

Wit and Humor

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Fiction and Facts

It Wasn't Pete's Fault At That

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Against Watching And Nagging Children

TO HIS PATIENT WIFE



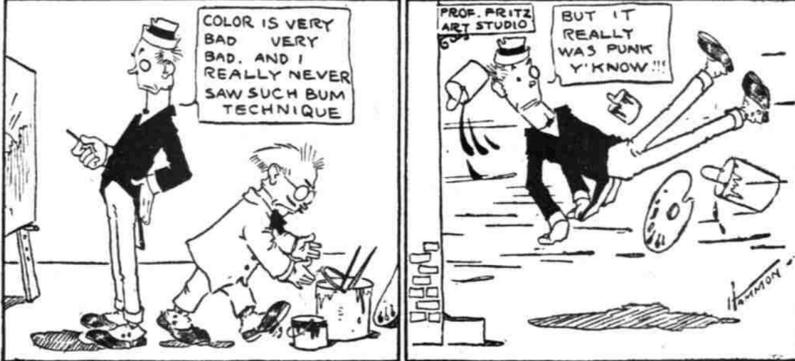
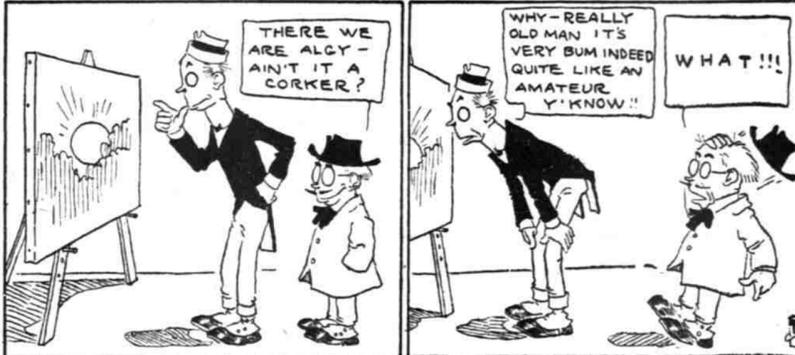
HERE'S Jackie?" asked Mrs. Peeved, nervously, laying down her embroidery and going to glance out into the hall. "He's very quiet." "Aw, quit your fussing," said Mr. Peeved, taking his cigar out of his mouth as he spoke. "I sent him down cellar to chop some kindlin'. Delia and that blamed furnace fire always seem to go out on the same night and I had to have some wood." "Mercy!" cried Mrs. Peeved, "he oughtn't to be down there alone. He—he might chop his foot or something. I'll go down—"

By JAMES H. HAMMON

ALGY

He's Long On Art And Short On Tact

Drawn for The Washington Times.



MIKE THE MOTORMAN'S

Car is Dragged By a Huckster, the Row in a

TROLLEY MONOLOGUE



ELL, I'm a greenie if that fellow ain't at it again! He's dragged this car every day for a week, and I b'lieve he does it a-purpose. I b'lieve he just hangs around till he sees me, and then whips that rickety old huckster wagon in front of my car. That's what I b'lieve. Look at that! He acts like I was ringin' this bell to scratch my foot. It's fellows like that make the cars behind time, and then us motormen get blamed for it. That's the worst of this business. Look at 'im! Hey, you! Goin' to your own funeral? 'Cause if you are, you'd better hurry up or you'll be too late. G'on, get off o' there! Sure he hears me. That's what they do; they pretend not to hear you, and then when you've 'em pulled in they swear you never rang your bell. I b'lieve hucksters is the meanest lot of men on earth. That's what I b'lieve. Say, fellow, are you goin' to get off o' there? You've been draggin' this car for three squares now, and as soon as I see a p'liceman you're goin' to get what's comin' to you. Oh, you can hear me, all right, you—you—HEY! ARE YOU GOIN' TO GET OFF O' THERE? What do you think I've been ringin' this bell for, you ignorant loafer? Hah! you see me now, do you? (Look at 'im lookin'. Look at 'im lookin'.) Yes, that's what you are, an ignorant loafer. Yain't fit to associate with decent people. You're a pig, and if you step down off that imitation wagon I'll punch you're head for you! Oh, did you hear what he called me? A boob, that's what he called me, a boob! If I hadn't 'a' heard it I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved it. After askin' him and requestin' him as nice as I know how to get off the tracks he turns around and calls me a boob! You heard 'im, didn't you? Say, young feller, I'm through treatin' you like a gentleman. I don't care whether you get off or not now; I'm goin' to hand you over to that p'liceman on the next corner, and appear against you tomorrow morning and see that you get the limit. Hey, officer—there he goes, whippin' his old nag down the street. I know you didn't see him draggin' me, but he—aw, what's the use!

