THE BEST WIT & HUMOR OF THE DAY

Oh! It's Great to Have a Home

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By George McManus

A JOY GAZUMP

With a Gloom Self-Starter

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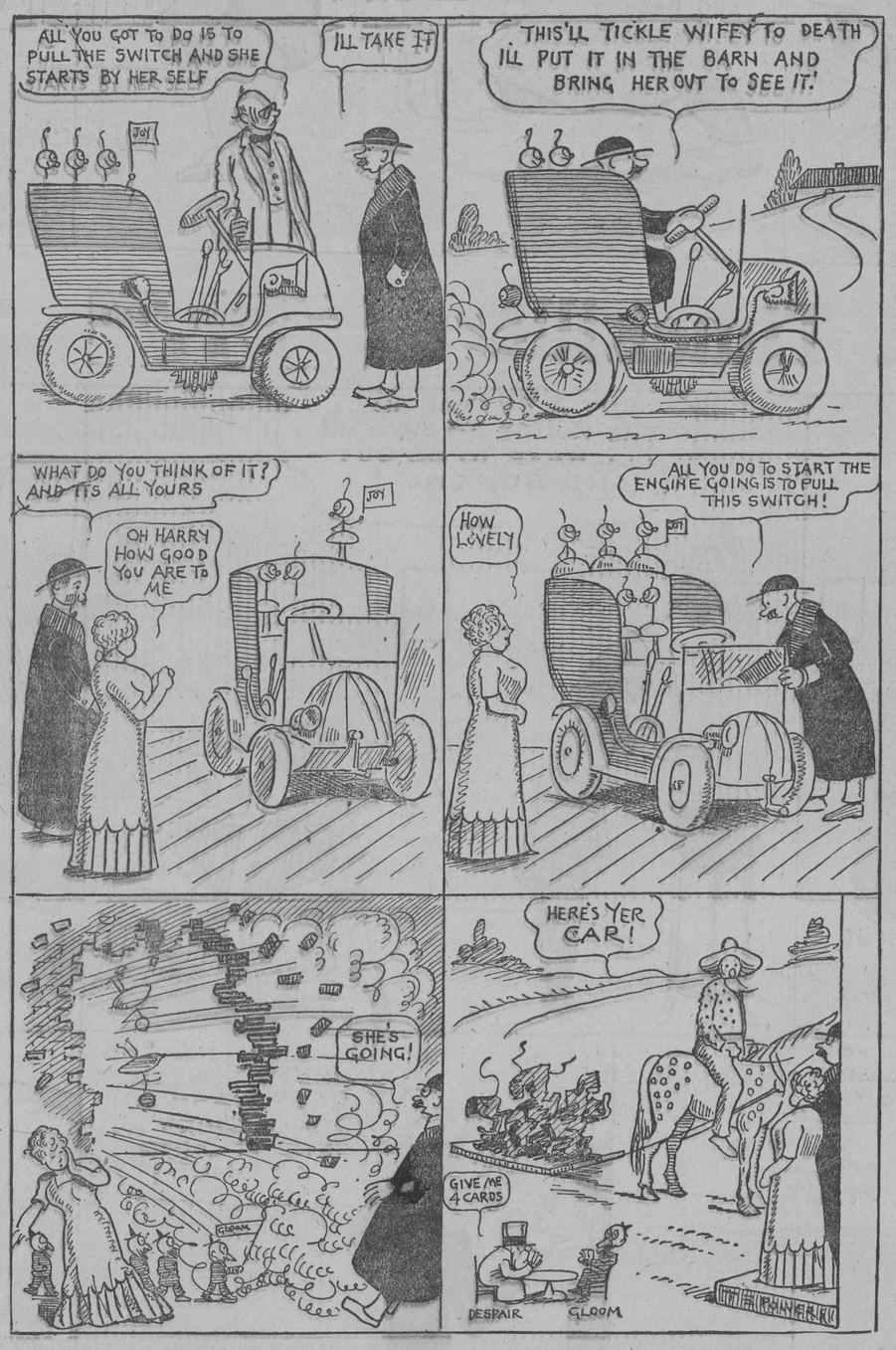

The Tale She Told.

[From Puck.]

"I hope," said Mrs. Shirker to the applicant for the position of nursery maid to her two children, "that you are clever at telling stories to children, for my little ones are very fond of having stories told to them after they are tucked up in their beds at night. I always allow their nurse to tell them one or two stories. Do you think you could do that?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am. I always tell stories to the children, and I know a lot of them."

