With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

The Jinxs' Quarrel

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Jinx looked up from the paper he was reading, and his wife laid her book aside and waited.

"Well?" said she finally when Jinx had watched her unseemingly for at least a minute. "You showed all the symptoms of getting ready to read a joke; go ahead and read it."

"This is no joke, dear; I have just been reading where a whole regiment of school-children have been vaccinated. These poor innocent little children were compelled to bare their tender little arms and submit them to the cruel knife."

"Well, what of it? There is no more dreadful disease than smallpox, and now those dear little children with the tender arms are forever proof against that terrible disease."

"But, dear, you don't seem to understand."

"It is you who don't seem to understand."

"But I do understand! That virus which the doctors introduce into the veins of the poor little children is the most deadly kind of poison and is likely to kill these children!"

"I don't care; vaccination is all right!"

"But, dearest, it is not all right, it is all wrong! Think of the hundreds of innocent lives of little children that have been sacrificed. I tell you that the doctors who vaccinate, the men who pass the compulsory laws and the parents who submit to it are no better than murderers!"

"Jinx, do you dare to stand up there and tell me that I am not better than a murderer!"

"Why, dear, you know I didn't! But just think dear of all those little green graves!"

"Where did all those terrible deaths happen that have worried you so?"

"All right, sneer if you want to! Our children shall not be vaccinated!"

"They shall be vaccinated!"

"I say they shall not! I will prevent it if I have to fight all the courts in Christendom. The chance of their ever catching smallpox is not greater than one in a million, and even if they do catch it science is so far advanced

A Whole Regiment of School Children Have Been Vaccinated.

that it is no longer dangerous or dreadful. No pits remain, and it is no worse than a bad cold."

"Now you are talking silly! Our children shall be vaccinated even if I have to take them from their little beds and fly with them through the night to the home of my father!"

"Oh, look at Eliza crossing the ice!"

"That's right, sneer at me! Poke fun at me! Abuse me! But I stand here, by Jinx, and I tell you that they shall be vaccinated!"

"All right, we shall see about that! I'll show you whether I am a man or whether I am a mouse!" and Jinx went out to feed the chickens. When he returned to the house supper was on the table and he sat down to eat while Mrs. Jinx, with red nose and swollen eyes went and threw herself upon the bed.

Jinx munched a few mouthfuls in silence; but the steak seemed to be full of cries, the coffee tasted of tears and the first muffin he broke apart made him think of a broken heart! He sat with his chin in his palms staring at the wall for fully five minutes. Then with a sigh of resignation he arose and went into the bedroom and kneeling by the bed put his arm about his wife's neck and drew her to him.

"Dearest!" he whispered in her ear.

"You don't love me!" sobbed she.

"They shall be vaccinated," said Jinx.

"N-n-o they sh-shan't!" sobbed she. "I think vaccination is horrid!"

"Dear! We will let them decide it for themselves!"

Suddenly Mrs. Jinx sat up and smiled through her tears until her face looked like a June day after a sun shower.

"My goodness!" exclaimed she, "I have just thought of something!"

"What is it, dear?"

"We haven't any children!"

"By George!" was all Jinx could say.

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Jep Moore's Courtship

By J. W. LAMPTON.

Jep Moore was in love with the girl. That was as plain as the nose on his face which was about the plainest that ever a man stuck into a handkerchief. But he was not to the manner born and although he feared no man, he had been mortally afraid of women as far back as he could remember, say about 27 years, come next month. If he could have shoved out his good right arm and punched the lady in the face he would have been at ease, but to shove it out to put it around her waist was too many for Jep. That was the reason he had been courting Mollie Stewart for nearly two years and had arrived nowhere much. But a girl, and a pretty one at that, won't stand for everlasting procrastination whatever she may think of the man,

She Welcomed Jep Cheerfully.

and Jep began to observe that Mollie was having more gentlemen company than he liked to see around so often. He didn't dare say anything, but he proposed to do something and that immediately.

Which was why he hitched his horse at her gate that evening and pounded up the walk to the porch where she sat all alone waiting for him. He had informed her by the Farmers' Telephone line, in which he owned stock, that he was due to arrive at that hour.

