THE BEST WIT & HUMOR OF THE DAY

He Meant Well

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By Winsor McCay

Good Advice.

Mr. Lovelor was one of those people who on every possible occasion consulted his solicitor. Nothing pleased him more than to go to law. The lawyers regarded him as an invaluable asset.

"I have been grossly insulted!" he exclaimed, rushing into the office of his solicitor for the seventh time in three days.

"In what way?" asked the solicitor, somewhat wearily.

"My next door neighbor has declared he will pull my nose next time he meets me. What shall I do about it?"

"Well," said the lawyer, as if he had given the case due deliberation, "I should soap it, then it will slip through his fingers. Good day! My bill will follow in due course."—Tit-Bits.

Ashore and Afloat.

Cleopatra, attired in her historic costume de nit, was floating serenely along in her golden barge with its silken sails.

"Well, I don't care!" she said, looking about her and giving a disdainful toss to her head. "They may think they are the cheese in their goggles and hideous automobile bonnets, but I guess they've got nothing on me!"—Judge.

A Change of Habits.

"If the high cost of living keeps on the rich themselves will feel the pinch of it."

The speaker was Brand Whitlock, mayor of Toledo. He continued:

"I know a Toledo banker who has already begun to retrench. His daughter said to him the other day:

"'Father, dear, I need a new fall riding habit.'

"'Can't afford it,' the banker growled.

"'But, father, what am I to do without a riding habit?'

"'Get the walking habit.'"—New York Tribune.

Circumstances Are Different.

"Father, did mother accept you the first time you proposed to her?"

"Yes, my dear; but since then any proposed that I have ever made she has scornfully rejected."—Detroit Free Press.

A Helpless Pair.

"Could you help me to take a chicken apart?" asked the bride.

"I'm afraid not," answered the groom. "I know very little about machinery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Implements.

The small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her:

"Put down three forks at each place, dear."

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests had dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully:

"Shall I give Uncle John three knives?" Kansas City Star.

Some Class.

Casey—Now thot ye've made yure pile Oi suppose yez will be afther injoyin' yourself?

Murphy—Yez bet. Oi'm goin' to make thim all sit up and take notice. Oi'm going back to Oireland in the first cabin av the boat thot Oi came over in the steerage in, back in 1864.—Puck.

Pleasant for Pa.

"Mr. Guzzlitt, have you any rivets in your sides?"

"No, Bobby. Why do you ask me such a question?"

"My father said you were a human tank."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Regretted It Later.

Little Jack, aged five, had accompanied his mother on a trip to the city.

When the conductor came around to collect the fares he asked the usual question: "How old is the boy?"

After being informed the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The lad sat quite still, apparently pondering over something; then, concluding that full information had not been given, he called loudly to the conductor at the other end of the car:

"And mother's thirty-five!"—Harper's Bazar.

The Successful Man.

[From Judge.]

His judgment's good, his ways concise,
He goes it all alone;
He listen's to his friends' advice,
Then goes and takes his own.

Plausible.

Ma—You've been drinking! I smell it in your breath.

Pa—Not a drop. I've been eating frog's legs. What you smell is the hops.—Harvard Lampoon.

Rule Worked Both Ways.

When he had carefully examined the shoes the physician had brought in for repairs the German cobbler handed them back, saying: "Dem shoes ain't worth mending, Doctor."

"Very well, Hans," said the Doctor; "then, of course, I won't have anything done to them."

"Vell, but I sharge you feefty cents already yet."

"Why, what for?"

"Vy, ven I came to see you de udder day you sharged me t'ree dollars for telling me dot dere ain't noddings der matter mit me."—Ladies' Home Journal.

What It Meant.

"Jack and I have parted forever."

"Good gracious! What does that mean?"

"Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."—Judge.

Misunderstood.

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me!

Pensive Pedestrian—That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute. The Purple Cow.

A Real Difficulty.

"Here's a funny one," said Shimmerpate. "Listen to this: A fashion expert prophesies that inside a few years society leaders will be wearing wigs to match their gowns."

Shimmerpate's boy Bob was all interest.

"Red wigs for red dresses?" he inquired.

"That's the idea."

"White wigs for white dresses?"

"Exactly."

"And what if some one wears a blue dress?"

"I suppose she will have to wear a blue wig."

Bob began to laugh uproariously.

"What's the matter?" the father asked.

"I was just thinking," the boy replied, "what a lot of trouble some woman might have trying to get a wig to match a Scotch plaid gown."—Youngstown Telegram.

Knew His Business.

Hewitt—He is considered a most resourceful fellow.

