

# WIT

OF THE WORLD



AUGUST 1925

25 CENTS

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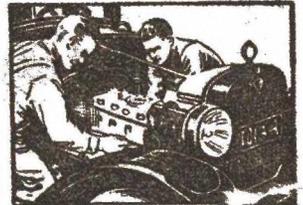
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With my Course I give you FREE a whole set of tools and measuring instruments and complete outfits of experimental, electric lighting and electric power apparatus.



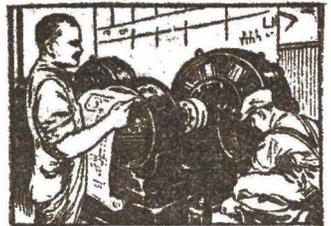
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# WIT'S COVER CONTEST

**"WIT OF THE WORLD" will pay \$500  
for the best Title for the Cover on this Issue**

## CONDITIONS

*(Read Carefully)*

By "best" title we mean the title which, in the opinion of the editorial staff of WIT, is the cleverest, funniest and briefest.

The contest closes at noon on August 5th, and all titles received after that time will be thrown out.

You may send in as many titles as you wish

## **BUT EACH ONE MUST BE WRITTEN ON A POSTAL CARD**

Titles may be original or may be quotations from some well-known author.

Should two or more persons submit the same winning title, each one will be awarded the full amount of the prize.

The winner will be announced in the October issue of WIT OF THE WORLD, which appears on the news-stands September 10th.

Members of WIT's editorial staff are not permitted to compete.

All titles should be addressed to "WIT OF THE WORLD Cover Contest," 627 W. 43d Street, New York City.

Contest closes August 5th.

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## **ANOTHER \$500 COVER CONTEST NEXT MONTH!**

**Four Cash Prizes in the September Issue!**

**WATCH *for* WIT!**

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# WOT

## OF THE WORLD

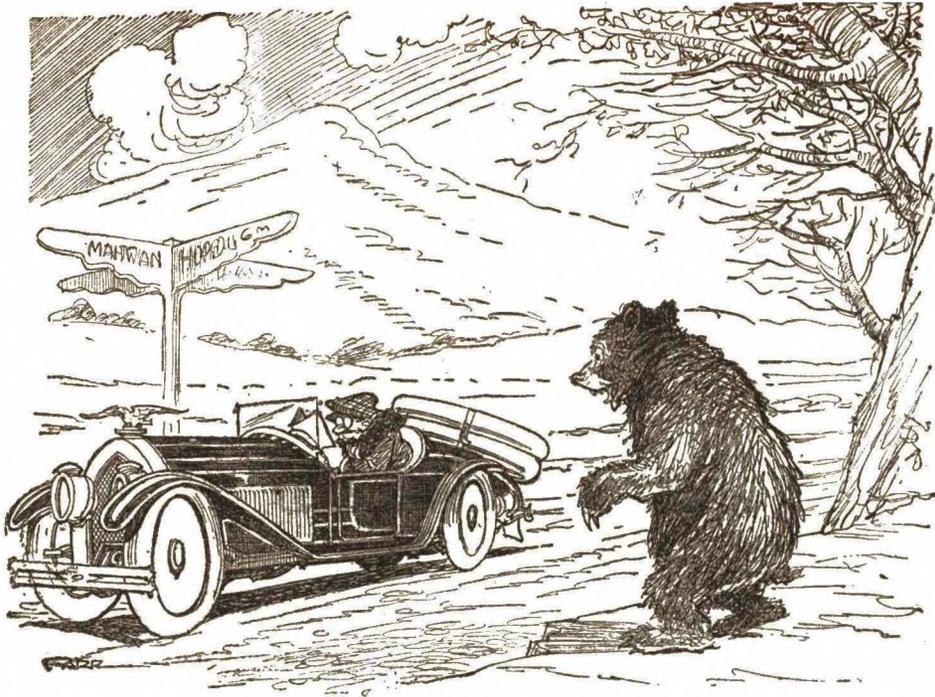
Edited by Norman Anthony

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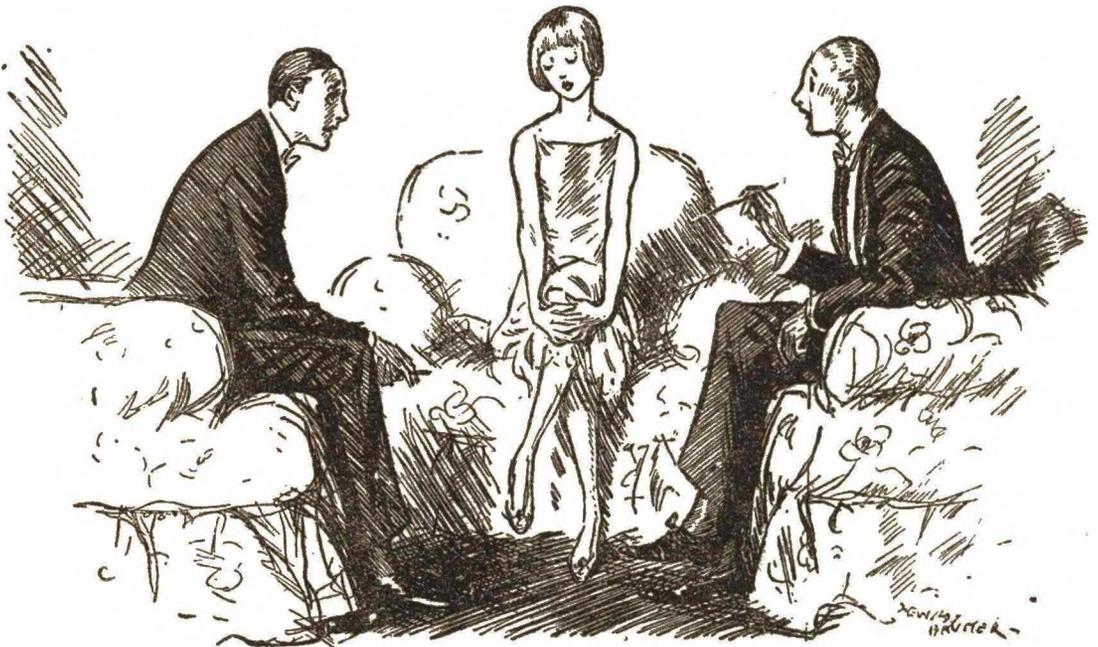


*Child (after vain attempts to reach mother's skirt)—  
Well, thank goodness for dad's trousers, anyway.  
—Passing Show (London)*



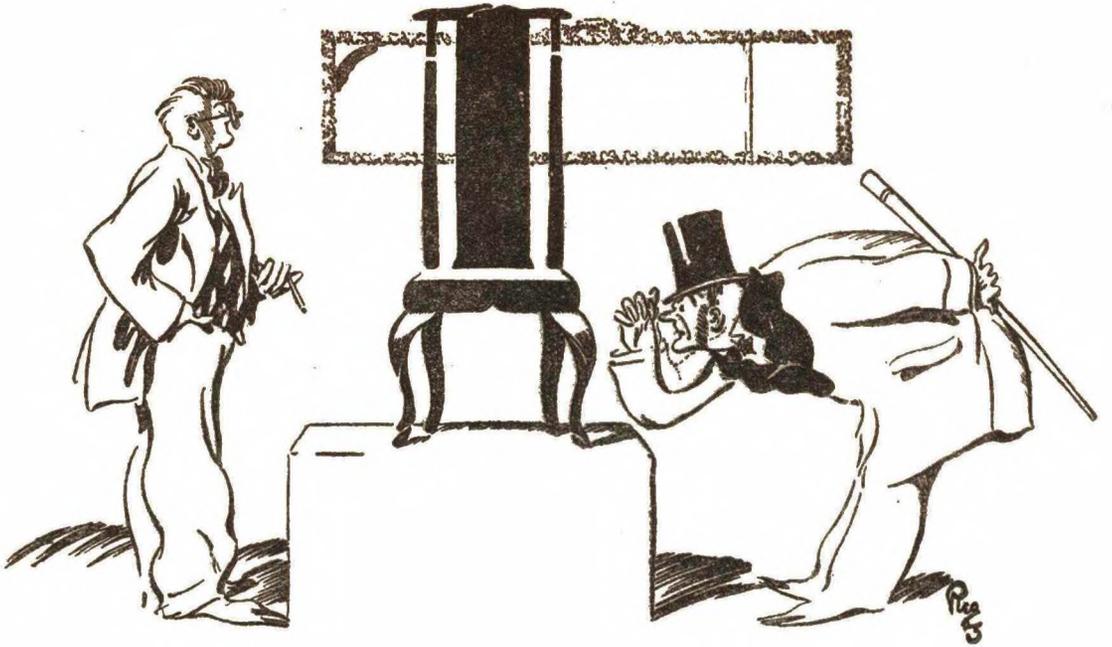
*Tourist*—Let's see—the road book says, "Bear left."

—*Judge*

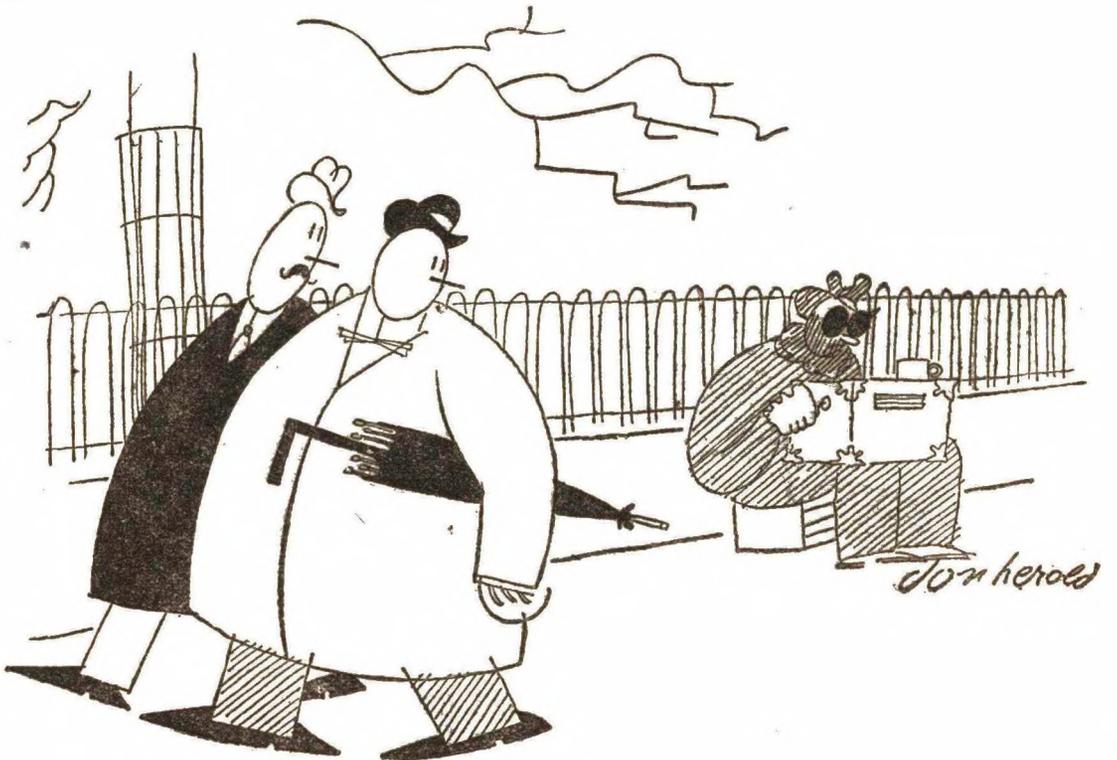


### MANNERS AND MODES

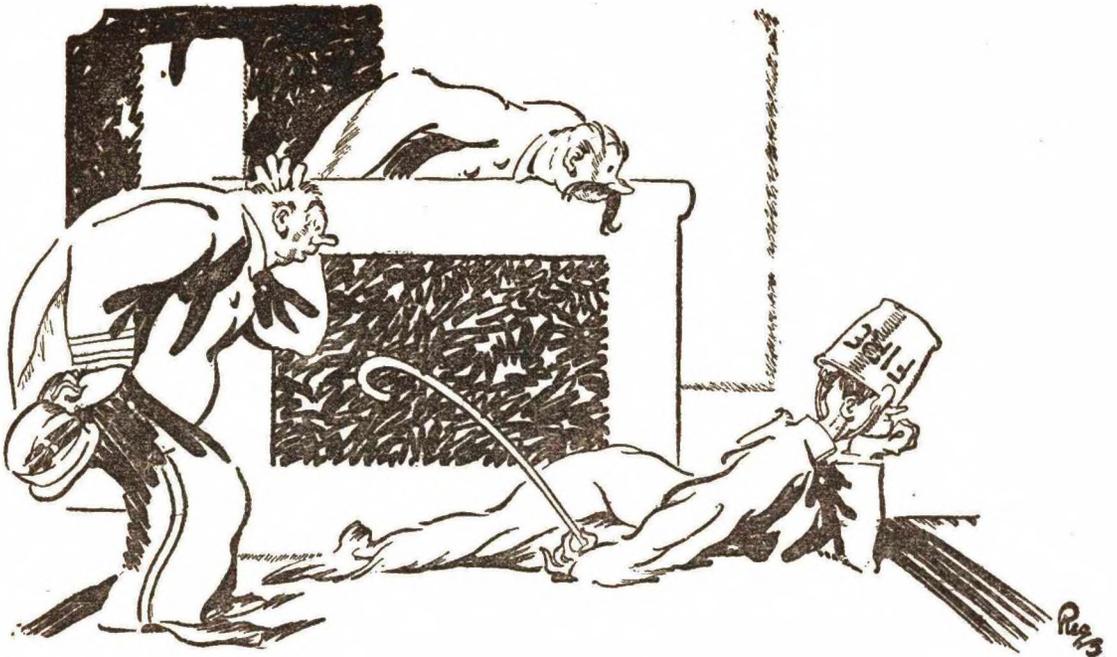
*Youth*—I say, old man, you *might* stop talking while I'm proposing.—*Punch*



"Genuine Queen Anne, sir. Note the leg."  
"Ah, yes—but I never really knew the Queen, you know."—*The New Yorker*



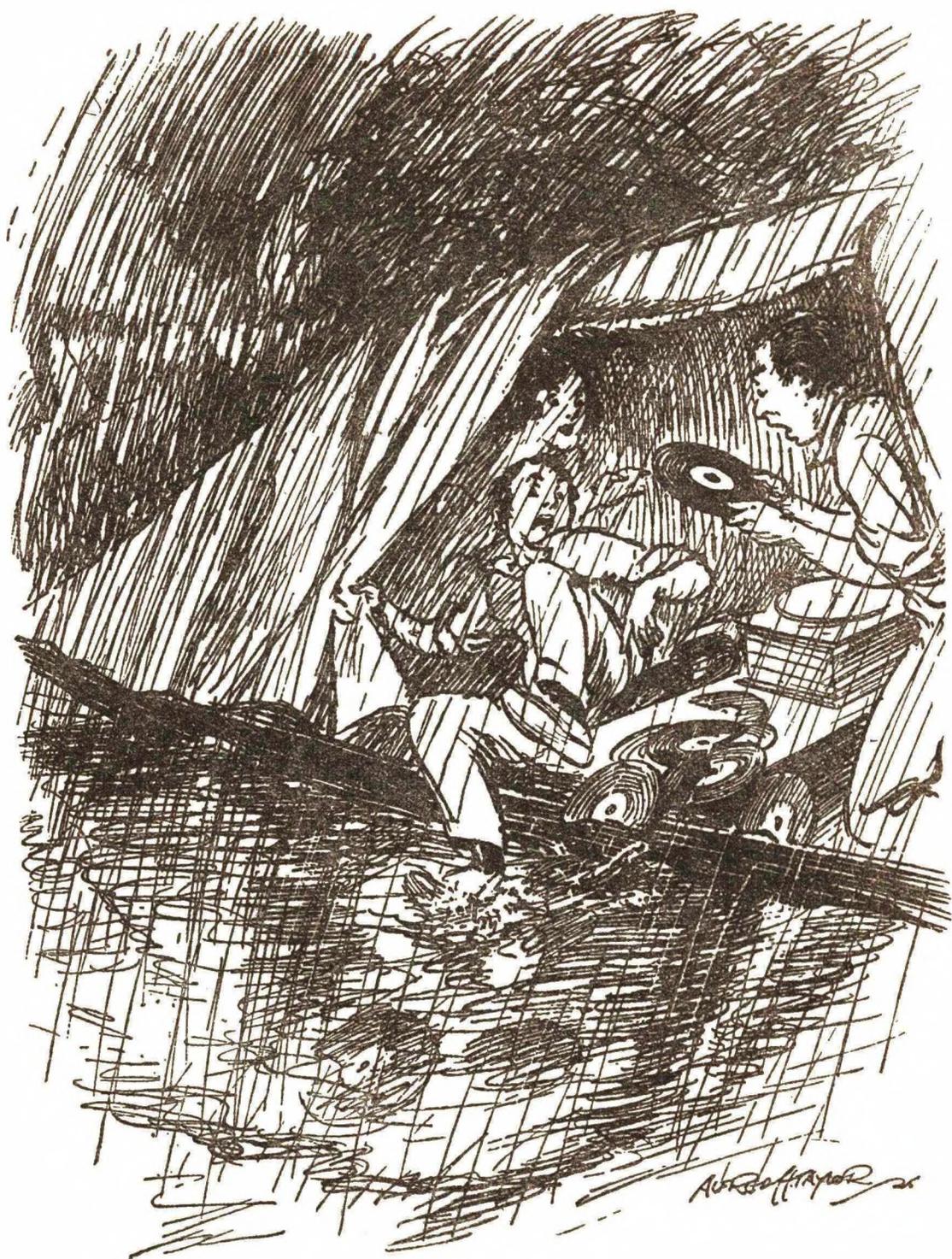
"He may be a good blind man, but he's a darned poor musician."—*Judge*



“What’s th’ drunk’s name, Reilly?”  
 “Dunno, serjeant. He claims he’s an unidentified  
 body!”—*The New Yorker*



**THESE BACHELOR GIRLS**  
*Cecilia*—Why did you marry George after all?  
*Betty*—Well, you see, dear, we were engaged for  
 five years and got tired of being so much together.  
 —*Bystander*

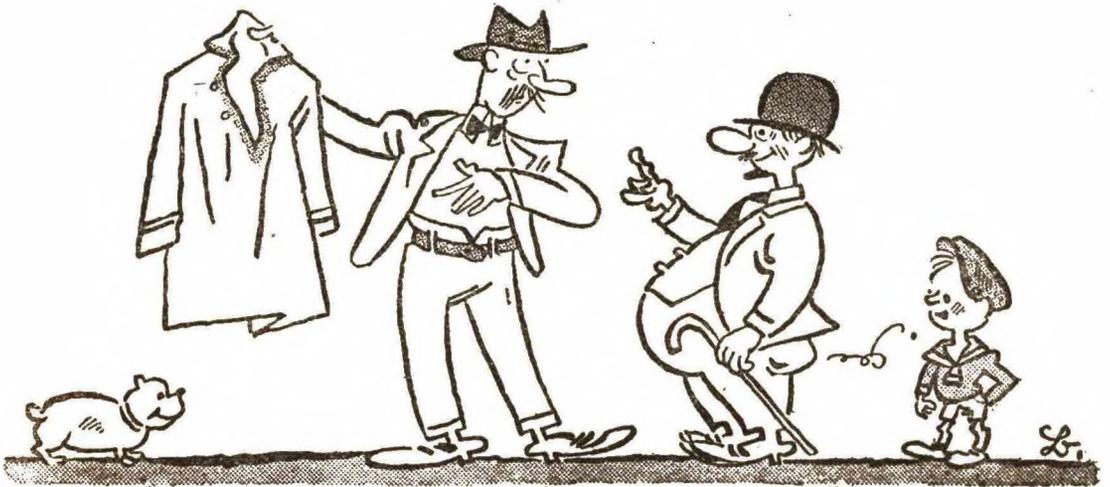


"The only bally record you haven't broken—'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More!'"—*Gaiety*



*Enamoured Person*—I've given up all my square meals and have eaten nothing but nuts and fruit just to please you, and yet you're not satisfied.

