

With the World's Great Humorists

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

Spriggs, the Joy Giver

By S. E. Kiser.

To Addison Spriggs a great thought had come.

"From this time forth," he said to himself, "I am going to make people glad. What nobler mission can any man have? And what is the most effective method of giving joy? It can be explained in two words: Give praise. Hereafter I shall give praise wherever I may be. In the great trouble with most of us in this world is that we are slaves to formality. In future I shall not wait for an introduction to a lady in order to tell her she is adorable. Why should I? It is a waste of time to do so, and people who take such a course blind themselves to their opportunities."

With Addison Spriggs to think was to act. He put on his hat and started out to luncheon. In the elevator he turned to the young man who was handling the lever and said:

"Do you know that your face reminds me of the face of Napoleon? You have the splendidly formed nose and the square jaw of the great Corsican."

"Quit your kiddin'," replied the elevator man.

Where Spriggs ate the noon-day meal, which cost him 25 cents, a young woman with dark eyes and three-quarters of a pound of hair which had grown upon somebody else bent over him and sighed several weary sighs while she waited for his order.

"Here," thought Spriggs, "is a chance for me to gladden one whose life is a monotonous round of drudgery."

"Do you know," he asked, "that there is something about your face which reminds me of Aphrodite?"

"Where does she wait?" the lady in-

quired, as she began picking her teeth with a pin.

"You have studied Greek mythology, have you not?"

"Nix. I started to learn shorthand once, but I give it up because it made my head ache."

"Well, no matter," Spriggs gallantly declared; "you are very beautiful."

"There, there," the waitress answered, patting him on his bald spot;

several weeks. The glove counter was

presided over by a lady whose first ob-

ject in life seemed to be to permit

the world to know that she had splen-

did teeth.

"What size do you wear?" she

asked.

"I don't know," said Spriggs, smil-

ing at her in a kindly way. "Can you

take my measure?"

He seated himself and rested an el-

bow on the counter. The lady picked

out a pair of gloves and began trying

them on him.

"You have the most beautiful teeth

I have ever seen," Mr. Spriggs de-

clared.

"These won't do," the lady com-

plained. "Your knuckles are too big."

In a moment she returned with a

larger pair. While she was endeavor-

ing to get the good right hand of Ad-

dison Spriggs encased in dog skin he

smiled very kindly upon her and said:

"I wish I might come here every day

to buy gloves. Your dimples make

me glad."

She looked at the floor-walker who

stood behind Mr. Spriggs.

"May I tell you," Spriggs added,

"that you are the most beautiful crea-

ture it has ever been my pleasure to

behold?"

Then the floor-walker laid a heavy

hand upon Addison Spriggs, and a mo-

ment later women were fainting while

strong men were assisting in the de-

plorable business of flinging into the

street one who had recently decided

to become a joy-giver.

When Spriggs attempted to explain

the matter to two policemen who took

charge of him, one of them placed his

nose near the mouth of the altruist

and sniffed several times, after which

he turned to his fellow officer, shook

his head, and said a little sadly:

"Benny. That's all."

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"Then the Floor-Walker Laid a Heavy Hand Upon Addison Spriggs."

"get busy with your order. My feet

hurt."

After he had finished his meal

Spriggs had 20 minutes to spare, and

he decided to step into a department

store for the purpose of purchasing a

pair of gloves which he had needed for

several weeks. The glove counter was

presided over by a lady whose first ob-

ject in life seemed to be to permit

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A Wolf of Intellect

By Strickland W. Gilliland.

A long, low howl, ending in a staccato cough, echoed clear over seven sandhills and fell exhausted half way up the eighth. At the sound the broom grass shuddered and the polled Angus cattle turned pale.

For that call was from Hobo, king of the Alkali Steer Garden, which extended over a few billion acres of alternate bunch grass, desert, dogtooth and badlands, interspersed thickly with magazine writers. But where, all this time, was Hobo? Sitting comfortably on the very apex of a little hill, lock, sharply silhouetted against an imitation turquoise sky, but totally invisible. All who saw him thought he was a stone, though there wasn't a stone within six miles of there. But people are very accommodating, and will think many things to humor a

tello and died there in '95, so he contemptuously scratched a lot of 40-mule-team washing powder over the place where last the immigrant stepped while climbing aboard his prairie yacht, and resumed his calm trot for about 35 more miles, at which distance ten minutes later, he smelled iron and again the deadly man-smell. Amid the man-scents he detected some horse-scents, so he knew it was not a magazine-writer-about-animals, who was endeavoring to ensnare him.

