

With the World's Great Humorists

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

Addison Spriggs and the Foolish Fan

By S. E. KISER.

"The people of this country," said Addison Spriggs, "are going crazy over baseball. It is disgusting. Now here is your own case, Williams. He went on, glancing across the table at the youngest boarder; "baseball is a great deal more important to you than your own future. You make a rush for the paper when you get downstairs in the morning, so that you may find out what the scores are, if you didn't stay down town to find out the night before, and you're in the dumps all day if the club from your home town got beaten."

"Well," replied Ferguson, taking up the argument for Williams, "it's better to take an interest in baseball than to keep busy poking into other people's business."

"Who's poking into other people's business, Mr. Ferguson?" Addison Spriggs inquired after he had almost broken one of his teeth on a cherry stone and kept his temper only by the exercise of great will power. "Did anybody file an application to get your opinion? Has there been any popular demand for light on this subject from you? Since you've felt called upon to project yourself into the argument permit me to say that what I said to Williams a moment ago applies also to you. One might suppose, judging from the deep interest you take in baseball, that you had money invested in one of the clubs, and I guess you have, at that, only you're not drawing any dividends on it. If you thought as much about your employer's inter-

est as you think about baseball your income might be bigger than it is today. Have you any idea how much money you waste going to baseball during a season?"

"Oh, about the same amount it



"There! That's the Kind of a Man I Am."

costs you for chocolates and soda water.

"Ha, ha! Laugh, everybody. Awfully funny. Keep wit. Say, Ferguson, you ought to save up your humor and write it out. Some publisher might pay big money for it. But, honestly,

Her Consistency.

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Mr. Jinx finished putting on his last slipper and stretched back luxuriously in his Morris chair. He felt that he had discovered the only real way to live and the only little woman in the world who could make life at all worth while.

"I was thinking what fun it would be to hike off to town and see all the picture shows we could visit up to midnight. Let's do it; want to?"

"Dearie, I would rather not if you don't mind; you see we have had a very exciting day at the office and I am simply fagged out mentally and physically. I was just thinking how nice it was to have such a delightful, happy little home and such a darling little wife to smile across the table at me."

"I suppose you used to go out right frequently of an evening before we were married?"

"Oh, the gang used to get in my

room and play penny ante once in a while."

"Well, wasn't that lovely? What else did you do with your evenings?"

"Oh, sometimes I went calling."

"On some girl, By?"

"Well, there was a while that I called on a girl nearly every night."

"Did you like her?"

"I loved her desperately."

"You br-ute! Why d-didn't y-you marry her if you loved her so much?"

"I did."

"You did not! You married me—Oh, By! You didn't mean me all the time?"

"Of course I did; who else could I have meant?"

"You are just an old tease, and I am going to bite your ear for that! There!"

"Ouch! Leggo! There goes the 'phone!'"

"Who was it, By?" asked Mrs. Jinx.

"The Roman army had marched and

A PRETTY STORY

Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, discussing a tax that he believed to be unjust, said at a dinner in New York:

"Men would not pay such a tax unless they had the naive of the little girl who visited the famous brothers Grimm—the fairy tale writer, you know."

"The little girl knocked at the modest Grimm door, and William Grimm opened it."

"Are you, she said, 'the person who wrote these pretty tales?' and she showed him under her arm a copy of his immortal book."

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "I and my brother. We wrote them together."

"And you wrote this story about the clever little tailor who married the princess?"

"Yes, Oh, yes," said William Grimm.

princess ever, ever married a tailor. I haven't as much as a mark, but here is a penny and I will pay you the rest as soon as I can."

Aluminum Dress Trimmings.

The rumor has been more than verified that aluminum would be asked to play a conspicuous part in the season's trimming gloriations. Quite one of the most beautiful expressions is found in the mingling of gold and aluminum on a groundwork of fine black net, while in another case a delightfully shadowy impression is afforded by a flat darning of coarse silver net with pale gold.—Queen

Breaking Away from Tradition.