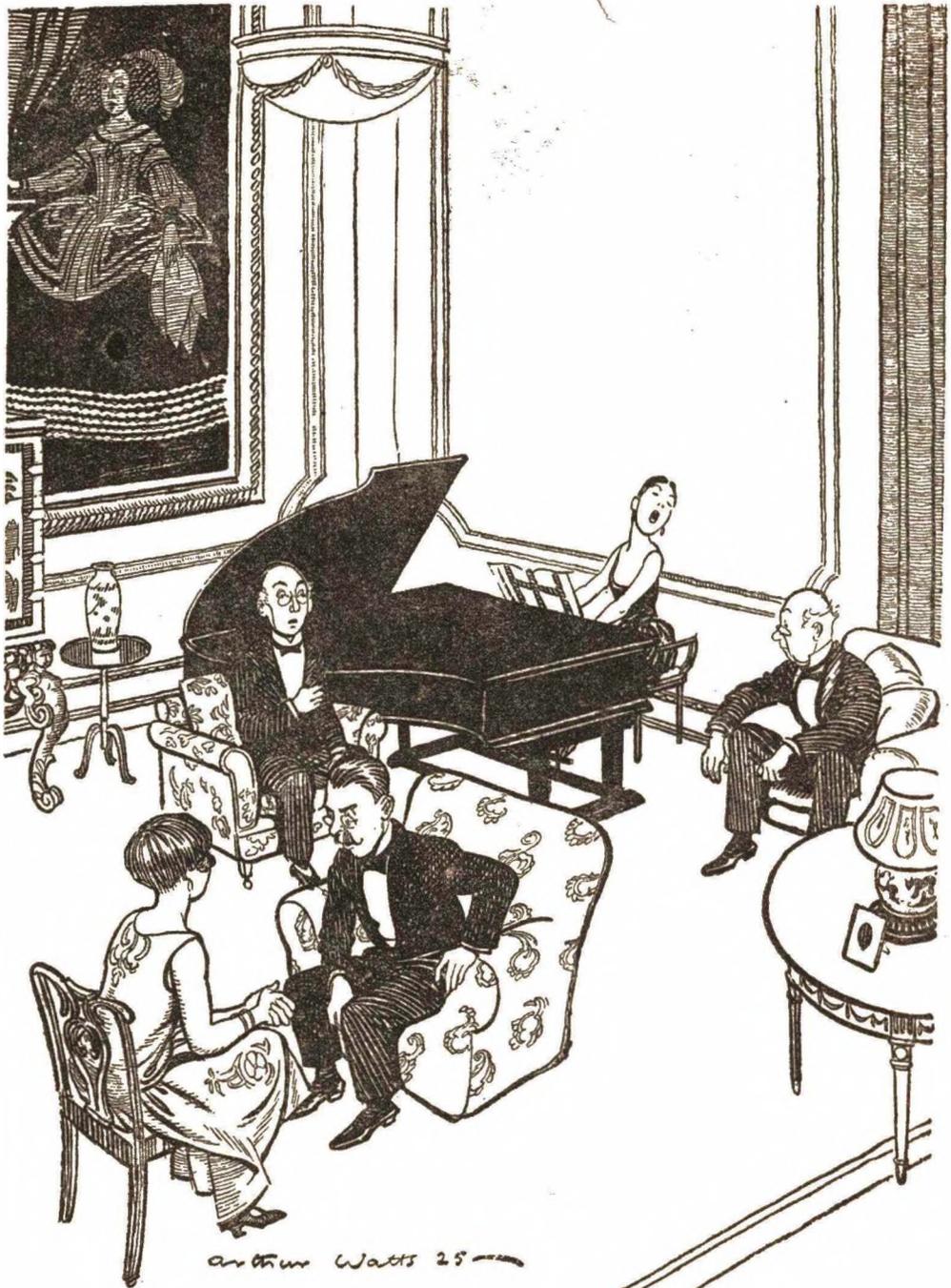
*Vegetarian Young Woman*—I know, I know. But you still look so meaty.—*Punch*



"Well, Mr. Meyer, why do you want to sell your nightshirt?"

"Because I have got a job as a night-watchman."

—*Der Brummer (Berlin)*



"I wonder why Miss Screech always shuts her eyes when she's singing."

"I suppose she doesn't like to see us suffering!"

—*The Humorist*



"Have you a good part in the film?"

"Yes. In the first reel I drink two glasses of champagne, and in the last I laugh sardonically."

—*Humoristen (Christiania)*



"It was a sad thing that your wife fell over a banana-skin!"

"Yes—they took her into a hat shop."

—*Karikaturen, Oslo.*

### MAIDEN

I have found laughter,  
I have found woe,  
As I trudge on  
With the breezes that blow.

I have found heaven,  
I have found hell  
Here in the ways  
Where we weak mortals dwell.

I hear you asking  
What I'm speaking of;  
I have found heaven  
And hell—I'm in love!

—*Judge*



*Burglar*—If you so much as moves I'll squeeze the life out of you.

*Spinster*—Now don't forget—that's a promise.

—*London Mail*

*Teacher*—Why do you always add up wrongly?

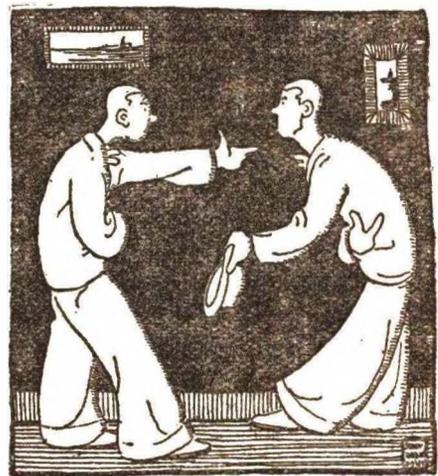
*Scholar*—I don't know!

"Does any one help you?"

"Yes, my father!"

"What is he?"

"A waiter!"—*Vikingen, Oslo.*



*He*—Come, Alexander, wouldst play a game of charades?

*Man*—Now, Edgerton, you know I detest exhibitions of brute strength.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

A freshman from the Amazon  
Put nighties of his gramazon;

The reason's that

He was too fat

To get his own pajamazon.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*



"The Professor has gone back to Switzerland for his lungs."

"Dear old man! Just the same as ever. Always leaving things behind."—*Gaiety*

You go into the hallway,  
And there you take her hand.  
Ain't that a h— of an evening  
For a great big healthy man?  
—*New York Medley*

*Diner (who has sent for the manager)*  
—Look here, sir; I have a very serious complaint—

*Manager*—Pardon me, sir. This is a restaurant, not a nursing home!

—*Tit-Bits*

*First Stew (playing poker)*—Raise y' ten.

*Second Stew*—Aw right, whatcha got?

"Queens."

"How many?"

"One."

"She's good."

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*

"Women are wearing their stockings in sausage fashion now."

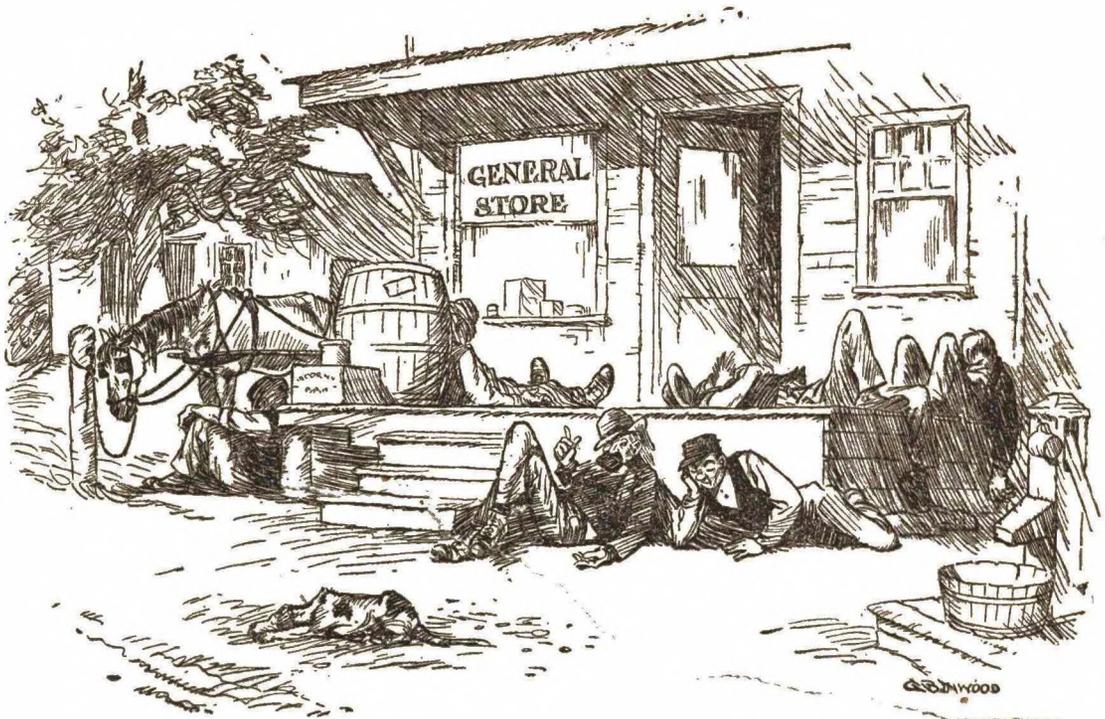
"Below knees."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



"My gracious! You speak very lightly, sir."

"What can you expect, madam? I do not know how to weigh my words."—*Le Journal Amusant*



"It's gover'ment corruption, nothin' else that's the cause of all this unrest."—*Judge.*

"What does she want a divorce for? Isn't Billy good to her?"

"Oh, yes; but her cook doesn't like him."—*Sydney Bulletin (Australia)*

*Mrs.*—Don't forget the pine-needle pillow for baby.

*Mr.*—But won't that make it balsam at night?—*Williams Purple Cow*



"Picture me," she cried, "in your arms."

And so he framed her.—*Ski-U-Mah*

"What's the matter—engine trouble?"

"Nope! Heart trouble!"  
—*De Pauw Yellow Crab*



"I hear your father has become a prohibition officer."

"Yeah, the stuff got too expensive to buy."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*



"And can you serve company?"

"Yes, mum; both ways."

"Both ways?"

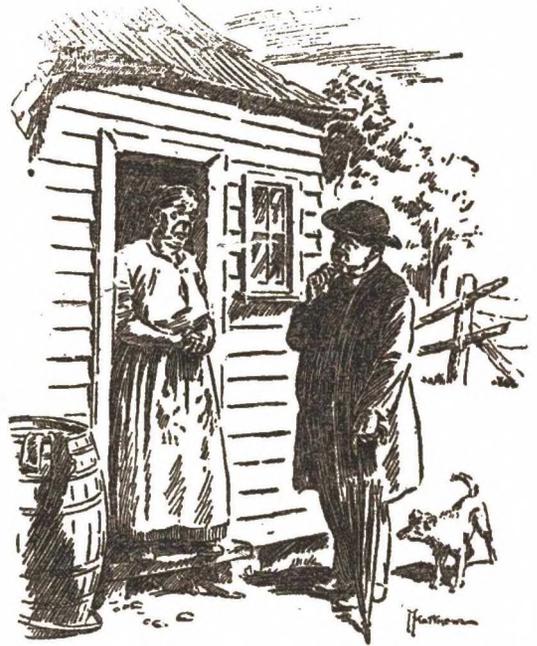
"Yes, so they'll come again, and so they'll stay away."—*Aussie.*

## ASSISTANCE AT HAND

It was the fag-end of a tedious evening. At the close of the third twenty-minute lapse he said plaintively:

"I wish I had money. I'd travel."

"Well," she replied, as she began to unroll her stocking, "how much do you need?"—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*



## INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION

*Mrs. Murphy*—No, yer Reverence, Pat can't go on that scrub-cuttin' job to-day—he's in bed wid snake-bite."

*Father O'Grady*—Save his soul! An' so he's been bit, eh?

*Mrs. Murphy*—Not yet, Father; but he has drank a bottle of brandy 'n case he might be!

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

With the object of becoming a citizen of the United States, one Jacob Provinsky filled in a naturalization form. Three of the questions he answered thus:

Name: Jacob Provinsky.

Born: Yes.

Business: Rotten.—*Tit Bits.*



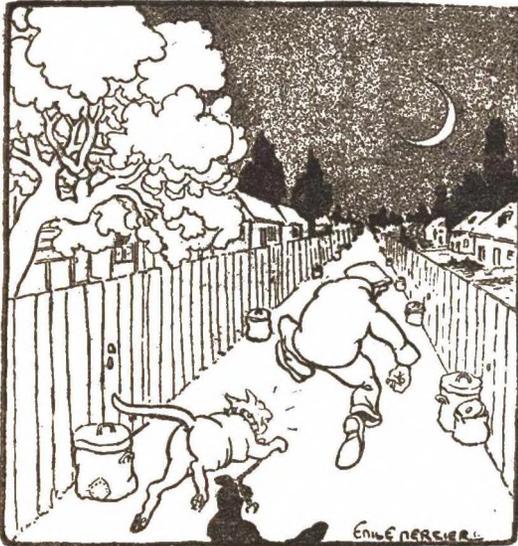
"Yer wouldn't think that little shrimp was a hero,  
would yer?"  
"Im? No. Why, wot's he done?"  
"Been married five times!"

—Weekly Telegraph (London)



Nothing Stirring.  
—Michigan Gargoyle

Judging by the divorce records the girls nowadays are being married with demountable wedding rings.—*Judge*



"It's a long lane that has no turning.—*Aussie*

Her mother called,  
The clock struck three,  
The milkman came,  
But still sat he  
A-neckin'.

The roof fell in,  
Two planets met,  
The dead wake up,  
But he's there yet,  
I reckon.

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*



"Ella always said she would marry a man of action."

"And has she?"

"Oh, yes! Her husband has St. Vitus' dance."

—*Gaiety*

#### ON FOURTEENTH STREET

*Salesman*—Dese is a fine soot; all wool but d'buttins. D'ya want a belt in d'back?

*Customer*—No; do you want a kick in d'pants?—*New York Medley.*



HENRY N. RUNDLE + c. a. e.

### SMART LOOKING

*He*—That Mrs. Van Stuyt is a very smart looking woman.

*She*—She ought to be. I happen to know that her dressmaker is suing her for \$500 for the gown she has on.—*Judge*

# Final Official Rules for Movie Directors

By James Montgomery Flagg

1. NO kisses between lovers except through quarter-inch Beaver Board. If between mother and child it must be shown either through titles or screen action that both parties are free from colds.

2. If a man and a woman are shown in any room containing a folding, twin, day, double, davenport or single bed, chaise-longue, divan, sofa, lounge or couch, a framed marriage certificate must be shown on the wall in a close-up.

3. If Romeo and Juliet are screened it must be shown conclusively, after Juliet has gone out on the balcony and Romeo has ascended to her, that the French windows have been closed and bolted behind her and a close-up of a Holmes protective signal installed.

4. If a dance scene is shown every female participant must be disclosed in a four-inch life preserver. Males must wear boxing gloves.

5. If a scriptural legend is portrayed involving the turning of water into wine it must be shown that the water was turned into lemonade.

6. If a misunderstood and overtempted wife accepts the villain's invitation to meet him in "his rooms" for a little supper at midnight, his rooms must be either the grand foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House or the main concourse of the Penn Station.

7. No minister must be shown as having fallen from grace, because it would be untrue to life. And the sublime object of this Board is to help you to portray Life truly in its every aspect—as we think it should be.

8. There shall be no filming of characters popularly known as "vamps," as they are, of course, merely the figments of depraved imagination. No



No kisses between lovers  
except through quarter-inch  
beaver board.



No young lady shall be cast away on a desert isle unaccompanied by her legal guardians.

young woman shall wear tea gowns except those made of linoleum, buttoning just below the ears.

9. One-piece bathing suits for women will still be allowed, but they must be made of beaver fur. The fur outside.

10. In shipwrecks the hero's or heroine's clothing must never become disarranged. If the hero swims ashore bearing the unconscious form of the heroine in his arms he must be accompanied by a stewardess in full uniform. No young lady shall be cast away on a desert isle unaccompanied by her legal guardians. Or at least her rector.

11. If the action of a drama calls for the shooting of the villain by Bill Hart the latter may be shown reaching for his weapon. Then two hundred feet of a Chester outing or other travel scene must be shown. Then the funeral of the villain. If the fist is used it may be shown doubling up, then interpose the travelogue as before.

12. If a horse race is necessary, all entries must arrive at the winning post at the same second.

13. In all orgies, including society, tenderloin and pirates, all casks, bottles, demijohns, and cases, must be prominently labelled "Loganberry



In a dance scene males must wear boxing gloves.

—Judge

Crush” or “Lemon Soda.”

14. Playing cards may still be used in moderation, but every card must be the four of clubs.

15. In scenes that call for the smoking of tobacco the taking of menthol jujubes must be substituted.

16. All human emotions may be portrayed as before, with the exception of love, lust, hate, greed, gambling excitement, thirst, revenge, fear, despair, pride and anger.

