

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I'm very sorry, madam," said the new boarder, "but I have arranged to leave at the end of the week."

"Indeed!" rejoined the landlady. "Are you going to leave the city?"

"Oh, no," replied the n. b. "I'm merely making a change on account of the water."

"Why, what's wrong with the water here?" queried the landlady.

"It's impure," answered the other. "I frequently detect a slight flavor of coffee in it."

From Old Kentucky. Stubb—There goes the Kentucky colonel. He certainly loves his corn.

Penn—I should say so. Why, he even rides a cob.

His Lack of Appreciation. Auntie Lingerlong—There, there! Stop crying, Willie, and I'll kiss you again.

Willie—Aw, that's what I'm crying about!

Beyond the Limit. Mrs. Jaggshy—I like to see a man appreciate his home all right, but my husband suits me a little too well in that respect.

Mrs. Neighbors—Why, how's that? Mrs. Jaggshy—Sometimes he stays out all night to brag about what a happy home he has.

Facts in the Case. The One—And you say this horse hasn't any faults?

The Other—Not a single fault. The One—But he appears to be blind in his right eye.

The Other—Well, that's not his fault; it's his misfortune.

Explanation. Harker—So Fillicigh's new ship went up in smoke, eh?

Parker—Yes. But it couldn't have done otherwise under the circumstances.

Harker—How's that? Parker—He made the test in Pittsburgh.

Suggested. Mrs. Goodwin—I don't know what I am going to do with that boy of mine. He's never satisfied to remain in one place for any length of time.

Mr. Wisely—Why don't you make a Methodist minister of him?

Unnecessary. "But," protested the lady, "this flat has no closets."

"All the flats in this building are without closets," answered the agent. "They are intended for families without skeletons."

And Not in Sport Alone. Gladys Sweet—But the other team doesn't admit the possibility of defeat.

Jack Fullback—That's proper. It may be all right to know when you're beaten, but it's a great mistake to find it out too soon.

Making a Hit. Biggs—Did DeLanter make a hit in his new play last night?

Diggs—No, I think the hit was made by some one located in the gallery. De Ranter was the target.

Same Old Plaint. Mother—Was there a scarcity of men at the seashore this season?

Daughter—Yes. Why, every man I accepted was engaged to at least a dozen other girls.

Pair of Wonders. His Wife (during the spat)—I wonder why I ever married a man like you?

Her Husband—And I wonder why I ever married at all.

Marked Down. First Heiress—If you are looking for a matrimonial bargain, I'd advise you to go in for the duke.

Second Heiress—Why do you consider him a bargain?

First Heiress—Because he's in reduced circumstances.

Their Mercies. "But, dear," said the caller, "I don't see why you should care to change the name of your charming little country place. Idlewild is so romantic. It seems to signify dreamy idleness."

What Really Costs. "But don't the repairs on your automobile cost you a great deal?" he questioned.

"No," he replied, as he perused his expense book; "the fact is the cost of the repairs is nothing compared with the cost of hauling the machine to the repair shop."

Self-Protection. The Maid—I seldom go shopping without a chaperon.

The Man—Why is that? The Maid—If I go alone I'm almost sure to forget myself and buy things.

For Reggie. Anxious Mother—Oh, professor, don't you think my dear little Reginald will ever learn to draw?

Prof. Crayon—No, madam; not unless you hitch him up to a wagon.

Man of War. Maj. Blower—Yes, miss, there was a long account of my valor on the battle field.

Miss Tabasco—Indeed! Was it a running account, major?

No Attraction. Actress—But I want to know something about the salary. I am from Missouri and you must show me.

Manager (jolly)—But I don't think you are worth showing.

In Lincoln Park. She (poetically)—Ah, the burning of the leaves in the park in autumn. What does the aroma remind you of, dear?

He—The cigars you bought me for a birthday present.

Perfect for Once. Cholly—At least Miss Wose said I am perfect in one thing.

Ferdie—She did? And what was that? Cholly—Why, the deaf girl said I was a perfect idiot.

Something Needed. Mrs. Shopper—I wish to buy a present for a servant girl. Can you suggest something appropriate?

Shopman—Certainly! Give her a traveling bag.—Pele Mele.

Up to Date. Mr. Beetle—Great goah! I bet that feller's been to see the President.