Reddy Smith

Wises Us Up on Nomenclature. Naw, uv course me hair ain't red! You don't hav' tu hav' red hair tu be called Reddy, du you? It's jes me front name chopped in haf wid uh couple uv ledders added, an—well, I wudn't swap Reddy fur uh nudder name, on uh-count uv de way it cum. It was when I lives in Pearl court dat I got et. De gang uster call me "Stew" on uh-count uv me middle name 'bin' Stuart. We was playin' tag on de back fences wun day, when Hogan (he was the leader), bein' "It," chases me. I gives him uh good run, an' he gits me cornered. I tries tu jump tu unnudder fence, loses me footin' an' falls. When I wakes I was in de hospital. Me head was all dun up wid white rags, me hands was clean an' de beds was jest as white as snow. Dere was lots uv udders 'round me, too. Wun mornin' uh little girl wif her mudder cums tu de room. Dey goes tu all de udder fellers beds, den cums tu mine. "O-o-oh," sez de little girl, "'es dot his head hurted. I'se awfully sorry oo's dot oar head hurted," she sez tu me; "tell me how oo dot it hurted?" I tells her all 'bout et, 's far as I could think, an' she sits dere holdin' me han' an' takin' et all in. She was all dressed in white, wid two ribbons uh hangin' from her cap. Her hair was long an' curly an' shined jes

DAILY DISCONTINUED STORY

Look Out for the Stick



The lady anarchist carefully wrapped up her summer supply of bombs in cotton batting, placed them carefully in her trunk, and battened down the latches. Then with ease and aplomb and things like that she sent for a baggage man. He came to get the trunk, and found it on the top floor of a six-story house. He carried it down and placed it in his wagon. She didn't tip him, which was exceedingly vexatious. When he arrived at the depot he told his good friend Sam, the baggage smasher, of her nearness, and Sam said, "Rats; I'll square that for you." Taking the trunk in both hands, he raised it high in the air and—

Hopeful Scribe

Winks—I hear that some of the prominent actresses, singers, generals and society ladies get five hundred dollars for merely signing their names to articles written for them and printed in the Uppermost Magazine? Jinks—It's true, too. Winks—Well! Well! I wonder what they'd get if they wrote the whole article themselves? Jinks—Get laughed at.

WOULDN'T THIS CHILL YOU?



The industrial commission that is now out of existence went to Atlanta to make investigations. John Kennedy, a member of the commission, saw a negro at his hotel wheeling in a barrowful of plate ice. "Is that artificial ice?" Kennedy asked. "No, indeed, boss; no, suh," the negro replied. "This year ice's made right on this year place."

Must Be a Suffragette

"When I grow up I will marry a wife who will know how to do everything." "And what will you do?" "I? Absolutely nothing. It is she who will attend to everything."

Spinster Aunt's Advice

My Dear Niece: Your letter found me in a very bad humor. I have just tried on my mupe culotte and a new Eton jacket with a British bobby helmet. Stylish? Oh, of course, but I used to want until I am least forty pounds lighter to be able to be stylish this year, so with a sigh of regret I have given the fetching costume to the cook and perhaps now I shall at least get a few decent meals as the result of the money expended.

plain tailored waists and stiff collars, size 12. My dear child, I am sending at once a love of a new chiffon gown, some lace blouses, and an emerald pin to bring you back to a proper view of life.

I assure you, my dear, I can read between the lines and know just how earnestly the man—whatever he may be—has talked of simplicity in fashions for women. I can even hear him say how much he admires you in a trim shirtwaist and your short skirt, but all the time, my love, he is looking out the tail of his eyes at some girl in the most extravagantly loud and foolish of clothes.

