

HUMOR OF THE DAY

A Boston Reproof.

A well known educator tells of a school of advanced ideas in Boston wherein no pupil is ever punished in any way...

One day, it appears, soon after her entrance into this school one little girl came home with a face wet with tears...

The mother was greatly alarmed and, taking the child into her arms, asked what had happened.

The story of what had happened was sobbed out to the sympathetic mother. One Sammy Parker, it seemed, had struck the little girl and knocked out a couple of teeth.

When the unfortunate youngster had been restored to equanimity her father, who had in the meantime put in an appearance, naturally enough wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Sammy.

"She didn't do anything." "Well, what did she say?" "She called Sammy to her desk and said, 'Samuel, don't you know that was very antisocial?'"

Breaking It to John.

There are various ways, polite and otherwise, of intimating to a late staying friend that he is exceeding the time limit, but perhaps the most unique of these is that which originated in the fertile mind of a Washington man.

Not long ago he had a relative in town, a good fellow, but a bit of a bore, for he never seemed to know when to go back to his hotel.

The Washingtonian and his wife were most patient with him, but one evening the host felt that the case required drastic treatment. Accordingly, when 11, 12 and 1 o'clock had passed and the visitor showed no signs of leaving, the host, with an affected air of great consideration, turned to his wife and said: "Marie, dear, hadn't we better get up to bed? Cousin John may want to be going."

Hoots From a Wise Owl.

There are never any deductions from the wages of sin. They are paid in full.

A joke is not necessarily a crazy one because it is cracked. In some grades of society it is the impossible person who is the most probable.

In courtship many a man fails to land on his feet until he has fallen on his knees. Speaking of oratory, did you ever observe that the telephone book is full of ringing addresses?—Judge.

The California Brand.

Colvin Brown told of the California brand of optimism. An old negro, he said, had been kicked in the head by a mule. As soon as he got up he went right back to the mule. He approached the danger end.

"Keep away from that mule, nigger," called his boss. "He'll hurt you." "That mule's all right, Mr. Brown," said the negro. "It stan's to reason no mule got more than one kick like that in him."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Charmed!

Householder—By Jove, a real burglar! I say, just wait a minute, will you?

Burglar—While yer call a copper? I don't think! Householder—No. Only while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for twenty years, and it'll be a real pleasure to her to see you at last.—Bystander.

A Barometer.

"Bliggins' friendship seems to flatter you."

"It doesn't flatter me," said the cynical statesman, "but it encourages me. He is one of those people who never trouble themselves to be affable except to those who are regarded as liable to have some pull."—Washington Star.

To His Personal Knowledge.

Desk Sergeant—What did you put that fortune teller out of business for? Police Inspector—She's a humbug. I tried to find out from her what had become of the diamond pin I lost the other day, and she gave me the wrong steer.—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Wanted It.

"Can't you gimme a small raise?" "We gave you a raise when you got married."

"And I foolishly told my wife about it. I'd like to get hold of a couple of dollars every week for my own use."—Kansas City Journal.

Rebellion.

"You dare to criticize my gowns?" exclaimed Mrs. Plimmit.

"Well," replied her husband resolutely, "after hearing you refer to your pet bulldog as a perfect beauty I'm inclined to rely on my own judgment."—Chicago Journal.

Honest Milkman.

The Lady—How much milk does the old cow give a day, Tom?

Tom—About eight quarts, ma'am. The Lady—And how much of that do you sell?

Tom—About twelve quarts, ma'am.—Sketch.

His Plea.

Judge—Prisoner, have you anything further to add to your defense?

Prisoner—All that I ask you to consider, your honor, is the extreme youth of my counsel.—Los Angeles Herald.

"Four Jane is in despair." "What's the matter with Jane?" "Why, she has just begun to realize that she's too fat for an actress and not fat enough for a prima donna."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did you get any of that bargain ribbon?" "Yes," answered the college girl proudly. "I bucked the line for ten yards."—Purple Cow.