And this was the tale she told as a starter the first night:

"Once upon a time there was a horrid, great big black bear that didn't do nothing but go about eating up little boys and girls after they had gone to bed at night if they made the least bit of fuss and didn't do just at their nursey told 'em to. Oh, he was an awful big bear, with great long white teeth so sharp that he could bite right through a little boy or girl at one bite, and he could walk right into the nurseries of houses even when the doors were all locked and the windows barred. He could go right through a stone wall because he was a fairy bear, and he and his wife had seven little cubs that wouldn't eat anything but little boys and girls who told stories about their nursies and wouldn't go right to sleep at night——. What you hiding your head under the blanket for, Master Harold? Well, I guess that mebbe you'd better, for I heard a kind of a scratching sound a few minutes ago that sounded as if it might be an old bear trying to get in, and——. Yes, I guess you better hide under the covers, too, Miss Lucy, for the old bear I am telling you about likes to take little girls home to his cubs better than little boys, even, and——. You want to hear a nice little story about some awful injuns that didn't do nothing but rove all over the country and capture little boys and girls and burn 'em at the stake when they didn't mind their nursies? Well, once there was a great band of these kind of injuns, and they could go right into the city and into houses without no one seeing 'em, because they was fairy injuns. My! but they could come right into this room, and——. Listen! You better lay still as mice, for I do believe I heard a sound like 'em coming up the stairs! They'll get you sure as you live if you make any noise, and then——. Now you lay still, for I am going out for the rest of the evening, and if you tell your ma when she comes home that I went the big old bear and seven little cubs and the Injuns will come tomorrow night and get you sure—mind that. Now that's all the story I am going to tell you tonight!"

M. W.

When Mother Marches Home

Oh, father, dear, father, come home with me now;
For mother is out on parade.
The brass bands are raising a terrible row;
They're all out of breath, I'm afraid.
There's Aunt Sarah Jane, and there's sweet Sister Sue,
And dear Cousins Gladys and Kate.
They'll soon promenade down the grand avenue
In splendid and serious state.

Oh, put on some blinders like cab horses wear,
Don't look to the right or the left,
For fear you'll behold all our women folk there,
And shy, bolt or kick at the sight.
Oh, pull down the curtain, dear father, with care,
For mother walked eight miles today
Until she get rested and fluffed up for fair,
Oh, please keep your face turned away!

—Washington Star.

Bound To Get It.

"Ma, I want a drink."

The mother's voice answered back:

"Tommy, you go to sleep."

Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes. Then again:

"Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, you go right to sleep," was the reply.

Intense silence again for ten minutes. Then again:

"Say, ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, if you don't go right to slep I'll come and spank you."

More silence, this time for about two minutes. And then:

"Say, ma, when you come to spank me will you bring me a drink?"—Detroit Free Press.

One Better.

Stella—I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth.

Bella—I wouldn't marry him if he was the middleman.—Puck.

The Kicker.

[From Judge.]

I know a man who kicks at everything:
He kicks because the neighbors like to sing;
He kicks because of heat there's not a bit,
Until the date the landlords set for it.

He kicks if, at some entertaining play,
He finds a ponderous pillar in his way;
He kicks if, in the Subway, some one dares
To stand upon his feet, instead of theirs.

And is he killed or punched or filled with woe?
With deep regret I sadly answer, No!
He shuts the neighbors up, he gets the heat,
The Subway trespasser gets off his feet.

He's shown a seat about the center, E—
In fact, he gets just what he wants, I see;
And when, at last, he climbs the golden stair,
He'll kick and get the brightest halo there.

—L. CASE RUSSELL.

They All Say It.

Once upon a time there was a fellow and a girl. The fellow came a-calling. He meant business. After a while the friends of the girl began to josh her about him, asking her when it was going to be, and all that. She replied. Among other things she said:

"Marry that pill? I guess not."

"That snippy little thing? Not for mine."

"I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth."

"Oh, he's well enough in his way, but he's not my notion of a husband."

"I wish you people would stop your nonsense. He's absolutely nothing to me."

"I guess you think I must be pretty hard up to want to marry that."

Sequel:

And did she subsequently marry a prince? Not exactly. She married "that." They all do.—Brooklyn Times.

The Art of Dining.

Now, when you dine with Mrs. B.,
Or when she asks you there for tea,
Although your conversation's bright,
Remember, you're a satellite.

And though you're full of quips and fun,
You must not overload the sun.
For he who lets his hostess shine
Is asked another day to dine.

—London Opinion.

A. A. U.

Rich Man (from city, visiting at country church)—My own preacher in the city is the Reverend Fashion. You have heard of him?

Country Pastor—Yes, but we don't recognize him.

Rich Man—Indeed! Why not?

