

# WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARICONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



NOT A FAMILY AFFAIR. The contracting parties to the Anglo-Jap alliance do not seem to have taken the children into account. —Minneapolis Journal.



LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE. —Judge.



WILL IT BE AN ELOPEMENT? It is rumored that the President is not satisfied with the results at the peace conference at The Hague and intends to call a peace conference "of his own" at Washington. —Spartan Spokesman-Review.

## NATURE FAKING INDEED

### Here's a Flying Fish That Hatches Ducklings.

"Speaking of maternal instinct," said the Judge, rousing himself suddenly from his reverie, "one of the most curious—"

"Excuse me, Judge," interrupted the Colonel; "no reference whatever has been made to maternal instinct. At the moment our esteemed friend the Bishop is presenting—indeed, through a series of moments extending over a considerable period of the past has been presenting—his views upon Pan-Anglicanism."

"Speaking of maternal instinct," repeated the Judge firmly, "one of the most curious, and I may say one of the most touching, exhibitions of that tender trait that ever have come under my observation occurred during my recent visit to Mexico. You all remember—"

"May I suggest, my dear Judge," put in the Bishop, suavely, "that you withhold for a brief season what I am sure is the very interesting statement that you are about to make to us? Permit me to explain that I am just arrived at the critical point in my argument when, from the premises which with some outlay of thought I have carefully assembled, I am about to deduce what I believe will be my convincing conclusions. A little kindly delay on your part will enable me—"

"Oh, come off, Bishop," said the Doctor. "You've been giving us the Pan-Anglican racket right along for what seems about a week. The Colonel and I are just limp with it. Let the Judge come in with his maternal instinct. It can't be sleetier than the stuff you've been unloading, and you can finish up—if anybody keeps awake—when he gets through."

"My cloth forbids me to show resentment," the Bishop answered coldly; "and, I must add, I am rather bitterly accustomed, in this company, to sowing upon fallow ground. Believe me, Judge, my feelings need not be in the least considered. Pray proceed."

"You all will remember," continued the Judge,

duck and a drake, for whose accommodation a commodious open coop had been placed just about the mainmast. They were of a rare breed, and the Captain valued them highly. You therefore can imagine his chagrin when, in a bit of a gale that struck us just as we were entering the Gulf of Mexico, the duck—who unfortunately was taking her daily airing on deck at the moment—was caught up in the rush of wind and blown overboard. What added very appreciably to the Cap-



tain's pained annoyance was the fact that the duck had just begun her maternal duties with a nest of ten eggs—and with her loss, therefore, he predicted that the loss of his prospective brood of valuable ducklings was imminent."

"What gosh darned hard luck!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"My dear Doctor," said the Bishop, in kindly yet reproving tones, "I recognize the kindness of heart that prompts your words. But permit me to say, speaking with a loving intent, that the unseemliness of your language cannot but be to one of my cloth—"

"I am glad to say"—the Judge spoke with in-



stance—"that a happy inspiration of my own temporarily saved the situation. As a simple, yet usually adequate, safeguard against distress incident to attacks of stomachic pain, I habitually carry with me a hot water bag. With the cook's assistance—in the thick of the gale—I filled this vessel with hot water and placed it upon the eggs; and for a considerable period, during which the wind and the sea subsided, by frequent refillings of the bag I continued the process of incubation that the death of the unfortunate duck so lamentably had interrupted."

"It would seem at this point in my narrative," Judge, observed the Colonel, "that the maternal instinct honors are easy between you and the hot water bag. Your resourcefulness in emergency does you credit. How did it work?"

"For a season," replied the Judge, "it worked admirably. Indeed, I am persuaded that but for an unfortunate accident my crude yet effective incubating appliance would have brought the nest of eggs to a successful hatching. Unhappily, during the third day of my ministrations the cook—who was a well meaning, but awkward person—while in the act of refilling the hot water bag, dropped it on the galley fire, with the result that a hopeless hole was burned in it before he could rescue it. Further use of the bag being impossible, we again stood face to face with disaster—which injudicious attempt to coerce the Captain Bascom's carry with a me a hot water bag. With the cook's assistance—in the thick of the gale—I filled this vessel with hot water and placed it upon the eggs; and for a considerable period, during which the wind and the sea subsided, by frequent refillings of the bag I continued the process of incubation that the death of the unfortunate duck so lamentably had interrupted."

him loose again. I may say that at this stage of the proceedings our attitude was that of despair.

"Why the dickens didn't you and the Captain turn in sitting on the eggs yourselves?" asked the Doctor. "Didn't that occur to you?"

"It did not," the Judge replied severely. "Nor, fortunately, was it a very wise way on our part necessary. The matter was taken out of our hands, I may say providentially, by the timely arrival of which I have already referred—the flying fish. A school of these interesting creatures happened to be hovering near us at the very moment when the unfortunate incident occurred beside the forsaken nest utterly despondent, and a member miraculously diving in between our accumulated legs—entered the open coop and landed fairly on the seven eggs remaining in the nest."

