THE BEST WIT & HUMOR OF THE DAY

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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By George McManus

Charity Begins at Home.

[From Puck.]

"Thomas," said the multi-millionaire, "what is there in my mail this morning of a personal nature?"

The faithful servant bowed respectfully and began: "Well, sir, here's an appeal for aid from the Starving Widows' Relief Committee."

The multi-millionaire frowned. "Ten dollars," he said.

"A request for help from the Orphans' Benefit Association, saying that immediate help must come, as the association is out of funds."

"Ten dollars," snarled the multi-millionaire.

"A call for help from the Hospital for Cripples; they say they are in urgent need."

"Ten dollars!" roared the multi-millionaire. "Never mind the rest of 'um. What's that long sheet you've got?"

"An itemized bill, sir, for the sum of thirty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars and twenty-seven cents for the expenses of the entertainment and ball given last week by your wife."

"That," said the millionaire, "must be paid at once. You should have told me about it in the first place, Thomas."

—WILLIAM SANFORD.

Ann Martin's Dilemma.

[From Judge.]

Ann Martin—charming maid—
Two suitors had:
Gay Tom his dollars paid
For each new fad,
Sent orchids oft to her,
And sweets galore;
Spent all his "thirty per,"
And maybe more.
John was far more sedate—
Widower, too;
Five children, large estate,
Name in Who's Who;
Asked for her hand, but tried
No orchid bids,
"Which shall I choose?" she cried.
"Orchids or kids?"

Clairvoyant.

[From Judge.]

She offered him a penny for his thoughts,
The while her little heart beat all awhirl.
No wonder she was feeling out of sorts,
For he was thinking of his other girl.

Nipped.

[From Judge.]

A horse trader was showing a colt to a prospective customer. The colt had just one fault. Although kind and gentle in every other respect, he could not resist the temptation to take a nip at any one whose back was turned toward him. The prospective customer was warned of this fact, but he was one of those men who know everything; so, after inspecting and approving the animal, instead of backing out of the stall, as he had been told to, he turned to go. Instantly the colt's teeth seized him by the shoulder and gave him a nip. Jumping out of the stall and feeling foolish over his neglect of the warning he had received, the prospective customer said to the trader, "Well, you know the saying, 'A horse never bites either a fool or a rogue.'"

In his excitement and without thinking, the trader answered, "Yes, that's all right; but you know you must make allowance for an untrained colt!"

Inquisitive.

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered, he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried, "Why do the men all wear black?"—Argonaut.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

[From Judge.]

One mind with but a "single" thought may easily prevent two hearts from beating as one.

Love is blind, but there are generally plenty of oculists hanging around, offering their services free.

Some women look as if they had taken their beauty sleep in cat-naps.

Laced makes waist.

After a maiden passes thirty, all her pin money goes into wedding presents for other girls.

Figures don't lie, it's said. But now and then a naturally scrawny woman's fairly perjures itself.

Sometimes, thank God! when Love comes in at the door, Poverty flies out of the window.

An American Beauty rose by any other name might not sell as steep.

Pity is not really akin to Love; Love is but a step farther.

If speech were actually silver and silence golden, there are women you couldn't bribe to exchange a dime for a double-eagle.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Got His Number.

"I'm sorry to tell you, mum, that I'll be leaving you next week. I'm going to get married."

"That so, Emma? Who is the lucky man?"

"He's a policeman, mum. On this beat, too."

"That's fine! I wish you joy. And what is his name?"

"I don't know, yet, mum; but his number is 518."—Detroit Free Press.

Safe.

"Captain," said a wealthy passenger who was about to take his first trip across the ocean, "I understand this ship has got several watertight compartments."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Captain," the passenger went on, decidedly, "I want one o' those compartments—I don't care what it costs."—London Telegraph.

Oh, Those Skirts!

Mrs. Mode—John, leave my hobble-skirt at the ladies' tailor's to be pressed.

Mode—Nonsense! I'll take it to my men's tailor, tell him it's the pant of a one-legged man and get it pressed for half price.—Puck.

Now Suffrage Has Come.

Lawyer (in equal-suffrage state)—Don't worry, the jury is sure to disagree.

Prisoner—But are you certain?