Country Pastor—He preaches for money instead of vegetables and donation parties.—Puck.

Lesser Evil.

"Do you like a man who quotes poetry?"

"Well, replied Miss Cayenne, "he is usually better than one who relies on original conversation."—Washington Star.

A Literary Noise.

Her—What's that rasping sound in the periodical room?

Him—Oh, that's where they are filing the magazines.—Minnesota Minne-Ha-Ha.

Canny.

He (cautiously)—If I should propose, would you say "Yes?"

She (still more cautiously)—If you knew I would say "Yes," would you propose?—London Evening Standard.

A Cleanup.

He—If I call pa "pop," why can't I call ma "mop?"

She—If you do, she'll wipe the floor with you.—Judge.

The Question.

First Doctor—I operated on him for appendicitis.

Second Doctor—What was the matter with him?—Life.

The Cause.

Knicker—George Washington had an impediment in his speech.

Bocker—Yes, he couldn't tell a lie. The Sun.

Answered.

"I'm about to give an opera party, What boxes should I take?"

"Any, except chatterboxes."—Judge.

Too Long.

Brown—I wonder if Smith would indorse my note?

Jones—How long has he known you?

Brown—A month.

Jones—I'm afraid that's too long.—Chicago News.

Keep Off the Grass.

"What does that sign say?"

"Keep off the grass."

"They have, haven't they?"

"You bet! They haven't let a blade grow!"—Harvard Lampoon.

The Easiest.

"So you claim to be a literary man, eh?

"Yes, sir. I wrote that book: A Dozen Ways to Make a Living."

"And yet you are begging!"

"Yes, sir; that's one of the ways."—Houston Post.

Family Secrets.

The case had reached a critical stage. Even the judge semed to awaken to a live interest in the proceedings, for the most important witness was about to be cross-examined. "So you are the lady's maid?" began the relentless barrister. "Yes, sir." "And where were you at 7 o'clock on the evening in question?" "I was in my lady's room, sir." "For what purpose?" "I was dressing my lady's hair, sir." The barrister leaned forward and spoke slowly and impressively. "Now, think," he said, "I want you to be very careful in answering this question: Was or was not your mistress in the room at the time?"—Argonaut.

Protected.

He—Why is that grind never subject to colds?

She—He's always wrapped up in his books.—Yale Record.

His Goal.

A youth who'd been going the pace
Dropped finally out of the race—
He fell quite a bit,
And I know where he lit,
Though, of course, I can't mention the place.

—Judge.

Looking for the Result.

Smith—Whatever became of that friend of yours who used to have money to burn?

Jones—He's sifting the ashes.—Philadelphia Record.

Hope.

"Oh, may we hope?" the lovers say.
The silly geese! Of course they may!
There's nothing in life's horoscope
That's half so cheap as hope, sweet hope.

—Judge.

Linguists Waste Talk.

In the police court of Gary, Ind., there sat one day a bearded man who apparently was a foreigner.

"Charley," said Judge Wildermuth to Prosecutor Greenwald, "I have had two or three fellows talk in Hungarian and Polish to that prisoner there and he can't understand them. You know a lot of languages. Go over and see if you can find out what language he talks."

"Dobra yetchs," said Greenwald in Serbian. The man shook his head.

"Parlez-vous Francais?" continued the prosecutor, rattling off the French.

Another shake of the head.

"Jin debra," this time in Polish. Still no answer.

"O-hio," in Japanese. Another shake of the head.

"Magyar?" and still no answer.

"Ram-shuck tava!" bawled out the prosecutor in pure Teheran Persian, but there was only a shake of the head.

"I can't talk to this fellow, Judge," said Greenwald. "He must be a Malay or a Siamese. Call Gould over. He understands a few tongues."

Gould addressed the man.

"Shoval-malachim!" shrieked Gould in South Broadway Yiddish.

"He doesn't go by the synagogue, that's one sure thing," said Gould. Then the fellow brightened up.

"Begorra, what's th' matter with you fellows? Me name is Patrick Hannigan."

Then everybody fainted.—Inter Ocean.

"Hee-Haw!"

The lecturer was annoyed by a man in the audience who insisted on rising and asking questions.

"Sit down, you ass!" said a second man, jumping up.

"Sit down you, too!" cried a third man. "You are both asses."

"There seems to be plenty of asses about tonight," put in the lecturer calmly. "But for heaven's sake let us hear one at a time."

"Well, you go on then," said the first man, resuming his seat.—Boston Transcript.

The Man.

They offered a beautiful woman the choice of all the kinds of lovers that ever were.

