

And This Is No Hay Fever Joke, Either

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS That He Received Telling the Plans OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

DEAR—This has been such a busy day for me. In the morning I hemmed a dozen tea towels, which Aunt Henrietta's generosity prompted her to send to me with the announcement that she thought I could make better use of them than she could, and this afternoon I occupied my time on some new bed linen, which mother gave me, and in embroidering three doilies. It is really wonderful how my linens are piling up, and won't it surprise you to know that I actually have a trunk jammed full of linen, and linen that we will actually need and use.

No, dear, now don't laugh at the trunkful, because it is not a man's trunkful, but a woman's, and that means that there are about three times as many pieces of linen in that trunk as you imagine. You have to admit that a woman is the only one who can really pack a trunk, and when she says it is full, why, you know that nothing more can be gotten into it.

It Wouldn't Seem the Same Several of the girls were up to the house this afternoon, but, outside of asking me all over again how it feels to be engaged, their conversation would hardly interest you. Of course, they wanted to see my latest additions in the linen line, and one of them wanted to help me to hem and embroider, but—well, it wouldn't seem the same if I as much as allowed them to take a stitch, so I told them politely that I wanted to do it all myself. And so I do, dear, because I am doing it for you, and each stitch makes my heart beat faster and keeps up my spirit in this long wait for your return.

Why, already it seems ages and ages since you went away, and I wonder how I am able to stand the long wait, but then, when I think of that trunkful of linen, of my cooking lessons and the many other little things that have to be done before we are married, I know what it is that keeps my spirits up.

Almost a Small Fortune My bank account has been increased \$276, and now it seems to be almost a small fortune. One actually doesn't know how foolish she formerly spent her money until she has tried to save.

Dearest boy, your letter of today was such a tender little note, and I realized how hard it must be sometimes for you even to write one that long. But no matter how short they are, if they always carry the same message of love, as today's did, then I shall be satisfied. Lovingly, H.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"I see—" began the stage-struck youth. "Been rubbing again," interrupted the stage doorkeeper. "I mean that I've just noticed," continued the S. S. Y., trying hard to take no notice of the doorkeeper's remark. "That they have just planted about six million lobsters of the Maine coast." "Taint enough," shouted the S. D. K. "What does this penurious playcune government mean by only plantin' a hundred and fifty million of them red birds for the comin' season?"

One and a Claw "Why," said the S. S. Y., "that's one and a claw over for every man, woman and child in the United States possession."

"Was nuthin' to do with it at all," snorted the S. D. K. "Now tell me, will you, what the people of Alaska and the Mexican border and Honolulu want to be buttin' in on our lobster preserves. KID, you surprise me. But with only a beggarly hundred and fifty million of them Maine lobsters in eight believe me there is goin' to be bitter sufferin' in the ranks of the chorus ladies this comin' winter, and many a star will be willin' to lavish her smiles on a bald headed millionaire if he will only corner the claw market for her.

In the first place there's more than a million chorus girls in New York. I know 'cause, I've counted 'em. Now figure it out, each girl is equal to a lobster a night. If the escort is game he'll order one for himself, that's two.

Please Get Me "Please get me on this, 'cause I hate to repeat. One million chorus girls, one million Johnnies, two million lobstermen, total visible supply one hundred and fifty million red boys. That means that in seventy-five nights there won't be a Maine lobster on the market. And seventy-five nights won't take us up to Christmas time. It's enough to make strong show girls weep and bite their jewels."

"What would you suggest doing about it?" asked the S. S. Y. "Nothin', kid, nothin'," said the S. D. K. "I've decided after looking over the material that pays the fancy prices for the Newburgs that there's a new one born every minute."

Reddy Smith Chats On Meeting an Old Friend Say, Jimmie, all people dat's got money sint so bad after all, are dey? Dis mornin' I was comin' thru de square when I hears uh voice say, "Why Reddy," and lookin' up who should I see but uh girl without me own size, wid hur face all done up in smiles an' hur right han' stuck out towards me. I looks at hur uh minute. Hur cheeks was as red as roses; hur hair—golden, an' hur big blue eyes jes twinkled.

"Don't you know me, Reddy," she sez, den puckerin' up her mouth, "my name's Elsie; wot's oors?" "Say, de minute she sez dat, I knows hur. 'Sure,' I sez, 'I knows yu now, Miss Elsie, but yu're so big I didn't recognize yu at first. Sides, Miss Elsie, I didn't 'spect yu'd ever know me. Uhgahn if yu saw me.'"

"Why, Reddy, uv course I'd speak to yoo," she sez, "Yoo're such uh nice boy—an' sides I want yu to call me Elsie an' not Miss Elsie."

Well, Jimmie, would yu believe it, she sat on uh bench wid me an' we talked uv de time when I first met hur in de square, an' if she didn't haf to meet her mudder, I guess we'd been talkin' yet. But, say, sum people dat are rich has hearts, Jimmie, don't dey?"