The Board of Censorship wish to state publicly that their one aim is to broaden the scope of the Moving Picture, feeling as they do that it is a mighty influence and that it should reflect everything but life. As life, especially in America, is far from what it should be, and as we by our power and knowledge feel that we are in a position to tell the United States of Ameri-

ca what it should see in the movies, we will not rest until we have shown you how easy it is for a few determined fanatics and religious maniacs to rule Americans even in their innermost thoughts.—Judge

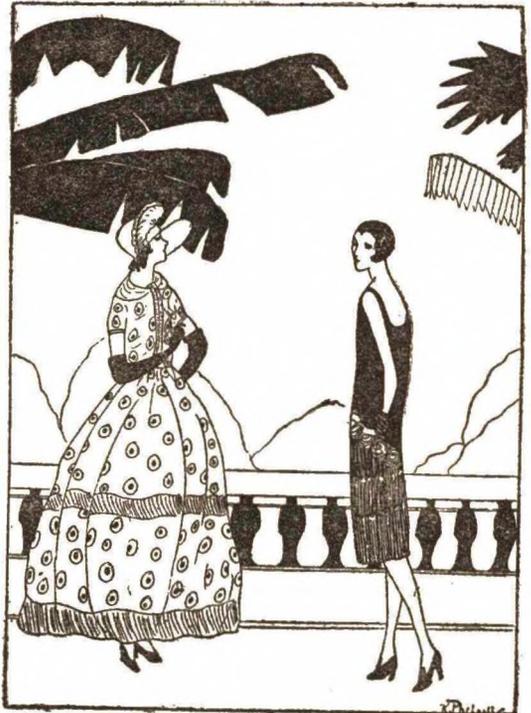
“That new porter of yours seems to be a mighty hard worker,” said a man to a shop-keeper.

“Yes,” replied the latter, “that’s just his specialty.”

“What—working?”

“No—seeming to.”

—Pearson’s Weekly.



“Was your husband cool when you told him there was a burglar in the house?”

“I should say he was cool. Why his teeth chattered.”

—Pitt Panther

*Miss Wither*—Yes, father has always given me a book for my birthday.

*Friend*—My, what a wonderful library you must have.

—*Chicago Phoenix*

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### THEY ARE LEGION!

“Why don’t they invent a device for driving from the back seat?”

“Huh! Have you ever met my wife?”

—*Judge*

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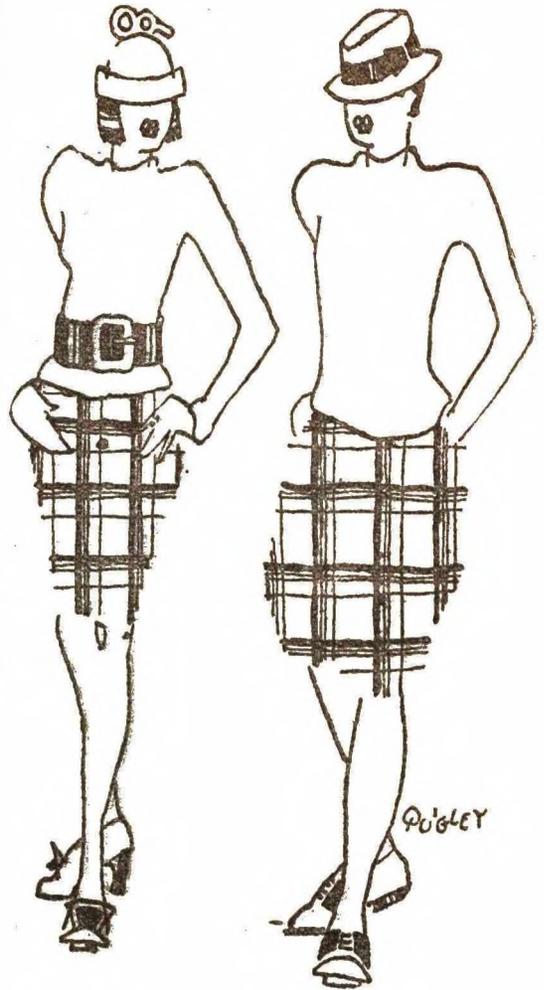
*She (teaching him to dance)*—You could dance real well if you would forget about your feet.

*He (bashfully)*—It isn’t the feet, it’s the timidity.—*The Swamp Angel.*



*Prisoner (just sentenced to a month’s “hard”)*—Ah, well, thank ’eaven it’s February!

—*Tatler*



“Darling, say the words that will make me happy for the rest of my life.”

“All right—stay single.”

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

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### ALL DOPED

*Man (in drug store)*—I want some consecrated lye.

*Druggist*—You mean concentrated lye.

“It does nutmeg any difference. That’s what I camphor. What does it sulphur?”

“Fifteen cents, I never cinnamon with so much wit.”

“Well, I should myrrh-myrrh. Yet I ammonia novie at it.”—*Judge*



*He*—I had a nightmare last night!

*She*—Yes, I saw you with her!—*Judge*

### A LOVE STORY

They walked by each other. Their eyes met.

They rode together. Their lips met. They went to the preacher. Their souls met.

They lived together. Their lawyers met.  
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

### EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through the park a bootlegger passed;

He carried bottles filled with gin,  
And all were safely packed within  
Excelsior! Excelsior!

—*Williams Purple Cow*



"Yus! I'm thankful our Liza married a gentleman."

"How did you know he was a gentleman?"

"Cos the very first time 'e comes 'ome I poured 'im out a cup o' tea, an' 'e didn't blow on it like an ordinary feller. Oh, no! 'E wafted it gently with 'is 'at!"—*The Pink 'Un*

#### AMERICANS

A busy guy is Henry Hurls—  
He's always picking up strange girls,  
But don't think he's a sporting gink—  
He just works at the skating rink.

—*Ohio Sun Dial*

#### BLANKITY BLANK

"My husband is plain-spoken; he calls a spade a spade."

"So is mine, but I won't say what he calls the lawn mower."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw*

## THE CARE AND FEEDING OF HUSBANDS

*With apologies to Dr. Holt*

By Norman Anthony

### SLEEPING

*Should a Husband be spoken to in the morning?*

**A**S little as possible. When it is time for him to arise, speak to him kindly and briefly, thus: "Get up, you lazy slob! The house is ice cold, one of the water pipes has burst, Norah has left, and the walks have got to be shoveled!" This will immediately put him in a good humor and start him on the day in a merry mood. If he is hard to awaken, let the children climb on the bed and play horse. Playful feet passing over the face and chest will awaken the heaviest sleeper.

### BATHING

*How shall the bath be given?*

When he has the shower at just the right temperature, start using the cold water profusely in the kitchen. This will cause the shower to turn suddenly to a boiling point and put him in a jovial mood. In his hasty exit from the tub he will most likely slip, so have a bottle of liniment in readiness and hand it to him with a timely quip, such as: "There's many a slip!" This will cause hearty laughter. While he is shaving, have little Willie show him his new nursery rhymes. He can read these aloud for Willie's benefit and while away the time required for a nervous job. Have court plaster ready in case he cuts himself—or Willie. Great fun can be had by hiding the towels when his eyes are full of soap.

## BREAKFAST

*What is the proper food for a Husband?*

Grapefruit is very tasty for a starter, and will whet his appetite, especially if it squirts in his eye. Burnt oatmeal is very nutritious and good for the disposition. Continued use of this will show surprising results. Do not have the coffee too hot, as this is very harmful. It is most effective when almost cold. Great care should be taken that the food is not eaten too quickly, so interrupt his breakfast with daily instructions as to the most pressing household needs, the latest bargains, and the amount of money needed. This will give him ample time to partake of his food in comfort and to enjoy it with a relish.

### CLOTHING

*What are the most essential things in the Clothing of a Husband?*

Be sure that he is dressed warmly, and insist that he wears the goloshes you bought for him, even if they are a few sizes too large. If he loses them in a snowdrift, the added exercise of recovering them will do him good. Be sure that he wears the red muffler your mother gave him for Christmas. This will keep him hot under the collar and prevent him catching cold.

### EXERCISE

*What exercise should a Husband take?*

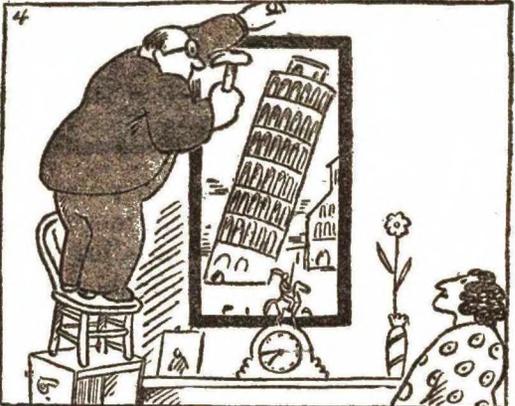
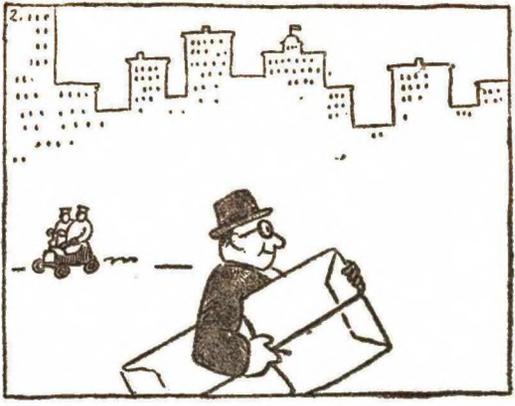
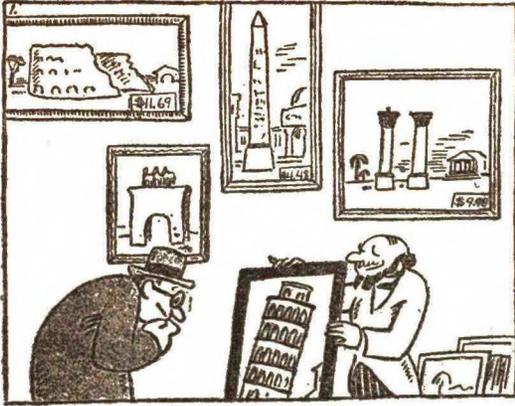
When he has started running for the station, wait until he is about a hundred yards away, and then call him back and tell him he forgot to kiss you. Do this several times with different excuses. If this exercise is taken often enough for him to miss his train, it will keep him warm and comfortable for the rest of the day.—*Judge*



*Clarence (making a hash of things)*—You know, I'm not used to sculling in a bally old tub like this!  
*Boatman*—Bin used to rowin' about in battleships, I s'pose!—*Humorist*



“Why are you crying, my poor man? Is it one of your relatives?”  
 “No, that's why I'm crying.”—*Le Rire*



The Tower of Pisa in a Nervous Household.  
—The New Yorker

"Say, Mabel, may I come over to-night?"

"Sure, John, come on over."

"Why, this is not John."

"This isn't Mabel, either."

—Whirlwind

"Have some more pudding?"

"Awfully good—just a mouthful."

"Mary, fill up Mrs. Jones' plate!"

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon

"These aeroplanes are getting more dangerous than ever."

"Someone killed?"

"No, but I see a chap got married in one yesterday."—Bulletin, Sydney



"You have been a long time!"

"Yes. It took Paul a quarter of an hour to remember where the cloak room tickets were."

"And where were they?"

"In my handbag!"

—Meggendorfer Blaetter  
(Munich)



"You have a terrible line."

"Yeh. Spalding used to pay me twenty-five a week to string racquets."

—Moonshine

## HOW TO JUDGE AN AUTOMOBILE!

Ask the salesman.

Twist the right front door handle.

Look at the instruments on the dash.

Kick the left rear tire.

Bend down and look at the floor beneath the car.

Poke a finger into the upholstery.

Place right foot on front bumper and push gently.

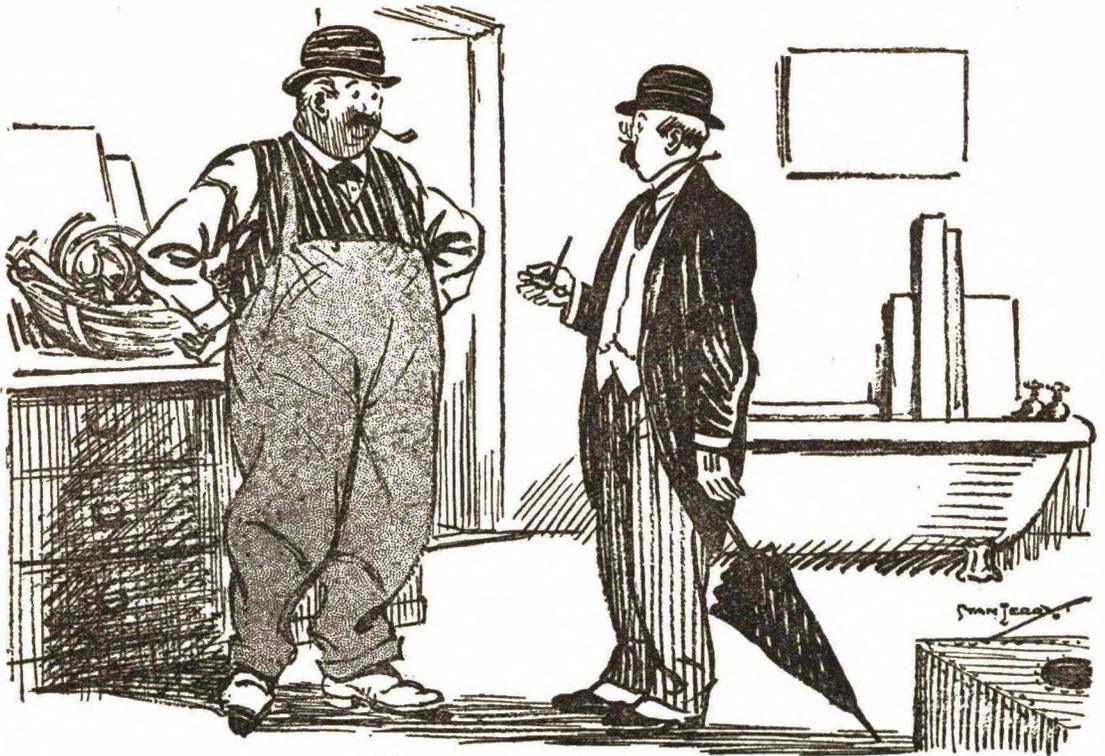
Light a cigar.

Ignore your wife's suggestions.

Step back ten feet, close the left eye, and get the ensemble effect.

Ask the salesman again.

—Judge



### PROMISING MATERIAL

*Father*—I want to apprentice my boy to you.

*Master Plumber*—Where is 'e?

*Father*—Well—er—he forgot his references and has gone back home for them.

*Master Plumber*—Right! I'll take 'im!

—*London Opinion*



"Everything they exhibited at the circus to-day was a barefaced humbug."

"How about the bearded lady?"—*Brown Jug*

### UNFAITHFULNESS

*Claude*—See here, old man, where is that good-looking stenog you had last week?

*Don*—She caught me kissing my wife and left without notice.

—*Iowa Green Gander*

"I just saw a horse with a wooden leg."

"Where?"

"On the merry-go-round."

—*Geogia Tech Yellow Jacket*

### HOARSE POWER

"What I say goes!"

"Well, come over to my house some day and say 'Ford!'"

—*Judge*



"She swears she has never been kissed by a man."  
 "Well, isn't that enough to make any girl swear?"

—*London Mail*

### WEATHER

*Miss Passé*—How is the weather, Marie?

*The Maid*—Fresh and windy, madam.

"Very well. Put a healthy flush on my cheeks this morning. I'm going out."—*Penn. Punch Bowl*

*Tom*—I never felt so punk in my life.

*Jerry*—Do any drinking last night?

"Yea, and when I went to bed I felt fine. But when I woke up I felt terribly. It was the sleep that did it!"

—*Virginia Reel*



"I'm leaving for Chicago to-night. I'm supposed to get married to-morrow."

"Where, in Chicago?"

"No, here in New York."

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*



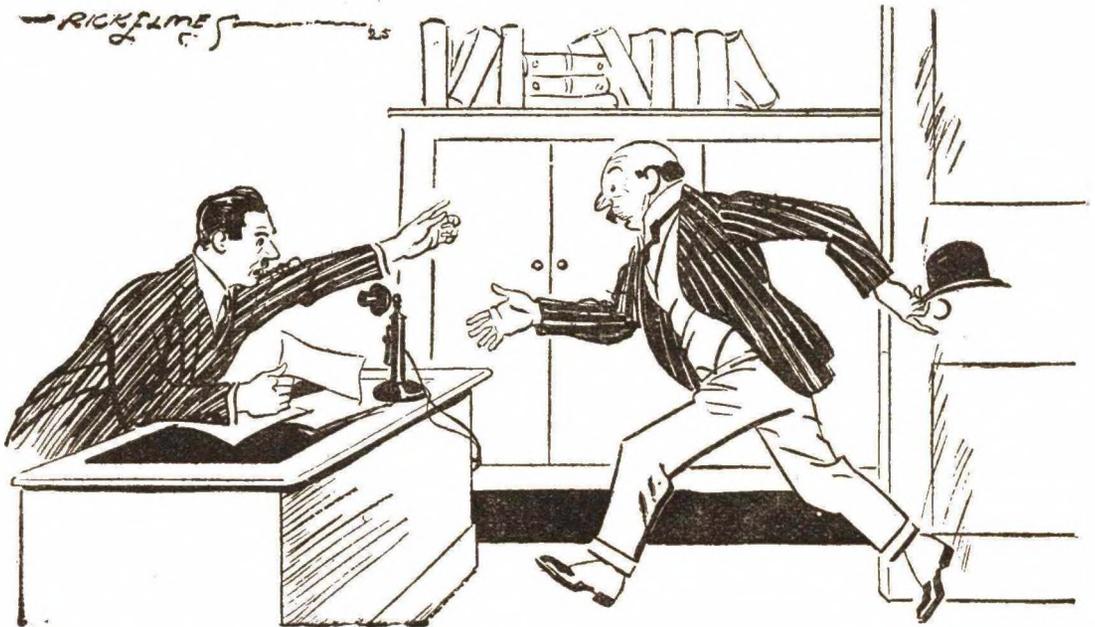
A GOLFER OF NO IMPORTANCE  
 From Mr. Punch's painfully moving pictures.  
 —Punch



*Doctor*—Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed?

*Sandy*—Well, doctor, I may be a wee bit behind wi' the pills, but I'm six weeks ahead wi' the whusky.

—*Passing Show*



*Fugitive*—Quick! Where can I hide? The police are after me.

*Partner*—In the filing cabinet. Nobody can ever find anything there.—*The Humorist*



Novice—Where do I aim my next shot, caddy?  
 “Bout half an inch over that feller’s head.”

—Judge



“Is your chauffeur economical?”

“Very; he never runs the car on more than two wheels or three cylinders.

—Univ. of Chicago Phoenix

### I LOVE HER

She smokes,  
 She paints,  
 She powders,  
 She reads *La Vie Parisienne*,  
 She drinks my liquor,  
 She stays out all night.  
 She cusses, too,  
 She eats lobsters at midnight,  
 She does lots of things she ought  
 not to,

But she’s my grandma and I love  
 her.—Witt



"What's your pleasure, sir?"

"None. I'm looking for my wife."

