

With the World's Great Humorists

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

Uncle William Tells of the Honest Boy

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was very nice and obedient to his mother, and never disobeyed her at all. But she was very suspicious. She was always telling him not to smoke nor chew, and, although he said repeatedly that he never, never would, she doubted him a whole lot.

One day he came home in the middle of the afternoon and complained that he was not feeling well.

"Like as not you are coming down with scarlet fever," his mamma declared. "Goodness knows, you play around all day with children that we don't know anything about or where they live, and like as not they have carried germs to you. And now you are in for a long spell of sickness just when I want to go to the lakes."

"I haven't seen any germs, mamma," said the boy, "nor played with children that has the germs. I just feel sick in my head and my stomach and my feet and my arms and my lungs and my insides generally."

"Let me look at your throat," she said.

The boy opened his mouth and his mamma looked inside of his throat and jumped back and held up her hands and exclaimed:

"Oh, you dreadful boy! You have been smoking! That's what makes you so sick. It serves you right, and I'll whip you as soon as you feel better, and so will your papa when he comes home. Where did you get the cigars?"

"I haven't been smoking cigars, or chewing them, either," the boy answered, for he was an honest little boy, who would tell the truth if possible.

"Don't attempt to deceive me," said

his mamma. "You have tobacco smoke on your breath and in your clothes, too. You smell like an old pipe head!"

Just then the boy became dreadfully sick, indeed, and had to go out of the room, for he was seasick because of something that had disagreed with him. When he came back he had to lie down on the floor, because the walls of the room were going around and around and the ceiling was waving up and down.



"His Mamma Looked Inside of His Throat."

"I feel that I am going to die," he sighed.

"You feel that you are going to get a whipping," said his mamma. "Tell me where you got those cigars."

A Primer of Sports

By NORMAN CROWELL.

Skating is a most fascinating exertion. The amount of physical energy expended by an ordinary man in an evening's skate would build a ten by twelve henhouse with shingle roof and cupola. No one has ever been able to calculate the energy exuded by a ten-year-old kid for the same length of time.

One of the greatest games on ice is crack the whip. This is hot stuff. Take 15 big, husky low-brows and attach a poetical youth at one end as the cracker. After a short, swift skate the kid is popped 30 feet in the air and comes down sprained in half a dozen places.

Shiny stands next as a torture mill. Every hand selects a large, knotty club and fits it snugly to his hand. A small chunk of wood or rubber is all that is needed to bring on the carnage. The object is to hammer the chunk through the enemies' goal against their permission. In doing this it is immaterial where you hit a man—any place will do, just so you hit him good. Don't strike a man bigger than you are—if he is looking. Some fellows have a recoil that would surprise you.

Girls skate, or slide. They do their ankles up in splints to keep them from bending both ways for Sunday. They always pick out a willing slave to lean upon and breathe down his collar while they learn. Then they walk all over him from the knee down. Some of the fiercest manual labor ever discovered is in teaching a heavy blonde schoolma'am to skate. You explain the theory of it to her and she says she knows it all backwards and forwards. Then, just as you seize her delicate paw with an air of easy confidence, she shrieks in your night ear and goes down like a falling chimney. You grab hold of her and lift till black spots chase each other across your range of vision. Getting to her feet she manages to kick you in both shins and you nearly bite your tongue off to keep from saying a word or two.

After a year at hard labor you get her so she can stand alone without danger of throwing her arms around you for the strange hold. When she is sizing up what the other girls are wearing you forget her and lose yourself in the crowd.

A girl taking lessons in skating will permanently cripple one man if he doesn't get help. But after he is crippled he won't have to teach another, so he doesn't care much.

Wet feet come arm in arm with skating. You get these in several ways—the most popular being by

mixing the feet with water. Occasionally a skater slips into a hole in the ice. He is pulled out with his fangs chattering like a riot call on the wireless and goes home to thaw out.

