WIT AND HUMOR

On All Sides.

"How about your book? Some of your friends among the critics did it a good turn, I suppose?"

"Huh!" snorted the young author. "I guess they all did."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, you can't roast a thing thoroughly unless you give it couple of good turns."

Very Mean of Her.

Edna—"Mr. Case just complimented me. He said I reminded him of a swan."

May—"Really. He told me once that swans always died after they sang, and he knew many people who ought to do the same thing."

Cash Before Fame.

"Why don't you try to write your name on the scroll of fame?"

"My friend," said Senator Sorghum very earnestly, "I have never yet seen anybody tearing leaflets out of the scroll of fame and getting them cashed at the bank."

The Why of It.

She (at the review grounds)—What an imposing figure Captain Borrows has!

He—Yes; naturally so.

She—And why naturally, pray?

He—Oh, he's always imposing on his friends.

HORRID MAN.

She—Will you kindly step off my train?

He—Certainly; but I should suggest that yours is the kind of train that ought to be run in two sections.

OF COURSE.

Mrs. Wise (reading)—A horse can draw fifteen times his own weight.

Mr. Wise—So can a mustard plaster.

The Lesser Evil.

"What you swearin' about?" inquired the farmer.

"Why," snapped the disgusted automobilist, between oaths, "this machine's broke down and I can't get it to go."

"Huh! You're in luck. Last feller like you I seen 'round here got all broke up 'cause he couldn't git his to stop."—Philadelphia Press.

A Slow Recovery.

"Lady," said he, "I ain't no common beggar. I'm de victim of a devastatin' fire dat destroyed our house, an' now I'm a homeless wanderer."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodart, "here's a quarter. And where was this fire?"

"In Chicago, ma'am, back in '71."

A Rare Specimen.

"Did you see anything remarkable while you were away?"

"Yes," answered the sardonic citizen. "I saw a rural citizen who was willing to admit that this wasn't the first summer there had ever been mosquitos in his part of the country."—Washington Star.

Same Thing.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak (at the ball game)—"What does it mean, John, when a man at the bat throws the bat down and retires to the bench."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Why it means the same as when a woman leaves the room and slams the door after her."

Had a Use for Him.

Guest (at restaurant)—"This is the second time I have seen that fat, bald headed old man walk out of here without paying for his meal."

Waiter—"Yes, suh. We let him eat here for nothing because he attracts all the flies, suh."

The Place to Begin.

Mrs. Strongmind—Our society has appointed me chairman of a committee whose object is to try to bring about a reduction in rents."

Mr. Strongmind—"I'm glad to hear it, my dear. You can begin at once on my trousers."

What He Wanted.

First Boarder—"I wish some benevolent monopolist would organize a hash trust?"

Second Boarder—"Why?"

First Boarder—"Because I'd like to see the article out of the reach of the masses."—Judge.

Spelled It.

Uncle James had been instructing his nephews in the mysteries of Roman numerals.

"Now, Frank," he said, closing the book, "what does C-I-X mean?"

"Aw," replied Frank, "that's dead easy. Six!"

Senator Sorghum's View.

"There are always two sides to a question," said the broad-minded man.

"That's true," answered Senator Sorghum; "and the question must always be carefully studied to ascertain which side is going to pay the best."

HE WASN'T TAKING CHANCES.

Waggs—Can you cook?

Miss Wiggs—Sure.

Waggs—Do you play the piano and sing?

Miss Wiggs—No.

Waggs—Will you be my wife?

GETTING HIS FORM BACK

For several days after my arrival at the shack on the hillside, where I was supposed to repose, sit in the gloaming and listen to farm talk because it was not wearing on the brain—also listen to Clara pestering Highwater on the organ for her steady, I had noticed an elephantine figure that came lumbering down the left side of the road every morning when the men started work in the field opposite. I had also noticed with what deliberation that same figure came to the rail fence, crossed its arms upon the top rail, lifted its left foot to the lower rail, and posed there in all the glorification of flesh-laden soul, enjoying things without further effort.

Finally I began to ask questions.

"Who is that individual over there who seems to be happy though doing nothing?"

"You mean Lehm Pembrook? Yes, that's him; allus does it this time of year, when the men work. He's just watching them work, that's all, while he's getting his health back. Lem was spry once, before he went to Sandago to put the war down. Since then he hain't been well—"

"Ah! A veteran of the affair between Spain and the United States?"

"So he says; says he had a hefty hand in putting the thing down. But he says he lost his health and it hain't never come back since. He can't work no more, poor Lem!"

The next morning Lemuel got on the job earlier than usual, and I started over to investigate the affair. Taking a position on the fence close by, I approached the subject by saying:

"Nice crop of oats."

Lemuel peeled his China blue eyes at me; I had disturbed him, and his face showed it. He fastened his gaze upon the workers, changed footrests and said nothing.

"Oats will not be very dear this season if all the crops turn out as good as this, friend," I continued.

"I d' know."

"The boys over there are buckling down to work getting in oats while the sun shines. Did you ever notice how kind nature was to weak, frail humanity?" I asked, trying to pry Lemuel open.