—London Opinion

### AN EXCUSE FOR THE BLUES

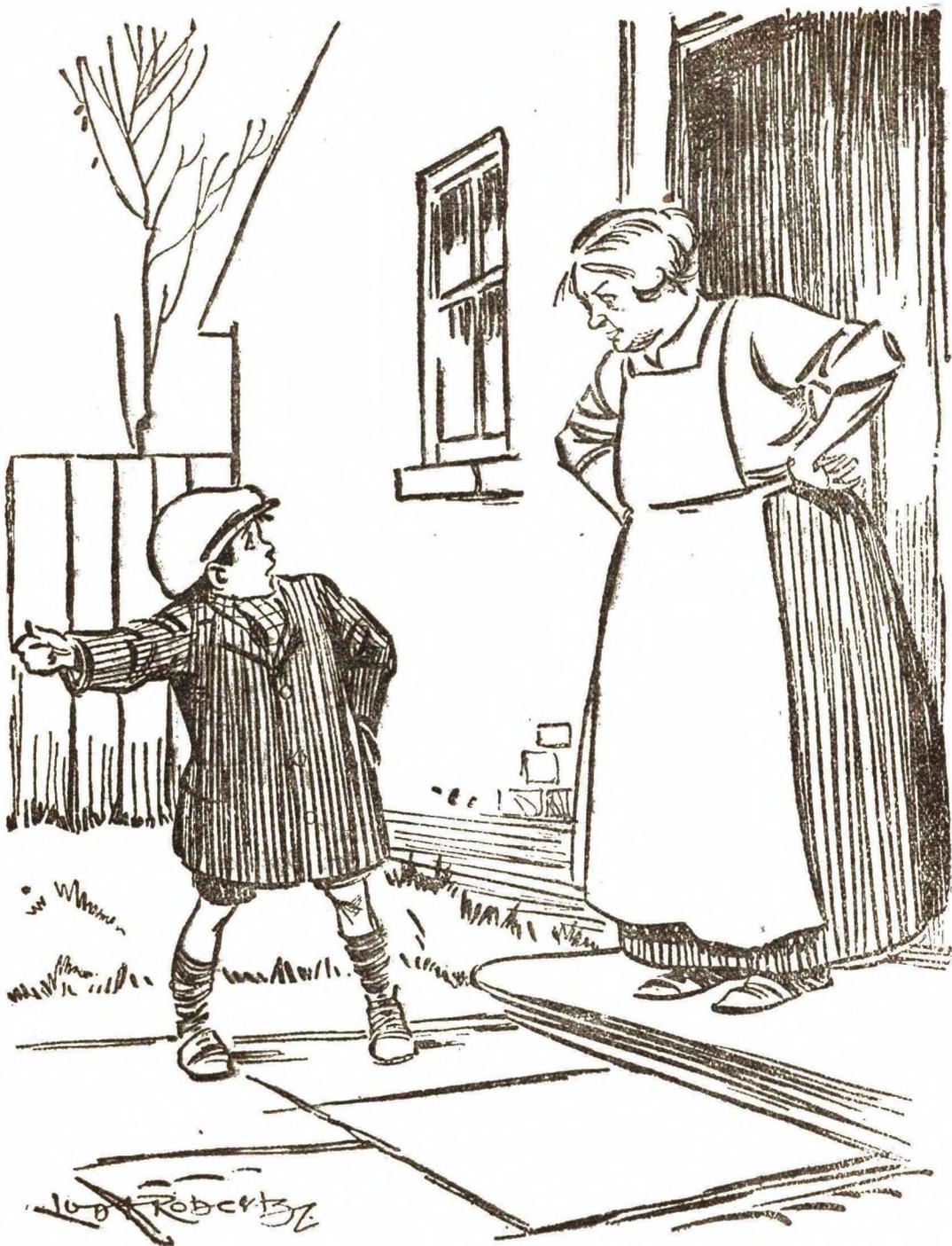
My wife is a wonderful woman,  
 As clever and sweet as they come;  
 Her views are remote on our laws and  
 the vote;  
 She's happy to stay in the home.  
 You'll think me, perhaps, pessimistic,  
 And dumb to be grossing and blue,  
 When I have a spouse who's content  
 in the house;  
 But—she thinks I should stay in  
 there, too.—Judge



"Do you know the difference  
 between a pig skin and a  
 skinned pig?"

"No."

"Well — wouldn't you  
 make a hell of a football  
 player!"—California Pelican



*Tommy (breaking the news)—Before that big car went by, didn't you used to 'ave a little, black dog called Rover?—Gaiety*

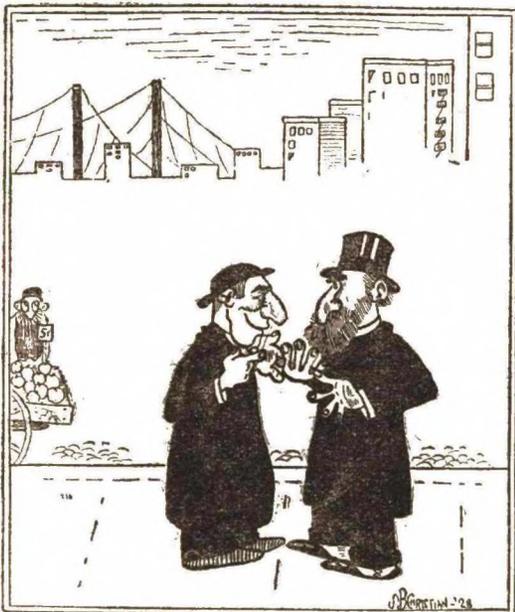


G. STAMP 221

*Kind Stranger*—What's the matter, dear? Have you lost your mummy?

*Little One*—Boo-hoo! I can't find the sea.

—Punch



"Say, Abraham, vot do you tink of this idea of founding a new Jerusalem?"

"Oi, it's foolishness, Eze-kiel. Ain't ve still got New York?"—Princeton Tiger



### SECOND SIGHT

*Sister*—You naughty boy! I wish Mammy was at home one afternoon to see how you behave when she isn't here.

—Bystander

# If It Had Happened Today

By Chet Johnson

**P**AUL dashed into the newspaper office. "The British!" he gasped, "I must give warning!"

"Broadcasting's upstairs, Mr. Revere," said the city editor. "Follow me."

They hurried to the broadcasting-room.

"She's all ready, but we aren't entitled to the air yet," explained the broadcasting editor. "Take a chance, though, and do your stuff."

As soon as his breathing was normal, Paul started broadcasting his warning, and in every Middlesex village and farm the radio bugs heard:

"—or you can't see mamma at-tawl!—"

"LISTEN, EVERYBODY, THIS IS PAU—"

"Station BVD, Los Angeles. Our first number this evening is the Los Angeles Blues, by the Los Angeles Harmony Seven, Los An—"

"THIS IS PAUL RE—"

"Yes, we have no—"

"*W-a-a-o-o! Sqwa-a-a-a-k! Werr-a-a-o-o-W!*"

"—and then the little bunny rabbit wiggled his wriggly little ears, sniffed with his funny little nose and—"

"THIS IS PAUL REVERE! THE—"

"—making a total of four hundred nineteen thousand, six hundred and fifty-three and a fraction acres planted in summer squash this year, four hundred and twenty-one—"

"Absolutely, Mister Gallagher! Posi-tively, Mis—"

"—with that comical cuss, Tickle Tucker, at the piano. The piano is a Flickering, furnished through—"

"KEEP THE AIR CLEAR A MIN-UTE! THIS IS PAU—"

"—proving conclusively, my friends, that if there is to be any change in the present tariff on asparagus, the revisions I have outlined should—"

"—with occasional showers west of the Mississippi and moderate to light to heavy south to southwest winds probably tomorrow, and possibly—"

"FIRE! MURDER! EVERYBODY KEEP QUIET FOR ONE MIN-UTE—"

"—and that is why I feel that in coming before you to-night and outlining my purposes and principles; by explaining to you frankly just why I am a candidate for—but, before I go further, I am reminded of the story of Pat and Mike, two Irishmen, who—"

"—we have no ba—"

"your turn to cry over m-e-e-e-e!"

"—an' gentlemen: Our next number for this Los Angeles program, broadcast by the Flubdub Motor Company, Los Angeles, at Sixth and—"

"LISTEN, EVERYBODY! THIS IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!"

"—now, just one thing more before I close. But, before I take up that issue."

"PAUL REVERE SPEAKING! I MUST—"

"—we have an-nold fashion' to-mah-to-o-o-o! An' we have—"

"*W-a-a-a-o-o-w! Wh-e-e-e-e-e-e! Sker-a-a-a-awk!*"

"—so the great, big, brown, fuzzy-wuzzy bear dropped little Tommy and—"

"LISTEN! THE BRITISH ARE—"

"—Down by the-e-e-e y-o-o-ld mill sture-e-e-e-m—"

"—upon whose shoulders the very existence of our nation rests, I am sure—"

"—posolutely, Mister Gallagher? Absolutely, Mis—"

"—but we have no bah-nan—"

"—dese are some of de reasons we must put stop to de foreigner who comes to dees cawntree every year—"

"SHUT UP JUST ONE MINUTE! THE BRITISH ARE—"

"—that ald g-a-a-ng uv mi-i-i-ne!"

"—Our final and concluding number this evening will—"

"THE BRITISH! THE BRITISH! THEY ARE—"

"Building permits in Pittsburgh for the first two weeks in 1924—"

Paul whirled and ran toward the door.

"Wait a minute," shouted the editor. "Have you given the alarm?"

"I'm going to get my horse," said Paul. "The air's too full."

"Let me try," suggested the broadcasting editor.

"Ladie-e-es an' gentulmen!" he shouted, "at ten o'clock to-morrow morning four thousand cases of pure Scotch, real imported stuff, will be given away in front of—one moment, please, and I will broadcast the address—"

He turned to Paul.

"Go ahead," he said. "There isn't a sound and the whole country's listening."—*Judge*

### HAVE YOU HEARD?

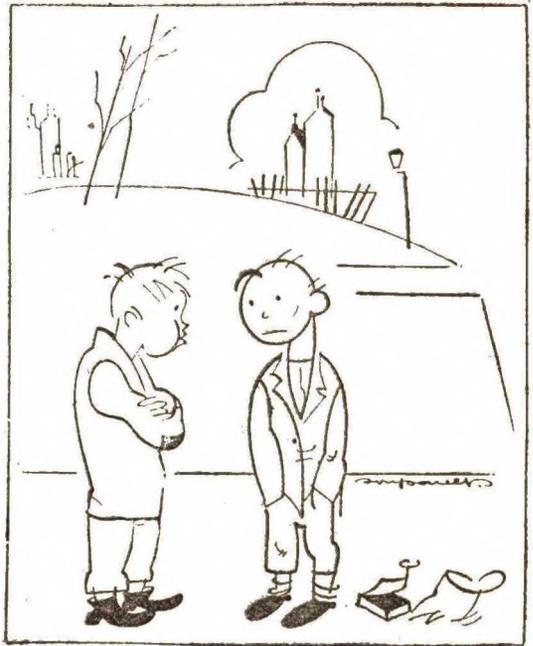
Mary had a little lamb,  
You've heard this tale before.  
But have you heard she passed the plate  
And had a little more?

—*Columbia Jester*

*Watch*—And why does that man always refer to you as his baby girl?

*Fob*—Oh, I don't know. I suppose I keep him up so late of nights.

—*Iowa Frivol*



"It must be dreadful not to have any brothers or sisters. Who do you fight with at home?"

—*Le Rire*



*Doctor*—Just convince yourself that you're cured and you won't be sick any more.

*Patient*—All right, doctor, consider yourself as being paid.—*Le Journal Amusant*



"Is the new minister very popular with his flock?"

"Oh, yes, he prays to capacity houses every Sunday!"—*Judge*

*He*—Ah, every morning you are my first thought!

*She*—Your brother says the same!

"Yes, but I am up half an hour before him!"—*Kasper (Stockholm)*

*Gin*—Shay, c'n you tell' me where th' other shide of shtreet ish?

*Whisky*—Shorry, ol' man, but I'm a shtranger in town.

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*



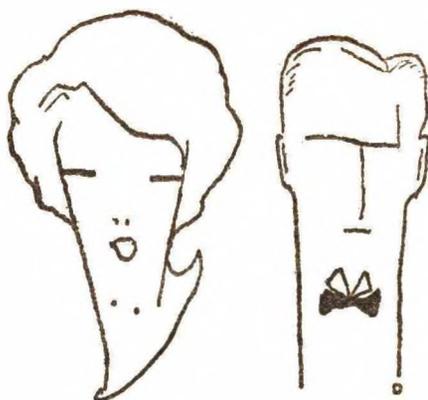
"Where did thee get that cigar!"

"Somebody giv' it to me."

"A friend?"

"A' doant know yet."

—*The Pink 'Un*



He—Do you sing?

She—Oh, some; just to kill time.

"Well—you have a fine instrument for it."

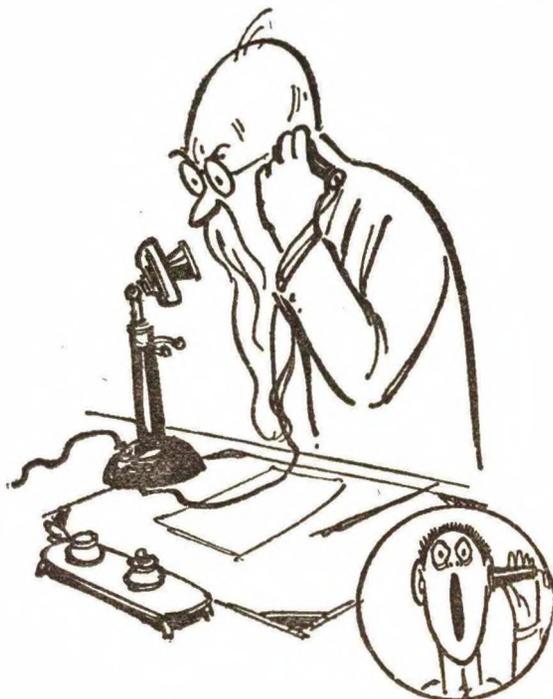
—*Denison Flamingo*



"Plunk, plunk! Hoalgoaland, the college is on fire."

"Quick, Ronwick; out to fight the firemen."

—*W. Virginia Moonshine*



..*Professor Brown*—What's that? Spell my name? Certainly. B for Brontosaurus; R for Rhizophoraceae; O for Ophisthohelae; W for Willugbaeya, and N for Nucifraga.—*Punch*



“No, Mr. Binks, I cannot marry you, but while you are down there you might look for my thimble, which has rolled under the table.”—*London Mail*



*Prehistoric Surgeon—Now, Miss Troglodyte, the anæsthetic, please.*  
—Judge



*Peon—*I spilt whisky on my coat; how can I get it off?

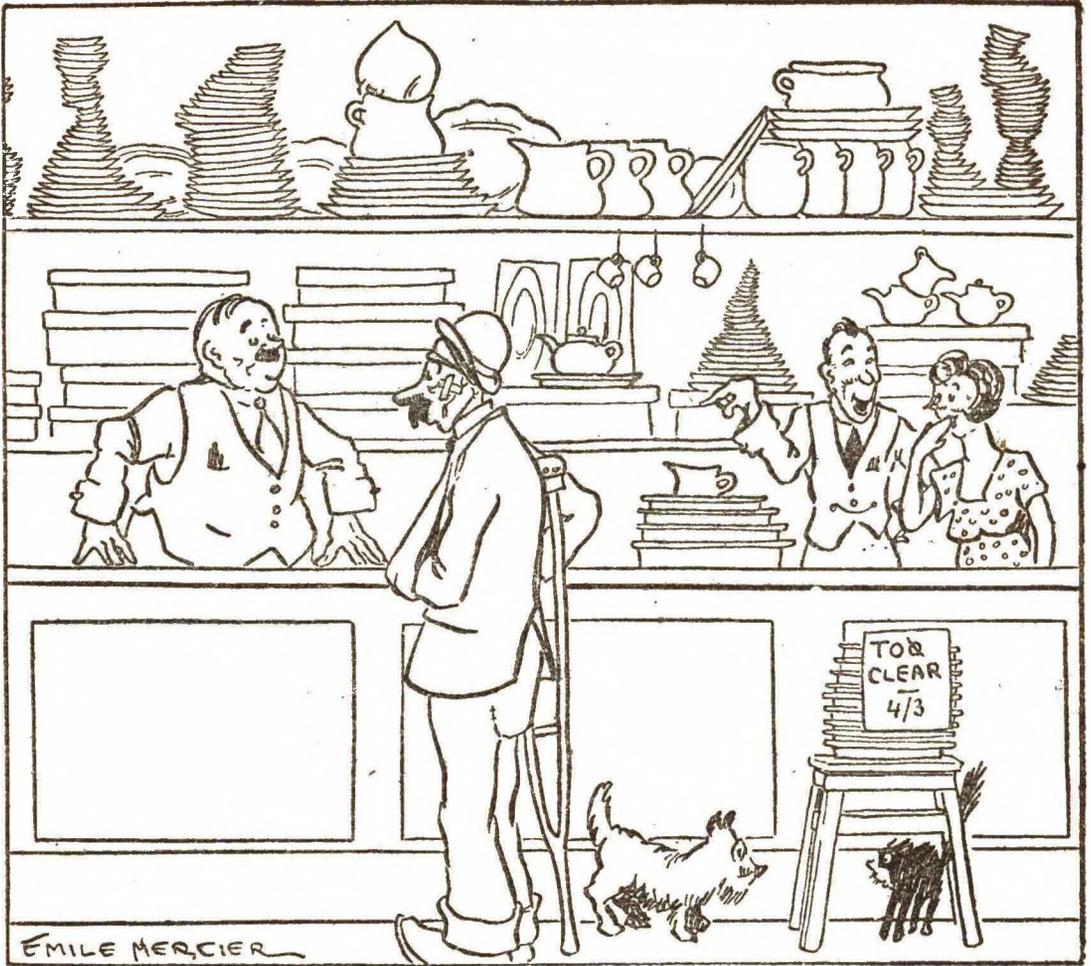
*Peon—*Have you tried Blue Jay Corn remover?

—California Pelican



“Apropos of nothing at all, Angelo, I hear they’ve invented a stone coffin recently.”

“The berries! That ought to last a fella a lifetime, Auto-didact.”—Brown Jug



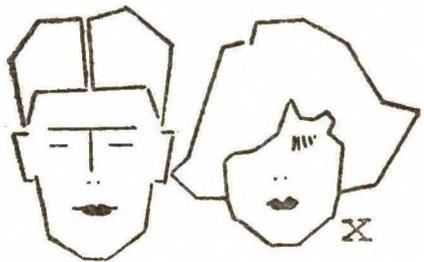
"My wife sent me to get a dinner set like the one she got yesterday."—Aussie



He—When do you think I'd better speak to your father?

She—After we're married.

—Pitt Panther



"I got a good shot at a pheasant yesterday."

"Snothing; I got one at a blind pig last night."

—Amherst Lord Jeff



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*Carl*—Still, in spite of what you say, I think marriage is a pretty good institution.

*Carlotta*—Yes, but who wants to live in an institution.—*Princeton Tiger*



Old Gentleman — Dear, dear, I suppose the child has a wise crack to spring and I should ask him what he's crying about!