The teacher sighed, "I would that I in discipline might ever approach the fond obedience rendered by my pupils to the football coach!"—Washington Star.

Bobbs—Guzzler is an infernal skeptic. He says he believes only half he sees.

Slobbs—Oh, well, Guzzler generally sees double anyhow.—Philadelphia Record.

"Let's drop in this restaurant." "Oh, I don't believe I care to eat anything!" "Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

In days of old, when knights were bold, They dressed in mail complete, When breezes cold blew o'er the world They must have had cold feet. Milwaukee Sentinel.

Carsone—Who was it said "deeds speak louder than words?" Gebhardt—Must have been a real estate agent.—Satire.

We are not susceptible to seasickness and we are decidedly apathetic about pleasures on that theme, but we do wish that newspapers would cease to speak of societies "holding dinners." It suggests too much.—New York Mail.

A five foot shelf of books he got, Somehow his courage flinches, For though he much admires the lot, He hasn't read three inches.—Washington Star.

"I understand they are going to revise the football rules right away." "Yes. They all agree there should be an entirely new assortment of accidents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Settlement Worker—Here, here! What are you swearing at that little boy for? New York Kid—Aw, I'm teaching him English! He jist come over.—Puck.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And what will the ice-man do then, poor thing? Lest his lot be too hard, he will start a coal yard And gouge the consumer again, poor thing!—Lippincott's Magazine.

Mrs. A.—Your husband always dresses so quietly. Mrs. B.—He does not. You ought to hear him when he loses a collar button.—Milwaukee News.

"Kicking is bad polley. Behold the mule. Kicking never gets him anywhere." "That is exactly why the mule kicks." "Eh?" "He doesn't want to get anywhere."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

'Tis sweet to love, but, oh, how sour To love a girl with scanty dowry!—Judge.

King Arthur had just invented the round table. "Fine," we cried, "but can you invent one where nobody gets the chicken neck?"—New York Sun.

Crawford—How's your mining venture getting on? Skinnem—First rate. I never imagined we had such a good mine until I read the prospectus we issue.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The college songs are full of glee, The singers' voices rare and clear— They sing so high we cannot see And then so low we cannot hear!—Buffalo Express.

"Europe holds a lot of our stocks and bonds." "Invests her cash with us, eh?" "Not much cash. Gets most of 'em by marriage."—Washington Herald.

Reggie—Why do you envy Gladys so? Peggy—She is happily married and has two of the dearest little toy dogs you ever saw.—Puck.

"A fireman is no spark for me"— "The words were pretty flame's"— "I couldn't keep the lad, you see, Away from other flames."—Boston Transcript.

Wigwag—Did you see anything extraordinary on your trip abroad? Guzzler—No; I wasn't seeing things. I limited myself strictly to ten drinks a day.—Philadelphia Record.

"Everything must some day come to an end." "I guess you've never had a woman start a talk with you over the phone."—Pittsburgh Press.

"This world is but a fleeting show For man's illusion given." We have to coax the weaker sex, Because it won't be driven.—Houston Post.

"How is it I never hear you speak of your old college days?" "Well, the college I went to didn't have a very good football team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teacher (class in geography)—Bobby, what are the principal feeders of the Mississippi river? Bobby—Catfish, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

When Handel had insomnia In place of counting sheep He wrote a lullaby and so Composed himself to sleep.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Her Report.

I have been to a suffragist meeting And heard Mrs. Solomon speak. She's a perfect delight, And I know that she's right, Every word that she said bears weight. There's a dimple just here in her cheek.

She is slender and fair and quite pretty And not over thirty, I guess, With a reticent pose, And a wonderful nose. I am going to join her committee— She is surely an artist in dress.

The crowd? There was standing room only. They gave her unstinted applause. She made quite a hit With her logic and wit. The only man there looked so lonely! Yes, I'm a convert to the cause.

She wore a Parisian creation. She said? I've forgotten all that, But I'm sure it was true, And the ballot's our due. Its denial's a real deprivation— She wore such a love of a hat!—Chicago News.

