceasing, the waiter quit singing, stooped, gathered up the money, divided it in half, and gave half to the pianist before he resumed his work of waiting on the guests.

"That's the first waiter I ever saw give away his tips," the visitor said.—New York Post.

There Are Others.

He—It's all nonsense this theory about kissing being dangerous on account of the germs that are conveyed from one mouth to the other. I've kissed hundreds of girls, and I'm not dead.

She—No. But what about the girls?—Illustrated Bits.

Planning Ahead.

"I hear Brown has bought a naphtha launch."

"Is that so? I must hurry up and renew his acquaintance. I can always get off Saturday afternoons for a boat ride."

Queering His Game.

The boy had a voice like a thrush. Exquisite. His manager was announcing a benefit to be given him and asking the people to buy tickets. "This boy," he said, "is about to lose his voice. He is 15. He must rest for two years and go to school. I hope you will all buy tickets."

But the boy had a tear in his eye.

"I'll be willing to bet you," he sighed, "that I don't lose my voice in a year. I'll bet you ten dollars."

His manager grasped him and sat him down.

"Hush!" he whispered, "Do you want to spoil the sale of your tickets. Be quiet there."

At the Game.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am learning a lot about baseball. I can pick out the umpire every time."

"Oh, you can!"

"Yes, He's the gentleman with the Marcelle waves on his chest."

Think twice before you speak of some things, and think ten times before you listen to some other things

THE WRONG OBJECTIVE POINT

Mule's Lack of Consideration Responsible for Ike's Being Late at His Duty.

An Atlanta merchant has frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his darky porter, for his tardiness in reporting for duty in the morning. Ike is always ready with a more or less ingenious excuse.

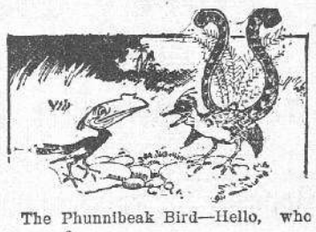
"You're two hours late, Ike!" exclaimed the employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop! Otherwise, I'm going to fire you; understand."

"'Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it wa'n't mah fault, dis time! Honest! I was kicked by a mule!"

"Kicked by a mule? Well, even if that were so, it wouldn't delay you for more than an hour. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that."

Ike looked aggrieved. "Mistah Edward," he continued solemnly, "it might have been all right ef dat mule kicked me in dis direction; but he didn't—he kicked me de odder way!" Lippincott's.

NATURE STUDIES.



The Phunnibeak Bird—Hello, who are you?

The Other Bird—Don't you know me? Why, I'm "The harp that once through Tara's Halls."

The Phunnibeak Bird (shortly)—Oh, tut; tut! You're a lyre! That's what you are.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

An Irish Bull.

After Boyle Roche's famous bird comes the County Cork veterinary surgeon. At the last meeting of the Dunmanway rural council a member of that body complained of the inattention of the official veterinary surgeon. "There was," the rural councillor explained, "a case of swine fever in this place recently, and, though 'the doctor' got the order to go there, he never turned up until the following Tuesday, and even then it was another man who came to represent him."

Good, If Homely, Advice.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfel, the famous Labrador explorer and social worker, says that in the interests of the campaign against tuberculosis, he has induced most of the natives to weave the motto, "Don't Spit," in their rugs, instead of other homely sayings, which were formerly used.

Rough on Rats, unbeatable exterminator
Rough on Hen Lice, Nest Powder, 25c.
Rough on Bedbugs, Powder or Liq'd, 25c.
Rough on Fleas, Powder or Liquid, 25.
Rough on Roaches, Pow'd, 15c., Liq'd, 25c.
Rough on Moth and Ants, Powder, 25c.
Rough on Skeeters, agreeable touse, 25c.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Good Excuse.

"But, Egbert, you never used to mind cutting the grass."

"I know, pa, but it's a whole lot harder since you sharpened the lawn mower."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Painful Insomnia.

"What sort of a hat is a wide-awake?"

"Why, a hat without a nap, of course."

A household once supplied with Hamlins Wizard Oil is seldom allowed to be without it. In case of sudden mishap or accident Wizard Oil takes the place of the family doctor. Are you supplied?

The best season of the year for a girl to marry is in the fall. It's an easy matter to teach a man to build fires when the honeymoon is on.

For Headache Try Hicks' Capudine. Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous troubles, the aches are speedily relieved by Capudine. It's Liquid—pleasant to take—Effects immediately. 10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

Criticism should never exasperate us; on the contrary, it should benefit us, and even occasionally amuse us.—Max O'Rell.