Lawyer—It's inevitable; two of the jurors are man and wife!—Puck.

Defending Mother.

"Papa, mamma says that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well, she shouldn't blame herself, dear. It isn't her fault."—Houston Post.

Really.

[From Puck.]

The Englishman entered the smoking-room of his club, and sat down in his favorite chair with a "Thank-heaven-I'm-home-again" air.

"Hulloa! That you, old top? Been to New York, haven't you?" drawled a youth with a monocle, waking up.

"Yes."

"Horrid hole, they tell me."

"Really! Not my experience on the whole. Some burg, I thought."

"Aw! 'Some burg.' You've got a touch of the lingo. What the doose is 'some burg?'"

"Some town, dontcherknow."

"Ah—of course; but why 'some?'"

"Means awf'lly jolly—great sport."

"How curious! Fearful rush there, and all that sort of bally rot—eh, what?"

"Horrid. Everyone beastly busy."

"Hotels good"

"Rawther. So changeable, though."

"Really?" dropping monocle and sitting up.

"Yes, rawther, old top. Had quite an adventure. You'll choke me off if I bore you? Thanks! Awfully decent of you to listen, dontcherknow. Got to my rotten hotel in the morning, stuck my name in the book, got room, had a tub and a scrape, grubbled, and went out to explore the bally town. Jolly old chap to whom I had a letter took me to lunch, drove me about, dined me, and then we fagged along to a music-hall."

"Do they have those things there? Awf'lly up to date."

"Oh, quite top-hole performance. Then the old chap had to leave me. Thought I'd toddle back to my hotel. Came to the street—Broadway, it was—and the demmed place wasn't there! Rubbed my eyes. There was a building, but not a bit like the place I had left in the morning—not a bit. Asked the bobby where the Fitzan-Startson was. Beggar glared at me and growled: 'Say, what's the game? Can't you see it—there!' Awf'lly rude of him. Felt inclined to punch the beggar's head, but didn't. Walked into the hall. Whole place seemed strange—didn't recognize it, dontcherknow, but there was the clerk and the other johnnies I had seen in the morning. Clerk knew me right away, gave me the key, and I was sent right up in the lift. Call it an elevator over there—haw-haw—and dumped into a room. I stared. There were my traps and clothes, but the room wasn't the same. Gave me quite a shock, so I squatted in a chair, lit a cigarette, and thought hard——"

"Really!"

"Yes, rawther, bah jove! Was I insane, or what the doose was wrong with my eyes? At last I couldn't stand it any longer, and went down to the hall again. Stalked up to the clerk—awf'lly rude person. 'Beg pawdon', I said, 'but where are we, dontcherknow? Are you quite sure I live here?' He stared at me. Then he gave me some heathenish talk about going to bed and not bothering him. Beastly annoying, y'know, but I kept my temper with the moth-eaten menial. 'Beg pawdon,' I said, 'but the hotel doesn't look the same to me.' What d' y' spose was the johnny's answer?"

"I'm no good at guessin' games, old man. Drive on."

"Said to me: 'Of course it don't'—horrid bad grammar those fellers use—'of course it don't. We rebuilt it today.'"

"Really," yawned the youth with the monocle. "Awf'lly smart of them, awf'lly. Rather! Awf'lly American—eh, what? Such go-ahead beggars."

"Oh, not so dusty," after all, said his friend magnanimously.

ROBERT W. SNEDDON.

Suspicious Comparison.

"My wife says she knows me like a book."

"Well, you don't object to that, do you?"

"I'm not sure. You see, my wife reads terribly trashy literature."—Washington Star.

Didn't Phase Him.

Hamlet had just been hit by a cold-storage egg, whereupon he turned gravely to his audience.

"How truly spoke the good Marcellus!" quoth he. "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark!"—Harper's Weekly.

More Respectable.

Victim of street car accident (glancing at caller's card)—I guess you're an ambulance chaser, aren't you?

Lawyer (blandly)—That's rather a cruel name, old man. Why not call me a settlement worker?—Judge.

Dependency of Man.

[From Judge.]

Al Pepperdine had called upon his niece to unburden his marital woes.

One of his chief grievances was that he often had to help around the house—carry water or coal or build fires.