"I have come to fill the editor's joke," announced the young man with long hair and big black tie.

"H'm!" granted the office boy, as he aimed his broom at the cat. "Is it one of those jokes about automobiles breaking down?"

"It is. I have sold the editor six jokes on this order in the last week."

"Well, you won't sell him any more. He bought an automobile himself yesterday and it broke down on the trial spin and he had to walk six miles through the mud."

She Knew Them. Hemingway—But you had all the eggs you wanted, of course?

Mrs. Hemingway (back from the summer boarding house)—No, the farmer sold most of his eggs in town.

Hemingway—But you got those he didn't sell?

Mrs. Hemingway—Yes; but I think they were the ones he couldn't sell.

What's in a Pet Name. Wife of a Colonial Officer (visiting native village)—What a dear little child it is. What's your pet name, dear?

The Dear—Kannavalukalavikukuyajanga.—Rire.

Paternal Provocation. It is 10 p. m. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head. "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

It is just 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly, from somewhere upstairs, a gruff voice shouts: "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."

Woman's Home Companion. Ethel—That 16-year-old boy asked me to marry him.

Edith—And you threw him over?

Ethel—Yes; but he was against the law to catch lobsters so young.—Judge.

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER XI. I had brought the \$10,000 with me. I produced them on them on the table, keeping a loving hand on them.

"You fully understand my position, Colonel?" I said. "This thing is no use to me unless I receive at least \$320,000 to pay back principal, to meet interest, and to replace another small debt to the bank. If I do that, I shall be left with a net profit of \$5,000, not an extravagant reward. If I don't get that sum I shall be a defaulter, revolution or no revolution."

"I can't make money if it's not there," he said, but without his usual brusqueness of tone. "But to us you agree. You are to have first turn at anything we find, up to the sum you name. It's to be handed over solid to you. The Signorina and I take the leavings. You don't claim to share them, do you?"

"No," I said, "I'm content to be a preference shareholder. If the money's found at the Golden House, it's mine. If not, the new government, whatever it may do as to the rest of the debt, will pay me that sum."

What I had pushed my money over to the Colonel. "I expect the new government to be very considerate to the bondholders all round," said the Colonel, as he pocketed it with a chuckle. "Anyhow, your terms are agreed, eh, Signorina?"

"Agreed!" said she. "And I'm to have the country, isn't it?"

"Agreed!" said I. "And the Colonel's to be President and to have the Golden House and all that therein is."

"Agreed!" agreed I; and I chanted the Signorina; "and that's quite enough business. Success to the Revolution!"

"I do mean to go, when a sudden thought struck me. "Where's Johnny Carr? I say, Colonel, how indiscreet was he last night? Do you think he remembers telling you about it?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I expect he does by now. He didn't when I left him this morning."

"Will he confess to the President? If he does, it might make the old man keep an unpleasant sharp eye on you. He knows you don't love him."

"Well, Carr hasn't seen the President yet. He was to stay at my house over to-day. He was uncommon seedy this morning, and I persuaded the doctor to give him a composing draught. Fact is, I wanted him quiet till I'd had time to think. You know I don't believe he would own up—the President would drop on him so; but he might, and it's better they shouldn't meet."

"There's somebody else he oughtn't to meet," said the Signorina.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Donna Antonia," she replied. "He's getting very fond of her, and depend upon it, if he's in trouble he'll go and tell her the first thing. Mr. Carr is very confidential to his friends."

We recognized the value of this suggestion. If Donna Antonia knew, the President would soon know.

"Quite right," said the Colonel. "It won't do to have him rushing about letting out that we know all about it. He's all right up to now."

"Yes, but if he gets restive to-morrow morning?" said I. "And then you don't want him at the Golden House on Friday evening, and I don't want him at the barracks."

"No, he'd show fight, Carr would," said the Colonel. "Look here, we're in for this thing and I'm going through with it. I shall keep Carr at my house till it's all over, even if I have to use force. Master Johnny is better quiet."

"Suppose he turns ugly?" I suggested again.

"He may turn as ugly as he likes," said the Colonel. "He don't leave my house unless he puts a bullet into me first. That's settled. Leave it to me. If he behaves nicely, he'll be all right. If not—"

"What shall you do to him?" asked the Signorina.

"Oh, leave it to the Colonel; he'll manage all right," I suggested.