Jewett—Right you are. I have known him to pray for rain in order to have an excuse for keeping a borrowed umbrella.—Puck.

What Puzzled Her.

Head Coach Howe told at the Yale training table a football story.

"The English," he begin, "are crazier over football than we are. Why, there will sometimes be nearly 100,000 English at a single football game.

"Two English women of the lower class were drinking 'four-ale' in a 'pub' one afternoon.

"'What's the matter with 'ee, Bess?' said the first woman.

"'Ah'm puzzled,' said the second.

"'What about, Bess?'

"'Well, ye see, my Garge's on the football team, an' when the team wins he treats me to fried fish an' the movies; but when it loses he gies me a beatin' up.'

"'Well, Bess, I know all about that. But what's puzzlin' thee? That's what I asked.'

"'Well, ye see, today's match ended in a draw.'"—Washington Star.

Just the Thing.

Mrs. Crabshaw—According to you, this breakfast food isn't good for anything.

Crabshaw—Not at all, my dear! I think it would be first-rate stuff to sprinkle on the sidewalk during slippery weather.—Judge.

Outside the Asylum

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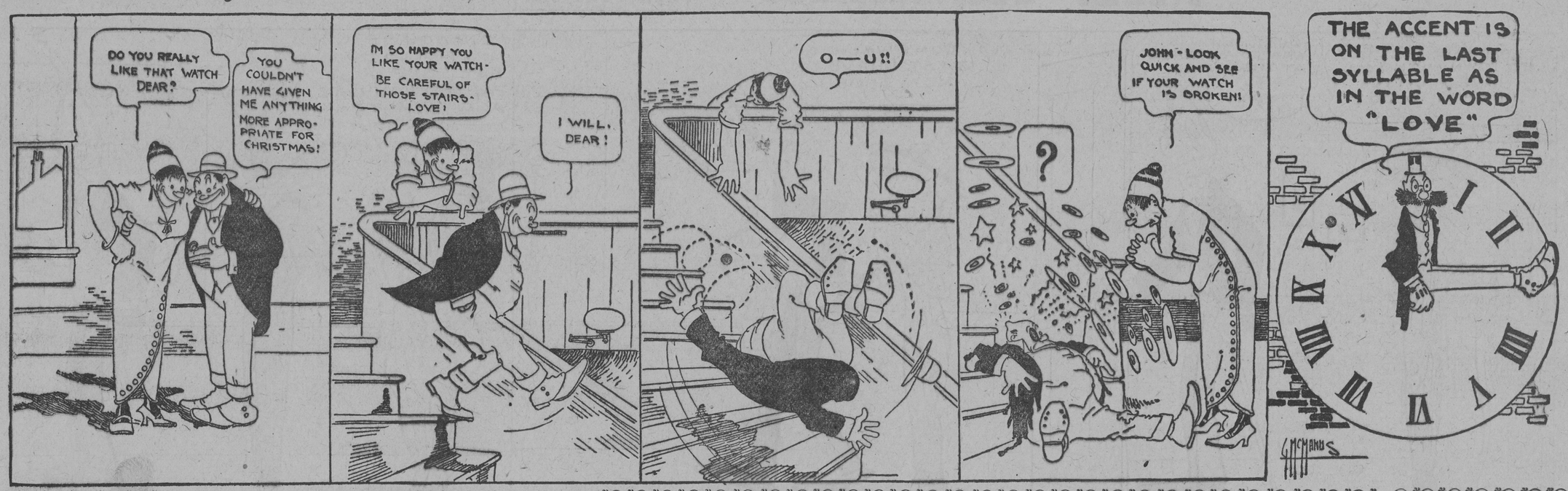
By George McManus



"PERFECT GIRLS" OF GYM AND GARDEN

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE MAGAZINE SECTION

crofters, about the middle of the morning, to begin to fidget at the binding of books, or whatever other task engaged their hands, until one among them remarked, casually:

"Oh, fudge! What's the use of working? Let's go out for a game of ball."

If Miss Miriam happened to be binding books just then, or if she happened to be engaged on some other of the Roycroft occupations, she followed the lead of the rest. They would adjourn to the open field and have a good, brisk game of ball for 15 or 20 minutes and then return to their labors, all feeling that life was, indeed, well worth living. No one more enthusiastically approved those interruptions than the fra himself, for it was his happy theory that all work and no play made Jack too dull a boy, and Jill, too, when it came to the girls.

