

# WIT HUMOR AND SARCASTIC FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



IT LOOKS MORE AND MORE LIKE TAFT EVERY DAY. —Des Moines Register and Leader.



NOT IN A POSITION TO BUCK. Donkey (to conservative advisers)—How can I kick when he won't let me touch the ground? —Chicago Daily News.



FIGHTING BOB'S FIRST SURRENDER. —Cleveland Leader.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION. Kitty—We're getting dull again. Do say something brilliant, Bobby. Bobby—Radium! —London Opinion.



AN EASY WAY OUT OF IT. Bystander—Did you see 'ow it 'appened, lady? Fair Meteorist—Oh, dear no! I was asleep just then. Bystander—Ah, then you'll be able to prove a lullaby! —Punch.



WANTED: A MAN, WHITE PREFERRED. "Oh, either a bachelor or a widower. I'm not particular which." —Illustrated Bits.

## A LITTLE TALE OF PARLOR SOCIALISM

### OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS AT MISS HOCHSTIRN'S DOOR.

But the Lady Shrinks Back Appalled at the Possibilities Presented.

Miss Alma Hochstirn was one of those who had "got" socialism. Very recently, only a month ago, she had been leading a life of selfish, useless and, what is worse than useless—old-fashioned—culture. Ever since she had become a member of the faculty of a college for women in New England she had been compelled to work so hard that she had believed she was leading a highly useful life. Her function in the educational world consisted of ramming down the unwilling throats of freshmen the "grammatical intricacies of English rhetoric, which they promptly proceeded to ignore in their speech and private correspondence, and of storing the frivolous minds of sophomores with the beauties of English literature, which they speedily forgot. But lately her hitherto untroubled mentality had received a jolt. It had been forcibly borne in upon her soul that she was dead to the great movements of her age. Professor Marks, in the same college, who was so much of a socialist as he could be without losing his chair of political economy, had made her aware of this. A few words of scorn about people who thought, in the face of child labor, pauperism and congested tenements, that literary culture was the chief pack of the universe had made Miss Hochstirn wince. Since then she had done considerable reading about "The Submerged Tenth," "The Social Evil," "The Soul of the Negro" and kindred topics, and had decided that she would seize the first opportunity which presented itself of uplifting one of the "down-trodden."

She was turning these great thoughts over in her mind one night as she sat in the ladies' room of South Station, Boston, waiting for the midnight train to New York. Let me explain here that Miss Hochstirn, though a female of intellect, was not inhuman looking. She had a wistfully humorous face, with a direct and boyish frankness in her yet unsuspected brown eyes. As you saw her in that dim station, with her thick fair hair and slim figure, you would take her for a pretty girl.

Others waiting in the station included several women in various stages of dogged resignation and a girl with red hair, laboriously writing letters at a desk. Presently this girl slipped off her chair, picked up a big "telescope" valise and

waddled off—waddled, for she was short and stocky—a peasant type, Americanized by a stylish blue suit.

In a few moments she returned, and, passing, looked Miss Hochstirn over. Then she repressed, and finally addressed her in some sort of strong Germanic accent:

"You goin' to New York?"

"Yes," said Miss Hochstirn, after a moment of surprise.

"What time?"

"At midnight."

"I see, out there, he sold me ticket for 11.30. Is dat all right?"

Now, Miss Hochstirn prided herself on knowing all about trains. It was one of these little vanities, "I'll show you," she said, drawing forth her timetable, and the Americanized peasant put down the "telescope" and sank into a chair beside the college professor. After a lesson in the subtle distinctions of the time table the red haired one said plaintively:

"I'd rather go the same way you go."

When even a stray dog indicates a desire to go along with us we are touched. Miss Hochstirn smiled and said: "Very well."

"You come with me to change my ticket, hein?" said Red-Head.

Miss Hochstirn perceived that she was embarked on the tides of friendship. But she was amused at the idea of her, the formidable, chilly, chaste precursor, being picked out as a chummy creature, that she rose and fell in step beside the girl. The ticket changed, they returned to the waiting-room, and the footlights of conversation were opened.

"I came all the way this day from Portland," said the foreigner, with a sigh. "Won't I be glad to see my mudder, what?"

"She lives in New York?"

"Su-ure. Dot's de place for hers. Maine ain't no good for any peoples."

"Ratler cold?"

"Ach, colt! Mein hands-look at mein hands!" And she stripped off her glove to display a red and workworn little fist. "Our store-dot is near de water, where all de boats come, and the wind—the wind!"

The wharves of Portland—sailmen—such sailmen! Hardly a nice place, thought Miss Hochstirn.

"You must meet many foreigners," she said politely.

"Sure. Every sort. I must speak Polish, German, Yiddish, Swedish—everything. Dot's why mein English iss so bad. Once I speak English beautiful-as good as you."

"You are a German?"

"A German? Yes."

"From what part?"

"Wien."

"But that's in Austria."

"Sure! How did you know?" said the linguist.

"Oh—er—I read the newspapers," said Miss Hochstirn hastily, feeling that she had made a vulgar display of knowledge. The red-haired one looked at her more attentively.

"You live in Boston?" she inquired.

"Yes, but I'm from New York. My parents live there still—like yours."

"You married?"

"No."

"You live here with a fellow?"