"For a moment, gentlemen," the Judge continued, after pausing impressively, "the flying fish—she was of an unusually stout and matronly habit—seemed to be surprised, and even alarmed, by her strange environment. But in another moment—her maternal instinct, obviously quickened by an accurate grasp of the situation in which she found herself—she heaved a little sigh of pleased contentment and nestled down upon the eggs as though they had been her own."

"If you don't mind, Judge," said the Colonel, "I think that we will interrupt you long enough to have—ginger ale, as usual, of course, for the Bishop—drink a round. Personally, I feel that at this juncture I need a stimulant."

Assenting with an affable gesture to this proposal, the Judge waited through an interval of dead silence—broken only by the popping of the Bishop's ginger ale—and then resumed his narrative.

"As I tell you, gentlemen, that motherly flying fish took at once to her vicarious duties as though she purposely had come aboard to perform them. She continued them, I may add, with an unabated zeal. Day after day—while the Mermald's Dream sailed slowly onward through the golden sunshine across the tropic waters of the Gulf—she brooded over those orphaned eggs with a touching devotion that won, with a single exception, our hearts. The exception was the drake; whose attitude—possibly because he felt, in some obscure way, that he had been harassed unbecomingly into contracting a second marriage—was that of perturbed bewilderment. Being, however, a bird of philosophic temperament, he ultimately arrived at a tolerant acceptance of the curious situation and seemed to try to make the best of it. Yet from time to time—presumably when the inconspicuous of his own position occurred to him—we would find him standing by the side of the nest, with a look of gloom on one side, regarding the new domestic arrangement in pondering thought."

"The finer part, satisfied with the rectitude of her own intentions, ignored the drake altogether and continued steadfastly to lavish upon the eggs which she had adopted a mother's tender care. Instinctively following the custom of the departed duck, she assisted the process of incubation by absorbing steam from the nest for a half-hour or so every day; and during those brief periods of absence she permitted herself the indulgence of a short plunge overboard. As she refused

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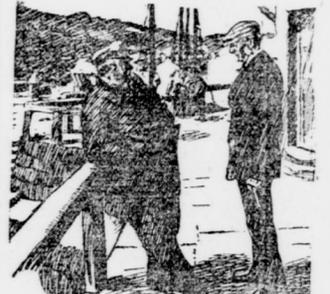
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## BILL FIKES'S FOX HUNT.

### Described by the Man Who Rode to Hounds with Him.

"Uncle Ezra, did you ever ride to hounds?" inquired the grocery clerk in an attempt to draw attention from the grime barrel into which the upper third of Boggs had disappeared. At the query the prune chaser straightened up and dusted the mould off his vest front.

"Eh? Ride two hounds?" he repeated in mild surprise. "I should hope not, son; I'm no juggler."

"I heard you were quite a fox hunter once. Just thought I'd ask you, now," said the clerk, as he put a handful of desiccated cabbage leaf into the free tobacco box.

"Fox hunter? Well, I calc'late some that I was! Why, son, I was chasin' the animals years before you was born, an' probably would be yet if I hadn't run 'em all out o' th' country."

"I suppose you've hunted foxes with Bill Fikes?" asked Jim Hallett, as he peered around the stove.

"Hunted with Bill? Yes, once. I remember that time very particular—it finished poor Bill for fox huntin'. Makes me laugh every time I recall Bill ridin' that slow suicide of a critter he drawed. And that hunt, I could just get down an' roll."

At this juncture the clerk clapped the cover on the prune barrel and the peril was averted.

"You see, Bill had always swore he was a regular ringmaster at hossback ridin'. Even went so far as to let on he'd been refusin' big offers once a month for the past ten years from circuses all over th' country just to ride hosses. I never see 'im straddle a hoss, though, till we went down to Squire Eaton's fox hunt. Bill had to go, seein' he was some maple sugary on th' Squire's daughter, an' th' daughter had egged th' Squire on to invite Bill so's she could see how he looked in high-water pants."

"After we'd got down there th' Squire pulled me off to one side an' says, in a whisper: "I hear Bill's an old circus equestrienne, an' I'm dum glad of it. I've got a regular devil of a hoss for 'im to ride, an' an ordinary man couldn't manage 'im."

"Is that so?" says I. "Well, I guess my partner is th' one to make that hoss feel 'is oats if any one can. You'll enjoy watchin' Bill ride that hoss, Squire; I says, 'I'm glad of that, Ez; he says, real relieved. 'I guess we might as well start 'er off."

"Then he turns around an' blowed a blast on a powder horn an' says: "Aho, boys! Yoho! Yoho! Yohok! Yohok!"

