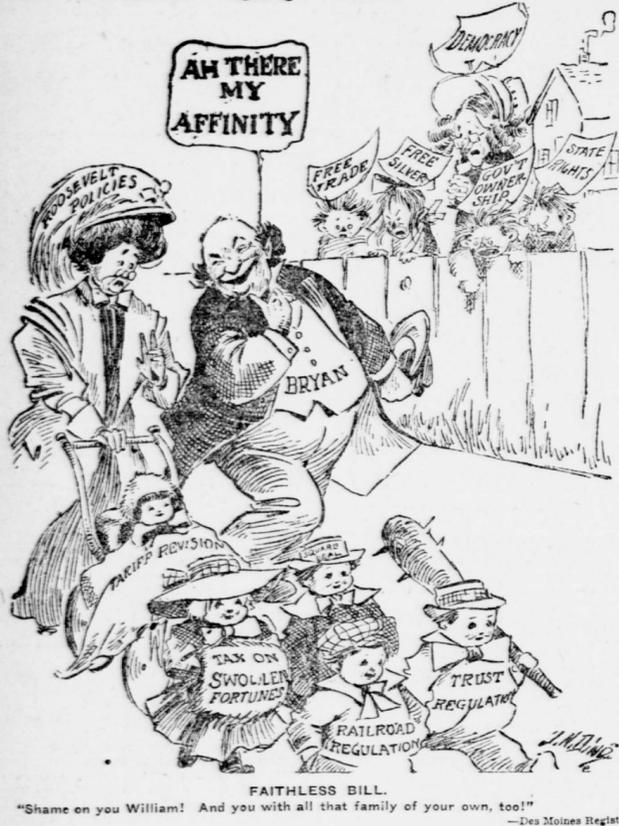


# WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



FAITHLESS BILL. "Shame on you William! And you with all that family of your own, too!" —Des Moines Register.



LEAP YEAR. Or the irrepressible sex. —Punch.



WHY NOT? —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

## TRY TO CATCH A MAN? NEVER!

### MISS TOPTLOFTY IS ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

She Sets an Example Which Other Fair Readers Might Do Well to Emulate.

"That fool Johnny will be calling to-night," says Miss Toplofty with a dark frown, as she opens her bureau drawer and contemplates the array of pretty tools therein. "I told him not to come," she continues, combing her hair in a cataract over her face and placing on her head a contraption of wire netting about the size and shape of a small circular life-preserver, "but he didn't believe I meant it. He thinks I am just the same as all the other girls he has met." She cautiously gathers her hair upward and shirrs it all over the wire cage, till the fashionable hair pudding of the day is achieved. "Like other girls," she continues, "all crazy for a man. Me like that? If he only knew!" She puts a row of puffs on top of her head and makes everything fast with gilt combs. "If he only knew my contempt for men!" She puts a little bit of court-plaster by the corner of her eye. "All men care about is eating and drinking and—"

parted lips; then half-smile without showing teeth; then with teeth; finally, full smile or grin. She also tries the smile-on-the-lips-but-none-in-the-eye, having read about the blasé look which that gives, but can't seem to make it come out right. Decides on light-in-the-eye-with-dimples for ordinary conversation.

Next she leans both elbows on the dressing table and rests her chin in her clasped hands. After whitening the arms with powder, tries the attitude again, with better results. After pushing sleeves up a little further, still better results.

After some further investigations she goes downstairs to the parlor and wheels the chairs into position, putting hers so that the light shines on her good side. She places the cheap magazines at the bottom of the heap on the centre table, throws the "Rubayat of Omar Khayyam" and "Marion Harland's Cook Book" on the top, jerks a little workbasket into sight and draws down the blinds.

Then Miss Toplofty hurries off the stage and gains her dressing room just as the front door bell rings. "There he is!" she snorts. "I just knew I wouldn't have the evening to myself in peace!" She strokes up her hair all around and enters the parlor with a sudden undulating bounce, suggestive of a playful tiger-cat, and approaches Mr. Guffy, a pale, slightly bald, short creature, who appears to think he has done a rather desperate thing in coming there at all.

"How do you do, Mr. Guffy?" Mr. Guffy does pretty well. She sits down à la Nazimova, not all at once, but gradually, with curvings.

"What sort of a time did you have at the Cavorters the other night?" She gives him the light-in-the-eye smile.

Mr. Guffy had a rotten time. "Why, wasn't Miss Cavorter there?" Head tilted down and smile in upturned eye.

Yes, Miss Cavorter was there. "Well, what more did you want?" Head a little on one side. Full smile.