"If you can sort him out," she said, "give me the man whom my children can call 'Father' without laughing.—The Antidote.

A Motherly Admonition.

"Now, Anne, now often have I told you always to cast your eyes down when you are in the street? It makes a good impression, and besides you sometimes find a pocketbook that way."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Another Evil.

Willis—I see a fellow in New York took out $250,000 insurance on $200 worth of goods."

Gillis—That nothing. I know a lot of fellows who carry $25,000 life insurance on a thirty-cent life.—Puck.

An Opportunist.

Settlement Workers—Jimmy, do you think you can use the word "disguise" in a sentence?

James—Yes'm. Dis guy's got me marbles!—Stanford Chaparral.

Rushed.

"Why did you break into the house in the middle of the day?" asked the magistrate.

"Well," said the accused, "I had several others to cover that evening."—London Evening Standard.

Awful End.

"What became of that Russian count who insulted you?"

"He choked to death."

"How did that happen?"

"I made him swallow his words!"—New York Mail.

A Quick Recovery.

May—Jack told me last night he had given me his heart.

Fay—Well, it's damaged goods. He told me last week I had broken it.—Boston Transcript.

Little Touch.

"Go away from me," said the fashionably dressed woman to the tramp. "I wouldn't have you touch me for a dollar."

"I was only goin' to touch you for a dime, lady."—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Reason.

Teacher—And now, who can tell me why we should always be neat and clean?

Little Lizzie—In case of accident, ma'am.—Continent.

Discouraged.

[From Puck.]

No use o' workin' so; can't git ahead;
Tell ye, this farmin' is played out an' dead.
Keep gittin' deeper in, harder I try.
Fust it's too rainy, an' then it's too dry.

Farm right next to me here, same kind o' land.
Blooms like the rose, an' the crops is just grand.
How does that happen, now? Does it look just?
All that'll grow here is debt an' disgust.

Folks tells me my land needs less restful ease,
Ruther more backache an' more elbow-grease.
Let 'em jest try it once; then they would see;
Then they would sympathize, mebbe, with me.

Money in farmin'? On paper, oh, yes.
More in jest writin' about it, I guess.
Some people think that the Lord sows the wheat.
Keeps my wife busy to grow what we eat.

Got up this mornin' determined to work.
Borrowed a patent harrer o' Burke.
Set down to think a spell, whistled a tune,
Whittled a shingle, an' gosh! it was noon!

That's jest a sample o' how the time flies
When a man's buried in work to his eyes,
'Bout 20 minutes from sun until sun.
How kin a feller git anything done?

Then thar's the gover'ment, grindin' us down,
Givin' it all to the rich folks in town,
Pilin' up taxes fer poor folks to pay.
'Long comes a drought, an' good-by to th' hay!

Like to jest handle th' thing fer a week,
Bet ye I'd make the ol' millionaires squeak!
I'd make some laws fer the man with the hoe—
Hard-workin' devils like I be, ye know!

WALTER G. DOTY.

Seizing Opportunity.

"She kep' a-comin' down an' askin' for this an' that an' the other thing," said Mrs. Cook, the boarding-house keeper, "an' o' course I let her have 'em, an' bein' busy all the time I never noticed whether she fetched 'em back or not. Spoons went up to take medicine with, an' knives to cut somethin' or other, an' then some little dishes an' one big one to put somethin' in, an' when the cool spell came she asked for the little two-burner, an' later on she comes down an' gets a skillet. Then she borrers a little coffee to make a cup when her head ached, an' took along a couple of slices of bread an' some potatoes an' a piece of steak that was left over.

"Then she asks for some more provisions, an' things, an' after that she didn't come in to her meals, an' I thinks she must be sick. So I goes up to investigate, an' would you believe it? There she was, light housekeepin'!"—Puck.

A Sweet Revenge.

A woman entered a railway train crowded with winter tourists and happened to take a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her, which some of the passengers must have heard.

Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticised with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the woman had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of clever feminine strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the bridegroom and in the smoothest tones said:

"Madam, will you please have your son remove his feet from the back of my chair?"—National Monthly.

Same Sort.

He stood on a street car, and as he stood he shivered in the cool morning air. Pretty soon another man came up and he also shivered. The first man noticed it and said:

"It was along last May."

"Yes, along last May," echoed the other.

"It was a hot day."

"I distinctly remember."

"Chilly weather seemed years distant."

"Yes, years and years away."

"When I took that overcoat under my arm and started for the pawnbroker's."

"That's where I went, too."

"And my coat is there now."

"And so is mine, and that isn't the worst of it."

"Same here, brother; let us shake hands and cuddle up to each other to get warm!"

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