—*The New Yorker*

### HER DIRTY DOZEN

"I heard—"  
 "They say—"  
 "Everybody says—"  
 "Have you heard—"  
 "Did you hear—"  
 "Isn't it just awe-ful!"  
 "People say—"  
 "Did you ev-er!"  
 "Somebody said—"  
 "Would you think—"  
 "Don't say I told you!"  
 "Oh, I think it's perfectly terrible!"

—*Judge*

### GAME

"Where are you going, old man?"  
 "On a hunting trip with some of the boys."  
 "Big game, I suppose?"  
 "Fairly big—dollar limit."

—*Laugh*

"I know a town where you can get a pound of sugar, two pounds of coffee, a beautiful wife and a quart of whisky for \$2.25."

"Gee! That must be rotten whisky."

—*Keith's Vaudeville*

"We'll be friends until the end."

"Lend me \$10."

"That's the end."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

"Friend of mine visited the prison lately."

"How did he find the conditions?"

"Shocking! In fact he was electrocuted."—*Princeton Tiger*



Lady — Well, Mrs. Blair, what did the London specialist tell your daughter?

Mrs. Blair — Oh, ma'am, he agonized her case, and says it is diabolic, and she mustn't eat sugar.

—*Tatler*



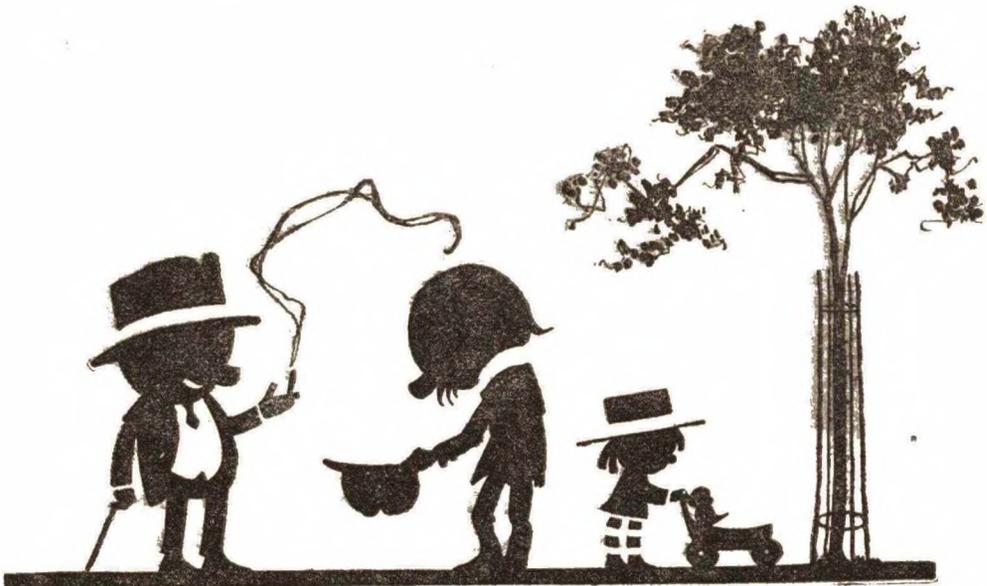
*First Scot*—Here's the bill for that bit plumbin' job ah did for ye, Jock. As ye're a freend o' mine, ah'm only chairgin' ye five pounds.

*Second Scot*—Eh, mon, ah'm mighty glad ah'm no' a relation!—*The Humorist*



"One thing I will say for this place—they give you jolly good soup."

"So I hear!"—*Gaiety*



"Sir, could you give a dime to a failure?"

"I'll do better than that. Have lunch with me. I'm tired of listening to the yawp of my successful friends."—*Judge*



The height of chivalry is the action of the young man who took a girl out for a ride in his car—and then walked home with her.

—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern*

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocketbook—in short, everything."

"But I thought you carried a loaded revolver?"

"I do—but he didn't find that."

—*Kansas City Star*

*Caller*—Hello, is this the weather bureau?

*Voice*—Uh, huh.

"How about a shower this afternoon?"

"I dunno. If you need one take one."

—*Carolina Boll-Weevil*

# Double-breasted Jennings

*A Remarkable New Novel*

By Donald Ogden Stewart

IT has been my good fortune in the past week to read the manuscript of what I consider to be one of the most remarkable American novels of the present generation. It is the first novel—the premier attempt at the longer form of literary art—of one who has for several years been gaining a reputation as a writer of short fiction.

I confess that I began this book with great reluctance, for I had become exceedingly weary of novels—at least first novels, with their inevitable autobiographical revelations. But before I had read two pages of this work I was convinced that here was something different—something which had never before been attempted. I was not able to put the book down until I had finished the last chapter—and then I read it through again, from cover to cover, at the earliest opportunity.

The title of this novel, which will probably be published in the early summer, is "Double-breasted Jennings," and the author is the gentleman who contributes to the theater programs and other periodicals those delightful short stories: "What the Well Dressed Man Will Wear." But while the author displays in this novel manifold evidences of that gay humor and sparkling wit that abound in his program fiction, he managed in addition to strike a deeper, a more eternal note. Those of us theatergoers who, in the interim between acts one and two, eagerly read and reread his vivid sentences before turning to the articles of Mr. Djer-Kiss, the Smith Brothers, or even those beautifully illustrated stories of C/B, will be

only too glad to hear that his first attempt at something more substantial has been crowned with success. I do not mean to imply by this that his short program stories are entirely ephemeral; on the contrary, I have often detected beneath his surface gaiety a note of sadness, a hint of irony. And I therefore rejoice that his first novel has afforded him an opportunity for full self-expression.

The plot, in brief, is as follows: Trafford Jennings, the hero of the novel, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings (Mrs. Jennings was *née* a Trafford—one of the Philadelphia Traffords). While she was confined to her bed awaiting the birth of her youngest child, it happened that her husband went to the theater alone practically every night. He did this partly because he enjoyed the theater and partly because he was an usher. But he was also a loving husband, and every evening, after the audience had departed, he would slip two or three programs into his pocket to take home to his wife. The result of this was, of course, that practically her entire reading during her period of confinement consisted of theater programs, and she sometimes read the "What the Well Dressed Man Will Wear" article twelve and thirteen times. Now, as you may well imagine, this was not without its effect on the unborn babe, and when—but let me quote from the chapter describing the father's emotions on first viewing his child. It is on the whole one of the most powerful episodes in the book.

"Mr. Jennings waited breathlessly

outside the door of his wife's room. Inside he could hear a faint scurrying about and the swish-swish of a nurse's dress. Then he heard the cry of a child—his child. Would they *never* let him in? Uncontrollable beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead and rolled down his cheek onto his correctly made low stiff collar, which was cut high at the back with a very narrow neckband at the join in front and from there onto his smartly pleated shirt, which had been laundered semi-stiff and was an excellent example of a ready-to-wear shirt which comes with double cuffs that may be done up either stiff or soft, price \$6.30 per garment. 'My God!' he said, wiping his forehead with a gay yellow or red silk handkerchief, which exactly matched his woolen sport sox, at the same time nervously buttoning and unbuttoning his single-breasted three-button, gray-striped cheviot suit with the top button set high on the breast and by so doing disclosing his double-breasted white linen waistcoat and the top of his gray-striped cashmere trousers, which hung gracefully by the aid of a correctly chosen pair of suspenders, which I am happy to see the Prince of Wales has once more brought back in fashion. 'My God!' he said again.

"At that moment the door opened and the nurse appeared. 'Come in, Mr. Jennings,' she said with a smile. 'Come in and see your son.'

"Mr. Jennings entered the room. There, propped up on the pillows, lay his wife, and beside her, in a simple but neat fitting and unobtrusive garment of white material, was his newborn son. The child was breathing quietly with a cherubic smile on its features. The father stepped forward tenderly; the baby looked up. As the proud parent drew nearer, the child

suddenly pointed at him and burst into a loud, piercing cry. The father stopped, abashed. The infant's shrieks grew in violence. The mother took him to her breast and tried to comfort him. 'What's the matter?' asked the perplexed father, awkwardly fumbling with his plain gold watch chain. 'Dearest,' replied his patient wife wearily, 'I should think that when you come to see your child for the first time you would at least remember to put on a necktie.'"

This single quotation will perhaps give you some idea of the power with which this novel is written. And as you follow the career of young Trafford Jennings from babyhood through boyhood to that memorable night when he wears his first dress suit—as you live through his early sorrows, his trials and tribulations, you long to help him with a friendly word here or a dozen neckties there—and finally when he rises triumphant above his enemies—when those who came to mock remain to wear double-breasted sack suits—when, in his old age, he looks forth over a world in which every man is wearing a white vest with his dinner coat—and he smiles to himself, thinking of the early days when he fought alone—you close the book with a fervent prayer that this first novel from the pen of this gifted writer may not be the last.—*Judge*

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#### COISES

*Villain (laughing)*—Ha, ha! You are helpless, the old homestead belongs to me!

*Hero*—And where are the papers?

"At the blacksmith's."

"You are having them forged?"

"Nay, nay. I am having them filed."

—*Princeton Tiger*

## A SHORT FRIEND

*Hubby*—I don't know what Bill does with his money. He was short yesterday and he's short again today.

*Wife*—Is he trying to borrow from you, dear?

"No, hang it! I wanted to borrow from him."—*Answers*

---

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger, who had set his bag upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

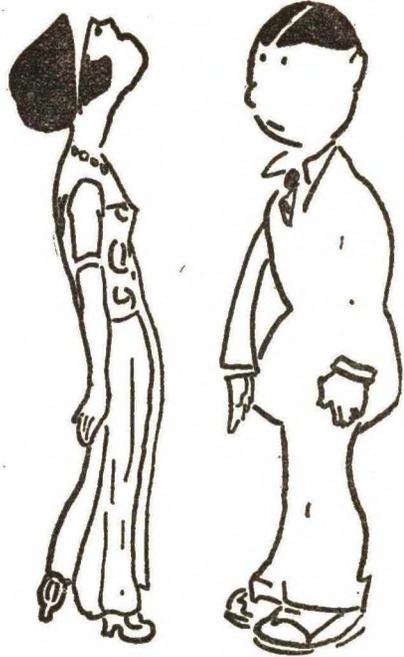
"Because you will think, after you've seen it, that I'm a liar."—*Tit-Bits*



"My husband certainly does enjoy smoking in his den. Has your husband a den?"

"No. He growls all over the house."

—*Passing Show*



*He* (before leaving for college)—I could hold your hand forever. I'd like to put it in my pocket and take it back with me.

*She* (sweetly)—Don't worry, dear. It'll be in your pocket enough after we're married.

—*Rutgers Chanticleer*

## THE SECRET IS OUT

"Gladys is a pretty nice girl, take her all around."

"Yes, if you take her all around."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

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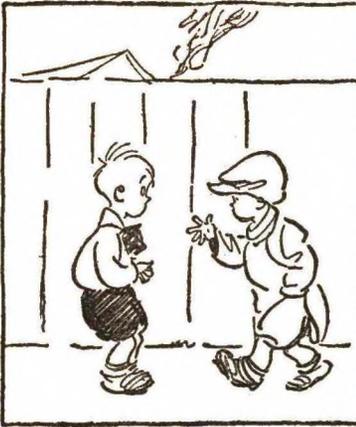
## LUCKY DOG

It was 2 a. m. He didn't take off his shoes. He didn't creep stealthily up the steps. She wasn't waiting for him with a forbidding countenance and a portentous poker. She didn't ask him if he knew what time it was. He was a bachelor.

—*Judge*



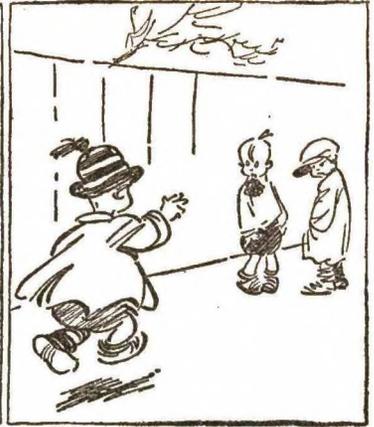
*Diehard (stroking his beard)—My dear girl,  
it's our only chance left. As soon as you can imitate  
this we're done.—Punch*



"Lo, Timmie, listen! I just got a dime!"



"Gee! I'm glad we met, Joe."



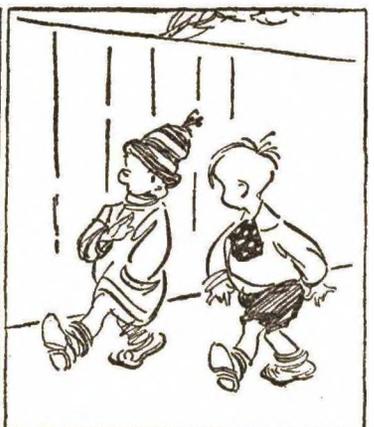
"Hey, Timmie! I got somethin' to tell ya."



"I'll blow ya to the movies. I got a quarter!"



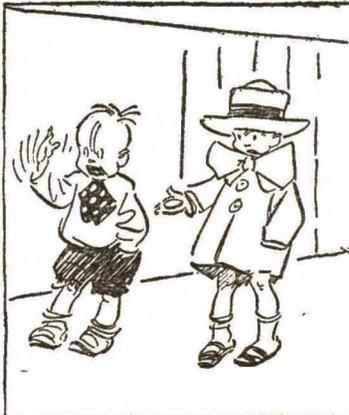
"I'm sorry, Joe, but I had this date with Freddie."



"They got the cowboy picture this week."



"Hey, Timmie! Yoo! Hoo! Come here."



"I got half a dollar. How about seeing a show?"  
"So long, Freddie!"



"All you have to do is to get fifty cents."

—Judge

## UNFORGIVABLE

Very daintily she tripped across the room. She looked strangely beautiful in the firelight with her slim girlish figure and her smooth golden hair.

I heard with a little stab of emotion the quick intake of breath when she saw me. I buried my head in my newspaper and pretended not to notice.

Thus I waited.

After what seemed an eternity I felt her soft arms seeking to encircle my neck.

Very firmly I put them away.

"No, Pamela," I said.

"Yes, yes," she pleaded, "yes."

She would have laid her head on my shoulder then if I had let her. She crept round behind me and tried to kiss the bald patch on the top of my head.

"Go away," I said.

There was an ominous sniff. Two big tears came into her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Please."

I hated myself for my brutality. It would have melted a heart of stone, I thought, to see how her shoulders shook convulsively as she flung herself in desperation on her knees.

"Won't you kiss me?" she asked at last, looking up at me piteously between her sobs.

"No, Pamela," I replied, sustained in my determination only by a high sense of duty, "no good-night kiss from Daddy for a little girl who refuses to let nurse wash her neck!

—*Passing Show*

Before you start going around with a married woman, be sure you can go two rounds with her husband.

—*Georgia Yellow Jacket*



Interesting case of absent-mindedness on the part of a strap-hanging father when about to chastise his son.

—*Gaiety*

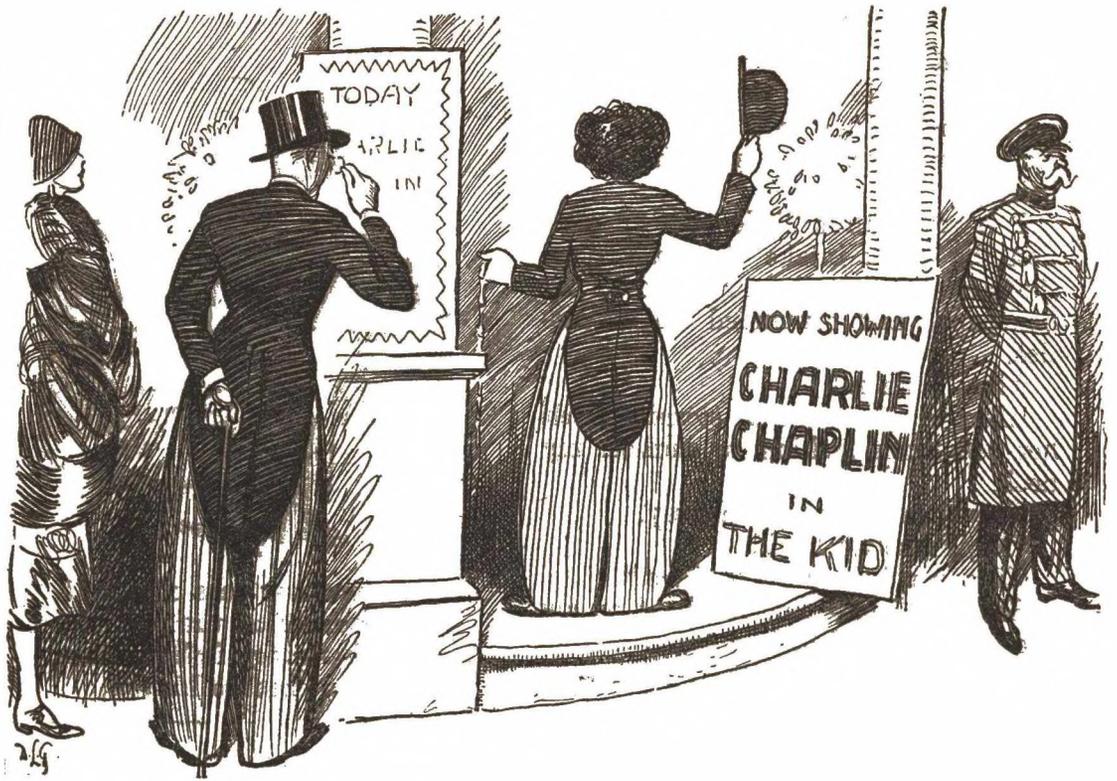


"I hear that the pawnbroker's son, Ikey, made his letter."

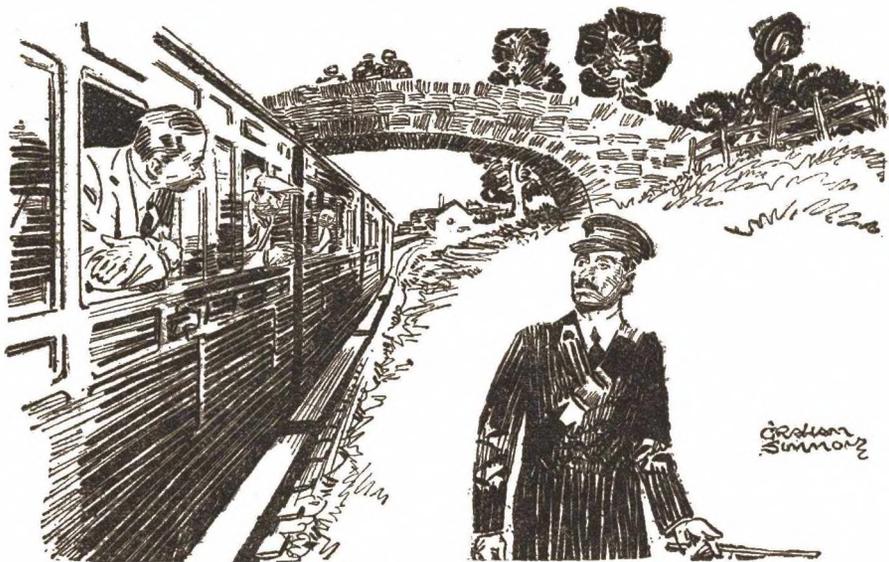
"Is that so? What did he make it in?"