"Cynthia, I'm just plumb wore out havin' them women folks depend on me for everything, and they don't seem to think I'm doin' anything extra. I tell you, them women folks of mine are that dependent they couldn't get a meal's victuals without me to help. But they're soon goin' to find out how dependent they are; they they'll appreciate me."

"Why, Uncle Al, are you going away?" inquired Cynthia, in surprise.

"I am goin' to become a recluse," announced Pepperdine portentously. "I'm goin' miles into the country and live all alone in a cabin for six months, and Susan and them girls will see who's been doing all the work."

"But, Uncle Al," exclaimed Cynthia, "who will do your washing and such like?"

"Why, I'll bring that to Susan on Saturday night, when I come in to get my bread."

GRACE M. SISSONS.

The Game.

At 9 P. M. they were seated at opposite ends of the couch. At 9:30 they were slightly nearer each other. At 10 o'clock they were three feet apart. At 10:30 there was scarcely any perceptible space between them. At 10:45 there was no perceptible space between them. The young man spoke:

"Has your father gone to bed?"

"Yes, John."

"Has your mother gone to bed?"

"Yes, John."

"Do you think your little brother is under the couch?"

"No, John."

The young man heaved a sigh.

"It's your move," he said.—Cornell Widow.

I Wonder!

[From Judge.]

Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies,

When to womanhood you get,
Will you be a social pet
Or a ranting suffragette?

To the Husbandette.

[From Life.]

There, little man, don't cry!
You are under her thumb, I know,
And her kittenish ways
Of the courtship days
Are things of the long ago;
But she's pleasant enough when you're not by.
There, little man, don't cry!

There, little man, don't cry!
She is wearing the "pants," I know,
And the golden gleams
Of your bachelor dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But she likes the things that your dollars buy.
There, little man, don't cry!

There, little man, don't cry!
She's the "man of the house," I know,
And your old delights
When you thought you had rights
Are things of the long ago;
But maybe she'll ease up by and by.
There, little man, don't cry!

WALTER G. DOTY.

A Change of Spacing.

Little Bobby will not go.
Seems he'll stay eternally,
Watching sister and her beau
Sitting there, just He and She.

But the time drags slowly by,
And he leaves them finally.
Much relieved, they softly sigh,
Sitting there, just HeandShe.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Just So!

Agent—Then we'll consider that settled.

Actor—But—er—what about the contract?

Agent—Oh, that's all right. A verbal contract'll do.

Actor—Laddie, listen: The last time I had a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary!—London Opinion.

Explained.

Mandy—Yessah; after de shot was fired mah Rastus dun run seben blocks as de crow flies.

Judge—As the crow flies?

Mandy—Yessah; all yo' could see was jes' one black streak.—Puck.

The Seventh Democrat to Reach the White House

Continued from First Page, This Section.

Wilson think if he were compelled to undergo a mere reflection of Jackson's experiences—if it were necessary to open the White House windows to relieve a human flood? Or if the uninvited callers would stand on the White House sofas with muddy boots to get a sight of him, as they did at the Jackson celebration?

Next in order of the Democratic presidents was Van Buren, the "organization man" of Jackson's cabinet, and later a vice president who raised the office to dignity and real importance. As a member of the "Albany regency," Van Buren had been well trained in the machine politics of New York, and it was one of his associates, Senator Marcy, who made the native admission that the Empire State Democrats were not ashamed to own that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

Van Buren himself was a suave, courtly little gentleman, of distinguished appearance in spite of his lack of stature. He gained the presidency through the grace of Jackson solely. For, while the "old hero" had lost a good deal of his popularity during the eight years that followed his induction into office in 1828, he was still the most powerful man of his party. And he looked upon it almost as a sacred duty to see that his pet enemy, Clay, should never reach the first office of the land.

Since Van Buren was Jackson's political heir, the old warrior got out of a sick bed, virtually, to see him inaugurated. Together they rode to the Capitol, and it was the first time that Jackson was in a carriage with presidential timber, because John Quincy Adams did not attend his inauguration, owing to their bitter enmity.

The timber of the carriage was worthy the timber of the men who occupied it.