"Now I'm off," said the latter, "back to my friend Johnny. Good-night, Signorina. Write to the President to-morrow. Good-night, Martin. Make that speech of yours pretty long. An revoir till next Friday."

I prepared to go, for the Colonel lingered till I came with him. Even then we so distrusted one another that neither would leave the other alone with the Signorina.

We parted at the door, he going off up the road to get his horse to ride to his ranch. I turning down toward the Piazza.

We left the Signorina at the door, looking pale and weary, and for once bereft of her high spirits. Poor girl! She found conspiracy rather trying work.

I was little troubled myself. I began to see more clearly that it doesn't do for a man of scruples to dabble in politics. I had a great regard for poor Johnny, and I felt no confidence in the Colonel, and I felt no confidence in the Signorina, in fact, I would not have insured Johnny's life for the next week at any conceivable premium. Again I thought it unlikely that, if we succeeded, the President would survive his downfall. I had to repeat to myself all the story of his treachery to me, lashing myself into a fury against him, before I could bring myself to think with resignation of the imminent extinction of that shining light.

What a loss he would be to the world! So many delightful stories, so great a gift of manner, so immense a personal charm—all to disappear into the pit! And for what? To put into his place a ruffian without redeeming qualities. Was it worth while to put down Lucifer only to enthroned Beelzebub? I could only check this dolorful strain of reflection by sternly recalling myself to the real question—the state of the fortunes of me, John Martin. And to so much the worse for necessary. I might get the money; at least I should gain time. I was animated by the honorable motive of saving my employers from loss and by the overwhelming motive of my own love. If the continued existence of Johnny and the President was incompatible with these legitimate objects, so much the worse for Johnny and the President.

CHAPTER XII. The next three days were over the whole the most uncomfortable I have ever spent in my life. I got little sleep and no rest; I went about with a revolver handy all day, and jumped every time I heard a sound. I expended much change in buying every edition of all the papers; I listened with dread to the distant cries of newsmongers, fearing, as the words gradually

had come to poor Johnny, I had my doubts.

CHAPTER XIII. When I arrived at the bank I dispatched a messenger to my budget of letters; each of the answers was to the same purport, namely, that I should be at the barracks at the appointed time. I need not trouble the reader with the various wrappings in which this essential piece of intelligence was involved. I then had a desperate encounter with Jones; business was slack, and Jones was fired with the unholy desire of seizing the opportunity thus offered to make an exhaustive inquiry into the state of our reserve. He could not understand my sudden punctiliousness as to times and seasons, and I was afraid I should have to tell him plainly that only over my lifeless body should he succeed in investigating the contents of the safe. At last I effected a diversion by persuading him to give Mrs. Jones a jaunt into the country, and thus left in peace. I spent my afternoon in making final preparations. I burned many letters; I wrote a touching farewell to my father, in which I took occasion to point out to him how greatly his impudent conduct had contributed to increase the difficulties of his dutiful son. I was only restrained from making a will by the obvious imprudence of getting it witnessed. I spent a feverish hour in firing imaginary shots from my revolver, to ascertain whether the instrument was in working order. Finally I shut up the bank at five, went to the Piazza, partook of a light repast, and never was I more rejected than when the moment for action at last came. As I was dressing, lingering over each garment with a feeling that I might never put on, or, for that matter, take it off again, I received a second note from the Colonel. It was brought by a messenger, on a sweating horse, who galloped up to my door. I knew the messenger well by sight; he was the Colonel's valet. My heart was in my mouth as I took the envelope from his hands. The fellow was evidently in our secret, for he grinned nervously at me as he handed it over, and said: "I was to ride fast, and destroy the letter if anyone came near."

I nodded, and opened it. It said: "C. occupied about six this evening. Believed to have gone to his house. He suspects. If you see him, shoot on sight."

"Had Mr. Carr a horse?" I asked of the man.

"No, sir; left on foot. Couldn't come along the road to Whittingham, sir, it's patrolled."

There was still a chance. It was ten miles across country from the Colonel's to Johnny's, and six miles on from Johnny's to Whittingham. The man divined my thoughts.

"He can't go fast, sir, he's wounded in the leg. If he goes home first, as he will, because he doesn't know his horse's name, he can't get here before eleven at the earliest."

(To be continued.)