He became once more wary and invisible. This time he was a pile of rusty tomato tins until he had thought it all out. The trap, he found, was six or seven miles away, at the furthest, so he must have a care—ah, Hobo have a care! The lives of such as you are beset with pitfalls!

Approaching by a circuitous route, swift as a ball-bearing submarine and silent as a pinch of jeweler's cotton dropping in a vat of bran-mash, Hobo went, guided by his unerring whiffer to the buried trap. It had been buried without disturbing in the least the surface of the ground, and baited with

limburger cheese, as a further disguise. But in spite of all these precautions, Hobo's stealthy cunning and the guardian angel of the wild things told him of danger's presence. Retreating 30 miles or so he found a bit of sage-brush, split it with his sharp teeth, fastened it on his nose so he could endure the awful man-smell, and coolly returned to the cove where the snare was. There, after a further reconnaissance, he ascertained that the trapper was a tall man with a slight front stoop but no veranda or pergola, a cat in his left eye and a strawberry mark on his right shoulder blade. Having learned which, Hobo dug down 15 feet to where his grandfather had told him of the burial of a mammoth's bones that he and his pack had picked and interred, selected a rib, touched off the steel trap with it and trotted to the far corner of the range, 62 miles distant as the crow flies.

After romping awhile with his cubs, for exercise, Hobo became a lump of turf and slept soundly until the falling night struck him in the small of the back and startled him to vigilance. Thus ended a quiet, uneventful day in the life of Hobo, king of the Alkali Steer Garden.

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"Suddenly He Stopped and Woofed."

writer. If anybody had accused him of being a wolf, he would have given the stony stare and the marble heart until the accuser would have begged pardon and acknowledged that Hobo was a mere lupine lithograph.

Having remained invisible as long as he could attract any attention by being so, and having glanced off several bullets directed against him while he was doing the graniteware impersonation, Hobo lifted up his real bristles, gave his tall permission to sag, and started off on a leisurely trot, not doing over a scant mile and a half per minute.

Suddenly he stopped and woofed. Hobo was a swell woofed. He could outwoof any other wolf in America.

Why had he woofed? He had smelled the terrible man-smell. A Mormon immigrant had camped there some time in the seventies, and could still be tracked easily. The aroma of his footprints were distinctly visible to the naked nose of a common animal with a bad cold, so what must it have been to Hobo, king of the Alkali Steer Garden, in the full flush of his manhood and perfect health? He was as keen a whiffer as he was a woofed.

Yet by pointing his muzzle hither and yonder to the four cardinal points, he discovered that the man had gone on to Utah, afterward moved to Poca-

Cupid came in softly and sat down quietly. Depositing his quiver on the floor—within easy reach—he looked at her curiously.

No, he hadn't made a mistake. She was certainly a wonderfully pretty girl.

"I hope," he said, "that I am not intruding?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "I beg that you will make yourself at home. You will find a cigarette on the table."

"Thanks; I don't smoke."

There was a considerable silence. She was busy before the mirror in putting on her hair. She had lovely hair of her own, but in accordance with the modern custom, she was reinforcing it with foreign material. Cupid was plainly embarrassed.

"I was in hopes," he said at last, "that you might be interested in some of my wares. I have a nice line."

"Of what?"

"Oh, of thrills, of ecstasies, of heart-burnings."

"Indeed, I am sorry that to-day—"

"Well, then, possibly some other day, when you have more time. Couldn't I make an appointment with you?"

She turned slowly. She was polite, but firm.

"My time is extremely limited. I am going out to a bridge party now, and I am already late. You see I am on the rush—"

"Wouldn't it pay you to give up a little leisure to romance?"

"Romance! Dear me, how impertinent you are. Don't you know that that has gone out?"

"But—"

"Really, you must excuse me. My time is so valuable, that I am obliged to consider every moment. You see I play golf, motor, travel, read the latest trash, and keep up my bridge game—"

Fruitless

By Thomas L. Masson.

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"Really, you must excuse me. My time is so valuable, that I am obliged to consider every moment. You see I play golf, motor, travel, read the latest trash, and keep up my bridge game—"

If I didn't, you know, I would lose so much as to bankrupt papa—and romance of any sort is something that I couldn't consider. But—"

She swept by him on her way to the door.

