

Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

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Groucho the Monk.

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The Diary of a Suffraget

By WEX JONES.

NICE thing, in this year of grace, 1908, that a man should be without a vote. Signs of an awakening among the sterner sex, however. Our parades are stirring up self-satisfied women.

Carried a banner yesterday:

VOTES FOR MEN WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS.

Large copses gave me a shove off the sidewalk and pinched the banner.

Manageress said she was sorry, but the Board of Youngwomen had passed an ordinance forbidding men to smoke in restaurants.

Went to jail as a test case.

Went to Albany today with deputation to wait on the Governor. Urged passage of Senatoreess Johnson's bill equalizing the pay of men and women teachers in the public schools.

Governess hostile. She said couldn't see why men teachers should be paid as much as women, when they could be hired at cheaper rates.

I argued that if men do exactly the same work as women teachers, they should in all fairness be paid the same salary.

"Nothing doing," said the Governess.

Delegations for and against racing also in Albany. Prominent turfwoman pointed out abolition of racing would throw number of jockeys, trainers, and stable girls out of employment. Clergywomen said racing caused many young clerks to bet the wages they should take home to their husbands and children.

Police Commissioneress refuses to allow any more parades in favor of man suffrage. Says that by the Eight (marked down from nine) Goddesses of War, she's sick of the whole thing.

Our apartment house burned down last night. Firewomen heroine-ically got on the roof and beat back some of the women who were crowding the fire escapes. "Men and children first!" was the cry.

I don't know that I do want to vote so much, after all. If we were on an

"Pardon me, sir, but have you an escort?"

I replied that my wife was at home, and that I had missed the train.

Waitress said: "Very sorry, sir, but we can't serve you here."

My blood boils at such oppression.

Attended trial of my friend, Bill Smith, today. He is being sued for breach of promise.

Juroresses evidently friendly to BILL, as the plaintiff had on a creation that made them look like rag dolls. Bill's attorneyess made a good speech in his favor, and judgess summed up very favorably.

Juroresses returned a verdict of "Serve the plaintiffess right; she's a stuck-up thing."

Bill was lucky, and he says we suffragettes are fools to want men on juries when a man is on trial.

It is weak, easy-going men like Bill that make the cause so hard to advance.

Dined at Rectoreess's with my wife last night. After dinner lit a cigarette.

Manageress came up and said: "We cannot permit men to smoke in public."

I said that I had a perfect right to smoke if I liked, and that I was determined to maintain my rights.



The White House Gazette

WEX JONES, Editor.

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EDITORIAL.
GEORGE WASHINGTON never told a lie.

Very creditable; but how many other Presidents did he call liars? Other Presidents have done more in that line. It was all very well in earlier days for Washington to be first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but nowadays there are others.

Ask any Cabinet officer who is first in war, first in peace and alone in the hearts of his countrymen.

We shall be surprised if the answer is "Washington."

It has never been our practice to inflict our preferences on other persons, and we will follow this practice regarding the candidates. All we will do is just to hint that Secretary Taft is the right man, all the others being reactionaries, mutts or miserable molluscoides.

"Always on the Job."
W. J. BRYAN.

"A PIECE OF CHEESE."

Limburger Envoy Gets as Hot as a Welsh Rabbit.

"Does your brother George like cheese?"

"I have no brother."

"Well, if you had a brother George, do you think he would like cheese?"

Dundreary.

Herman Ridder, the "Limburger Envoy," was not interviewed by a Gazette man yesterday, but if he had been the story might have read as follows:

"No, I am not angry, just sad. The President couldn't recall me, couldn't be, indeed. Why, he wouldn't have been elected if I had supported McKinley and Roosevelt."

"Are you a piece of cheese, Mr. Ridder?"

"A piece of cheese? Certainly, I am not a piece of cheese yet, nor a free lunch sandwich already. Do I look like a limburger envoy? I tell you this President will look like a slice of Swiss cheese when I get through with him. Punched full of holes, no?"

Laughing merrily at his joke, the speaker continued:

"If I was a piece of cheese, would my blood not boil itself into a Welsh rabbit, yes?"

"You can say for me that I deny already that I am a piece of cheese. Wait; I will write it. Here—"

Mr. Herman Ridder denies that he is the cheese to which he has been alluded.

ALBANY—Governor Hughes sees in the expression "limburger cheese," a White House attack upon him. He is appointing a commission to learn if Welsh rabbits can be made of limburger.

The President stated last night that he didn't call Herman Ridder the "limburger envoy." The President is very fond of limburger.