Roller skating is summer punishment. It is the fastest flesh reducer known, and for that reason most roller

skatists are ladies. It has one big advantage over ice skating—when the skater falls he does not gather dampness, although he may collect a few silvers.

The movements are much the same as ice skating, although experienced persons say that you can fall faster and light harder than on ice. This, however, is undoubtedly pure imagination.

We should learn from this always to believe boys when they explain things, also that parents often give their children the whippings they should have had themselves when that were children.

Time was when the man with an automobile was the most respected and at the same time despised individual in our community. Well do we remember how this haughty creature would tout his horn in seeming derision whenever he passed our modest domicile in his little one-cylindered ice-wagon of the 1900 model.

But eureka and then some! Our time has come! We have lived to see the longed-for day when every man, woman and child in our glorious land, who wishes, can take his place at the wheel of his own machine!

With new and perfect automobiles selling, according to the advertising and reading sections of our best magazines, at the unheard-of price of \$50, and up; with second-hand machines, guaranteed to be in perfect physical condition listed at \$15, and up; with auto given away with magazine subscriptions, and tobacco coupons, and in guessing contests in drug store windows, we must all agree there is no further use for wearing any footwear heavier than boudoir slippers.

We have arrived at an age when the poet can have his auto and ride like a monarch of old through our beautiful parks for the price of a sonnet. Thrifty messenger boys have been known to save their tips for a week and ride to their humble homes, on Saturday night, at the wheel of their own limousine. Poor shop-girls vie with one another in owning the Housewives, to whom the thought of an outing, before this era, was beyond their fondest dreams, can now, by saving the "rebate" tickets in Uncle's Oats, get a four-cylinder 60 H. P. limousine or touring body, with top, five lamps, prestolite tank, spare wheel and a full equipment of tools.

It truly is a happy era! The happiest, in fact, since the days of the Roman circus. And yet, also like the happy days of the Roman circus, it has its serious side. We, foolish mortals, have gone on in our exuberance without a thought of the effect. In our joy at grasping the wheel and

fruit is enfolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden. Then, perhaps, some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a cafe Mazagran in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of food—which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashed into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.—Bookman.

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"I didn't get any cigars," said the boy, being very honest. "I must have eaten something that made me sick. While I was out playing a great big mar came along and asked me the way to the next town, and I went along with him to show him where the depot is, and he was smoking a cigar, and he blew the smoke into my face and on my clothes while he was talking to me. He said he was so glad that I showed him the way to the depot that when he got to the next town he would get a million dollars, and would remember me."

"You come right here," said his mamma, and she whipped him and made him stay in his own yard for a whole week.

At the end of the week a big, nice-looking man came along and asked if the boy lived there, and his mamma said that he did, and the man said:

"Madame, you have the noblest son in the world. Here is a bushel of silver dollars for him, because he was so polite and obliging to a stranger in a strange land. I am afraid that I blew smoke into his face when he had eaten something that disagreed with him."

The nice little boy bought an automobile for his mamma with the bushel of silver dollars, because he did not hold any malice. But every time she would ride in the auto she would cry until her tears rusted the machinery, because she was sorry over the way she had doubted his word.

Mr. Harcup—Good morning, Miss Aughtum—ahem! There is something I have been wishing to ask you for some time, but—the fact is, I haven't been able to screw up enough courage to—er—come to the point.

Miss Aughtum—A proposal at last! Mr. Harcup—Could you, my dear Miss Aughtum—could you lend me five dollars?

IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA. Whole Body a Mass of Raw, Bleeding, Torturing Humor—Hoped Death Would End Fearful Suffering.

In Despair; Cured by Cuticura.

Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sores on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings.

"In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908.

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

Delightfully So.

"I never liked Shakespeare until I saw you play 'Hamlet'."

"And you like it now?"

"You bet I do."

"And why do you like Shakespeare after seeing me in 'Hamlet'?"

"Shakespeare is so different!"

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

Could She?

"When women get to voting," said the man, "they will have a great many more calls than they now have to put their hands in their pockets and give money to further important causes."