The Meek Recruit.

It was at the target practice of the local company of territorialists, and one of the officers was suitably holding forth on the matter in hand. Sauntering swaggeringly up to the latest recruit, he said: "See here, my man, this thing is a rifle. Here is the barrel, there the stock. You slip the cartridge in here. The company was becoming exceedingly interested.

"Now," continued the officer, "you put the weapon to your shoulder. These little things on the barrel are the sights. When you have taken accurate aim pull this little thing, which is the trigger."

The company began to smile. "Now, remember what I have told you. Smarten up and look more like a soldier!" went on the captain, seeking to make a further impression. "By the way, what is your business?" A clerk, I suppose.

"No, sir," came the reply; "I am only a gunsmith."—London Answers.

The Bench's Distinction.

A long winded attorney was arguing a technical case before one of the judges of the superior court in a western state. He had rambled on in such a desultory way that it became very difficult to follow his line of thought, and the judge had just yawned very suggestively.

With just a trace of sarcasm in his voice the tiresome attorney ventured to observe, "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court."

"My friend," returned his honor, "there is a considerable difference between trespassing on time and encroaching upon eternity."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Seemed Aristocratic.

"They say Bert Holly married the neath him." "If he did his wife must be an awful fibber. I called on her yesterday, and she told me that she didn't know a thing about cooking, that she had never learned to sew or do any kind of housework and that she wouldn't think of recognizing her cook on the street or in a store."—Chicago Tribune.

So Rude of Him.

Mrs. Jigsaw (of a literary turn)—William, what is the feminine synonym for "fraternal?" Bachelor Brother—I don't know of one, Ginevra, that exactly fills the bill. "Catty," though not really cognate, is perhaps the only available word you can use truthfully.—St. Louis Times.

His Immunity.

Towne—My wife's doing her own cooking now. Browne—Well, you don't seem to mind it. Towne—No; I say she's doing her own cooking. I get mine done at a restaurant.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Business Embarrassment.

"Miss Oldgirl has volunteered to sell kisses." "Well?" "You are appointed to persuade her to sell fancy work instead. We must positively make some money out of this bazaar."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Theatrical.

Mrs. Willis—There seems to be a big crowd over at Mrs. Wayupp's wedding. Strange too! She has been married nine times already. Mrs. Willis—That's it! This is going to be a grand souvenir performance.—Puck.

In Memoriam.

"What have you got in that locket, Lisette?" "A lock of my husband's hair." "But he's still alive." "Yes, but he hasn't any hair now."—Fliegende Blätter.

The Explanation.

Mary—And they found her walking the streets in her underwear. Alice—A sonnambulist, of course. Mary—No; simply a woman with no one in the house to button her up.—Harper's Bazar.

A Calamity.

"My son, remember this—marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man." "I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"—Tit-Bits.

Or Assessments?

Babies are the coupons clipped from the bonds of matrimony.—Satire.

[The Poem that Made Edwin Markham Famous.]

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

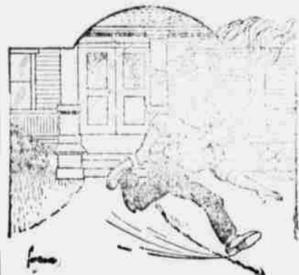
[By Edwin Markham.]

Lowed with the weight of centuries, he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not and that never hopes; Solid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain? Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea and land; To trace the stars and search the heavens for power; To feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns And pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gift? There is no shape more terrible than this— More filled with signs and portents for the soul— More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor, what of him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; Through this dread shape humanity betrayed, Plundered, profaned and disinherited, Cries protest to the Judges of the World, A protest that is also prophesy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape; Give back the upward look and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Touch it again with immortal pity; Make right the immemorial infamies, Perfidious wrong, inmedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings— With those who shaped him to the thing he is— When this dumb Terror shall reply to God After the silence of the centuries?



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