At any rate, if I were you I wouldn't encourage his attentions. When a man develops ideas about women's dress he is very likely to develop ideas about her pursuits, too, and to live with a man who wants to "mold" your character is worse than being old and fat, like me, and having to go through a course of exercises to grow slender.

Select a man who is so ordinary that you can forget he's around. It makes married life much happier, and you may be sure that he will be a nice background for you, and that is the proper position of the American husband, to offer himself as an effective adjunct to his wife.

Your affectionate

SPINSTER AUNT.

AN AFRICAN BULL



Uncle Mose—Look-a-heah, you George Washington Jefferson, what you all smokin' dat pipe fo? Didn't Ah done tell you dat smokin' shortins er man's life moh dan huff? Young G. W. J.—But you has bin smokin' mos' yo' life, Uncle Mose, and Ah reckon yo's a purty ole man. Uncle Mose—Dat's all right erbout me smokin', mah boy, but dat ain't de point. Ah's eighty-foh years ole now, but ef Ah hadn't nevah smoked Ah might have been moh dan a hundred years ole by dis time.

OUR GROCERY CLERK SAYS

That His Boss is a Philanthropist



Say, kid, I'm sometimes sorry that I didn't fall for the wives of the boss' daughter.

She's got freckles, and is a bit on the Clyde-dale type and all that, but a fellow could forget all that if he could tie up with the right kind of a father-in-law.

When Maude married that half-baked dentist just out of college, I thought I saw where she was going to miss a lot of the comforts of home.

But shucks! He's worked up the biggest practice in the neighborhood, and they do tell me that he is getting so proficient that he can pull milk teeth with both hands.

Of course, there's a reason. I have my orders from headquarters. Here: take this piece of rock candy home and give it to your kid brother.

There's nothing like making two aches grow where only one throbbled before.

Hopeless Case

Mother—What makes you think, dear, that you love him? Daughter—Because, mamma, all the while I was being fitted for my new gown I kept thinking of him instead of the gown.

Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Girl Who Travels in the Street Car



ONCE visited a terrible place. Instruments of torture all actively engaged in making their victims miserable were represented with wax-work lifelikeness.

But not one of those victims showed a more tragic countenance than the man who takes you to a party in the street car.

Good enough for him, you may think. Serves him right for being stingy.

But it does not. It's an outrageous way to treat him. When he asked you to go with him, he did not mention how. You accepted—not only his escort, but his means of conveyance.

Possibly he could not afford to take you at all if he had to pay for a taxicab. Your society might be more expensive than his pocket-book warrants. And there is something too good to overlook in a man who wants the society of a girl yet has the courage to make his effort to get it in his way rather than a way which might ingratiate him with her, but would be a sailing under false colors for him, a pretense at a financial independence which does not exist.

But do you take his escort as he extends it? No, you have a pale blue evening coat and you mean to wear it. You do. He feels as cheap as a marked-down article in the "As Is" counter in a bargain base-

ment, when he lands you into the car in all your carriage finery. Every time the workman next you moves, he has a chill lest your evening coat be soiled. He knows what the other men are thinking of him for putting you and the coat in such a position.

You make more fuss about keeping your dress from touching the steps as you get off the car than it would take to protect the coronation robes. Your rubbers keep sliding off of your high-heeled slippers.

You explain that there was not time to change to other shoes when he came.

He knows you mean "when he came without a cab." And he feels poverty-stricken and unhappy. He calls himself names as he reflects that a fellow is a fool to do anything in a social way unless he can do it right.

He touches the very bottom of his misery when he sees other girls fluttering about carriages at the door of the festive scene. Then, he suddenly catches a glimpse of a laughing face above a dark coat. A party-bag dangling gilly from a girl's arm. And thick shoes show beneath the enveloping wrap.

He has learned a lesson, though not the one you sought to teach. He has seen that a nice girl can be sensible, too.

He hunts up that nice, sensible girl, and two sensible people are ever at one, especially when they are pretty girl and honest man.

The kind of a man who takes a girl to a party in the way he can afford is just the one who rapidly grows to a place where he can afford to take a girl—to his own home. Some of the others who pay out all they make for taxicabs can never even buy a marriage license.

up stairs simply crawls Our Johnny When he has to go to bed. But in the morning, coming down He's like a ton of LEAD