Taft, and plenty of him!
THERE'S LOTS OF TAFT.
But
You can't have too much of A GOOD THING!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
Sir—George Washington was a chump. He cut down a tree to get a cherry. I didn't cut down any tree.
CHARLEY FAIRBANKS.

Sir—Who was champion boxer of Harvard?
LIFELONG SUBSCRIBER.
(Write Taft and ask him. Tell him we shall watch his answer.—Ed.)

Fond of art?
J. P. Morgan owns it all.
VOTE FOR MORGAN.

BENEFICENT WORK.

Agricultural Department Doing Great Work for Farmers.

Elephants are being imported by the Agricultural Department to stamp out the boll weevil.

Experiments are being made to ascertain if horses will live on bed springs. Then horsehair mattresses will have springs attached.

Farmers having old wells with grass growing at the bottom will be benefited by the Agricultural Department's cattle crossed with giraffes. The Giraffes have long necks and can reach to the bottom of almost any artesian well. The same method is being pursued to eliminate little-neck clams.

Secretary Wilson is receiving congratulations on the successful production of butter and honey in the same cells by crossing bees with butterflies.

Desert lands will soon become valuable, now that the Department is furnishing condensed milkweed to settlers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HELP WANTED—All I can get. Wire Bryan, Nebraska.

WANTED—A favorite son. Must be neat and willing to make himself useful. Apply to New York.

EXCHANGE—Will exchange fine secretaryship, as good as new, for any hard labor. Loeb, White House.

LOST—State answering to the name of Ohio. Reward for return to Joseph B. Foraker.

PERSONAL—Will Miss N.O.M.L.N.A.T.I.O.N. who smiled at Nebraska man on two occasions, meet him in Denver this summer? W. J. B.

FOUND—In Capitol building: 1 square deal. 5 short and uglies. 20 messages to 21 undesirables. Congress.

ON THE SIDE

By WEX JONES.

THE cars to run under the Hudson will have no strap-hangers. There are no straps. Vertical rods here and there in the cars will provide support for the seatless passengers. What a boon this will be to the weary traveler, homeward bound after his day's work. After the terrors of hanging by a strap, he will find himself able to support himself easily by twisting both legs and an arm firmly around the steel rod so kindly provided. As there will not be as many rods as passengers, the fortunate who clings to one like ivy to the oak will find himself the nucleus of a bunch who will cling to him for support, and resemble a hive of bees swarming. Thank heavens the awful days of strap-hanging are over.

Boxing has been stopped in Havana by the Mayor, who thinks pugilism "more brutal than bull-fighting and repugnant to the Cuban sense of decency." As the Americans shut down the Cuban cock-fighting, honors are

now even, although there has been no definite answer to the question, "Which is the more elevating spectacle, two cocks knocking each other's heads off or two men engaged in the same occupation?"

What with record kisses and spirit kisses and stage kisses, the old, sweet, haphazard, snatched-on-the-stairs or grabbed-in-the-moonlight kiss is in danger of being forgotten.

A newspaper asks what commuters on delayed trains can do to avoid wasting their time. In the tunnel one might count the smuts deposited by the smoke on a friend's collar. Another might estimate the number of million working days lost to New York through such delays. But as good a way as any is to repeat the alphabet sideways so fast that nothing worse can be said.

Hudson crossed the North River in the Half Moon. The tunnel-gor crosses it in a half minute.

MENACE OF A FLOWER.

The water hyacinth, the beautiful marine plant of green leaves and exquisite flowers, which has done such great damage to commerce in Louisiana and Eastern Texas, is making its appearance in the ship channel. A few years ago the water hyacinth was brought from Florida to Louisiana as a floral ornament. Last year the government expended \$200,000 in an effort to control the pest, and has only partly succeeded. Streams and bayous which once carried big barges of lumber in Louisiana and Eastern Texas have been closed to navigation by the rank

vegetation of the hyacinth. The Sabine River above Orange has become filled with the plants, and it is related that these all grew from a few plants carelessly thrown into the river by some housewife when the plants she had in a tub as an ornament became too numerous.—Houston Post.

SINS AGAINST OUR EYES.

The first offense against the eye is reading with a poor light. This requires the ciliary muscle to do extra work to sharpen sight. It applies to dim lights, twilight, sitting too far

from the light. The second offense is one of posture—stooping or lying down congests the eye, besides requiring unnatural work of the eye muscles. Reading on trains is our third offense, the motion causing such frequent changes of focus and position as to tax the muscles of fixation. Reading without needed glasses or with badly fitted ones is the last. Eye strain is certainly a factor in producing disease of every part of the eye. Old age is the time of retribution for those who have sinned against their eyes.—Health.

The Whole Pewee Family.

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The Hallroom Boys They Lay in a New Stock of Shirts

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