Mr. Guffy would have liked some one else to be there.

A silence, while Mr. Guffy repents of his last speech. She begins slowly to push a bracelet up and down her rounded arm.

"Who else, Mr. Guffy?" But Mr. Guffy feels he has been overhasty and refuses to pursue the subject; only waggles his head and gives a shy grin.

"Idiot," thinks Miss Toplofty, while she purrs: "Look at this lovely calendar Mr. Hoodie sent me. That one about 'We Two.' Have you seen it?"

He has not; so she sits down beside him on the sofa, with rustlings.

"I like this one, 'At the Opera,' don't you?"

Mr. Guffy thinks the fellow looks like a pincushion.

"That's because he has no mustache."

Mr. Guffy, who has a mustache, grunts in a pleased manner.

"He's not so bad," thinks Miss Toplofty as she reaches in front of him repeatedly with her white arm—in order to turn over the leaves of the calendar.

Mr. Guffy begins to feel a melting sensation. "Miss Toplofty?"

"Yes, Mr. Guffy" (softly). "I want to tell you about a funny experience I had coming up on the subway."

"Humph!" thinks the lady scornfully, and composes herself to listen to a long tale about a man with a wooden leg. While she gives nods and lovely, intelligent glances, she is wondering what she will try next. As soon as there is a lull she raises her arms to fix her back hair, turning toward her visitor and giving him a baby stare while she inquires, "Do you like my hair this way?"

Mr. Guffy, like the dove unable to look away from the serpent, watches the fixing of that back hair and stammers.

"Y-y-yes, Miss Toplofty."

Still, Mr. Guffy is on. He is not carried away. A kind Providence has given the weakest creature some means of protection. He seizes a moment when she is listening to some noise that sounds like the intended descent of little brother Freddy to put the table between him and her.

"I'm glad I'm not a man," thinks the lady, while she says with sudden inspiration: "Oh! Let's go into the dining room and make some fudge!"

He watches her while she undulates around for the chaffing dish and the chocolate and can't help thinking how it would be to have such a beautiful and exciting animal frisking about his kitchenette; only, instead of making fudge, it might be brilliant chops or— But he puts the dangerous thought away. She is looking at him again, standing with her hands clasping her waist. She has a way of doing that, and of taking a deep breath that sort of pulls her out of her clothes.

"I'd better stir the fudge," he says nervously. When the sticky job is cooked she is occupied for a while in putting the sugary squares into her pretty little jaws. He begins to feel bold again.

"This is great fudge," he says. "Um-hum?"

"Mildred Cavorter can't make fudge like this," he goes on.

Miss Toplofty appears to cook up her ears. "Last time I was there she made some just like chunks of sandstone."

"Aren't you mean, Mr. Guffy?" "Am I?" (chuckling with satisfaction). "Awfully mean and cynical."

"Aw, come, you don't mean it." "I can't help it, Mr. Guffy. All men are so hard-hearted."

"No, they're not. Really, they're not" (earnestly). "I'm afraid so" (with a little sigh).

"Miss Toplofty, if you knew—" "Yes?" "If you knew—er—er—" "If I knew what, Mr. Guffy?"

"If you knew how much better this fudge is than hers, you wouldn't say I was mean."

"My! He's a poor talker," thinks Miss Toplofty, as she wearily leads him back to the parlor.

"Do sing something for me," she says, floating sumptuously on to the piano stool. "Sing 'Love Me and the World Is Mine.'"

Mr. Guffy is afraid he can't sing that, but he can sing "Gee Whizz, I'm Glad I'm Free."

Silence. Mr. Guffy thinks he had better be going. She rises sadly. "Well, good night. Come again, won't you?"

Suddenly, "What's wrong with that lamp?" She leans over the table and looks anxiously down the chimney. Mr. Guffy says to allow him, and goes to the rescue. She protests (into the chimney) and the lamp goes out. With a little scream she clutches his coat sleeve. "Oh! Mr. Guffy, where are you? What shall I do?"

He proposes that they light the lamp again. "But there is no more oil!" hysterically. Then they can light the gas. "I think papa has used all the matches." Mr. Guffy has a match. He lights the gas, and finds Miss Toplofty looking at him reproachfully. He thinks he will go now. "Well, goodbye," she says, reaching him both her hands. He takes them gingerly, trying not to let her get the real, warm, clinging hold on him. She hangs on a minute, bends her head back and looks him squarely in the eyes. He is really scared now.

"Goodby," she says, in the merest whisper, with a gentle pressure of both hands.

He gets very red in the face and shows every sign of discomfort. He feels like calling for help.