"I think it was hockey."

—*California Wampus*



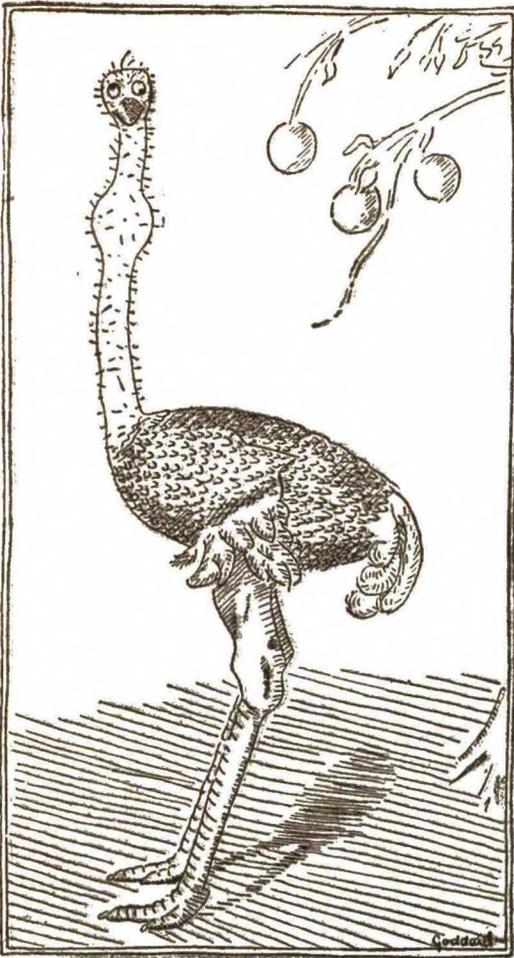
Fashion, the plagiarist of farce.—*Humorist*



*Traveler*—D’you call this a fast train?  
*Proud Guard*—Yes, sir.  
 “D’you mind if I get out and see what it is fast to?”—*London Mail*



*Mother*—Oh, Bobbie, you don't mean to say that horrid Smith boy has given you another black eye?  
*Bobbie*—Yep, but I don't care. I come nearer lickin' him every time.—*Judge*



Follow the Swallow.  
—*Yale Record*

*Catherine*—Have you ever been painted in oil?

*Louise*—Heavens, no! How do you get it off at night?

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

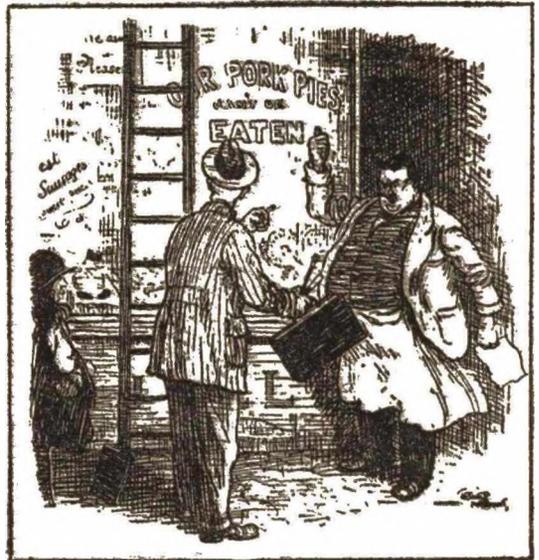
A girl can be gay in a little coupé:  
In a taxicab she can be jolly,  
But the girl worth while  
Is the girl who can smile  
When you take her home on a trolley.  
—*Yale Record*

*First Inebriate*—What'll you have?  
*Second Inebriate*—Who?  
"The gen'leman with you."  
"Thash not gen'leman. Thash me."  
—*Tit Bits*

*Wife*—A little bird told me you were going to buy me a diamond brooch for my birthday.

*Hubby*—It mush have been a little cookoo.—*Pitt Panther*

Here lies the remains of a radio fan,  
Now mourned by his many relations;  
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,  
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.—*Williams Purple Cow*



*The Irate Shopkeeper*—Hi  
—you've left out the letter  
"B."

*The Sign-Writer*—No, I ain't — I've just tried 'em myself!

—*London Sketch*



*Doctor*—What did you operate on Jones for?

*Surgeon*—A hundred pounds.

*Doctor*—No, I mean what had he got?

*Surgeon*—A hundred pounds!—*Punch*



"Pst! Jim, that recipe you gave me was no good!"  
 "Zhat sho?"—*Judge*

### NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

*Mother*—Does Tom ever tell you any questionable stories?

*Daughter*—Oh, no, mother. I understand them all right.

—*American Legion Weekly*

### SPEED

*Way Kupp*—What is the fastest man on record?

*Leigh Down*—The one who turns out the light, undresses, and is in bed before the room gets dark.—*Ohio Sun Dial*

## THE WEAKER SEX

As the dancer took his fair partner down to supper, she seemed to hypnotize the waiter told to serve them, for he seemed incapable of taking his eyes off her.

At last the dancer could stand it no longer. "I say, my man," he observed, "what makes you stare so rudely at this lady?"

"It ain't rudeness, sir, believe me, it ain't," returned the waiter. "It's genovine admiration. This is the fifth time she's been down to supper tonight."

—*Humorist*

"Thrown up your situation?"

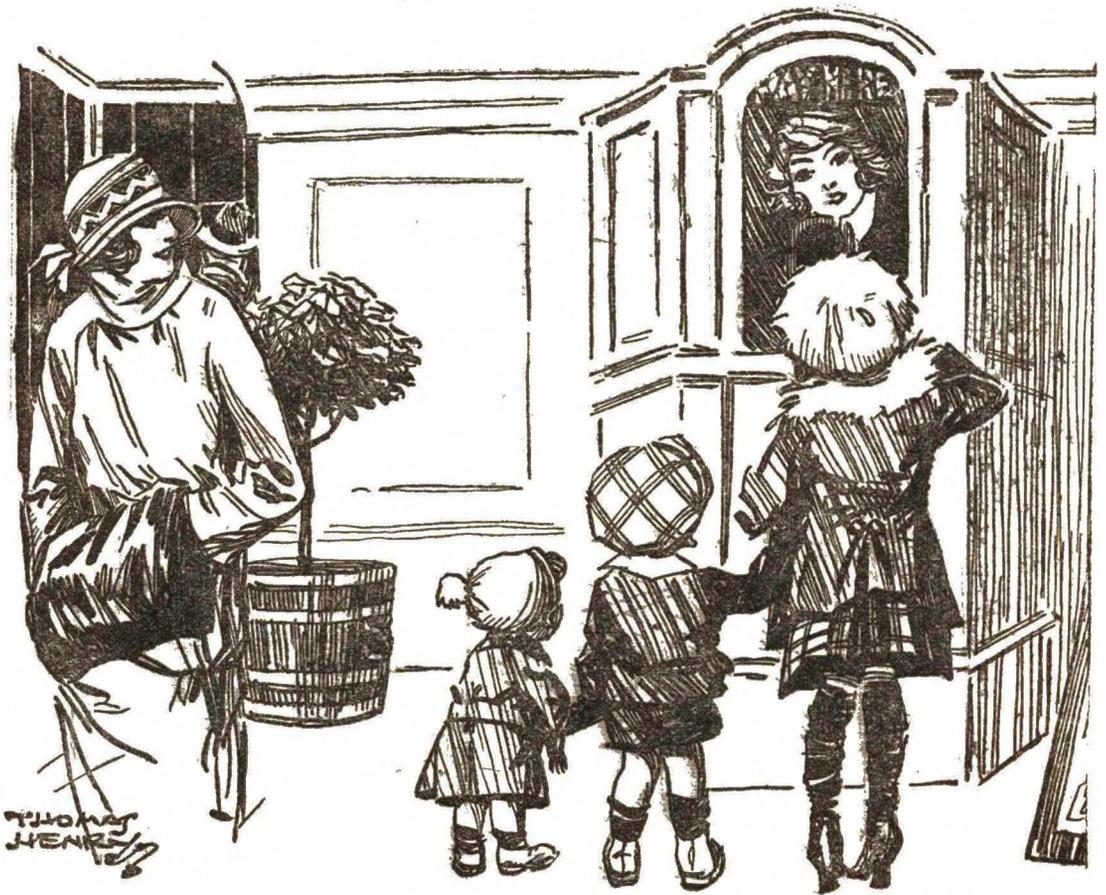
"Certainly; I am about to marry."

"Do you propose to live on love?"

"No; on my love's father."—*Tit-Bits*

According to an evening paper, "Mr. Jesse Blackson, of New York, who arrived in U. S. A. thirteen years ago without a shirt to his back, has now accumulated two millions and a quarter." He'll never live to wear them out.

—*Punch (London)*



*Big Sister*—Is it 'alf price for me, please?

*Cashier*—Yes.

"Will yer please give me one 'alf ticket, one quarter, and one for nothin'?"—*London Opinion*



The artist



who



was



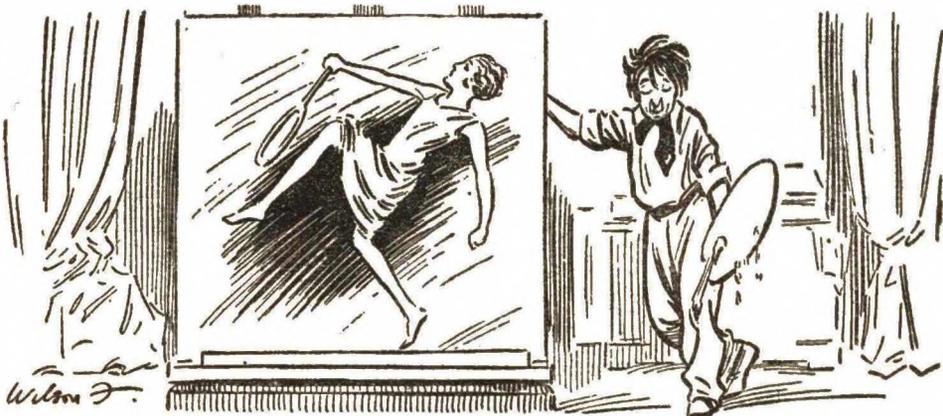
in



sympathy



with



his subject

—The Humorist

## WHO WOULDN'T?

*She*—What would you do if a girl dared you to carry her upstairs?

*He*—I'd be inclined to take her up.  
—*Wisconsin Octopus*

---

"An' phwat's become ov Moike Flanagan?"

"Poor chap! He mistook a taxi-horn for the midday whistle, an' stopped work crossing the Strand!"—*Gaiety*

---

"The times are hard, and I find it hard to keep my nose above water."

"You could if you didn't keep it above brandy so often."—*Brown Jug*

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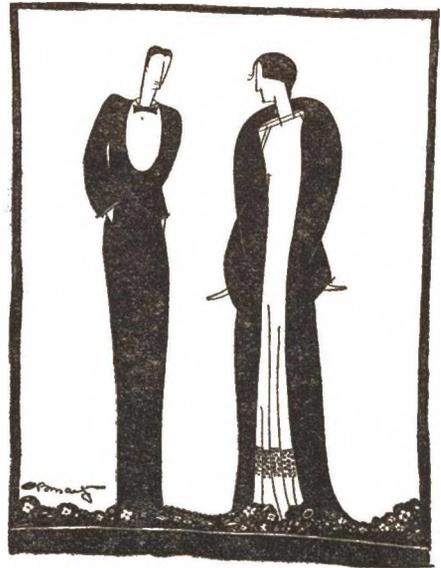


## BY THE SEA

*He*—Some still say they can see people smuggling on the beach at night.

*She*—Yes, I know, and grandma says it's disgusting, too.—*Chicago Phoenix*

---



"I've sent back your letters, your gifts, your ring. Is there anything else I can do?"

"You might return my love."—*Cornell Widow*

---

"He doesn't love me any more,"  
The dear girl cried in great alarm,  
"He doesn't love me any more,  
Because, you see, he broke his arm."

—*De Pauw Yellow Crab*

---

*Angler* (describing a catch)—The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!

*Rustic*—No. Oi don't suppose ye ever did.—*Tit-Bits*

---

*Sentry*—Halt! Who goes there?

*Answer*—Moses.

"Advance and give the ten commandments."—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*

---



"He's one of the richest men in town."

"How did he make his money?"

"Heaven knows!"

"I s'pose that accounts for his expression."—*Judge*

## THE FAMILY TREE

By George Mitchell

**M**Y dad was a famous two-gun man,  
I'm sure you remember his name:  
As Loose-trigger Pete  
He could shoot awful neat  
When a piker nosed in on his game.  
A rustler he was by perfeshion  
Till one of his pals spilled his dope,  
An' dad paid his fine  
From the branch of a pine  
At the end of a hundred foot rope.

His father before him was clever  
In his little amachure way;  
Cards was his style,  
An' he laid by a pile  
As a dealer in ol' Santa Fé.  
But he shuffled 'em jes once too often:  
They caught him one night with th'  
goods.  
An' although he was hung,  
We are proud that he swung  
From the prettiest pine in the woods.

An' so if I say it as shouldn't  
I come from a famous ol' line,  
So you'll understand  
Why this mornin' I stand  
At the foot of a wide-spreadin' pine.  
They got me fer stoppin' th' mail  
coach;  
Yes, jes' once too often for me.  
But dad and *his* dad  
When they see, will be glad  
That I swing from the family tree.

—Judge

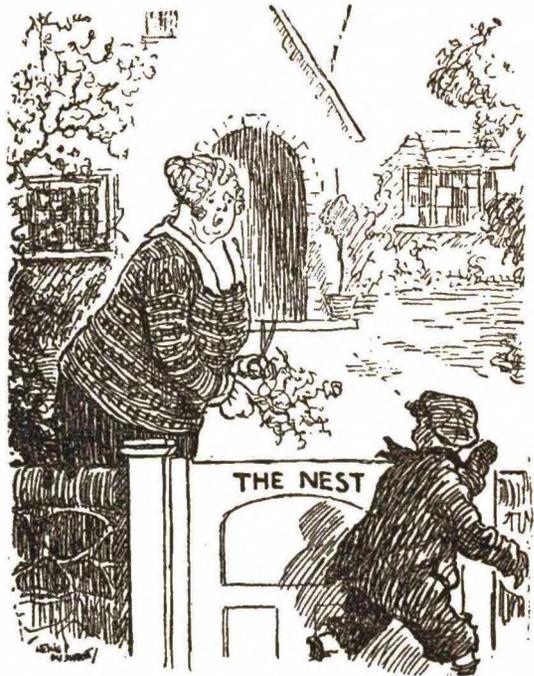
## THE LAST SMOKE

"I'd like to be cremated, but I'm sure  
my wife wouldn't like it."

"Why so?"

"She's always complaining about my  
leaving my ashes around."

—Laugh



*Rude Little Boy—Wot O,  
Birdie!—Gaiety*



*Pessimist (to Pawnbro-  
ker)—Could you change this  
engagement ring for a revol-  
ver?—The Tatler*

# Our Own Radio Programs

Conducted (in person) by

**Donald Ogden Stewart**

## Next Week's Radio Programs

### *Monday*

WJZ (360 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Coughs of all nations—recited by the Smith Brothers (in costume).  
8.30 P.M.—Plain facts about removing bones from codfish—talk by Mr. Gorton, of the Gorton Codfish Co.

WVP (1,460 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Music — “L’Apres Midi d’un Faun”—trombone solo by Fred Rothschild, late of Sousa’s band.  
9.30 P.M.—Some Broader Aspects of the Plumbing Business—talk by Mr. Walter Heath, member of the N. Y. bar.

### *Tuesday*

WGI (360 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Music — Aria from Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony — soprano solo by Miss Maisie Mitch, alto soloist of the New First Church.  
10.30 P.M.—How to Remove Tonsils —talk by Dr. Cluff, M.D., a doctor.

### *Wednesday*

KDKA (360 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Exhibition of Indian Club swinging by the brothers Vlack, of the N. Y. Hippodrome.  
9.30 P.M.—Twenty-five Simple Uses for Scotch whisky—talk by Miss Esther Horton, débutant (1918-22, Inc.)

### *Thursday*

WVP (1,460 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Readings from Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary — “Auk” to “Axis”—by the Hon. Philemon Colutz, late of Congress.  
9.30 P.M.—How we Met the Sewage Disposal Problem in Bucyrus—talk by Mr. Elwall Evartz, former Mayor of Bucyrus.

### *Friday*

WGI (360 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—A Hundred Simple Truths about Mattresses — talk by Mr. George J. Ostermoor, pres. Ostermoor Co.  
9.30 P.M.—Demonstration of Ventriloquism, Legerdemain and Slight of Hand by Prof. Eli Nard of the New York Stage.

KDKA (360 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Was Macbeth or Lady Macbeth more to Blame and Why Not?—lecture by Professor Channing Fish.

### *Saturday*

WJZ (360 meters)

- 7.00 P.M.—Wrestling Match—Harold (“Terrible”) Onk vs. Young Smith.  
9.30 P.M.—“The Johnstown Flood”—comic recitation by Eddie Van Tyth.

### *Sunday*

- 7.00 P.M.—How to Make Gin in the Home—talk by Judge Cosmo M.

Claypool, of the Circuit Court of Appeals.

9.00 P.M.—Sermon — “Thou? Why Not Thee?”—Rev. Elmer McGordon (see “Dilatory Domiciles”).

11.30 P.M.—Modern Dance Music—

1. Cubanola Glide (one step).
2. Oceana Roll (Castle walk).
3. Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through (Chin-Chin).
4. Poor Butterfly (fox-trot).
5. Y Ga-ga la Va (Maxixe julienne).
6. A Clean Tooth Never Decays (valse).

1.30 A.M.—Children's Bed Time Story —“What Snoopie the Owl Found Out”—told by Miss Mildred Caruthers

—Judge



“Get Thee Behind me, Satin.”

—Wash. State Cougar's Paw

## TRUTHS THAT ARE NEVER TOLD

*The Motorist*—I get about eight miles to a gallon o' gas.

*The Proud Father*—That kid o' mine is over a year old and has never said a word anybody could understand.

*The Prize Fighter*—I was at my best, and he knocked me out fair and square. He's a better man than I am.

*The Golfer*—I never went around in less than 120 in my life.

*The Baseball Player*—Hey! Umpire, you're wrong. That was a strike, not a ball! What's the matter with your eyes?

*The Lady*—I only paid \$2.50 for this hat.

*The Stenographer*—I really can't spell, but I'll make an awful bluff at it.

*The Telephone Girl*—I wasn't ringing your party. I haven't tried yet.

