

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



NOT THIS TRIP.

Pet Theories—Take me, take me! Pa Bryan—Not this trip; papa's going East.

—Minneapolis Journal.



AN IMPORTANT NOTIFICATION.

The crops notify Mr. Farmer that he is the whole thing and bound to poll the dollars this fall.

—Lincoln (Neb.) News.



THAT AWFUL BOY.

Of course, he has to get into trouble just when there's company coming.

—Chicago Daily News.

BETWEEN SHEETS IN OKLAHOMA BEDS

FUN WITH THE NINE-FOOT LAW.

An Enterprising Salesman—Hotel Patron Who Kicked and Was Kicked—Enforcing the Statute.

Guthrie, Okla., Aug. 26.—The Oklahoma nine-foot sheet is coming into its own. The novel bill requiring hotelkeepers to furnish every bed with linen of that length so that it would "lap over" was received with derision when it first passed the Legislature and became a law. Widespread publicity was given the statute because of its originality. All sorts of puns were poked at the new state's lawmakers by Eastern newspaper writers. In Oklahoma criticisms were not lacking. But the law remained on the statute books, and measures have been taken by inspectors, provided in the bill, to see to its enforcement.

These officials, who have just finished an extensive tour of the state, report that with very few exceptions the letter of the law is now being obeyed, and in the hotels to which it applies the sheets can now be lapped over by the longest patron. In numerous and remarkable ways the meaning of the law is being brought home to the landlords, not a few of whom formerly were delinquent in complying with it.

Probably the most unusual method of introducing the regulation sheets was conceived and is now being carried out with great success by an enterprising St. Louis firm. The introduction is simple, at the same time usually successful. An illustration of its practicability occurred a few days ago at Muskogee. An elderly man of dignified mien toiled up the stairs to the office of one of the hostlers. Under his arm he carried a large volume, moreover bound, having all the outward appearance of legal lore. Before registering he demanded an interview with the landlord. That dignitary putting in an appearance, the stranger, who gave his name as Dr. E. R. Carswell, took the book from under his arm, opened it and began to read the law requiring the nine-foot sheets. "Is your hotel fitted with these?" he inquired gravely.

The Muskogee landlord confessed that he had not complied with the law, and diplomatically requested that no suit be brought, declaring his intention of looking after the matter at his earliest convenience.



A TRAVELLER'S NOTE.

Tourist—The truth never came home to me so sharply before that the bark may often be worse than the bite.

—The Tattler.

knowledge of human nature increased by his experience.

The patron was a man of frascible nature. When he retired one night he discovered that the sheets on his bed were woefully short of the legislative requirement. He dressed and sought the hotel-keeper. In language unmistakably plain he demanded to know why the beds were not fitted with the nine-foot sheets. Not only did he threaten immediately to leave the hotel, but gave the ultimatum that if a rebate were not forthcoming on his bill he would institute proceedings against the offender. The colloquy occurred in the lobby of the hotel, and eyewitnesses state the landlord lost his temper. The guest made good his determination to leave the "illegally conducted" house, but he went head first through the front door and his grip was tossed from the window of the room which he had intended to occupy.

A story comes from Marietta of the ingenuity of a Jewish travelling salesman representing a New York silk goods house. The travelling man appeared in the lobby late at night in his pajamas, and getting the attention of the landlord, held out a tape measure. Excitedly he explained that he had measured the sheets on his bed and that they lacked fourteen inches of being nine feet. He presented dire things as the inevitable result of the violation of the law, and ended by promising that he would make no protest if three days' lodging were given him free. The confused hotel man promised and the "drummer" lived on the "fat" of the land as long as he was in town. He kept faith with the hotelkeeper, and the incident re-



THE PLANT LOVER.

"Oh, Sir James, I hear you have an acetylene plant, and I simply adore tropical flowers!"

—Punch.

I represent a sheet making concern of St. Louis. We manufacture just such a sheet as you need, with an adjustable pocket effect that slips over the mattress. Saves you the trouble of having 'em made up. How many did you say you needed?"

HE SOLD HIS SHEETS.

The salesman made a "hit," and before the landlord had recovered from his surprise he had scribbled a few lines in his order book and registered, satisfied. Then he told the hotel man he had sold dozens of sheets in just the same manner in Tulsa, Sapulpa, Chickasha and other large towns in the eastern part of the state.

