

# As the Humorous Artists Look at Life

## TELLING



Madge—Marion told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Maude—She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you.

Madge—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.

## NO USE TO DELAY



"Now that you have heard my daughter sing, would you advise me to send her abroad to finish her musical studies?"

"Why not finish them right here and now?"

## HER LOGIC.

The waltz was over and the partner of the pretty girl, a serious youth with spectacles, said to her: "Let us go and walk in the garden."

"Oh, no," she said, "I don't want to go into the garden without a chaperone."

The bespectacled youth was mildly shocked. "I assure you," he exclaimed, "that you will not need a chaperone."

The girl tossed her head. "Then," she replied, "I don't want to go into the garden."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dr. Charles Parkhurst, the eminent preacher of New York City, was visiting on the outskirts of Boston. During a Sunday stroll he fell into conversation with a little girl on the outskirts of the city.

"And where is your papa?" asked the minister.

"He's gone into the woods after squirrels," came the reply.

"On Sunday? I fear your papa doesn't fear God, Bertha."

"Oh, yes he does," came the response, "he took his shotgun with him!"

## WHY SHE WAS SWEET.

She was a lovable little girl of 5 years and the pet of all who knew her, especially of an aunt. The other day the aunt, shaking her lovingly, asked: "Esther, what makes you so sweet?"

"I don't know, aunty," was the reply, "unless when God made me He mixed sugar with dust."

## INDISPENSABLE



"So you have a position in an office. I hope you will succeed in making yourself indispensable to your employer."

"I think I have, auntie. We are to be married next month."

## SHERLOCK HOLMES DEDUCES



"I hope I see you well."  
"Anybody would know you were not a doctor."

## DESPERATE.

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance, where a dinner-dance was being given. When the dessert course was reached, the little girl was given a place next to her mother at the table.

The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and, in relating some interesting incidents, quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat.

After some time had elapsed, Charlotte could bear it no longer. With sobs rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

## SOME SMART ALECK WILL INVENT:

A rocking chair that will murmur "Step to the right!" when you are about to fall over it in the dark.

An electric collar button that will automatically light up when it escapes you and disappears under the bed.

A jitney bus that will become a flying machine when it finds itself in danger of running into anything.

A latchkey with a magnet attachment that will invariably find the keyhole.

A square-brimmed straw hat that may blow off, but will not roll away.—Judge.

## ALL CRAZY.

In Western Georgia a jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence the twelve men retired, and after deliberating returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"

## SURE REMEDY



Wise—There is only one way to keep from being jealous when you get married.

Green—How?

Wise—Marry an ugly girl.

## A NECESSITY



The Reform Orator—Fellow citizens, I cannot tell a lie—  
Voice From Rear of Hall—Then you won't last long in politics.

## TODAY'S BELLRINGER.

A New York woman of fashion whose hobby is entertaining children of the poor in her spacious grounds was impressed by one strikingly beautiful child of the ghetto.

"Does what you see here today please you?" asked the hostess of the big-eyed child.

"Tell me," returned the child, "how many children have you?"

"Two."

"Do you wash them and keep them clean?"

"Certainly, my child—why?"

"And is your husband at work?"

"My husband doesn't work, but—"

"I hope you keep out of debt?"

"Say," burst out the lady, "you are a very rude child!"

"I didn't mean to be," remarked the little girl, "but mother told me I was to be sure to speak to you like a lady, and when ladies call on us that's the way they talk."

## SHARPENING HIMSELF.

When the train stopped at the little southern station the tourist from the north sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles that was rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping hisself, suh; just stropping hisself."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## FORESIGHT.

"Mr. Grimes," said the parson to the vestryman on Sunday morning, "please take up the collection before the sermon as I intend to preach on economy this morning."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## HIS DIFFICULTY



Lazy Bill—You wrong me when you say I ain't willin' to work. I'm jes' dyin' to work.

Mr. Goode—Then, what's the trouble?

Lazy Bill—I'm too conscientious. Whenever I git a job I'm so anxious to fill it well dat I gits stage fright.

## IN OLDEN TIMES



"There isn't much chance for an old man."

"That's so; it's getting so that a man can't get a job after he gets to be seven or eight hundred years old."

## TODAY'S BELLRINGER.

Harrison Cady, the artist and magazine man once employed an Irishman named Pat O'Grady in his studio as jaitor and general roustabout.

"When I was a boy," said Pat one morning as Mr. Cady was quietly at work, "me father told me to always be prepared for an emergency. For instance," he said, "Pat, learn to cut your finger nails with your left hand, for some day ye might lose yer right hand."

## EASY IDENTIFICATION.

"Where's your father, boy?" asked a stranger of a country boy.

"Wall," replied the boy, "he's down way at the end of the field thar with the hogs. You'll know father, cause he's got a hat on."—Woman's Home Companion.

## JUST WAIT.

She—Just think, Reggie, when we are married and I am sharing all your griefs and sorrows!

He—But I have no griefs or sorrows.

She—No, but you will have them!

## UNNECESSARY.

Porter—This am yo' station, boss. Shall I brush you off?

Passenger—No, it's unnecessary. I will just step off when the train stops.—Judge.

The only excuse for war is, the devil must have his inning.