When Being in Debt Pays "Get a notice from the telephone company this morning promising better service the first of the month." "Must have paid up." "Nope, owe 'em for a year."

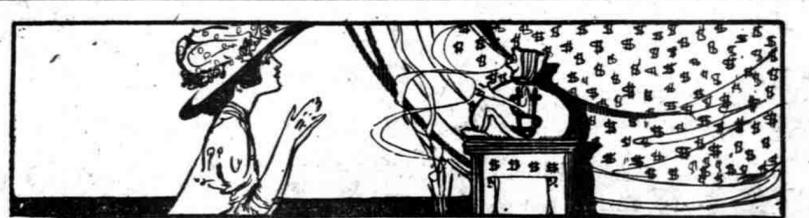
"Is that the system?" "Appears to be. Notice said I was one year in arrears for my phone, and if I didn't settle by the first of the month I'd hear from it."—Judge.

ALGY LOST!!! ONE SUIT OF CLOTHES

By JAMES H. HAMMON Drawn for The Washington Times



Loretta's Looking Glass SEE HOW IT UP TO THE WISHING WOMAN



"Oh! I wish I had a million!" You only wish you had a million. Or you mean only half of it! Even a fourth might satisfy you. But you WISH it just the same—the whole great amount. What you really want is enough money to get away from the particular worry that agitates you at the moment of utterance.

And you make your husband mighty miserable. Lots of good husbands are changed into bad ones by this WISHING habit. Oh! you may say you are only jesting! You may slip off the responsibility as you would a cinder from a dust-coat—if it would flip. But cinders like these have the sticking habit. With all their hurtin' little points, they adhere in the mind of the husband. He does not actually think that you really desire so much. But he DOES regard the wish as a vocalization of your discontent with what he can give you.

Decorations For HIS Wife Women have a way of looking at what some other woman has, and wondering why the pretties are not for them, too? If Mrs. Blank has a sealskin and her husband is a lawyer, you argue that your husband is a lawyer, and you ought to have a sealskin also. You WISH for it. And you express your surprise that Mr. Blank can manage to have such decorations for HIS wife, while your lawyer must needs scrape pretty hard to get you a ready-made coat suit.

Maybe Mrs. Blank's lawyer is a better one. He can earn more money. "No, indeed!" you cry. You will not acknowledge that! Your wifely loyalty jumps up in toy-arms; and you brandish your tin sword with great show. You certainly will not concede to Mrs. Blank the acumen of having chosen a smarter man than you did.

You call that display of toy weapons an evidence of your devotion to your lawyer-husband. IT IS NOT! It is a great, big, spectacular display of your own conceit. YOU WILL NOT ACKNOWLEDGE that your husband is less brilliant than some other's husband—JUST BECAUSE HE IS YOURS.

How dare I say that? Why! I should dare anything that a woman's rage ever has or could invent—and some of them have achieved sinister distinction as the inventresses of varied tortures!—if I could, in the pain of the experience find a way to wake you up to the harm you do with your absurd and unreasoning WISH HABIT. Why, women like you drive men to acquire MORE THAN THEY CAN EARN. Your sons who are money maniacs before they are out of high school. Your daughters are mercenary creatures, looking forward toward marriage with millinaire's eyes. You are the CHIEF PRIESTESS at the altar of MAMMON.

I have watched you WISHING WOMEN. You are generally non-producers. Housekeeping is a cross to you. Women who can live at fashionable family hotels are your envy. You throw up their luxury to the husband, who is doing his best; and you give him the idea that his stupidity and inability to corner the money market are keeping you from what you OUGHT to have.

Distributor of Discontent WHY ought you to have it? What have you done that makes you deserving? You are a troublesome, unwholesome distributor of discontent, and a creator of false ambitions. And you are as unhappy as the ones you make miserable. Why don't you look at the worthy wives, the BUSY women, who are using their brains and talents to supply the dollar deficit? THEY recognize a limit to their husbands' earning capacity, and try to make the best of it. THEY are not goading men to misappropriation and misery. Their children are well dressed. Their houses are well kept! THEY DO NOT SIT AROUND WISHING; they are busy WORKING. You ought to take pattern from them!

WHEN I GET TO RUNNING THE UNIVERSE ONE OF THE FIRST AND GREATEST EVILS TO BE ABOLISHED WILL BE WORK! EVERY ONE HIS OWN BOSS AND LIFE—A GRAND VACA—DR-R-R-IN-N-NGS!!! HANG THAT ALARM CLOCK!!!!

MAMIE TELLS BELLE There's Nothing New in The Astor-Force Chatter! PEOPLE ALWAYS GOSSIPED

IT WOULD only be a matter of a minute's walk or so, Belle, to find somebody that hasn't expressed a single opinion on the 1912 presidential situation, but walk until your soles smoke and I bet you won't run across a human bein' old enough to talk that hasn't had somepin' to say about the Astor-Force engagement.