So Miriam became a baseball, handball and basket-ball palyer with the best of them. She rode and she swam and she walked. She slept outdoors all the year around, and she used the spring and the summer for such opportunities in gardening as her fellow-Roycrofters improved, although the kitchen garden there was tilled by hired men, and there wasn't any actual necessity for any one to break a back in the interest of the potato crop.

She was just a girl in her early teens, rejoicing in being alive, free as the rest of the Roycrofters to indulge in the games, the exercises and the useful occupations with which the locality abounded; and she did indulge to her heart's content. The result was a young woman who could play a game of any kind of ball with excellent vim; enjoy a five-mile tramp through meadow and woodland; delight in an hour's weeding in the garden; swim with long, delightful strokes until she wearied. And all done out of the rich fulness of her abundant young vitality, all rounding out some muscle and strengthening some organ whose reserve powers mean enduring health and its active exercise means the very bloom of beauty.

You might call her an outdoor girl, and you might call her a garden girl; the terms, in practical life for any girl, are really interchangeable because the outdoor girl will take to a garden as naturally as a hen pheasant to a bug, if there's any brand of garden available while the garden girl just as naturally swaps Shank's mare for a horse, and the hoe for racquet gets every chance she gets.

But, from the way the average American household of fair, if not large means, works out its evolution these days, she generally ends as the garden woman. When she marries, the one exercise she is most loath to abandon is the care of her lettuce or the cherishing of her pansies; from the doll period of her life, the maternal instinct in her has been impelling her to love and rear the tender, growing things and, as the instinct never dies, so she goes on loving them and pottering around among them when she has grandmother's wrinkles and, perhaps, a couple of gardeners to do the work.

First and last, and in between, she is the garden girl, and the other exercises are mainly incidental. And it is enlightening to note how she always maintains that the work she does in the garden is what contributes most to that chronic duty of woman—"keeping her figure." She has learned, you see, what the gymnasium instructors put in practice with their pupils, that the bending and kneeling are just the things to hold the waist line down and preserve the suppleness of the joints.

A feature equally significant of the supreme, if new importance of the garden to the girl, is that the girl in exercise who hasn't taken to it at first, is pretty sure to come to it later. That she is going to do some real garden work is the latest, and most interesting news about Miss Elsie Scheel, Brooklyn's recently discovered Venus of the heavyweight class.

Miss Scheel didn't know she was a Venus—honest she didn't—until she matriculated at Cornell and submitted her entrancing co-ed proportions to the expert gaze of Dr. Esther Parker, who promptly announced that she was a perfect specimen of womanhood. She is 25 years old; 5 feet 7 inches in height and 171 pounds in weight. Her normal chest measurement is 34.6 inches; her waist, 30.3 inches, and her hips 40.4 inches.

The glad news was no sooner set roaming beyond the proud confines of Cornell than one physical instructor after another hastened forward with theoretical denials that it was possible for any girl 5 feet 7 inches in height to be physically perfect when she weighs 171 pounds.

But that is as one's taste inclines. There are plenty of men—and not Turks, either—who believe that Venus was just about so tall and just about so heavy; and when one comes to study, with prejudice of fashion or bias of straight front, the statues of Venus which have descended to us from antiquity—which may have been modeled directly from the obliging goddess, for all we know—it is apparent that she was by no means the skinny rip modern art and modern fashion imagine a woman has to be in order to fit into clothes for the street or into canvas with no clothes whatever.

Venus, by all precedent and example, was a large, luscious armful of a woman, hard enough to get to, perhaps, unless she took a fancy to some Adonis, but amply satisfactory when you got her. If the Venus of Milo didn't weigh close to 171, and if the Venus of Callipyge didn't weigh more, all signs fail when it comes to judging art's portrayals of her abundant charms.

Well, since the professors were disputing over Miss Scheel's claims to perfect proportion and loveliness, the special correspondents were breaking their ardent necks in trying to learn from her how she did the Venus trick. But there they encountered a reticence beside which that of the Sphinx was eloquent, and Galatea, before Pygmalion's kiss awoke her, was as oratorical as a suffragette. Miss Scheel, like Miss Hubbard, had the Topsy idea of herself; she had just growed.

But her mother, in the startling shock of glad surprise, proved more confiding. True, Elsie had grown in loveliness and symmetry; but she has enjoyed a mighty good time doing it. She plays basketball, rows, rides horseback, motors, doesn't drink coffee, tea or wine, and is perfectly satisfied with a couple of meals a day—in fine, just another Miss Hubbard, letting Nature do its worst and not worrying about it.