*The Secretary*—Mr. Jones is supposed to be in conference, but he's really in there telling stories to a couple of friends.—Judge



"Have you any work here, mate?"

"No! There is none here."

"Could you give me a job?"—*London Mail*

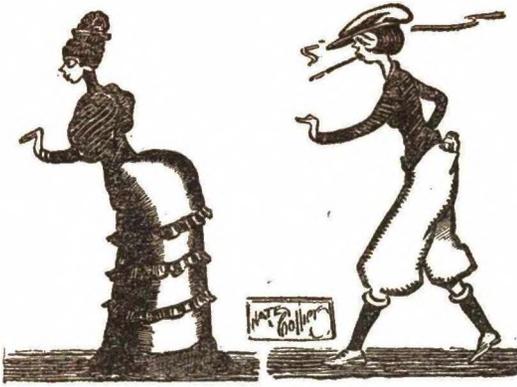


*P. C.*—What are you hanging on to that lamp-post for?

*Reveler*—Well, some one's got to stop it from waving about!—*Passing Show*



"Oh, she's absolutely the rage in New York!  
She married a revenue officer!"—*Judge*



Something on the Hip—  
Yesterday Today  
—*The New Yorker*

The four-wheel brake is a wonderful invention. Now the automobile can stop on top of the pedestrian rather than run over him.—*Brown Jug*

*Wet*—What's good for flu besides whisky?  
*Wetter*—Good Lord! Who cares?  
—*Stanford Chaparral*



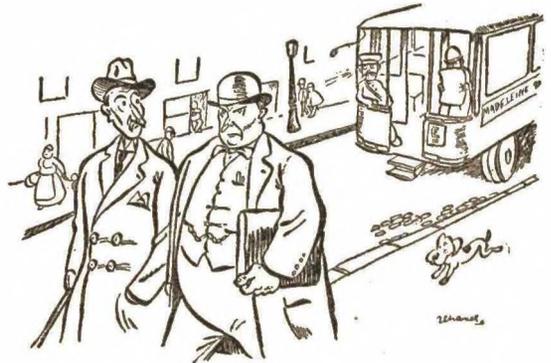
"How did this happen, old man?"  
"Well, I don't quite know. I seemed to just step into the road and, suddenly, something sort of came over me."  
—*Gaiety*



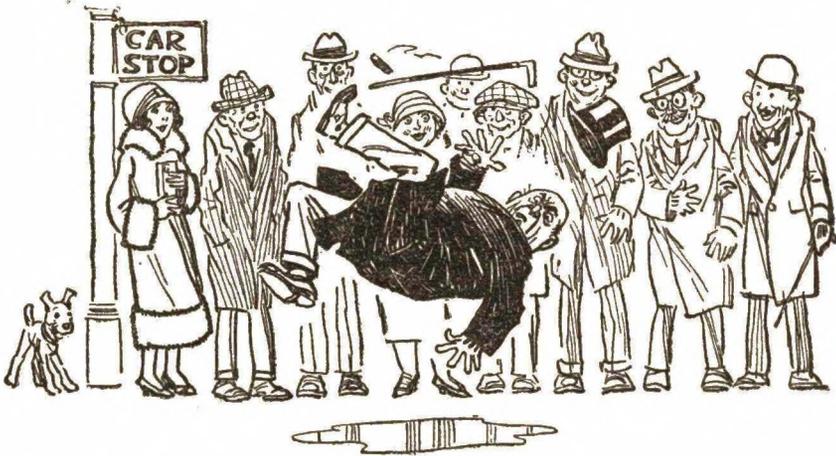
"Aw, tain't morning yet!"  
"How d'ye know?"  
"Got my nightshirt on yet!"—*California Pelican*

*Liddle Semmy*—Faffer, vas your beebles vell-to-do?  
*Big Semmy*—No, but mien gosh, dey vas hard to do.—*Cornell Widow*

"I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard."  
"Oh, do they?"  
—*S. California Wampus*



"And did you notice the way that conductor looked at you as if you hadn't paid your fare?"  
"Yes, and I looked him straight in the eye as if I had paid it."  
—*Le Rire*



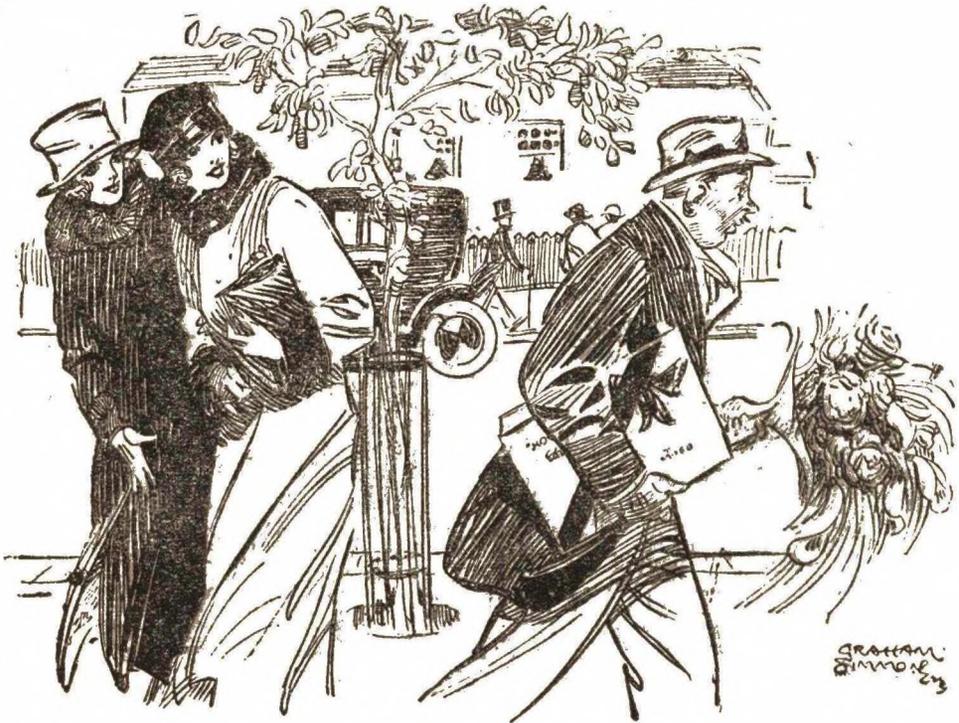
The philanthropist.—Judge



*Daphne*—I say, Doris, I've an idea.

*Doris*—Be good to it. It's in a strange place.

—*London Mail*



*First Girl*—Do you think he's newly married?

*Second Girl*—Either that or he's done something.

—*Town Topics*



“Fer Gawd’s sake, woman, cut that out an’ go back to bed—ye make me nervous.”

—Judge



“Wot’s wrong wi’ that Mrs. Biggs? I was told she can’t eat ’er food.”  
“No; ’aven’t you ’eard? ’Er old man’s gorn and pawned ’er false teeth.”

—Gaiety



"Gweny and I were great pals, but we don't speak now."

"How perfectly thrilling! What's his name?"

—*Sydney Bulletin*

*He*—I love you—

*She*—Really?

"But don't tell your husband."

"Why?"

"It might get back to my wife."

—*Princeton Tiger*

"So you come from America, the place where they make all the cars?"

"Yes. But I would have you know that we make other things besides cars in America."

"I know. I've ridden in them."

—*Manchester Evening News*

*First Ghost*—One side there, brother.  
*Second Ghost*—Pipe down, Henry, or I'll knock you for a ghoul.

—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern*

## REPARTEE

*Witty Boarder*—Ah, your steak is like the weather this evening, madam, rather raw.

*Witty Landlady*—Indeed? By the way, your account is like the weather, too—unsettled.—*Judge*



"Ha, Baron Flagg-Rush, you're coming to our affair to-night, aren't you?"

"Don't see how I can, Mrs. Goitre—you see we've got a case of diphtheria in the house."

"Well, bring it along. Baron — we'll drink anything!"—*Brown Jug*

"The new Dodge coupé has been approved by the Y. W. C. A. The stop light is inside."

—*Greenwich Village Follies*

"What would you do if you could play the piano like me?"

"I'd take lessons."—*Tit-Bits*

### TO PLEASE THE LAD

Son—I see they have measles in that corner house, papa!

Prof. (*absently*)—Yes! Yes! Shall we go in and get some?—*Iowa Frivol*



"For the love of Pete, officer, have a heart! Don't you see this can't possibly be anything but a dream?"

—*Judge*



"I don't think you did right by remarrying so shortly after your husband's death."

"I will wait longer the next time!"—*Le Rire*

They were talking about diet problems, and the business man suddenly asked the literary man, who took himself very seriously, whether he ever tried writing on an empty stomach.

"My dear sir," replied the writer, "I am an author, not a tattoo artist."

—*Pearson's Weekly*

Jim—My girl only uses one garter.  
Toto—How does she keep the other stocking up?

"She has a wooden leg and uses thumb tacks."

—*Keith's Vaudeville*

"Look here, the vinegar I got from you yesterday is not pure."

"Sir, to the pure all things are pure."

—*Aussie*



“Mummy, now daddy’s been made a knight, I suppose I am a nightie?”—*Passing Show*



Wife—John! I'm going to be sick—!  
 "Well, you've got a grand day for it."

—Judge



Fitzurse—I say, Cedric, old bean, old top, old chap—blimey, Lor' lumme, 'ows your bally, blooming, eh, what, pip-pip, cheery-frightfully-o, balmy, ripping, topping, and all that sort of rot, you know—toodle-oo, what ho!

Cedric—Musta been two other fellows.—*Yale Record*

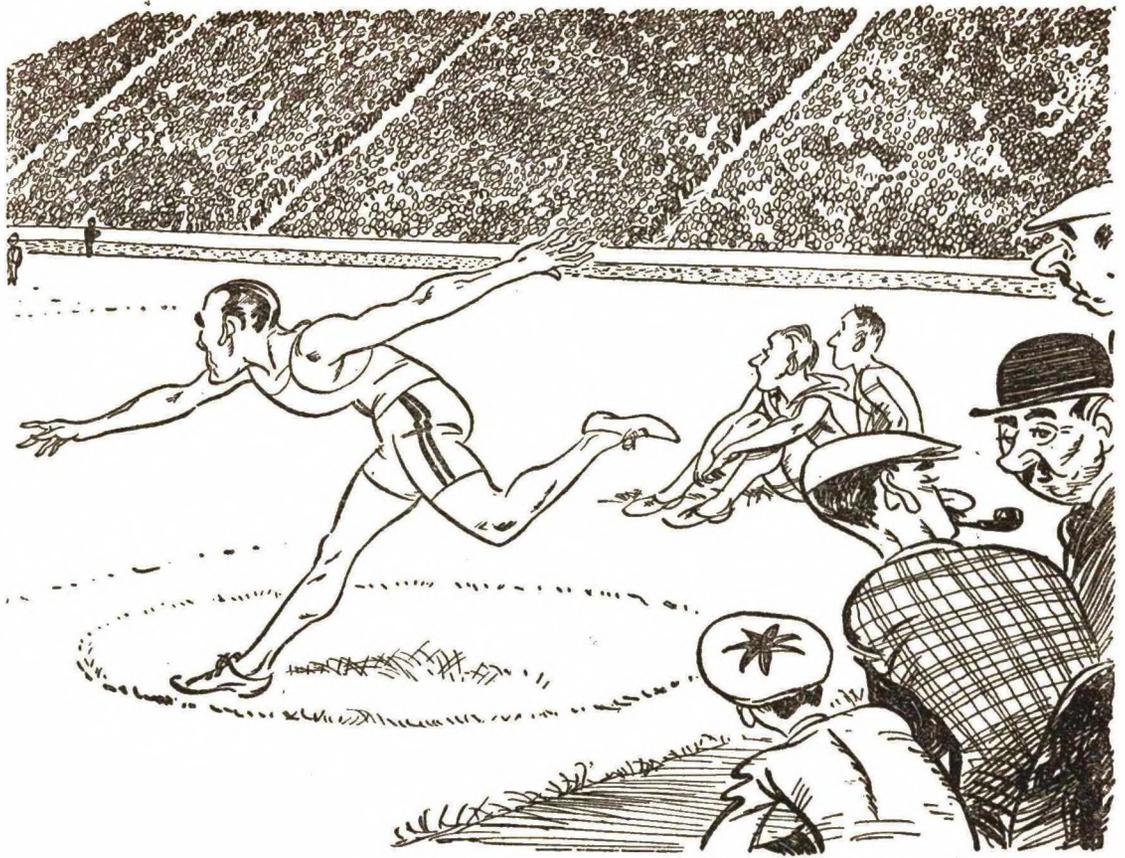


"Who's going to win the big fight to-night, guv-nor?"

"Well—er—my friends tell me the Basher will."

"Oh, do they? Care to argue about it?"

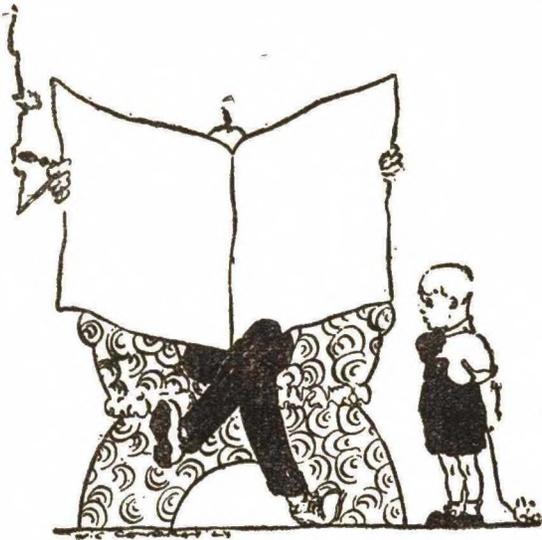
—*Tit-Bits (London)*



*Labourer (watching hammer-throwing)—Gee, Bill, I'd like t' see that guy throw down his tools when he goes on strike!—London Opinion*



*Young Woman (who has called for help)—Go away! You aren't the man!—Humorist*



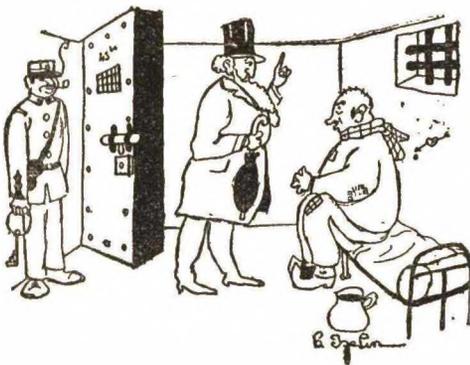
"Dad, how'll I keep from marrying the wrong man?"  
 "You won't; there isn't a wrong woman."

—Aussie

*Defeated Jockey*—Well, anyhow, I wasn't last. There were two horses behind me.

*Disgusted Backer*—Garn! They was the first two in the next race.

—Pearson's Weekly



*The Kind Doctor (to prisoner)*—With this bad attack of flu you must take the best of care of yourself, and above all don't go out!

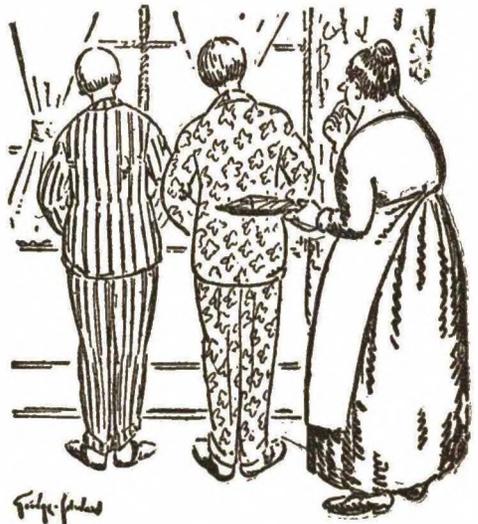
—Sans-Gêne

The Eskimos are men of might,  
 In summer time they fish and fight,  
 And in winter when it's cold at night,  
 They make Eskimo pies. Fooled ya!

—California Pelican

You can always tell a bachelor because he has no buttons on his shirt.  
 A married man has no shirt.

—Judge



## FASHION

*The Maid*—I've got a letter for the master, but— which of the two is the madam?—*Le Rive*

*James*—I saw something last night I'll never get over.

*Brewer*—And what was that?

"The moon."—*Proctor's*

"How beautifully Helen's cheeks are colored. It must be artificial."

"Not at all. It's a straight flush."

—Virginia Reel



"Certainly shows form, doesn't she?"

"Yeh, that's Senator Blogg's daughter. He's been exposed so often it comes natural to her." —*Judge*

## A TANK DRAMMER

Gantvort, the goldfish, alone in his  
aquarium,  
Languished because there was no one  
to marry 'im.  
Then did the tears of this swell piscato-  
rial,  
Tarnish the gilt of his splendor sarto-  
rial.

Gone, then, the sheen of his vesture su-  
perior,  
Gantvort so looked like a sardine in-  
ferior,  
They canned him as such and the rest  
of his history,  
Because of our grief, must remain a  
deep mystery.

—George Mitchell, in *Judge*

*Carpenter*—Didn't I tell you to notice  
when the glue boiled over?

*Assistant*—I did. It was a quarter  
past ten.—*Pearson's Weekly*



"John's poorly."

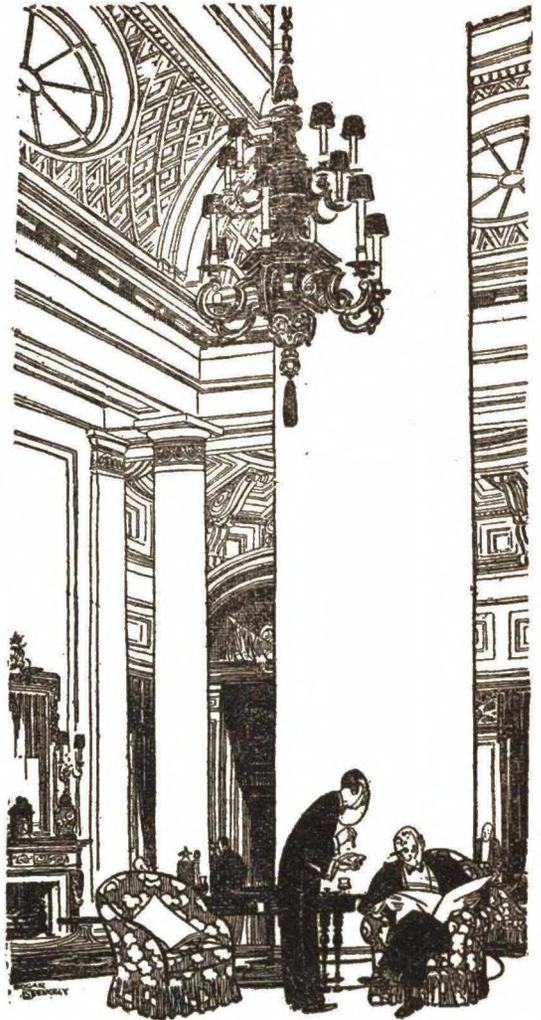
"Is that so?"

