

# With the World's Great Humorists

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

## A Charming Old Gentleman

By W. J. LAMPTON.

He was a charming old gentleman, member meeting Adam for example. It was shortly after he had given up his country place at Eden and moved to town.

We said there was some room yet in the world for that type of man.

"Speaking of types," chirruped the old gentleman, "reminds me of a call I made on President Roosevelt a few days before he retired from office. I told him I thought he was the typical American."

"Typical I may be, old chap," he responded in that manner which has so endeared him to his enemies, "but I'm not the kind of type that is easy to set."

We remarked upon Mr. Roosevelt's broad knowledge which included even printers' terms and added mildly that he was strenuous.

"Speaking of the strenuous," the old gentleman followed glibly, "reminds me of what Julius Caesar said to me on one occasion. It was in Rome and he was looking out for No. 1 in his usual vigorous manner. I asked him why he had crossed the Rubicon.

"By Jove," he said with a snap, "I crossed it because it was too far to go around. See?"

We ventured the suggestion that Napoleon might have said the same of the Alps.

"Speaking of Napoleon," the old gentleman broke right in: "now there was a man. I recall meeting him on his return from Elba.

"Hello, sire," I said familiarly, "for I had known him as a boy in Corsica, you didn't like it on the snug little Isle, did you?"

"No, colonel," he replied with that perfect candor which characterized all his utterances on important questions,



"A Dissertation on Prehistoric Man."

on prehistoric man. When the professor had departed the old gentleman heaved a sigh of relief.

"Prehistoric man," he said to us cheerfully, "does not interest me at all. What I like are living men, or, at least, those who may, in comparison with the professor's acquaintances, be called modern. Now I quite well re-

'I didn't. There wasn't Elba room for me there and I left the island.' In somewhat sly fashion I smiled at his wit.

"Oh, that's all right," he laughed. "I didn't have to leave it. It wasn't so big that I couldn't have brought it away with me, but I had no further use for it."

We said that Bonaparte was politic. "Speaking of politics," the old gentleman garruled on, "reminds me of a question I once asked George Washington. He had served his two terms as president and had retired to Mount Vernon, where I dined with him one Sunday.

"General," I said to him as we sat on the broad verandah overlooking the Potomac drinking mint juleps that were pure nectar, "did you really chop down the cherry tree?"

"Don't ask me, my dear fellow," he begged. "Once I might have been unable to tell a lie, but I've been in politics a whole lot since that time."

We intimated that Washington was a careful man.

"Speaking of careful men," the old gentleman came up promptly, "reminds me of an experience I had not long since with Mark Twain. He was smoking one of my 25-cent cigars at the time. I made a remark for the express purpose of drawing a flash of his brilliant humor. He did not respond in words, but winked slyly.

"I catch on," he said nodding and rubbing his hands, "but I won't say what you want me to. I'll write it and get my established rate for it."

We intimated firmly but gently that Mr. Clemens was becoming quite thrifty with age.

"Speaking of age," chattered the old gentleman, "reminds me of a story Chauncey Depew told me the other— (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

"German? Huh? Say, is that it? And that orchestra piece I thought was a waltz was a valse?"

"I'm glad to know I was sober all that time, anyway," spoke up the other drummer with a sigh of relief. "The only German word I ever did know is 'gesundheit,' and I don't know what that one means."

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## Two Strangers Attend a Show

By FRED C. KELLY.

And now we come to the case of the two drummers. These drummers started to stroll up the street from their hotel one Sunday evening, wondering if it might be possible to find entertainment in a lid-on town.

They hadn't strolled far from the hotel until they found themselves in front of a vaudeville house.

"Well, well," observed one of the drummers, gleefully, "here's just what we're looking for—a good show. Somehow I'd got it into my head that there weren't any shows running here on Sunday, but I'm glad I was mistaken. This looks good to me."

The other drummer said a show would just about hit him, too. They bought seats about half way down.

The orchestra was playing a fuzzy waltz tune when they got seated that neither of them had heard before. "They're handing us out some brand new stuff, anyway," remarked drummer No. 1. "They don't just play 'The Merry Widow' waltz, like they do in New York. Wish I'd thought to get a program when we came in, though, to see what it is they're giving us."

Then the curtain went up and a lot of people came out and began to sing.

"Funny," observed drummer No. 2, "but I can't understand a word they say. Queer thing about songs. A fellow can't catch the words."

By and by a comedian tripped in and got off something. The audience nearly hurt itself laughing.

But the drummers couldn't catch the joke. And if there's anything that makes a man sore it's to have a crowd laughing at something he's missed.

"We didn't get our seats far enough to the front," complained one drummer, irritably. "I couldn't get what that duck said at all."

"Naw," snapped his companion. "The fact is, I haven't caught a word that's been said. Certainly is a rotten show."

"Suppose we sneak out," suggested the other drummer. "I never tried to

## Why Is a Plumber's Bill?

By J. W. FOLEY.

The plumber had a rush order for 9 a.m. at No. 3343 Elm street. There was a leak in the water supply pipe to the kitchen sink.

"There is no hurry," he observed to the helper, "for our time is going just the same."

The helper checked his pace to accord with the plumber's, for he was a very young man and enthusiastic.

"I wonder if I forgot that small wrench," mused the plumber, as they neared No. 3343.

"Let's look in the kit," suggested the helper. "If it's not there, I'll hurry right back and get it."