Not so easily did a well meaning patron in an Anadarko hotel fare when he took it upon himself to see that the law of the land was enforced. His patriotism was lost on the landlord, and his



A GIVE AWAY.

"Do you really think he has matrimonial intentions?" "I'm sure of it. Why, he said I looked better in a thirty-shilling hat than in a three-guinea one."

—Comic Cuts.

THE COWBOY'S PLEASANTY.

A Guthrie business man who travels a great deal in the southeastern part of the state tells this as an actual happening: "One of the most ridiculous experiences of my life occurred at the little town of Aitch, in McCurtain County, not long ago. The town consists of a few business buildings, all frame. Its nearest railroad is the 'Frisco, forty miles away. The surrounding country is settled by cattle men. At best conditions are primitive.

"The owner of the only hotel is a Jew, named Solomon. One of the patrons the night I put up at the hotel was a long, muscular cowboy, just fresh from the ranch and chuck full of mischief. He had been reading a newspaper in which the nine-foot sheet law was 'written up.' At supper he confided to me that he was going to get some 'fun' out of Solomon before daylight. He told me to be sure and 'wait up' in the lobby.

"I sat around the stuffy office for three hours. It was nearly midnight, and I was preparing to retire. The landlord was dozing peacefully in his chair behind the counter. Suddenly, in the room above, I heard a most unearthly noise. If I had not been 'next' I would have shaken with fright. The landlord did. But before he knew what was transpiring heavy thuds were heard on the stairs, and much like a Kansas tornado, the cowboy swept into the office, clad in his nightshirt. In one hand he held extended a sheet. In the other was his revolver, the biggest gun I ever saw. He shook the sheet and marched over to where Solomon sat. I felt truly sorry for the bewildered man.

"Get up!" commanded the cowpuncher. The landlord did, grinning foolishly. "What do you mean, you little rat, by having such a thing as this on my bed?" the big man demanded. Solomon opened his mouth, but the words did not come.

"It's an outrage!" shouted the cowboy. "Look here, and he held the sheet out before the protruding eyes of the landlord. 'Do you call that nine feet?' Solomon shook his head wildly.

"Then dance!" commanded the tormentor. And dance the landlord did, to the tune of the big six-shooter, as the shots beat a tattoo in the wooden floor.

"The next morning the cowpuncher departed before anybody else was up."

ADMISSION BY TICKET.

Mandy was a young colored girl, fresh from the cotton fields of South. One afternoon she came to her Northern mistress and handed her a visiting card.

"De lady wha' gib me dis is de pa'lor," she explained. "De'y a nooder lady on de do'step." "Gracious, Mandy," exclaimed the mistress. "Why didn't you ask both of them to come in?" "Cayse, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do'step done fo'git her ticket."—Judge's Library.

STILL USEFUL.

A small girl, lost at Coney Island, was kindly cared for at the police station until her parents should be found. The matron, endeavoring to keep the child contented, had given her a candy cat, with which she played happily all day. At night the cat had disappeared, and the matron inquired if it had been lost. "No," said the little maid. "I kept it most all day. But then it got so dirty I was ashamed to look at it, so I let it go."—Detroit Tribune.

THE ELECTRIC LEG.

Future Historian Finds It Displaced Aeroplanes in 1918.

The gaze for flying [wrote the future historian] seems to have culminated in the year 1917—corresponding to our 369 Before Smith. In that year the aeroplane (a word of unknown derivation) was almost the sole means by which the ancients went from where they were to where they were not. These flying machines were so simple and cheap that one who had not a spare half-hour in which to make one could afford to purchase. The price for a one man machine was about one-tenth of a gooble. Double seated ones were of course a little more costly. No other kinds were allowed by law, for, as was quaintly explained by a chronicler of the period, "a man has a right to break his own neck, and that of his wife, but not those of his children and friends." It had been learned by experiment that for transportation of goods and for use in war the aeroplane was without utility. (Of balloons, dirigibles and indrignible, we hear nothing after 1910; the price of gas, controlled by a single international corporation, made them impossible.)