The woman looked thoughtful.

"I'm always willing, of course," she said, "to give money for a good cause, but as for putting my hand in my pocket—"

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I walked without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Seeks the Man.

Tommy—Pop, what is the office that seeks the man?

Tommy's Pop—The tax office, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

Our mistakes of yesterday are responsible for our worries of to-day.

Was He to Blame?

"Don't talk to me about the vanity of women," the woman began. "We are not in it with the men. Once I met a man who was so pockmarked I was sorry for him. My first impulse was to shudder. Then out of sheer kindness I made a little fuss over him, as one does over a hurt child, whenever I met him."

"Do you know I found out afterward that he got to be afraid of me. He thought I had fallen in love with him and wanted to marry him!"

CRYING NEED, AS HE SEES IT.

Companion of Irritated Divines Came to the Front with Order to the Walter.

Joquin Miller is to establish a colony of poets in Fruitvale, Cal. Mr. Miller, discussing this colony recently, said:

"We poets will, of course, argue and squabble. That will be delightful. Arguments and squabbles over Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Tennyson, and Keats are pleasant and sensible things, you know. They are not like political or religious arguments, which in their bitter rancor always make me think of three Maine divines.

"While three Maine divines were supping together, two of them began to argue about the comparative religious merit of the royal houses of Stuart and Orange. The argument became heated. The divines grew excited and angry.

"William III. was a great rascal," roared the first, as he struck the table with his fist. "A great rascal, and I spit upon his memory!"

"The second divine turning very red, shouted:

"No, it's James II. that was the rascal. I spit upon his memory!"

"At this point the third divine rang the bell, and said gently to the waiter: "Spittoons for two, please."

A PROPOSAL.

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What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustavo A. Eisengraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 BUNNY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, and Biliousness. They regulate the Bowels. Entirely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its natural color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. Sold and Retailed at 60c per Bottle.

And Ma Fainted. "Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn.

"Well," the boy replied between his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Dayse Mayne because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." (Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at three o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.)—Acheson (Kan.) Globe.

An Argive Cowherd. Argus was boasting of his 100 eyes. "Think of putting on 50 pairs of goggles when you want to motor!" we cried.

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. 10c, 25c and 50c at Drug Stores.

Ought to Be. "Is the man you recommended to us capable of good head work?" "Well, he's a barber."

The mere fact that a man doesn't call you a liar is no reason that he doesn't think you are one.

Dr. Biggers Muckleberry Cordial Will convince the most skeptical when it comes to curing Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Children Teething, etc. 25c and 50c per bottle.

Life's Unequal Combat. You, a river, are contending with the ocean.—Latin.

THE FINEST FABRIC in course compared with the lining of the bowels. When irritated, we have pain, diarrhea, cramps. Whatever the cause, take Fankler's (Perry Davis').

When a woman gets really sick she begins to wonder if she will look good in a halo.

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

Time will tell—unless the gossips beat it under the wire.

POTASH

Turnips and Rutabagas

If you want soundness, flavor and weight in your

Turnips and Rutabagas

Potash Pays

Your commercial fertilizer demands at least 8 per cent. of Potash for these crops. Every 2 lbs. of Potash added to each 100 lbs. of fertilizer increases the Potash total 1 per cent.

Send for Literature about soil, crops, manures and fertilizers—compiled by experts. Mailed on request—Free. BERMAN KALI WORKS, Atlanta, Ga., 1224 Condit, Bldg. Chicago, Westcott Block New York, 53 Nassau St.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR SORE, WEAK & INFLAMED EYES.

MITCHELL'S SALVE

MAKES THE USE OF DRUGS UNNECESSARY. Price, 25 Cents. Druggists.

HAWLINS' WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

Is Your Health Worth 10c?

That's what it costs to get a week's treatment—of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows and starts first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these ills. It's so easy to try—why not start tonight and have help in the morning?

CASCARETS are a box for a week's 60c treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

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W. N. U., MEMPHIS, NO. 34-1909.