"I d' know."

"I hear you are a veteran of the late war——"

"Yes, an' b'gosh! I lost my health doin' it, dern it! I also lost my figger, too, b' dum! Fightin' an' puttin' down thet scrimmage cost me my health an' figger. An' all fur $13 a month, b' gosh, too! I got malary in all o' my cherry pecteral muscles, an' thur's a dull pain in my sarry bellynum all the while, an' a dod gasted wobly feelin' through my lumber system also, as well as chaos in my head when I have to do any hefty work, not to mention shootin' sounds in my left ariferous when I get left over on meals 'cause I'm fishin'. See my head?"

"Bald as a billiard ball."

"That's war, re'l war. I wuz hit by the dumm thing frum all sides, as well as top an' bottom, b' gosh. 'Fore I got hitched up in that deal I had a figger like Pollar, I did. I went 'way a Pollar, an' cum back a livin' skillenton, I did."

"You seem to be gettin' your form back——"

"Yes, I'm roundin' up to my ole shape, an' hope in time I'll be the same ole Pollar. I will git thar if I can only keep 'way frum work, an'—an' if I git my penshin fur this dern malary an' the other sickness."

"I hope you will get it; you certainly deserve a pension. You have been pretty badly used. When do you expect to get your claim allowed?"

"I d' Know."

Then Lemuel relapsed into silence and I could not drag another word from him. I left him leaning upon the fence while I went back to the shade on the hillside to think in solid chunks.—Horace Seymour Keller in New York Times.

Ideals in Woman's Life.

During her engagement the woman of a certain type spends her waking and sleeping moments building a pedestal upon which she places her beloved. Before the honeymoon is over she decides that she built the pedestal too high, and proceeds to remove a few of the foundation blocks labeled "maidenhood's ideals."

About the third year of their married life she becomes possessed of the idea that she belongs on that pedestal, and calmly climbs up. A year or so later she reads that Helen of Troy played ping pong with her nation's history at forty, and that Cleopatra had reached the same mature age when she captivated Caesar, Anthony and a few other notables of her day. Whereupon Milady Matrimony drops a hint to her matter-of-fact spouse that he ought to be proud of the right to delve after money for the purpose of adorning and embellishing the figure of one who is so marked a credit to his good taste, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Five years later she thinks her husband is something of a brute because he cannot figure out how to send two athletic-loving boys through college and give daughter a few finishing touches in French and music—all on $3,000 a year. Then, when the storm has blown over and the boys have settled into business without the college education, and daughter is head stenographer for Bim, Burrell & Co., at twenty per, she one day discovers that the gray hairs are coming in thick above father's temples, and that there are lines in his face which she had never noticed before.

Then comes to her a moment of reflection. Backward rolls the panorama of their married life, and she sees it through a gentle mist. Then, oddly enough, the man finds himself just where they started out together—on the pedestal.

When God Made Woman.

'Tis said that God made woman from
The crooked rib of man;
Let others think the story true
If it may please them so to do,
I don't and never can.

I think the Lord made woman first,
Took of the best He had,
And labored earnestly and long
And as He labored hummed a song
And in His heart was glad.

I fancy that He saw her grow
More perfect day by day
And that He studied well to know
Just where each little dab should go
In putting on the clay.

With deft and tender touches He
Put on the rounded arms,
And o'er the bosom lovingly
Worked with artistic hope as she
Received her rarest charms.

How doubly glad he must have been
In fashioning her face,
In modeling her rounded chin
And putting all the dimples in,
Each at its proper place!

And when, at last He stood and gazed
What joy He must have known
To find that on the form He saw
Not one imperfect part or flaw
From head to foot was shown.

There, on her pedestal she stood,
The work of many days,
And God, no doubt, was proud at heart
To see the product of His art
And gave it honest praise.

But lo! she spake not, and regret
Was in His breast, therefore
His lips on hers in kisses met
And in her breast a soul was set,
And she was clay no more.

How sweetly in the garden there
At first her laughter rang;
How gladly must the birds in air
And all the creatures everywhere
Have listened when She sang.

But sadness marked her mien ere long,
Her cheeks began to fade;
She ceased to sing her happy song,
And God, surmising what was wrong,
Had pity for the maid.

He took the dust beneath her feet,
She looked with wondering eyes
And danced and clapped her hands in glee,
When, watching, she began to see
A brawny man arise.

"Here," said the Lord, when He was through,
"Do with him as you will,
I give him soul and all to you."
She toyed with him and laughed anew,
She's toying with him still.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Deference to Decorum.

The elder woman's lips were trembling.

"This is too—too much, Madeline!" she cried. "You are my cook—my good plain cook—to whom I would have trusted even my last new bonnet. And yet, what do I hear? That no sooner was my back turned last night than you received a visit from two policemen. Oh, Madeline, Madeline, I am indeed deceived in you! One policeman I could have understood and forgiven, but two——"

"Well, mum," replied Madeline, "surely ye wouldn't have an unmarried lady sitting wid only wan policeman, would ye? Sure, one av thim was me cousin and the other—well, the other was me chapyrone!"