WHAT TUSKEGEE HAS DONE. Work of the Institute for Negroes Told on the Highest Authority.

In the early years of Tuskegee much was formerly said about the effect of the moon upon the crops, but the discussions usually brought out the point that deep plowing was more important in agriculture than the moon and lunar theories of agriculture have long since been discarded by those farmers who have attended the meetings.

In the plantation districts I found large families, including the visitors when any appeared, living and sleeping in a single room. I found them living on fat pork and corn bread and yet not infrequently I discovered in these cabins sewing machines which no one knew how to use, which cost as much as \$60, or showy clocks which had cost as much as \$10 or \$12, but which never told the time. I remember a cabin where there was but one fork on the table for the use of the five members of the family and myself, while in the opposite corner was an organ for which the family was paying \$30 in monthly installments. The truth that forced itself upon me was that these people needed not only book learning but knowledge of how to live; they needed to know how to cultivate the soil, to husband their resources, to buy land and build houses and make the most of their opportunities.

Tuskegee Institute will complete this year the first twenty-five years of its existence. It was opened July 4, 1881, with one teacher and thirty pupils. At that time it had neither land nor buildings, nothing but the \$2,000 a year granted by the Alabama Legislature. Even the dilapidated shanty and the old church in which its first sessions were conducted were lent by the colored people of the village.

It was not long, however, before the school acquired a small tract of land. The first head of live stock which it became possessed of was an old blind mule, the gift of a white man in the neighborhood. This represented the capital of the school.

At the close of the school year last May it owned 2,000 acres of land, eighty-three buildings, large and small, eight as dwellings, dormitories, class rooms, shops and barns, which, together with the equipment, live stock, stock in trade and other personal property, were valued at about \$331,805.32. This does not include 22,000 acres of public land remaining unsold from the 25,000 granted by Congress valued at \$135,000, nor the endowment fund, which amounted on Jan. 1, 1906, to \$1,275,694.

Six thousand students have come for a longer or shorter time under the influence of the institution during the twenty-five years of its existence. So far as I have been able to ascertain, not one of the graduates has been convicted of a crime and less than 10 per cent are failures in the occupations which they have adopted. There is an increasing demand all over the South for their services. One great reason why so many of the students who enter fall to finish their course is that their earning capacity is increased to such an extent—on an average of 300 per cent at the end of the full course—by a few months or years at study that they yield to the temptation to go to work at the increased salary and do not return to complete their course at the school.—Booker T. Washington in World's Work.

Easy for Him. Penitents—Scribbleton tells me he is making a specialty of smart child say ing jokes now.

Inkerton—Yes, poor fellow! He's in his second childhood.

OLD Favorites

When the Frost is on the Punkin. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock;

And you hear the kyocok and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock, And the cluckin' of the gunnaws, and the cluckin' of the hens;

And the rooster hallyfoyers as he tips-toes on the fence; Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,

As he leaves the horse bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Their's somethin' kind of harty like about the atmosphere. When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees, And the hummin' of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the early autumn days

Is a pictur' that a painter has the colorin' to make. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russet of the tassels of the corn, And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;

The stabbles in the furrows—kindo lone-some-like, but still A-prechin' sermons to us of the barns they grew to fill;

The strawstack in the meadow, and the reaper in the shed; The horses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!

Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gathered, and the ones a feller keeps Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yellow heaps;

And your cider makin' 's over, and your wimmen-folks is through With their mince and apple-butter and they's souse and sausage, too; I don't know how to tell it—but of sich a thing could be

As the angels waddin' boardin' and they'd call around on me. I'd want to 'commode 'em—all the whole indurin' flock. When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Made by Greeks of Greek Tobacco. They Are Called Egyptian. A controversy which has been going on in Europe, and especially in England, as to the rival merits of Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes seems likely to be settled by a report of a disinterested but observant American consul.

Though the United States is the great cigarette-producing nation of the world, there are imported into this country every year more than \$3,000,000 worth of foreign-made cigarettes, some Turkish and some Egyptian.

Turkey is a large tobacco-producing country, yielding 50,000 tons of tobacco every year, and the Turks, it is well known, are a nation of smokers. The amount of tobacco raised in Egypt is inconsiderable, and yet Egyptian cigarettes are imported into this country in considerable amounts every year.

