THE BEST WIT & HUMOR OF THE DAY

Bringing Up Father

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By George McManus

He Was Hungry.

[From Puck.]

"Now see here, Percy," said Mrs. Packer to her son of a dozen summers, "when I went out this afternoon I left seven large doughnuts in the pantry, and now there are only three. What do you know about that?"

"Well, a fellow is always hungry when he comes home from school, and——"

"I also left half of a good-sized chocolate cake and a dozen cookies in the cake-box. Now there are only six cookies and about a third of the cake left. Do you know anything about that?"

"Well, a fellow wants something to eat when he has been pegging away in school all afternoon, doesn't he?"

"I also left eight cranberry tarts and a large mince pie in the pantry. Now there are five of the tarts and a good quarter of the pie is gone. Have you anything to say about that?"

"Well, I was hungry when I got home from school, and I——"

"I had Jane make a nice dessert of lady-fingers and whipped cream for dinner tonight, and about a fourth of it is gone, together with a lot of the white meat of a chicken I had saved for a salad. Of course, you don't know anything about that?"

"There's plenty of the stuff left for dessert, and there wasn't hardly any of the chicken anyhow."

"But there was a lot of honey left when I went away this afternoon, and it isn't here now, and half of the coffee cake I was saving for breakfast is gone, and someone has opened that jar of orange marmalade I was saving for company. Have you anything to say about that?"

"Well, I tell you I was hungry, and I wanted a little something to eat, and so I——"

"And so you opened that glass of extra choice currant jam and ate up nearly a whole package of those little afternoon teas, and drank half a pint of cream, and most of the pound of raisins and all the nuts I left here at noon are gone. Hungry? My soul and body! Percy Packer, are you first cousin to an anaconda? Hungry? I should say so! I honestly believe that you are hollow clear into the ground!"

MAX MERRYMAN.

Sam's Diamond.

Sam, the chore man, returned from the city with a scarf pin that contained a "diamond" of no usual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Wall," said Sam, "if it ain't, I've been skun out of a half-dollar."—Judge.

Rebuked.

[From Judge.]

He gave palpable evidence of weighing at least 240 and he towered six feet four inches into the air. He looked as if the champion heavyweight of the prize ring might go down before him like a reed before the wind. By his side stood a little woman of five feet ten and possibly 90 pounds in weight. She had the meek and subdued look of a woman who had borne much. While they waited for their car on a corner a passerby heard the giant say:

"Can't you let me have a quarter, Jennie?"

Jennie's voice cut the air like a blade as she said:

"Now, see here, Jim Baggs, didn't I tell you before we left home that 10 cents was all I intended you should have to spend? I sure did, an' I should think you had been married to me long enough to know that when I say a thing I mean it! I think I see you havin' a whole quarter to fool away on seegars an' such stuff! Now you make any more fuss and you'll stay at home the next time I come to town!" M. M. M.

Too Bashful.

A bashful boy, accompanied by his father, took a load of hay to town for the new minister. Just as they reached the minister's gate the load slipped off, burying the man beneath it. The boy hastened to the door to ask for help. When the minister answered the knock, he began to explain about the mishap; but the cordial preacher cut him short by insisting that he come in and share their dinner—the upset load of hay could be attended to afterward. Not knowing how to refuse, the boy accepted the invitation. After the meal, he pushed back his chair and looked at the minister appealingly.

"I—I guess I'll have to go and see about father now," he stammered.

"Why, where is your father?" inquired the surprised minister.

"He's out there under the hay," replied the boy.—Judge.

Very Suspicious.

Friend—Why, Elvira, what's the matter?"

Elvira—Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death! I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet!

Friend—She doesn't?

Elvira—No, not a word! She must be in love with my husband!—New York Weekly.

He Hadn't Enough.

Mrs. Dyer—Why did she leave her husband?

Mrs. Crier—He lost his money.

Mrs. Dyer—How?

Mrs. Crier—Gave it to her.—New York Globe.

In This Land of Liberty.

[From Puck.]

"My wife won't let me."

"Take your arm from my waist!"

"He's always got her under his thumb."

"She belongs to the First Union Church."

"Remain half an hour after school, Harry."

"Yes, the trust has them tied hand and foot."

"Amy, come here this minute! Do you hear me?"

"George, you must get up now and build the fires."

"I didn't have no fun 't all yesterday, Jimmie. We had comp'ny."

"Just look at that woman! Did you ever see such a slave to fashion?"

"I've got so much to do at home all the time, I just can't get to go anywhere."