"This brought the hull crowd of men an' dogs an' hosses an' admirin' females up in a knot, an' th' moun'ins begun. Bill hung back on th' edge lookin' like he'd swallowed a few's worth an' it was interferin' with 'is air. When th' stable bridgroom led out Bill's noble steed my poor partner nearly fell down. So did I, after one look at the mare. I see then that Squire Eaton was a professional joker with capital letters a foot high.

"That animal was so high up from th' earth it was like lookin' up at th' Masonic Temple. Away up on th' roof of 'im he had a backbone that looked like th' map of th' Rocky Mountains done in bone. Bill run 'is hand around to over th' critter's spine an' said he'd seen worse, but couldn't recollect just where."

"Th' Squire's daughter bein' present prevented Bill from makin' th' remarks he wanted to, but th' looks he gave me made me shiver as though I'd had a nightmare. We got 'im aboard finally by usin' a stepladder an' main force, an' th' Squire tooted th' cornet as a signal that all was to be go."

"Th' first thing Bill's hoss done was to jump th' pump an' then hurdle a row o' beehives. In doin' this a half dozen beetle browned honey producers anchored to Bill an' th' boss an' done a lively business. Bill took th' lead—just like I said he would—an' he held it. He showed us some ridin' that you don't often see even in circus rings, for I never see a feller ride so far away from 'is nag an' still stay with 'im. Most o' th' time Bill 'peared to be sailin' along in th' sunshine just like a butterfly, touchin' 'is hoss occasionally to give 'im a pointer where he wanted to go."

"Some o' th' boys who got up near Bill said th' remarks he was castin' off were ekeal to any 'spartacus to the gladiators' they'd ever listened to. About every three or four times th' boss he'd meet th' hoss goin' up on th' next jump, an' th' sound was similar to a man poundin' a hollow stump with a sledge hammer."

"In about twenty minutes Bill's boss had overtook th' dogs an' waded through th' bunch, puttin' two of them on th' hospital list with on-fortified back. In a minute or so more he'd caught up with th' fox an' after ridin' 'im neck an' neck for half a mile, passed 'im easy. Th' fox was so disgusted he tried to bite Bill in th' leg as he went by, but Bill was too high up to be reached."

"Th' Squire blowed a few toots on 'is foghorn to advise Bill to come back an' he scolded, but we see he had just met 'is fox an' he couldn't see th' animal's neck an' Bill didn't see th' Squire's horn. It was made of cast iron, th' Squire said."

"Says I, 'I see you saw a few toots, but they were cast in th' air, an' th' fox's distance with th' boss ain't none the less a goodly estimate. You see, the fox was below. Th' Squire was sort o' melancholy for a while, thinkin' he was a boss out, but I said 'im to bear up, he was an' he bein' prepared to get holed clear across Catawba County if poor Bill never showed up again."

"But next day Bill sent word from a town twenty miles off that he was alive an' hungry, but that th' boss was in difficulty through breakin' an' enterin' a hotel office an' attemptin' to register. I forgot what it cost th' Squire to get th' fox's back, but th' animal had not treated but it was nothin' small. Bill walked like a pair o' carpenter's callipers for six weeks an' th' Squire was so disappointed in th' Squire for permanent intence to 'is beauty."

"That was th' last fox hunt I ever see Bill



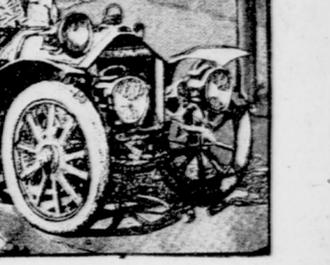
FORCE OF HABIT. Actor—You ran over me. I shall sue you for damages. Can you give me an advance on account? —Magendortor Blitzer.



THE YOUNG IDEA AGAIN. Mother—Now, put down your dollie, dear, and say your prayers. Ethel—Oh, bother saying prayers! When shall I be able to say them like you and grandpa? Mother—What do you mean? Ethel—Why, just kneel down and say nothing, of course.



THE REASON. Englishman—The sun never sets on England's possessions. American Girl—No, indeed. The good Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark! —Pick-Me-Up.



FLY WITH ME, FAIR LADY, TO AMERICA WHERE WE CAN APPRECIATE YOU TO AMERICA. —Spartan Spokesman-Review.



WILL IT BE AN ELOPEMENT? It is rumored that the President is not satisfied with the results at the peace conference at The Hague and intends to call a peace conference "of his own" at Washington. —Spartan Spokesman-Review.



FLIKES ENGAGE IN—th' identical last one. He sort o' lost 'is hankerin' for it, I guess. The narrator paused, yawned deeply and drummed lightly with his fingers on the cover of the prune barrel. Then, as a sudden thought struck home, he gently lifted it and slid a arm into the depths, while he eyed the clerk fiercely, as one who takes his just dues, fearing to man—Norman H. Crowell, in The Outlook Magazine.