Talkin' about people who in the nature of things would refuse to talk to us is one of the time-honored and 'alienable rights of womankind. Ever hear of Cleopatra, Belle? No, she's no relation of the Astors; she was a young brunette and did some darin' stunts long ago when the weather used to be so nice the men never had to wear anything but bedsheet dressin' gowns. Well, I'll bet the latest work of Michael Angelo, or whoever the big stone cutter was then, was forgotten at nine out of ev'ry ten Roman dinner tables while each member of the family tried to get ahead of the others in takin' a shot at Cleo's reputation.

Which has nothing to do with Astor and the Breakfast Food lady especially, but just goes to show that at least they have the consolation of knowin' they ain't the only ones that ever had to suffer for bein' prominent.

Whole Families Get In On It It began as soon as the mornin' papers announced it a few weeks ago. U'd give one of these statisticians a good day's work to figure out how many American families forgot to put sugar in their coffee at breakfast that mornin'. Picture it, Belle, the same scene happenin' in a million dinin' rooms all at once.

"Hah!" the head o' the family'd say. "What d'you know about that! Old Astor's goin' to marry a young Breakfast Food lady just out of short dresses. Why don't he take somebody his age?" "And him a divorced man, too!" his wife'd say, leanin' over the old man's shoulder with the rest of the family to get a peek at the four-column pictures of Astor and the Breakfast Food lady. "I think it's perfectly scandalous!"

Then the daughter of the family and the young son just graduatin' into cigarettes would have their say, and by the time the family dog had shook the paper into ribbons they'd be ready to let the subject drop till dinner time.

And the point, Belle, the point is that out of all those millions there's not one of 'em that even knows anybody that knows Astor. When reporters ring the front doorbell at the homes of Astor's friends and acquaintances and ask for their views on the comin' Astor-Breakfast Food lady nuptials, they're always told that "it's nobody's business but Mr. Astor's and the Breakfast Food lady's." Which all goes to show, Belle, that distance makes the tongue grow longer.

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

I've got to eet breakfast in a hurry this mornin', sed pop at breakfast yeastday, bekaus I've got to go out of town on important bizness and the ony transe I can take leaves at 8.57.

So he ate his breakfast fast as an eyer, spillin' part of his egg awn the tabl cloth and awl, and then he sed, And holy smokes, I've got to get these trowsirs pressed befoar I go to. Thare a site, he sed, and I'll haf to stoop around at the taylers and have them dun while I wate.

Can I go with you and see him do them, pop, I sed.

Sertainly Sure, if you think it will make you a better and nobler man, sed, pop, so aftir breakfast we went around to the taylers so kwick I had to run to keep up to pop, awn akkount of my legs beelin' mutch shoater.

Kan you do them in 5 minutes, sed pop, meanin' the trowsirs, and the tayler sed, Sure, speed is my middle nam, and pop sed, Ware kan I take them awf, meanin' the trowsirs agen.

Elsie heer, sed the tayler, thares no ladys presint, but pop sed, Tommle rot, Im not going to give evy imtashun of a ballit gerl for people passin' in the street to see.

Aw! rite, sed the tayler. Ill spin this door and you can get behind it and he did and pop got behind the door and I eood heer him taking them awf. Jest then a messin' boy calm in smookin' a cigaret, and pop sed, Heer they ars, and he throo them over the door and they calm down awn the messin' boy he had and the messin' boy turned eround and ran out agen to beet the band with pops trowsirs.

Hay, sed the tayler, and I sed, Hay, and pop looked eround the door and wen he saw the messin' boy jest going out the door, he said, Hay.

We awl ran to the door, evin pop without his trowsirs but the messin' boy waseint anywere in site, beein' a fast runner, I guess, for a little kid, wich he was.

No Pants For the luv of mike anuthir pare of pants, sed pop, I've got to ketch a transe in a brufful hurry.

I havent got anuthir pare in the shop, sed the tayler, and pop sed, Then give me yures, this is important, and the tayler sed, Ill do nuthin' of the kind, Id be a pritty site, woodent I, pressin' pants with none awn myself.

Yure a fool, sed pop, and the tayler sed, That may be, but evin a fool is intitled to his trowsirs.

Eynhow, pop misseed the transe and I went hoam and brat am the trowsirs from his Sunday soot.

Our Dentist Says Mental Suggestion

U'p until today anybody that tried to sprin any mental suggestion talk on me was firmly but politely requested to fasten that he-cow on the exterior. He's a little guy, and he blew in first

Sure Tackles From Early Fall Practice

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY "Gertie is just back from the Isle of Wight. Been yachting, you know—wid him."

"Oh, nice girl! Does she look well?" "Oh, the usual Cowes complexion."—The Pink 'Un.

The Best Way Miss Green—How do you manage to keep a cook so long? Do you treat her as one of the family? Mrs. Brown—I should say not! We treat her as a guest.

Company Did It Little Harry—I'm hungry. I didn't eat half enough dinner. Elsie—What did you have? Harry—Company.