"Ye had better drive slow 'long this here road, young feller, or I'll lock yer up!"

"I could have gone with you fellows if the boss hadn't pinned me down to the desk all afternoon."

"Now, friends, I shall detain you only 20 minutes longer while I discuss the last of the Greater Prophets."

Getting Even With Justice.

The prisoner at the bar of the police court was sore over his treatment and could not conceal it wholly.

"If I should express my opinion of this court, your honor," he said, rising from his chair, "would you fine me for contempt?"

"I certainly should!" responded the judge decisively.

"Thank you," bowed the prisoner. "I wish to extend my congratulations to your honor and all those connected with the court for the very fair and impartial trial I have received at your hands."

Then the prisoner sat down and the judge was flabbergasted.—Judge.

Bravery in the Dark.

A little girl remarked to her mamma, on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."

"No, of course not," replied her mamma.

"I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a tart."

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I couldn't find the tarts."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Literal.

A very prominent man recently died and shortly after a friend of the family called to condole with the widow. He had been a very warm friend of the deceased, and as he was about to depart he asked: "Did Will leave you much?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," responded the widow, "nearly every night."—Argonaut.

Sister's Shopping Bag.

[From Judge.]

The articles boys stow away
In trousers' pockets, I must say,
Are many and diversified;
But, gee! they're nothing but beside
Those found when, hunting Fido's tag,
I emptied sister's shopping bag!

A card case, coin purse, a barette,
A hankerchief, a yard of net,
A drinking cup, a collar stay,
A ticket to the matinee,
A comb, a brush, a powder rag—
All these in sister's shopping bag!

Some "violet talcum" in a can,
A kodak picture of a man,
A looking-glass, a calling list,
The latest "Rules for Playing Whist,"
A clipped-out joke from some smart wag—
All these in sister's shopping bag!

A crochet needle, spool and lace;
A letter from her school chum, Grace;
A little manicuring set,
Three postage stamps, a novelette,
A safety pin, a small silk flag—
All these in sister's shopping bag!

A bow of velvet and two wings,
A chamois "pocket" full of rings,
A stick of gum, a bit of soap,
Free samples of complexion dope,
Some tissue that will mend a snag—
All this in sister's shopping bag!

And any boy whose sister pries
Into his pockets, and then cries,
"My goodness, brud, see what I've found!
How can you pack all his around?"
Should say, "Aw, that's no load to drag!
Just think what's in your shopping bag!"

She Knew.

The minister was visiting at the home of little Alice.

"Did you go to church with mamma and papa today, my dear?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, said Alice; "an' we got there at the most important part."

"Indeed!" said the minister, aglow with anticipation. "And what was that—my sermon?"

"No, sir; the collection."—Judge.

The Difference.

"Paw, can you tell me the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?"

"Yes, my son. A suffragist is a woman who has the wishbone and the suffragette is a woman who has the backbone."—Judge.

Not What She Fished For.

Gwendolin (blushing naively)—George says I have a complexion like peaches and cream.

Bernice (sweetly)—Cold cream?—Judge.

The Embarrassed Orator.

"Sitting by Governor Hodges," said Frank Jarrel, who responded to a toast at a Masonic banquet in Topeka the other night, "reminds me of the first time I saw the Governor. He was only state senator then. He was called to Leavenworth to inspect the penitentiary, and I had to go down and write it up—met the Governor for the first time. The warden, by the way of giving a special treat to the prisoners had collected seven or eight hundred of them in the assembly hall, and, in an off-hand way, requested the senator to address them.

"Mr. Hodges wasn't as proficient in politics then as he is now. He was plainly embarrassed and hesitated a minute. 'My fellow-citizens'—he began.

"That didn't sound right, and he commenced again. 'My fellow-convicts'—

"By that time the prisoners were smiling. Mr. Hodges dropped his formal manner and smiled, too. 'Well, I don't know exactly how to address you, boys,' he amended, 'but I'm mighty glad to see so many of you here.'"—Kansas City Star.

The Wrong Volume.

A husband who had dined and wined to the limit finds his way home in the wee sma' hours. He reaches the library just as he hears his wife's footsteps at the head of the stairs leading to her bedroom. He hastily reaches for a book from the library shelves, drops into a big easy chair and has the book spread across his lap as his wife enters.

"John! What are you doing here at this hour?" she asks.

"Just reading, dear. This book has been in the library five years. I've made up my mind dozens of times to read it. Tonight I'm going to finish it. Don't worry, my dear. You go to bed. I'll continue reading."