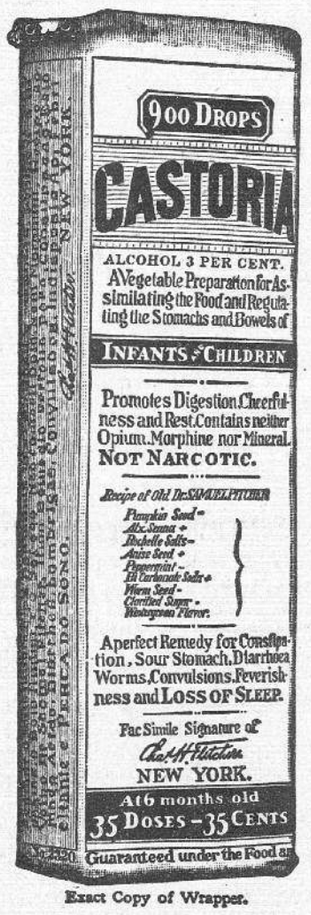
Dr. Biggers Huckleberry Cordial Cures All Stomach Troubles, Children Teething, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc. At Druggists 25c and 50c per bottle.

The real martyr never has time to enjoy the honor.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Organize a Local Telephone System

Just think what a Telephone System would save you—all your neighbors at your call—your doctor—your veterinarian—postoffice—depot—merchant.

No matter how far from the nearest Telephone Company, your community can have its own local service at a very low cost of maintenance.

Western-Electric Rural Telephones

are in use in thousands of communities. The equipment is the standard Bell Telephone apparatus. This means most reliable and economical service.

This rural telephone system is moderate in cost—easily within the reach of the average farmer.

If you are interested, cut out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail it to-day to our nearest house. We will send free Bulletin No. 107 on how to build rural telephone lines and their cost.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

EASTERN
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Atlanta.

WESTERN
Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Minneapolis.

CENTRAL
St. Louis, Denver, Kansas City, Dallas, Omaha.

PACIFIC
San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City.

Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Montreal and Winnipeg.
Rural Telephones a Specialty

Paxtine
TOILET ANTISEPTIC
—NOTHING LIKE IT FOR—

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Down in the dumps

—from over-eating, drinking—bad liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out—Cascarets relieve and cure quickly. Take one to-night and feel ever so much better in the morning. 908

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

Should Take His Medicine.

"A feller shouldn't stand in the middle of the street to talk pessimism," declared the Plunkville philosopher.

"Why not?"

"Fust he says life ain't worth living, and then jumps when he hears an automobile honk."

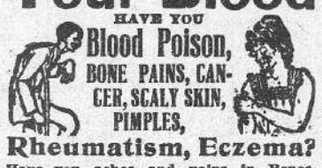
PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER draws the pain and inflammation from bee-stings and insect bites. Soothes and allays the awful itching of mosquito bites. 25c, 35c and 50c bottles.

There is more or less moonshine in the astrology business.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A doctor of divinity should believe in the faith cure.

Your Blood



HAVE YOU
Blood Poison, BONE PAINS, CANCER, SCALY SKIN, PIMPLES, Rheumatism, Eczema?

Have you aches and pains in Bones, Back, Joints, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Boils, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, open humors, syphilitic Blood Poison, Swollen glands?

Have you Watery Blisters, Open, Itching Sores, with oozing matter, skin cracks and bleeds, Risings and bumps, Eczema?

If you have any of the above symptoms of blood disease don't fail to take B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous blood purifier which has made, in the past 27 years, so many marvelous cures of blood and skin diseases. Cures where all else fails.

B. B. B. kills the poison, makes the blood pure and rich, completely changing the entire body into a clean, healthy condition, healing every sore or pimple and stopping all aches, pains and itching, curing the worst case of Blood Poison, Rheumatism or Eczema. BOTANIC BLOOD BALM (B. B. B.), is pleasant and safe to take; composed of pure Botanic ingredients. It purifies and enriches the blood. B. B. B. strengthens the nerves and builds up the broken down system. DRUGGISTS, $1 PER LARGE BOTTLE, with directions for home cure.

SAMPLE SENT FREE by writing to BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. When writing for sample give name of your trouble, if you know.

THAT'S IT

The only skin softener and bleacher I find. It also keeps me sweet and clean on hot summer days, destroys all odor of perspiration when applied on retiring and removed next morning with a damp cloth. Two sizes 50c and $1.00 bottles. Trial size 10c. Either mailed direct on receipt of price.

HOOPER MEDICINE CO. Dallas, Tex. & Jersey City N.J.

For Any Face or Any Beard
NO STROPPING NO HONING
TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

$1 Up. HALFTONES Suitable for printing in newspaper or on stationery. Publishers of this paper will take your order and do the printing. WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE, $1.00, retail.