From extant fragments of Jopplecopper's "History of Invention" it appears that in America alone there were no fewer than twenty million aeroplanes in use. In and about the great cities the air was so crowded with them and collisions resulting in falls were so frequent that prudent persons neither ventured to use them nor dared to go out of cover. As a poet of the time expressed it:

"With falling fools so thick the sky is filled That wise men walk abroad but to be killed. Small comfort that the fool, too, dies in falling. For he'd have starved betimes in any calling. The ear is spattered red with their remains: Blood, flesh, bone, gristle — everything but brains."

The reaction from this disagreeable state of affairs seems to have been brought about by a combination of causes. First, the fierce animosities engendered by the perils to pedestrians and "motorists," a word of disputed meaning. So savage did this hostility become that firing at aeroplanes in flight, with the newly invented silent rifle, grew to the character of a national custom. Dimshouck has found authority for the statement that in a single day 3,000 aeroplanes fell from the heavens into the streets of Nebraska, the capital of Chicago, victims of popular disfavor; and a writer of that time relates, not altogether lucidly, the finding on a roof in Ohio of the bodies of the Wright brothers, each pierced with bullets from hip to shoulder, and without other marks of identification.

Second in importance of these adverse conditions was the natural disposition of the ancients to tire of whatever had engaged their enthusiasm—the fickleness that had led to abandonment of the bicycle, of republican government, of baseball, and of respect for women. In the instance of the aeroplane this "tired feeling," as it was called, was probably somewhat intensified by the rifle practice mentioned.

Third, invention of the electrical leg. As a means of going from place to place the ancients had from the earliest ages of history relied chiefly on the wheel. Just how they applied it, not in stationary machinery, as we do ourselves, but as aid to locomotion, we cannot now hope to know, for all the literature of the subject has perished; but it was evidently a crude and clumsy device, giving a speed of less than two hundred miles (four and a half paces) an hour, even on roadways specially provided with rails for its aid. revolution. We know, too, that wheels produced an intolerable jolting of the body, whereby many died of a disease known as therapeutics. Indeed, a certain class of persons who probably travelled faster than others came to be called "rough riders," and for their sufferings were compensated by appointment to the most lucrative offices in the gift of the sovereign. Small wonder that the men of that day hailed the aeroplane with immoderate enthusiasm and used it with insupportable immoderation!

But when in 1918 (B. S. 368) the younger Eddy invented that supreme space conquering device, the electrical leg, and within six months perfected it to virtually what it is to-day, the necessity for flight no longer existed. The aeroplane ended its brief and bloody reign, a discredited and discarded toy—was "sent to the scrap heap," as one of our brightest and most original modern wits has expressed it. The wheel followed it into oblivion, whether the horse had preceded it, and civilization lifted her virgin fires as a dawn in Eden, and, like Cytherea leading her moonrime troop of nymphs and graces, literally leagued it over the land!—Ambrose Bierce in The Cosmopolitan.

LUCKY MAN.

A certain humorist, who is, as a rule, extremely averse to social functions, was induced to attend a "literary" dinner given in honor of a novelist. He had been told off to take in to dinner the sister of the host, an excellent woman, though anything but "literary."

The conversation touching upon the beauties of Chaucer, about whom a certain set was then cultivating a fad, a spirited discussion ensued, during which the bewildered sister caught from time to time only the names of places. At last she whispered to the humorist:—

"Who is this Mr. Chaucer they're talking about so much?" "Is he very popular in society?" "Median," solemnly responded the other, "that man did something that forever shuts him out of society." "Heaven!" exclaimed the worthy dame, "and what was that?" "He died several hundred years ago."—Tit-Bits.

LOGICAL.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?" "Yes, I'm a cornetist." "And your sister?" "She's a pianist." "Does your mother play?" "She's a zitherist." "And your father?" "He's a pessimist."—Detroit Tribune.



MODERN ATHLETES.

"You needn't tell me, Mr. Forson, that tennis isn't good exercise. It makes the young men so strong in the arms that—that one can hardly breathe."

—Pick-Me-Up.



A DISCRIMINATING TOILER.

Parson (discovering odd job man working at the chapel)—Why, Giles, I was not aware that you cut the grass for the Dissenters too?

Giles—Well, your reverence, I does sometimes; but I don't use the same scythe!

—Punch.



AN EXCHANGE OF KNOCKS.

Mistress (angrily)—How dare you talk back to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid.

New Maid—I don't call myself that now, ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job.

—London Opinion.