Highly elated over the election of their mentor, the organization Democrats of New York had a carriage made of wood from the famous old frigate Constitution, and it was in this that "Little Van" and his patron rode. It was the last ride of the kind for both of them.

Among the Democratic lawyers who have reached the White House Van Buren occupies a pre-eminent place—and one might also include the Republicans for that matter. His practice was neither perfunctory and half political nor his experience largely judicial. He was in the biggest cases of his day, occupying a position similar to that of Senator Root, Samuel Untermeyer, William B. Hornblower and others of their attainments.

Along with fortunate real estate investments Van Buren's income from his law practice was sufficient to make him independently wealthy by the time he devoted himself to public positions. The Democrat who followed him into the White House was also a lawyer, but by no means of equal eminence.

Following the Harrison-Tyler administration, James K. Polk, of North Carolina, brought the donkey back into clover. He was a sturdy son of the soil, from Mecklenburg county, but preferred the classics to husbandry. When he had secured a good education, he studied law and drifted naturally into politics. Just as naturally he drifted into Congress, because it was fashionable to be a Democrat in his neck of the woods. Finally, he became Speaker of the House and also served a term as governor of his state.

Personally Polk was of the quiet, retiring type, calm and reserved in everything he did. A persistent man he was, though, and while certainly not the greatest of his party to attain the presidency, he was eminently successful in accomplishing what he set out to perform.

Soon after taking the oath of office Polk declared to a friend that there were four things that he proposed to secure as follows:

A reduction of the tariff.

An independent treasury.

Settlement of the Oregon boundary dispute.

The acquisition of California.

Before his administration closed he had gained his point in each of his four cardinal measures and also annexed Texas—a record few presidents can equal.

The actual inauguration of Polk was about as cheerless as could be imagined. While he was taking the oath it rained steadily, and he made his address, literally, to a sea of umbrellas.

As was the custom of the time, two inaugural balls were held. One of them, at Carusi's, was attended by Mrs. Polk, in spite of a strong prejudice she was well known to entertain against dancing.

Again, in 1853, a Democratic lawyer, Gen. Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, went into the White House. A picturesque figure he was. By the time the Mexican War broke out he had acquired a distinguished record in civil life, graduating from Bowdoin College, reading law, serving in the legislature of his state, and finally reaching the Senate of the United States. Nevertheless, he insisted on enlisting as a private soldier, though he soon afterward received a commission, and finally rose to the command of a brigade. He was wounded in action, but remained in Mexico until the war was over. When he ran for president, it was against the Mexican War hero, Gen. Winfield Scott. Unluckily for the latter, he was looked upon as much more of a soldier than a statesman, and, as the Whig party strength was pretty well cut up, Pierce gave him a thorough beating.

The inauguration of President Pierce was saddened by the death of his youngest son, a boy of 16, in a railway accident, but two months before March 4. Furthermore, his wife, a daughter of the Rev. Jesse Appleton, president of Bowdoin College, Pierce's alma mater, was in extremely delicate health. The vice president, W. R. King, was also in ill health and was not present at the ceremonies. The oath was administered to him at Matanzas, Cuba, where he happened to be on March 4; but he scarcely more than qualified for his office, as he died on April 17, soon after his return to America.

Pierce's administration was marked by considerable contradictions. Though a Northerner by birth, he was a slavery man, because his colonial ancestors held human chattels. The stronger men in his cabinet were Jefferson Davis, whom he insisted on making secretary of war, and Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, his attorney general. As his secretary of state he named Senator Wm. L. Marcy, author of the famous saying that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

Among the achievements of Pierce's administration were the settlement of the Mexican boundary dispute, which included the acquisition of what afterward became known as Arizona, and the opening of trade with Japan. On completing his single term of office Pierce lived in close retirement with a few friends, one of whom was the great author, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

From Pierce to Buchanan was a decided reversal in one respect, though they were politically of the same faith. Pierce was a proslavery man, and his cabinet was decidedly Southern in its tendencies. On the other hand, Buchanan in his younger days had declared slavery to be "a great political and a grave moral evil." He had been nominated, indeed, because he had been out of the country during Pierce's administration, as minister to England, and, therefore, had become embroiled in none of the fierce factional fights that preceded the Civil War.