A key grates in the front door. Guffy is saved again! Miss Toplofty turns pale and drops his hands.

It is her dear papa. And Mr. Guffy gets away. Miss Toplofty goes slowly, slowly up the stairs. But soon she draws herself up to full height and her face expresses conscious rectitude.

"Ah!" she says proudly to her mirror, "I'm glad I never tried, like other girls, to catch a man!"

## A SEVEN-FOOT HAIR.

How a Judge Prepared a Big Surprise for His Wife.

One of the overture stories of this session of Congress was told in the cloak room by Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, whose dramatic mode of narration made the tale doubly impressive.

It seems that a judge of his acquaintance had a very charming wife, but she was over- neat and was forever brushing microscopic dust from his clothes; still all went well until she started on the "hair hunt." After that she never sat beside her husband for five minutes but she perceived a hair of some sort on his clothing, and hastened to remove it, be it hair of dog, cat or human being.

About this time there came to the town a long-haired lady, possibly one of the Sutherland Sisters, who sat in state at one of the principal hotels, daily exhibiting her seven feet of black hair to an admiring audience. The judge was present at one of these exhibitions, watched his opportunity and secured a hair.

He and his wife were regular attendants at church, and at the Sunday morning services he suffered most from his wife's hair-finding proclivities. Just as he composed his mind to listen to the reading, the sermon—or even the prayers—he would feel a sudden pluck at some part of his clothing—a hair was discovered—and so on all through the service. The judge feared that some time he would be heard to say a naughty word in church.

On the Sunday after his brief visit to the long-haired lady his last preparation for worship was singular. A corner of his handkerchief was carefully arranged to peep from his coat pocket, and, showing upon the white background, dangled an end of black hair.

With marvellous patience he endured the searching scrutiny of the good lady beside him; her eyes soon reached his pocket, but a chance to secure the hair without attracting attention did not arrive until the sermon began, when the judge crossed his arms and was evidently absorbed in the eloquent utterances from the pulpit. A cautious jerk brought away a foot of black hair—another yank, another foot. There was a little surprise that the end was not reached—a third foot came to light, then a pause to be sure that the "hunt" was unnoticed. A fourth yank; still no end to that hair. The good lady was exasperated and yank number five was energetic—still no end. The thing was like a nightmare; a damp chill came over her, but she was a determined and courageous American woman—yank number six—desperation—talk about nightmare—it was a joke to this! One more pull and seven feet of hair was on the seat between her and the judge. It could not be left there for the sexton to marvel over, so it was hastily thrust under the heavy cover of her hymnbook, while she mopped the perspiration from her face and fixed her eyes in rapt attention on the face of the minister, devoutly hoping that the "hair hunt" had been unobserved by the congregation.

Quietly the judge's hand slipped down to the hymnbook—a moment and the hair was in his pocket; no matter if it broke now. The sermon ended, the fretful lady grasped the book with relentless grip, holding on for dear life as she walked home, concocting scathing sentences to be uttered in the privacy of home—no word of the judge's pleasant conversation was heard. The front door closed behind them: "William, what did you have in your coat pocket this morning?"

The judge looked at her with an innocent and questioning gaze.

"You had this," she went on sternly, opening up the cover of the hymnbook. There was the flyleaf with the name neatly written on it—nothing more, absolutely nothing more. She turned pale and stared blankly at her husband.



CAUGHT. "Beloved Irma, I can find no name for my love." "Not even yours?" —Stiegende Blätter.



A PROSPECTIVE SNUB. Phoebe—You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and— Evelyn—Hardly know him! Why, I shan't know him at all! —Illustrated Bits.

"Could I have lost it?" she said faintly. "You could not have lost a speck of dust from that book coming home, Mary," he gravely assured her. "I saw the extraordinary way you gripped it. What did you think was inside?"

"Think" she said indignantly. "I know I had a hair there—yards long," and she told the whole story.

The judge surveyed her "more in sorrow than anger."

"My dear, you have imagined the whole thing; this hair hunting is becoming a positive mania with you," and he proceeded with a speech as eloquent as any ever addressed to the listeners in a crowded court.

Senator Scott says that to-day, if the judge should walk out fairly festooned with a thousand hairs, it is doubtful if his wife would remove even one. —National Magazine.



THE ECONOMICAL LOVER. Jeweller—Shall I engrave the bride's initials on the inside? Fiance—Better say, "For my best beloved." —Stiegende Blätter.



HIS IDEA. Casey—What is this game called golf that I do be readin' about? Willie—Well, Mike, it's me own belief that it's a hooky wid a selling education. —Punch.