"Say, Mollie," he said with sudden energy, "what would you do if you was the moon and I was the sun?"

It was not quite the flattering way to put it, but Jep was awkward and all he thought of was that the moon was mighty pretty just then and so was Mollie.

"Really, I don't know, Jep," she replied, perplexed by the unexpected inquiry.

"Can't you guess?"

"Of course I can't. I couldn't be the moon, could I?"

"You could be the moon as easy as I could be the sun, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, just le's s'pose we was them; then what?"

Mollie studied a moment and the feminine in her asserted itself.

"Well, I suppose, Jep," she said laughing lightly, "If I was the moon and you was the sun, I'd go away when you come."

Jep hadn't thought where the conversation would lead and he was wholly upset by her answer. He sat speechless.

"But, I'm not the moon, Jep," she added quickly, "because you see I didn't go away when you come."

"Dern the sun and the moon, Mollie," he said, hitching his neck up through his collar so he could get more air; "I didn't come over here tonight to talk astronomy. What I come fer was to know why the dickens you don't marry me!"

Mollie was not agitated. It was not her first proposal, though it was different. She looked up at him and smiled. Jep began to feel wobbly in the knees.

"Well, Jep," she replied slowly, "if I can give you one good reason will you forgive me?"

This sounded like Sunday-school talk and Jep felt the seriousness of it.

"Of course, I will, Mollie, but—" he hesitated.

"The reason is, Jep, "she interrupted, "that you never asked me."

After that it was so plain that even Jep could grasp the situation, which he did, including Mollie.

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The Subardency of the Manifest

By J. W. FOLEY.

Being inspired to nobler and higher things, Mrs. Uptosnuf laid off her corsets, gave her switch to the cook, invested her feet with flat-heeled broad-soled shoes and became a clubwoman.

The switch was brown and the cook's hair was red, but Mrs. Uptosnuf's generosity did not aim to be logical.

To Mrs. Uptosnuf was assigned the task of preparing a paper on the Subardency of the Manifest—an engaging topic, to be sure. She did not know what it might be, but it was splendid club stuff and gave her much opportunity to make a hit.

In the meantime, there was the baby, to whom the Subardency of the Manifest was not so necessary as occasional baths and uncontaminated milk. Mrs. Uptosnuf engaged a nurse girl from Mrs. Fuzzywuff's School for Daughters of Splendid Families in Temporarily Reduced Circumstances.

The nurse girl's name was Clarissa and she was sly, sweet and unsophisticated as her name. "I will be just as good to it as its own mother," she declared, when she saw the baby, which was saying much or little, as you choose. Then she goo-gooed to the baby and Mrs. Uptosnuf went to the club meeting perfectly satisfied the baby was in competent hands. For had she not seen the Fuzzywuff diploma?

"And nurse," Mrs. Uptosnuf called back from the front hallway, where she stood with a bulky manuscript, tied with yellow and white ribbon (club colors), "you might give baby a bath this afternoon and then put him in his little bed."

Now the Fuzzywuff school, being for the daughters of Splendid Families in Temporarily Reduced Circumstances, taught much of removing spots from soiled velvet but little of bathing babies, and Clarissa pondered much and long.

How to prepare a bath? She had never seen it in the Fuzzywuff manual of domestic forms. She would see the cook. But the cook must not know she was ignorant. She must inquire diplomatically. So she went timidly down to the cook with the red hair and the brown switch and asked her how to prepare a bath for soft and delicate things—something that would cleanse thoroughly and not injure the softest fabrics.

Clarissa was a born diplomat. When the cook told her, she went back upstairs and rejoiced much.

So baby had his bath and was put in his little bed.

But when Mrs. Uptosnuf returned from the club, there was much commotion and running to and fro.

Baby had erupted with a rash resembling measles or scarlet fever.

The family doctor was summoned hastily, looked long and marveled much. "Let me see the nurse," he said gruffly.

Clarissa came timidly, but with that calm confidence born in the Fuzzywuff diploma. Being a plain man the doctor said: "What in blazes did you put on the baby?" And being a truthful

"She Went Timidly Down to the Cook."

girl and thoroughly competent to speak in polite circles, Clarissa said "I bathed him in one gallon of warm water, a bar of shaved soap, a quart of gasoline and a teacupful of borax."