The wife, in tones of mingled disgust and authority, replies:

"John, close that checkerboard and come to bed!"—Exchange.

Collecting Antiquities.

Slopay received a card, on which was engraved, "Professor Brace, Antiquarian."

He knew no such person, so his curiosity led him to receive him.

"What is your business, professor?" he asked politely.

"I am a collector of antiquities," answered the old man.

"So I imagined. And how can I serve you?"

"By paying a deposit on this little bill you have owed for more than three years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Looked Beyond Him.

Sad one (jauntily)—Would you like a nice partner for the next dance?

Glorious one (innocently)—Why, yes! Bring him up.—Princeton Tiger.

Dividing a Prescription.

A physician tells of attending an Irishman and his wife, who were both down with severe colds. As their ailment threatened to develop into grip, he prescribed quinine and whisky. "Take it every three hours," he said; "two grains of quinine and a swallow of whisky."

The next day he called again. The man was up and about, but not the wife. "Did you follow my instructions?" asked the doctor.

"To the letter, sorr," replied the husband.

"Sure, Oi t'ink she have taken th' whole av it," said the man.

"And didn't you take it, too?" he was asked.

"Divil a bit," was the reply. "Begorra, it kept me busy takin' th' whisky every toime she took a pill, an' sure she's in bed an' Oi'm up."—Kansas City Star.

For a Scent.

A grouchy butcher who had watched the price of porterhouse steak climb the ladder of fame was deep in the throes of an unusually bad grouch when a would-be customer, eight years old, approached him and handed him a penny.

"Please, mister, I want a penny's worth of sausage."

Turning on the youngster with a growl, he let forth this burst of good salesmanship: "Go smell o' the hook!"—New Orleans States.

An Improved Article.

Customs Inspector—Now, madam, are you sure that you have nothing that has been improved while you were abroad?

Tourist—No; only my health. I gained 12 pounds weight, I think.

Customs Inspector—Ah, I thought so! We shall refer that, madam, to the board of appraisers!—Judge.

Caught.

A newspaper man named Fling
Could make "copy" from any old thing.
But the copy he wrote
of a five-dollar note
Was so good he is now in Sing Sing.
—Columbia Jester.

Her Speed.

Jack—Once more, Molly, will you marry me?

Molly—For the twelfth time this hour I tell you I will not.

Jack (of the Navy)—Well, 12 knots an hour is not bad speed for a little craft like you.—Tit-Bits.

Easily Paid.

Miss Sweet was recently arrested for speeding her automobile and was fined by the judge.

She paid the fine with a smile.—Judge.

Quick Business.

William Loeb, collector of the port of New York, was discussing the wondrous speed and simplicity in the transaction of American business.

"In a banker's office the other day," he said, "I saw a door open, a head stuck itself quickly into the opening, and a voice demanded:

" 'Quarter?'

" 'Yes,' the bank president replied.

" 'Month?'

" 'Yep.'

" 'Four-half?'

" 'No, five.'

" 'Right.'

"The head withdrew. I asked in wonderment:

" 'What kind of a cipher is that you are talking?'

" 'No cipher at all,' the president replied. 'That was one of Chicago's leading financiers, and I have just arranged to lend him a quarter million dollars at five per cent.' "—Toronto Mail.

Could Reach It.

A temperance lecturer was enthusiastically denouncing the use of all intoxicants.

"I wish all the beer, all the wine, all the whiskey in the world was at the bottom of the ocean!" he said.

Hastily Pat arose to his feet.

"Sure, and so do I, sor!" he shouted. I wish every bit of it was at the bottom of the sea!"

As they were leaving the hall, the lecturer encountered Pat.

"I certainly am proud of you," he said. "It was a brave thing for you to rise and say what you did. Are you a teetotaler?"

"No, indade, sor," answered Pat. "I'm a diver."—Cleveland Leader.

Regretting the Cost.

Henry never knew stairs could be so frolicsome and alpine until that midnight. He had reached the turning point of his perilous journey, when his wife appeared, armed with the well-known candle and poker.

"You're drunk, Henry!" she cried vindictively. "You're drunk!"

"Well, if I ain't," responded Henry demurely, "I've spent three dollars and sixty-five cents for nothing at all!"

And he wept.—Judge.

Lame Excuse.

Crawford—How in the world did he mistake his wife for a burglar?

Crabshaw—He happened to wake up as she was going through his pockets.—Judge.

Where.

She—How did you find your steak?

Steve—Looked under the pancake—Wisconsin Sphinx.

It Was Just Like That!

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