The plumber frowned. "How many times have I told you to cut out that word 'Hurry'?" he said crossly.

"I forgot," explained the helper in an apologetic tone.

Eventually they reached the back door of No. 3343 and the maid admitted them. "The water's leaking

right over my floor," she explained in some anxiety. She said "my" floor because she was the maid and it was hers for that week, anyway.

The plumber, apparently, was not much interested, for he filled his pipe and lighted a little fire in a kettle he carried in his hand. Over the top of the fire he placed a number of tongs and pincers. Then he lighted his pipe and leaned over the kitchen table, where the sporting page had been used as a table cover.

"Young Jenkins'll put out 'Sliver' Jones in two rounds," he observed to the helper, while the maid put another dish towel compress on the leaky pipe.

"The leak's getting bigger," said the maid.

"Of course it is," agreed the plumber. "They always do."

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

"What Do You Get for Plumbing?" Asked the Maid Timidly.

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"You Had Your Nervous with You."

sit through such a fierce show. The jokes are so involved you can't even spot an old one."

A moment later they filed out to the box office.

"That's hot show, I don't think."

## ON PROMENADE



## THE ONLOOKER

W. BURD NESBIT.

## THE PLEECEMAN



The Pleeceman that owns all our street  
From our schoolhouse to Perkins' store  
An' watches ev'ryone he will meet—  
I'm not afraid of him no more!

An' he's as big!—the Pleeceman is—  
He's big as G'lia, an' he's got  
A great big club that he could whiz  
Right on your head as like as not.

W'y yesterday I runned away—  
Or wanted to—until I crossed  
That street where all the railroads stay.

An' first thing that I know I'm lost!  
An' so I cried, but just bucause  
I'm sorry for my mamma then—  
She's feel so bad if Santa Claus  
Don't find me when he comes again.

An' just right while I'm cryin' there,  
W'y that big Pleeceman come, he did.

An' laugh an' say that he declare  
If here ain't Mister Wilton's kid!  
An' I was scared! But he took hold  
My hand an' said I was the beat!

My hand an' said I was the beat!  
An' then he walked on, an' he told  
Some stories, till we found our street.

The Pleeceman he has eyes that squinch  
All up in wrinkles when he grins,  
An' he just put my head an' pinch  
My cheeks—An' he's got two-three chins!

An' you can't 'imagine, but it's true,  
For long I wasn't afraid, an' then  
I notice him until I knew  
That Pleecemans is the same as men!

So when my mamma see me, w'y  
She hug me up as close an' tight,  
An' that big Pleeceman say: "Good-by,  
I've kids at home, mun; it's all right."

So now I'm not afraid to walk  
Up to him like I was before  
An' say "How-do," an' almost talk!  
I'm not afraid of him no more.

Answer to the Anxious.

Amos K.—You are wrong in thinking that because the beans came up on the stems you had planted them upside down. A bean knows its business. Once planted it starts its roots and then comes to the surface to see what growing facilities are provided above. Quite pushing the beans back into the ground.

You ask what to do with your wife's rubber plant, which has been broken in moving to the new house. We would suggest that you take it to an auto tire shop and have it vulcanized at the fracture.

Pe plant is still raised in the old way. We had not heard that Mr. Burbank had crossed it with the strawberry and evolved a shortcake plant.

Yes, maple trees can be raised from the seed. Plant one in a hill thirty feet apart. You should have a fine shade in a century.

Certainly, set your egg plants beside the hen coop if you wish.

### Divorce Statistics.

"You have done a good day's work," says the chief as the census enumerator comes in with an arm load of blanks and other things. "With a few more such men as you we could get the divorce statistics compiled inside of a month."

"Maybe so," replied the enumerator, weary, "but you'll have to have about ten thousand more, if that's what you mean by a few."

"How's that?"

"All these documents are on one case."

"One?"

"Yes. They represent information I got from Miss Amazalia Flipflash, the well-known soubrette, as to her matrimonial ventures. And here," he produced a large bundle of photographs, "here are 50 pictures of her in costume that she gave me, thinking we were to illustrate our report."

### The Result.

"If a man lays brick for three days," says the teacher, "at \$2 a day, and another man carries mortar to him at \$1.35 a day during that time, what do they make?"

"They make the union send a walking delegate to strike the job," answers the little boy whose papa has had some experience along those lines.

### The Present Stage.

The water wagon rolls along  
With just a man or two beside it,  
The water wagon now is full—  
And so are those who used to ride it.

Melvin Nesbit.

rests slightly on the ground all round. Two folds are arranged on each shoulder, and brought slightly toward the plastron, both front and back. The reverses are trimmed with braid, and edged with braid fringe. The sleeves are tucked silk forms the yoke, and plain silk slightly tucked is used for the deep cuff edged with frilling.

Hat of stretched satin trimmed with roses and ribbon.

Materials required: Eight yards cashmere 48 inches wide, four dozen buttons, three yards ball fringe, one-half dozen yards braid, two yards silk, 1½ yards satin.

Paris Adopts Tailored Hats.

The chapeau tailleur is having an astonishing vogue in Paris. So great is the demand for this particular kind of headgear that the leading Paris designers and even those whose specialty until now has been the elaborate hat exclusively do not disdain to devote some of their attention to it.

Vogue.

Parisian Tailored Hats.

The new sailor has a low, broad crown, with a wide brim a little wider at one side than the other, the sides curling up very slightly.

The New Sailor.

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