Which was the cook's favorite prescription for delicate fabrics.

So the doctor wrote a prescription and handed it to Mrs. Uptosnuf, headed, "For Mrs. Uptosnuf's Baby," and which read:

(Rx) Personal attention of mother, 24 hours.

Sig: Apply every day.

And for Clarissa he advised light work in the family laundry where her genius might flame unquenched.

But when the brute Uptosnuf heard of it, he kicked the Subardency of the Manifest into the grate, where the yellow and white ribbon (club colors) perished miserably.

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Spend Much for Amusement

Twenty-Five Millions Are Invested in Parks in This Country.

"It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale," says Frederic Thompson, in Everybody's.

"I suppose that more than $25,000,000 are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about $2,500,000. Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

"Luna park cost $2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent $240,000 on one show, of which $68,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels—it was the representation of the Indian durbar—and I lost $100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs $5,600 a week to light Luna park, and $4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are $2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit."

Don't look at life through smoked glasses. The sunlight will strengthen your eyes and stimulate your spirit.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Wifey—I see by this paper that a man in America sold his wife for a shilling.

Hubby—Well, if she was a good one she was worth it.

Rabbinical Wit.

An English rabbi was asked if there was any weighty reason against having a clock in the synagogue. "By no means," was the reply. "Have your clock, but put it outside the building, and then you can tell how late you come to the service." Two rabbis were passing the beautiful synagogue in which one of them officiated. "How I envy you!" said the first. "You must be in a paradise." "Hold, friend!" the second explained. "In the original paradise there was only one serpent, but in this congregation are many of them."

A Friendly Pointer.

"What," asked Arizona Al, when the new editor had taken charge of The Daily Rattlesnake, "is goin' to be your policy?"

"My policy, my friend, is going to be to tell the truth according to my lights, and let the chips fall where they may."

"Stranger, that's a good policy, but be sure before you go to press that you've got your lights adjusted to suit all parties. This is a bad place for people that gits the wrong focus."

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. For the true the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false after you enjoy it.—Foster.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Marriage will change a man's views quicker than anything else.

Ate a Chick with Big Eyes.

A trainman is telling an incident that occurred on a Mohawk & Malone train up in the woods the other day. The train was standing on a siding waiting the arrival and passing of another train when an Italian walked through the coach, his hands crossed on his stomach and his head wagging from side to side in a doleful manner.

"What's the matter, John?" some one inquired.

"Oh, me sick—me sick as dev," replied the man, rolling his head still more distressingly and continuing the rubbing of his stomach.

"Sick? Well, what you been eating?" asked the sympathetic passenger.

"Eata de chick with the big eyes," responded John, as his groans increased.

John had killed an owl the night before and it didn't agree with him.—Utica Observer.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Precocious.

Small Girl—Why doesn't baby talk, father?

Father—He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do.

Small Girl—Oh, yes they do. Job did. Nurse read to me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born.—Tit-Bits.

Certainly Not.

Hewitt—It isn't fair on the face of it.

Jewitt—What isn't?

Hewitt—A brunette.

When lawbreakers become lawmakers they will naturally make laws that are easy.

Lack Means to Fight Tuberculosis.

Homer Folks of New York city recently stated before the National association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis that there are in the United States at the present time 75,000 cases of tuberculosis in advanced stages of the disease, every one of whom should be isolated in hospitals, but there are at the present time not anything like enough hospital beds for these cases in the country.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Stuck.

Gunner—Why in the world do the fellows around this club allude to old Foggman as "Mr. Automobile?" He's not swift, is he?

Guyer—Just the opposite. It's a polite way of calling him old "Stick in the Mud.'"

A cold on the lungs doesn't usually amount to much, but it invariably precedes pneumonia and consumption. Hamlins Wizard Oil applied to the chest at once will break up a cold in a night.

Many a man's boasted bravery has gone lame when his wife suggested that he visit the kitchen and fire the cook.

When a woman doesn't have her say it is because she is dumb.

Pride sometimes has to go before people fall in love.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 25-1909.

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day—Use Defiance Starch—saves time—saves labor—saves annoyance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.