Maybe the disputations of the professors annoyed Miss Scheel; maybe the modesty, which most adorns beauty, inclined her to some secret misgivings as to the strict accuracy of Doctor Parker's flattering verdict; maybe—to let it down to the hardpan basis of the plump girl who hears fashion's envious chiding and is blind to the admiring glances of mere man—she thought she was getting too stout. You never can tell; any girl is privileged to be dissatisfied with her figure.

But, first thing any one knew, it transpired that Miss Scheel has always cherished a fond ambition to be a gardener, and that as soon as the gardening season is in full blast—perhaps before it is more than an April zephyr—she's going to indenture herself to a girl friend over on Staten Island who has a nice big garden, with real vegetables to be planted in it, and there she intends to put some plain and fancy licks of garden exercise which will content her ambitious spirit, let it do what it will to her perfect and Venus-like form.

And there you are. No sooner does any question arise, even academically, so to speak, regarding the absolute exquisiteness of any particular female form divine than its possessor flees to the garden and expects, like the original Eve, to find her paradise there.

Will the garden, then, remove the laurel crown that has so long been worn by those fair, sweet, muscular and altogether fetching products of the gym?

Who shall say? For the present the gymnasium is the handiest, the most efficient and, withal, the cheapest substitute for a well-gaited horse, a nimble auto, a trim canoe and a handsome tennis court which has thus far presented itself to the feminine soul, head, heart, arms, lungs and—above everything else—waist line and complexion.

But, as the years go on, and more and more kind fathers can afford an extensive country place with all the trimmings it implies, there will be more and more pretty girls satisfied to become prettier by means of horse and hoe, oars and golf clubs.

Yet even those attractive, natural aids to beauty need not necessarily displace the systematic gym, for already the outreaching, covetous plans of gymnasium exercise have embraced many of these activities and claimed them as its own; and no very wide stretch of the imagination is required to foresee some enterprising instructors advertising summer courses in radish planting, special training in strawberry picking, and first-class opportunities for reductions of superfluous flesh in the digging of plebian spuds, to be baked afterward in their plain but virtuous jackets and eaten with impunity by the aid of digestions trained to assimilate a section of the spade that turned them up.

Meanwhile, the gym is doing very nicely for its fair patrons. Panoplied in chest exercisers, vaulting horses, dumbbells, swinging rings, horizontal bars, running tracks and Indian clubs, it is well prepared to hold its own in any contest with the garden, no matter how expensive or varied may be the frills country life can afford to put on that simplest adjunct of the simple life.

Take one of them. Her name is Gretchen van Tassel. She sounds Dutch, and she may be Dutch by all the rules of heredity. But you'd have to hie to Woburn, in Massachusetts, to find her when she's at home, for she's a strictly New England beauty and she conforms so ideally to what Paris, plus Boston, demands in the way of perfection that her measurements are equally famed with those of the admired, but disputed, Miss Scheel. Miss van Tassel is 5 feet 9 inches in height. She weighs only 149 pounds as against Miss Sheel's 171 on a form two inches shorter. Her bust measure is 36 inches, her waist is 28, and her hips are only 37.

Modistes lick their covetous chaps at the thought of that tall, entrancing form, and only wish that Miss van Tassel had about $100,000 to spend on the dresses they'd like to make for its adornment. And she may have the dresses, some time too, for she is one of the pupils in the gymnasium of a real, live—very live—baroness, the Baroness Rose Posse, of Boston. The baroness, who is strong on physical instruction, but possibly less powerful on the classics, is quoted as being willing to stack up Miss van Tassel against the Venus of Milo any time the Venus of Milo chooses to come to Boston and try for an apple. But the van Tassel proportions are really less Venus than Diana-like—meaning not the slightest reproach to either lady, for Diana has usually been conceded to have something on Venus whenever it came to refined, cultured loveliness of the cool but attractive Boston brand. However, you can choose for yourself; the real question at issue is whether the garden, and its supplementary proceedings in the way of outdoor exercise, can boast, in girls like Miss Hubbard and Miss Scheel, more charming varieties of the species than can the gym as its works and ways have been incarnated in a beauty like Miss van Tassel.

It wouldn't be quite fair to let the gym be represented by only a single representative, especially as Baroness Posse believes that she has half a dozen other products who are just as perfect as Miss van Tassel. Look over the class of candidates she offers, stopping as you rove, for a thrill over the curves of Miss Frances A. Dempsey, of Lincoln, Mass., and then say whether any outdoor stunts can do better than these.

And don't be in any hurry to form a final opinion. Remember, it was after Paris gave his judgment that his troubles began. Philosophers and lovers, alike, have suspected that the finest thing about a question like this is to be found in asking, not in answering it.

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