The explanation of the matter, as offered by the American consul in Athens, is simple. It seems that the Greek tobacco crop last year was the largest Greece ever harvested—about 200,000,000 pounds. A brand of Greek tobacco is used for Egyptian cigarettes.

Why, it is asked, Egyptian? The answer is that Egyptian cigarettes are made by Greeks because cigarette-making is too expensive in Greece, where it is a government monopoly. Thus the business has gone over to Egypt. The most famous cigarette makers of Egypt are Greeks.

A very large business in cigarette-making has been established in Alexandria, and it is in the hands of Greeks, who import their tobacco from their own country and in turn ship it to foreign countries, England and the United States being the chief market for Egyptian cigarettes, which are, in fact, Greek cigarettes, those bearing the title Turkish being imported from Turkey direct.

The Courteous Corporal. A native postman on the Gold Coast of West Africa went in bathing, says the Country Gentleman, and then wrote the following letter to his postmaster:

Dear Master—I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go back this morning a billow he remove my trousers. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kind write Acera that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

Good day, Sir, my Lord, how are you? Your loving corporal, J. ADDIE.

Fishy Suicide. Archie Crawford caught a catfish in the river yesterday which he believes had lived a misspent life and wanted to commit suicide. The fish was thin, had one eye out and looked as if he had worried a good deal. Crawford caught the fish three times before he finally decided to keep it. Every time the fish would get on the hook Crawford would throw it back into the stream, because of its emaciated condition. The fish acted as if it wanted to commit suicide.—Arlington Globe.

Not to Be Compared. "Tell me," said her father, sternly, "how often did he kiss you?" "Father," replied the fair girl, "it is true that I carried off the prize for mathematics at college, but you ask too much of me."—Philadelphia Press.

Some way a beard looks out of place on a right short, thin man.

A New Sleeping Car Story. Among the railroad visitors in town recently, says the Cleveland Leader, was F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. He visited all of the general offices in town and at the Hollenden hotel told a story of one of the sleeping car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty. This is contrary to the rules of the St. Paul road, and the negro man was in trouble when found by the inspector on the Pioneer Limited. He had his wits about him, however, and in response to the inspector's inquiry as to what he was doing asleep, he said:

"I'll tell you how it was, boss. I have only been with the company a short time and before coming here I was working on such and such a railroad. The line was so rough that I could not get any sleep. Since I have been working for the St. Paul the road has been so smooth that I just could not keep my eyes open."

Mr. Miller says that while the negro had violated the rules, he was permitted to keep his job on account of his wit.

A Silent Conviction. "Remember," said George Washington's father, "that if I had punished you for chopping down that cherry tree it would have hurt me more than it hurt you."

George said nothing. But across his mind flashed the thought that his inactivity for preparation was not an inherited trait.—Washington Star.

Opinion of an Expert. The South Chicago man, who was taking his first trip across central Michigan, looked out of the car window and saw one of those peculiar fences that the farmers of that region sometimes make by digging up old pine stumps and laying them in a row, with the roots facing the road.

"Well," he said, "I've seen all kinds of fads in landscape decoration, but by George, there's the worst attempt in that line I ever saw!"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. The public may rely on these pills. Sold only in bottles.

Farms for Rent and Sale on Western Canada. FREE. No. 1 Hard Wheat (63 Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

has been made accessible to markets by the railway construction that has been pushed forward vigorously by the three great railway companies.

For literature and particulars address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian government agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 313 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 10, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement. ST. LOUIS CITY LIST

FARMS FOR RENT AND SALE ON WESTERN CANADA. FREE. No. 1 Hard Wheat (63 Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

has been made accessible to markets by the railway construction that has been pushed forward vigorously by the three great railway companies.

For literature and particulars address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian government agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 313 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 10, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement. ST. LOUIS CITY LIST

FARMS FOR RENT AND SALE ON WESTERN CANADA. FREE. No. 1 Hard Wheat (63 Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

has been made accessible to markets by the railway construction that has been pushed forward vigorously by the three great railway companies.

For literature and particulars address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian government agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 313 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 10, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement. ST. LOUIS CITY LIST

FARMS FOR RENT AND SALE ON WESTERN CANADA. FREE. No. 1 Hard Wheat (63 Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Homesteads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

has been made accessible to markets by the railway construction that has been pushed forward vigorously by the three great railway companies.