Miss Hochstirn raised her eyebrows and looked hard at her new acquaintance. Seeing nothing there but simple, serious curiosity, she gave a little twisted smile and said:

"Well, no. I'm working."

"What at?"

"Teaching."

"Den you're an educated girl. What sort of ting you teach?"

"Just English."

"English! To who?"

"Oh—girls—of eighteen, nineteen—old as you."

"What? You teach readin' and writin' to them great big things?"

"Well—er—it's very fine writing," said Miss Hochstirn, lamely. "Extra fine—like the newspapers, you know." (She glanced around to make sure no chivalrous person overheard.)

"You're awful young to be teaching."

"How old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen."

"Can't you judge people any better than that?"

"Just English."

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Katerine—and forthwith came a long, low, fluent talk of very primitive stuff, ending with:

"But she sees the gun in my pocket, the one I brought to shoot him with unless he marry her, and she grabs it and shoots herself. Poor Katerine, she never had no sense."

Miss Hochstirn sat looking into space, with her white jaw squared.

"That will never happen to me," she said grimly. "I can get along without men."



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY. "Now, don't deny it, Rose. You wore my shoes." "Only once—my feet hurt me so, and I wanted something comfortable." —Mogendorfer Blatter.

## A STRANGE PREFERENCE.

The red haired one started.

"You see, I like women better," explained the professor, smiling.

"You like women?" incredulously.

"Yes, don't you? Men are great fun, of course, but they don't care for us. They like their business, they like other men—so why should we care such a lot for them? I don't. I'd rather talk to you than to most men. I'm not afraid of you, and I don't have to flatter you."

The East Side girl looked hard at her companion. The words had not been very clear, but the look of the eyes that answered hers carried in it something new and pleasant. She had never met a woman like this, who didn't brag about her clothes or of her "fellows," who listened without interruption to what you said, and swallowed all your little lies, and told you that she liked you.

Miss Hochstirn, meanwhile, was very much perplexed. Here in this sudden manner had come the very opportunity to do a better "uplifting" than she had been looking for. Sophia was a person whom every kind of social reformer was after. She was a perfect gem of wickedness. But what to do? To broach the subject of reform to a cheerful human being "most remarkably like you" is not easy.

Sophia was expanding rapidly. "Look here," she said with sudden warmth of feeling. "I haf some oranges we better eat," and she drew out the fruit from a paper bag.

Miss Hochstirn tasted oranges as eaten from the hand. It is a moist and pungent fruit, the orange. But remembering what Tolstoy and other luminous ones said about brotherly love, she took an orange and laboriously pulled off her long gloves, rolled up her fur cuffs, put her muff out of the way and waded in. Sophia, after swallowing hers in two gulps, became thoughtful.

"Men is most awful liars," she said, slowly.

"Efen Maurice, he say: 'Sophia, you iss my only one. I don't lof none else.' But me, I don't belief him."

Miss Hochstirn made a desperate attempt to do her duty.

"I mean I'd learn to make my living without Maurice," she said.

"How you mean?"

"I mean I'd learn a trade, so that I wouldn't have to get my money from him. I'd be afraid if he knew I couldn't get along without him he would think little of me. I'd like to be able to leave him, if I wanted to, and have him miss me."

Sophia took her companion all in, and then said with a sudden illumination:

"Some one is missing you now, hein?"

The eagerness of the reformer suddenly drooped. She took up her long gloves and drew them slowly on her clever-looking white hands.

"No," she said, a little bitterly. "No one is missing me. There are such lots of other kind and comfortable girls—like you."

She let her hands fall in her lap a moment. Then she rose.

"It's nearly midnight. Our train must be made up."

Sophia, silent, laid hold of her "telescope," and the pair went out through the hollow-sounding, empty station, down the black line of cars until Miss Hochstirn's Pullman was reached.

Sophia, who had no money for a berth, and had never seen one, wanted to have a look at Miss Hochstirn's. And though it amazed her, the reformer was rather weak at the idea of being "seen off" by such a companion, she again thought of Tolstoy, Gorky, and the theory of brotherly love, and had the porter help Sophia aboard.

Sophia looked longingly at the glories of late Pullman architecture.

"Say," she said, "couldn't I sleep with you, hein?"

This was too much. Miss Hochstirn began to see at last wither the doctrine of brotherly love might lead.

"Well—er—no; I'm afraid not," she said coldly. There was a sad silence. Sophia's lip trembled, but she accepted the situation.

"You'll come and see me off in the morning," she said wistfully. "My mudder, maybe she will meet me. And yours, too. I like to see your mudder."

The vision of mutual introductions that flashed into Miss Hochstirn's mind quite blotted out any recollection of Tolstoy.

"I'm afraid I won't be up when the train stops," she said stiffly, as she led the girl to the Pullman door.

Still Sophia lingered on the platform by the ordinary coach, where she must pass the night.

"Good night," said the would-be lover of mankind.

"Good night," said Sophia, inarticulately.

"Say, haf you chance to take Sophia, moud her and supplant Maurice. For the little tough had felt drawn toward the college professor. Of this Miss Hochstirn had a guilty conviction. But conventionality, the bitter rules of the world she had always lived in, and, above all, sheer social cowardice, put out any flickering warmth of feeling."

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