Previous to his mission to England, Buchanan had been secretary of state under Polk, minister to Russia under Jackson and a senator from Pennsylvania during the Van Buren administration, having declined a position as attorney general in the latter's cabinet.

Just at this time the Republican party was evolving out of the discordant Whigs, and the North and the South were seeking a new alignment, so it was evident that to win the Democrats must keep their strength united. Against Buchanan was John C. Fremont, on the new ticket, but the antislavery strength was not yet strong enough to carry the day, nor could Fremont be considered in quite the same class as Abraham Lincoln, who reversed the result in the next campaign. Third in the race was former President Millard Fillmore, who brought up the rear with eight electoral votes, being written down as one of the worst beaten candidates who ever occupied the White House.

The circumstances under which Buchanan was nominated were such as to preclude any great enthusiasm at his inauguration. He had been out of the country so long that, while he avoided undesirable enemies, he had few noise-making friends in the rank and file of his party. There was, however, plenty of music, because P. S. Gilmore's band, as well as the United States Marine Band, was in the inaugural parade. The Lancaster Fencibles, from the city where Buchanan had practiced law in his younger days, were among the 24 military companies in line.

For the first time the inaugural ball was held in a specially constructed building, a temporary annex to the city hall, which had been erected by the managers of the ball. A niece of the president, Miss Harriet Lane, did the honors for him, as he remained a bachelor all his life. Indeed, but for a blighted romance in his younger days he might never have reached the White House. While he was practicing law in Lancaster, after a term or so in the Pennsylvania legislature, he lost by death the young woman who had promised to be his wife. Partly to forget his grief, he took advantage of an opening that presented itself and went to Congress while in his twenty-ninth year. Not long after his admission he made a great reputation in a debate on the amendment to an insolvency bill, in which he declared: "Leave the agricultural interests pure and uncorrupted and they will forever form the basis on which the Constitution and liberties of your country may safely repose."

Time has rather tended to soften the rancor which developed against Buchanan during his administration. He attempted to "stay in the middle of the road," with the usual result that he gained the ill will of both sides, and was roundly scored by the Northern ministers.

To look on the brighter side of his tenure of office, it was marked by the conclusion of the famous Clayton-Bulwer treaty between England and America, the laying of the first Atlantic cable and the admission into the union of Minnesota and Oregon.

Naturally, there was a long interval between Buchanan's retirement and the March 4 when Grover Cleveland kissed the little red Bible his mother had given him and promised to uphold the Constitution of the United States.

In vain the pot-hunting Democrats had smothered their dislikes and agreed to call the protectionist and antislavery advocate, Horace Greeley, their candidate. In vain, too, did Samuel J. Tilden contest for the right to transfer his household gods to the White House. He may really have been elected, as many people believe, but the contest committee ruled otherwise, and history will never accord him a place among the Democratic presidents.

Not until Grover Cleveland's head loomed above the national horizon had the sectional and factional lines sufficiently broken down to permit a Democrat to get an undisputed majority in the Electoral College. It was, indeed, a period of readjustment that gave Cleveland his first berth in the White House.

No very old voter is required to hark back to the "mugwump days" of the first Cleveland campaign. During those times it became almost the fashion to change one's political faith, if not party. The very name "mugwump" is, perhaps, the best description there can be of the indeterminate voters of the time, and it was plentifully applied to Cleveland himself. Not a few people, indeed, delighted to call the New York president a misfit Republican on account of his well-known gold views, his long fight for civil service reform and his refusal to make way for an army of place-seekers. Scarcely more than his determined stand for a lower tariff identified him with the old-line, rock-ribbed, hard-shell Democrats.

Cleveland was the sixth lawyer to become president. For his first inauguration he had a fine day, and the prospect of living in clover for four years lured many Democrats to Washington. Tammany Hall sent a delegation of 1,000 for the parade. The inaugural ball was held in the Pension Building and $40,000 worth of tickets to it were sold.

And now comes the seventh Democrat, also in his earlier years a lawyer, to enter the White House. By all the omens that attach to the seventh son, he should be learned; and he is, possibly the best-educated president of his party. He should be wise as well, and he should possess ability to look into the future—farseeing, in other words.

What will history say of Thomas Woodrow Wilson? A question mark is the only answer.

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