"You might step into the next room. There is someone in there who might be interested."

Cupid was desperate. He had been making calls all day, always with the

same result. No one wanted to look at his wares. All were too busy.

"Thank you," he said, eagerly. "I will go in there. By the way, who is this person?"

And she smiled back over her shoulder, as she hurried down the stair.

"Dear old grandmamma. She still cherishes her illusions, you know."

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"She Swept by Him on Her Way to the Door."

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Although the indisposition of the pope continues the attending physicians maintain that his holiness will be entirely recovered in a few days.

It is now understood that Rear-Admiral Sperry will file his application for relief from the command of the Atlantic battleship fleet with the next administration.

While sitting in a pew at the Bible class exercises of a Philadelphia church Samuel M. Burnett, a wealthy retired carpet manufacturer, died of heart disease.

The Russian government has sent a telegram to the Serbian government counseling Serbia to renounce all territorial claims and await the decision of the powers.

Hayes and Dorando will meet for their third race over the Marathon distance on March 15, in Madison Square Garden, New York. Hayes believes he can turn the tables on his rival.

Mrs. John Carter Brown of Providence, said to be one of the richest widows in America, died at her summer residence on Bellevue avenue in Newport, R. I., after a long illness.

Because she was forbidden by her father to associate with a boy with whom she had fallen in love, 15-year-old Eleanor Fink of Philadelphia committed suicide by drinking poison.

Blanche Walsh, the actress, who has been confined in a hospital in Kansas City more than a month, suffering from a severe attack of stomach trouble, has left the hospital and will go to New York next week.

The annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the year, 1908, shows a decrease in gross earnings compared with the preceding year, of \$52,446,722, and a decrease in net earnings of \$7,436,297.

Judge John K. Richards, United States circuit court of appeals, died at his home in Cincinnati, O., of Bright's disease, aged 53 years. He was solicitor general of the United States under President McKinley from 1897 to 1903.

Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to Germany, conferred upon Herr von Schoen, the German foreign minister, the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, as an indication of France's satisfaction over the Franco-German agreement on Morocco.

A \$50,000 monument in memory of President James A. Garfield is proposed in a bill introduced by Representative Langley of Kentucky. The measure provides that the monument shall be erected on or near the Middle Creek battlefield in Floyd county, Kentucky.

Jean Mattis, the waiter who last Christmas attacked President Fallieres of France and tried to pull his beard, was tried and convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, the imprisonment to be followed by five years' banishment from the boundaries of Paris.

Iowans in Chicago have started a movement to augment the fund piling up for the erection of a substantial monument to the late William B. Allison, former pastor of the United States senate. The legislature and congress has also made an appropriation for a suitable memorial to be erected in Washington.

PILLSBURY PLANS APPROVED.

English Debenture Holders in Favor of Reorganization of Company.

London, Mar. 2.—At a meeting held here yesterday of the debenture holders of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Company of Minneapolis, the plan of reorganization was approved. The reorganization is to be carried out through the medium of an operating company to be formed at Minneapolis. The reorganization proposal was agreed to by the English shareholders of the company last December.

Flood Danger Is Over. Cincinnati, March 1.—So far as this city is concerned, the flood conditions experienced for the last week are over, the stage of the river at seven o'clock last night being 54.5 and gradually receding at the rate of one-tenth of a foot an hour.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Mar. 2.	
LIVE STOCK—Steers	85 25 92 7 15
Hogs	7 15 92 7 50
Sheep	4 20 92 6 25
WHEAT—Winter Straight	5 35 92 5 50
WHEAT—May	1 20 92 1 25
July	1 25 92 1 30
RYE—No. 2 Western	84 92 86
BUTTER—Creamery	18 92 19
EAGS	22 92 23
CHEESE	11 92 10 1/2

CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Fancy Steers	85 00 92 1 10
Medium to Good Steers	5 25 92 5 75
Cows, Plain to Fancy	3 40 92 3 50
Calves, Feeder	3 75 92 3 50
HOGS—Heavy Packers	6 20 92 6 45
Heavy Butchers	6 15 92 6 40
Pigs	4 50 92 4 10
BUTTER—Creamery	22 92 23
Dairy	19 25 92 20