The new president of Dartmouth college will be the first, with a single exception very early in its history, who was not a clergyman. Another example of a conspicuously growing tendency. And a professor of physics seems somewhat distinctly removed from the old classical traditions.—Boston Transcript.

"I want a slice off this piece," she decided.

"I won't cut it off that piece till this is used up," the man said, firmly.

CALLING DOWN THE BOASTER

Good Little Story Told by William Dean Howells as a Rebuke to Spread-Eagleism.

"It was William Dean Howells," said a Chicago editor, "who first rebuked us Americans for our spread-eagleism, for our foolish boasting. I see that Mr. Howells has just joined a men's society for the promotion of woman suffrage. Trust him to be in the forefront always."

"I once heard Mr. Howells deliver a Fourth of July oration in Maine. The orator preceding him had boasted a good deal. Mr. Howells showed that some of the man's boasts were even impious."

"He said that these spread-eagle boasters deserved the rebuke that the little child administered to the cackling hen that had just laid an egg. The child, angered by the hen's continuous caw-caw-caw, caw-caw-caw-caw, shook his little finger at her and said:

"You sink you're smart. But Dad made dat egg. You touldn't help but lay it!"

"What do you know about it? Wagner's with the Detroit."

"Wagner with the Detroit? Say, I'm not just in from Jayville."

"I've got money in my pocket that says I know more about baseball right now than you do. I happened to win a new hat on the world's championship last fall."

Then Addison Spriggs rose up, took a season ticket out of his pocket and, shaking it under Ferguson's nose, exclaimed:

"There! That's the kind of a man I am. I help to support the game. I haven't missed one this season, and I don't expect to. You cheap skates who read the scores in the papers and chew the rag about the merits of players you've never seen make me weary."

Then he put on his hat and went out. A moment later he came rushing back, with a paper in his hand and yelled:

"Boys, Ed. Walsh shut out the Washingtons and didn't let a man get past second base. Wh-e-e-e! That puts us up another notch!"

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Mrs. Jinx, as Jinx tried to crawl between the covers without disturbing her.

"Yes, had a very good time; Maddox was there, and you know what a josh he is. I always have a good time when I am with him."

"Did you get enough to buy me that bonnet?"

"No, dear; I lost 75 cents."

"Now, By, I know that that game is gambling!"

"I believe Maddox did say something about its being a shame to take my money. But never mind, dear, you shall have the bonnet."

"I don't care about the old bonnet; I don't want you to gamble. The next time you lose I shan't let you play any more."

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

He Bit.

The city man was jogging on toward the summer boarding house in a rickety old wagon. The driver was glum and far from entertaining, and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there!" he ventured, after a long silence.

"Fine," grunted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Wal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Anything else you want to know? Get up here, bosses."

"A Cheap Skate."

"Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlantian, "used to write comic newspaper editorials. Sometimes he made fun of other editors in them, too."

"Simon Simpson, a rival editor in Mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rage:

"Old man Bitt has been getting off some cheap wit at our expense."

"Joel, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off, quick as a flash, for next day's issue:

"It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense."

A Baseball Preacher.

It was just at the beginning of the baseball season when an Episcopal clergyman, who is an ardent and enthusiastic lover of the great American game, inadvertently remarked at the end of the portion of Scriptures which he read:

"Here endeth the first innings."

Then he woke up.

Rough on Rats, unobtainable exterminator

Rough on Fleas, Powder or Liquid, 25c.

Rough on Roaches, Pow'd, 15c, Liq'd, 25c.

Rough on Moth and Ants, Powder, 25c.

Rough on Squeakers, agreeable to use, 25c.

E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

How an Angry Woman Looked.

The other day we saw an angry woman in a street car, and her face was anything but a pleasant picture. She was angry at the conductor, entirely without cause, and that made her look more terrible than if she had had a real grievance.—Nebraska Journal.

Identification.

Mistress (at door)—Well, my dear, what is it?

Little Girl—Please, 'm, our kitty is losted. Did you see a kitty go past here by the name of Nuddles?"

For Colds and Gripp—Capudine.

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