

# 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, full of anecdote and reminiscence, and so eager to talk that he was almost garrulous. Less elderly persons are sometimes so. He had come to our editorial sanctum with a letter from a friend and we had introduced him there to a professor of anthropology who had, without provocation, treated him to a dissertation



"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-

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," chirped 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 saug little isle, did you?"

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

"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 polite. "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—"

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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

observed one of the pair, sarcastically, as he stuck his head through the window at the ticket seller. "You had your nerve with you to sell a fellow a ticket for that."

"Don't you care for German opera?" inquired the man with a grin.

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

"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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## 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 on 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

When he had finished with the sporting page he opened the kit.

"It ain't here," he observed. "What?" said the helper.

"The small wrench," said the plumber.

"We've got an adjustable wrench in the cellar that will fit any pipe," said the maid gladly. The plumber checked her with a dark frown. "I can't put none but my own tools on the job," he said sternly. "Go back to the shop and bring the little wrench, Jimmy."

The helper started on the run for the door.

"Jimmy!"

The plumber's tone was ominous. Jimmy reduced his speed to plumber's rates.

The plumber blew up his fire and found a pink sheet in the coal scuttle. He moved a chair over by the stove and read placidly. The drip of water did not disturb him for he was used to it.

"What do you get for plumbing?" said the maid timidly.

"Seventy cents an hour," responded the plumber gruffly.

"And for waiting?" suggested the maid.

The plumber scowled. "I ain't waiting here because I want to," he muttered. "I'm waiting because I have to. The kid forgot some of my tools."

The kitchen clock ticked off the minutes at a little over a cent apiece. The maid wrung out another dish towel with which to poltice the leak.

The plumber yawned and dropped the pink sheet. Then he knocked out his pipe on the floor.

"Would you like to look at the leak?" inquired the maid.

"Naw," said the plumber. "I've seen more'n a million leaks. I've stopped more'n a million of 'em, too."

"Absent treatment?" suggested the maid, who was a pert thing.

Jimmy returned with the wrench at 11:45. The plumber took it leisurely, gave the pipe a twist, dabbed on some solder and sizzled it with a hot iron.

Then he spilled some bits of hot solder on the floor and stepped on them for the maid's benefit.

Jimmy gathered up the paraphernalia and they started back for the shop.

When the bill went in it read:

5 hours' services, plumber... \$3.50  
5 hours' services, helper... 1.25  
Solder..... .05

Total..... \$4.80

"You're a lucky kid, Jimmy," said the plumber on the way back to the shop. "There ain't many kids got the chance you have—to be a plumber."

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

all 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 Jenks'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."



"You Had Your Nerve 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 a hot show, I don't think,"

# ON PROMENADE



THE first sketch shows a smart costume in navy blue face cloth. The skirt has a wrapped seam down each side of front; it is trimmed at the lower part by straps of material with pointed ends, below two tucks are made, and at the other part there are three tucks. The coat is tight-fitting, and has cut away fronts; it is trimmed with braid and buttons; the edge is braided, so also is the waistcoat. Velvet is used for the collar. Hat of straw, trimmed with ribbon.

Material required: eight yards cloth 46 inches wide, three dozen buttons, one-fourth yard velvet, one dozen yards braid, four yards coat lining.

The second would be very handsome made up in oak-apple brown chiffon cloth; the skirt is quite plain, and is cut at the foot so that it hangs in graceful folds. The coat has a waistcoat of embroidered lace, also a panel of it down center of back and each side of front; the back fits tightly and the fronts are semi-fitting; buttons and cords are sewn on either side of waistcoat, also on panel at back. The long, tight-fitting sleeves are trimmed with strips of lace at the wrist. Hat of coarse straw to match, trimmed with roses and a feather.

Materials required: Eight yards cloth 28 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards of embroidered lace, 1 1/2 yard braid, one dozen buttons, 5 1/2 yards lining for coat.

## SUITABLE IN MANY SHADES THE IDEAL IN BABY BASKET.

Graceful Gown of Cashmere That Would Be Appropriate in Almost All Season's Colors.

Of Wicker, Lined with Mercerized Satine and Covered with Paris Muslin.

Alligator-gray is the color chosen for this graceful gown, but it would look well in many of the beautiful shades there are to be had this season. The plastron down center of front and back is trimmed each side with satin covered buttons to match, the other part of skirt is plain, and

A fascinating baby basket just made for a young mother was of wicker, shallow and oblong. It was lined with mercerized satine, pink, of high luster, and covered with Paris muslin, which is as dainty looking as organdie and much more durable.

The pink lining was put in plain, but the muslin was gathered slightly at top and bottom of the sides, the bottom being plain. Double strips of inch-wide valenciennes insertion were arranged across the bottom to form a diamond.

Along each side were pockets of the muslin gathered at the top on an elastic and edged with narrow lace. The fronts of the pockets as well as of the long pin cushion across one end and the equally long, stiffened cover with leaves of flannel underneath to hold safety pins at the other end were also striped with insertion in diamond effect.

Where each pocket and cushion joined the basket the sewing was concealed under fluffy rosettes of pink baby ribbon.

The ruffle that fell over the sides was made of straight strips of the Paris muslin, with an inch-wide hem at the bottom, and above it eighth of an inch tucks a half inch apart, with baby ribbon sewed between each tuck. The ribbon was put on plain, though it would have been equally pretty if a width wider ribbon was used and gathered at the upper edge.

Oriental Silks.

Oriental silks have a way of coming in on the market and meeting with popular favor because of their genuine oddity among fabrics. They are always sought by persons who look for the exclusive patterns and this is possible among oriental silks where two patterns may be alike, but of different colors. The trimmings for such are plain silks, soutache and crochet buttons. One of the dashing dresses constructed of this material was a brick red, with clouded effect. It was trimmed with black-red grosgrain silk and an edging of black soutache in sawtooth fashion for bands. The dress was a very good example of what can be produced with a foreign silk.

Lingerie Bag.

A pretty summer fashion is the Lingerie Dorothy bag. Dainty little bags of open-work embroidery of the broderie Anglaise order, with linings in delicate shades of pink, primrose, blue, green or mauve and ribbon handles to match, will be carried.

The color chosen for the lining will be repeated in the draped ceinture round the waist, the ribbon on the lingerie hat and the bows of the sun shade.

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.

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.

The New Sailor.

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.

# THE ONLOOKER

# THE PLEECEMAN



The Pleeceman that owns all our street From our schoolhouse to Perkins store An' watches ever-one 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 rumed 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 because 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, An' 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 best! 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 pat my head an' pinch My cheeks—An' he's got two-three chins! An' you can't 'magine, but it's true, 'Fore long I wasn't 'traid, 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, mum; 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. Quit 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.

Pie 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 of 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, wearily, "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 Amazalla Flpflash, 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.

W. G. Chesbit.