"Yes, he's not so well."

"Is that so!"

"Yes, he fell off a truck  
and broke his neck."

—*Le Rire*



"Good heavens, man!  
What is the matter with your  
face? Were you in a motor  
smash?"

"No, I was being shaved  
by a lady barber when a  
mouse ran across the floor!"

—*Passing Show*

*Harry*—Until this evening my life  
has been a desert.

*Carrie*—Oh, that accounts for it—  
ever since we started dancing I've been  
thinking of camels and things.

—*Pearson's Weekly*

# Physiology and Fiction

By Stephen Leacock

**I**N a crime story which I read the other day I observed that the following physiological changes took place in the sleuth hound's face, all in five minutes.

To begin with:

An impassive mask covered it,

Then, a quick suspicion chased itself across it,

An intense determination hardened it,

A bead of moisture appeared upon it,

A smile passed over it,

A gleam of intelligence shot across it,

A look of perplexity furrowed it,

A sudden flash of triumph lighted it up,

And then,

The impassive mask fell on it again. These rapid changes of the face are evidently connected with the pursuit of crime. If anybody wants to go in for a life of crime—on either side, for it or against it—he has to learn to use his face in this way. He must be able to harden it, relax it, expand it at will and, if need be, to drop a mask right over it—like putting it into a garage.

But it is quite different, we have observed, with the love story, the seat of which seems to be in the stomach. In the same romance in which the sleuth hound worked his face, we noticed that a similar lot of physiological disturbances were set up at intervals in the heroine. In her case, however, the symptoms did not sweep over her face, which was needed for other purposes. They were internal. They began as soon as she met the hero, and anyone will easily recognize in them the progress and the fate of love.

The series ran like this—

A new gladness ran through her.

A thrill coursed through her.

Something woke up within her that had been dead.

A great yearning welled up within her.

Something seemed to go out from her that was not of her nor to her.

Everything sank within her.

This last symptom is naturally so serious that it ends the book. Indeed, we notice that when things sink inside the heroine it means that something vital has come unhooked. The only polite thing to do is to leave her to herself.

Quite different is the case of the hero—the strong man. With him the operation of the story is all done seemingly with strings, with stretching and tension. He gets "taut," or he gets "rigid," his muscles "tighten into steel bands"—in fact you could easily run a sewing machine off him.

Now there is no doubt that these physiological descriptions are admirable in their realism. The only trouble is that they don't go far enough. It has seemed to us that an excellent literary effect could be obtained by heightening this physiological coloring and letting it be quite clear just what is happening, anatomically and biologically, to the characters in the story. To illustrate this we append here a little sample of such a romance. The story is called "Physiological Philip," and it tells of nothing more unusual than the meeting of two lovers in a lane. But slight and lacking in drama as it is it will do to convey our idea.

## PHYSIOLOGICAL PHILIP

Philip Heatherwood—whom we designate Physiological Philip—as he strolled down the lane in the glory of early June, presented a splendid picture of young manhood. By this we mean that his bony framework was longer than the average and that instead of walking like an ape he stood erect with his skull balanced on his spinal column in a way rarely excelled even in a museum. The young man appeared in the full glory of perfect health; or shall we say, to be more exact, that his temperature was ninety-seven, his respiration normal, his skin entirely free from mange, erysipelas and prickly heat.

As Physiological Philip walked thus down the lane, listening to the singing of a blithesome bird—occasioned, though he did not suspect it, by a chemical reaction inside the bird's abdomen—a sense of gladness seemed to fill him. Of course, what was really happening was that in the splendid shape in which Philip was his whole system was feeling the stimulus of an intermolecular diffusion of inspired oxygen. That was why he was full.

At a turn of the path Philip suddenly became aware of a young girl advancing to meet him. Her spinal column, though shorter than his, was elongated and erect, and Philip saw at once that she was not a chimpanzee. She wore no hat, and the thick capillary growth which covered her cranium waved in the sunlight and fell low over her eye sockets. The elasticity of her step revealed not the slightest trace of appendicitis or locomotor ataxia, while all thought of eczema, measles or spotty discoloration of the cuticle was precluded by the smoothness and homogeneity of her skin.

At the sight of Philip the subcutaneous pigmentation of the girl's face underwent an intensification. At the same time the beating of the young man's heart produced in his countenance also a temporary inflammation due to an

underoxydization of the tissues of his face

They met, and their hands instinctively clasped, by an interadjustment of the bones known only in mankind and the higher apes but not seen in the dog.

For a moment the two lovers, for such their physiological symptoms, though in themselves not dangerous provided a proper treatment were applied without delay, proclaimed them, were unable to find words. This, however, did not indicate (see Barker on the Nervous System) an inhibition of the metabolism of the brain but rather a peculiar condition of the mucous membrane of the lip, not in itself serious.

Philip found words first. He naturally would, owing to the fact that in the male, as Darwin first noticed, the control of the nerve ganglions is more rigid than in the female.

"I am so glad you've come," he said. The words were simple (indeed he could hardly have made them simpler unless by inserting the preposition "that" and restoring the auxiliary from its abbreviated form). But simple as they were, they thrilled the young girl to the heart—obviously by setting up the form of nerve disturbance which Huxley has so admirably described in his discussion of the effect of external stimuli on the decomposition of food.

"I couldn't stay away," she murmured.

The text here is a little perplexing. No doubt the girl refers to some inhibition in her feet, involving an inability to use the great toe. It is an obscure malady, and Sir William Osler inclined to ascribe it to excessive alcoholism. But she may have had it. Unfortunately the current of the romance moves on too fast to allow investigation.

Philip reached out and drew the girl towards him.

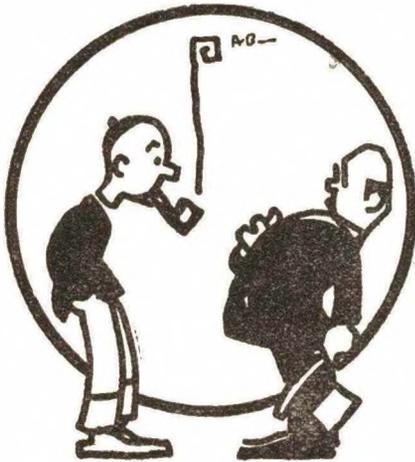
"Then your answer is yes," he cried, jubilantly. To do this he inhaled deeply and then ejected the entire contents

of his lungs with a sudden impetus. In the dog this produces barking. (See Sir Michael Foster on Animal Phrenology.)

"It is!" she murmured.

Philip drew the girl's form towards him till he had it close to his own form, and parallel to it, both remaining perpendicular, and then bending the upper vertebræ of his spinal column forwards and sideways he introduced his face into a close proximity with hers. In this attitude, difficult to sustain for a prolonged period, he brought his upper and lower lips together, protruded them forward, and placed them softly against hers in a movement seen also in the ourangoutang but never in the hippopotamus.

And with this kiss the affianced lovers wandered back hand in hand up the lane, the bird upon the bough singing more blithely than ever—owing possibly to the increased distention of its diaphragm.



*Marcel*—Do you know, Charlie, chorus girls have a hard time?

*Claude*—Yes, they have to bare a great deal.

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

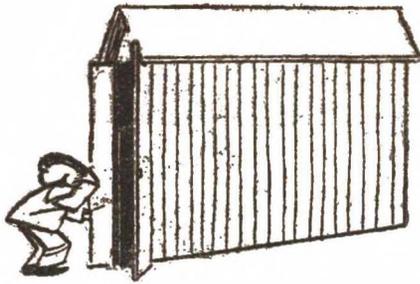


Burglars break into a sky-writer's home.—*Judge*

*Waiter*—Yes, sir, we're very up-to-date. Everything here is cooked by electricity.

*Diner*—I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?

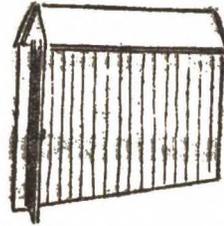
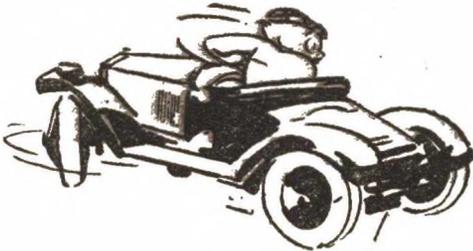
—*Tit-Bits*



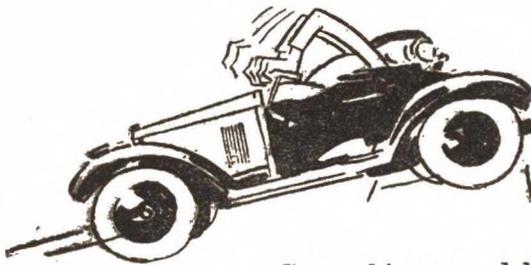
It's strange when you're running a car



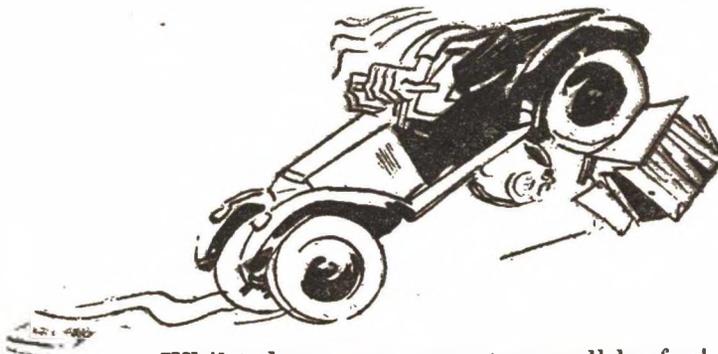
How deceptive appearances are



You find that your fivver

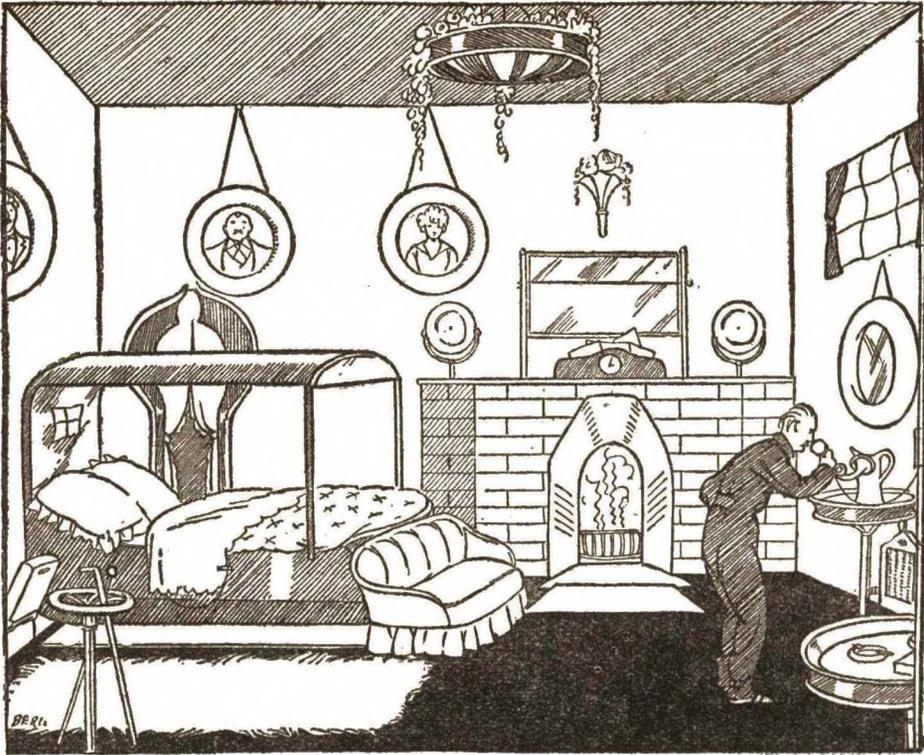


Grows bigger and bigger

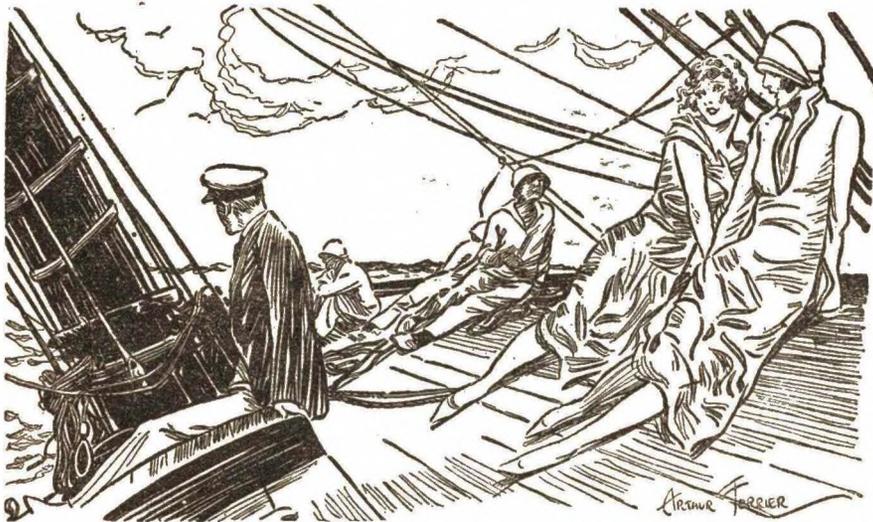


Whilst the garage seems too small by far!

—*Passing Show*



A new use for old automobiles—*Le Pêle-Mêle*



*Sweet Young Thing*—What makes the yacht jump about so?

*Second Sweet Young Thing*—Bob says the poor thing is on a tack.

—*London Mail*



*Joan (romantically)*—I think the poets are right, George. It's only in the great open spaces that we find ourselves!

*George*—Well, we're twenty miles from anywhere, the sun's going down, and I've lost the map, so now's your chance!—*Humorist*

*Irate Customer*—Here; look what you did!

*Laundryman*—I can't see anything wrong with that lace.

"Lace? That was a sheet!"

—*Princeton Tiger*

*Jim*—I read in the papers that twelve people were killed down in Mexico City yesterday.

*Tim*—Yeah? Who was elected?

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

*He (in restaurant)*—How's the chicken to-day?

*Waitress*—Fine, kid. How's yourself?—*Boston Bean Pot.*

*Customer (in barber shop)*—Cut all three short.

*Barber*—What three?

"The beard, the hair and the conversation."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw*



When Tommy put glue on his sister's lipstick.—*Judge*



“Yes, they say this course is haunted. There is supposed to be an old, bearded golfer, who goes round every night—”

“In how many?”—*Gaiety*



"Here's another hideaus thing. I suppose you call this a masterpiece?"

"No, sir. That is a looking-glass."—*Public Opinion*



"I must say, Facial, I consider a cannibal a loathsome thing."

"Well, then, Mr. Gargoyles, I must be one. I once swallowed a little porter."

—*Brown Jug*



"Julius Cæsar didn't take a hair cut for ten years."

"I didn't know he was eccentric."

"He wasn't; he was bald."

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*



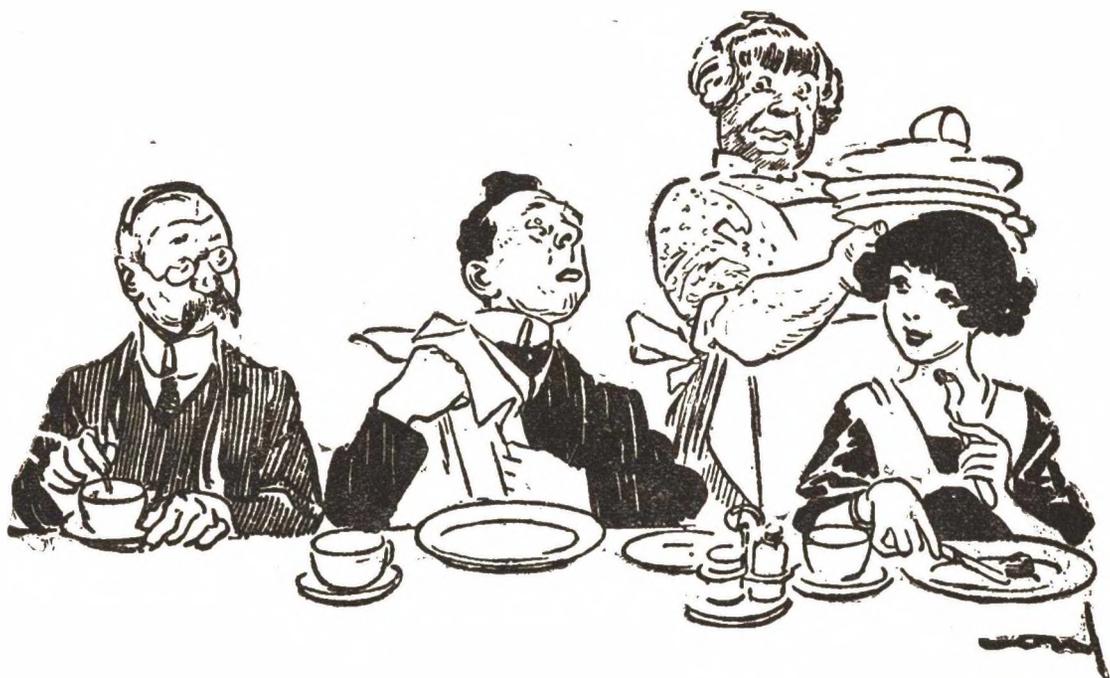
"Is there anything lovelier than fall?"  
"Yes, falling in love!"—*Judge*



Young Man (to Registrar)—I—ah—er—um—!  
 Registrar (to Assistant)—Henry, bring out one of  
 those marriage license blanks.—*London Mail*



“Hae ye seen me thimble, Angus?”  
 “Aye! Ye’ll find it wi’ the whisky bottle. I gied  
 McWhister a night-cap last nicht.”—*Passing Show*



*New Boarder*—I'll have eggs to follow, please.  
*Bridget*—Phwat? Iggs, is it? Did yer bring 'em  
wid yer?—*Sydney Bulletin*



*She*—Do you know why I won't marry you?  
*He*—I can't think.  
*She*—You've guessed it.—*The World (London)*



"My daughter's very clever. She's learned to play the piano in no time."

"Yes, I've noticed she does."—*Punch*



### THIS STRANGE WORLD

He—Were you at Trouville last summer?

She—No.

He—What a coincidence! Neither was I!

—*Le Journal Amusant*

### EXPERIENCE!

Charlotte—What kind of a car has Tom?

Martyne—A pray-as-you-enter!

Carlotta Miles—Haven't you ever wanted something you couldn't get?

Julius Marx—Yes, a grapefruit that wouldn't squirt.

—“I'll Say She Is”

Economical Ed hides a pair of socks in the pocket of his pyjamas, in order to cut down his laundry bill—*Judge*

### REVENGE!

Motorist—That man I ran over is the meanest man in town.

Friend—Why?

“He puts tacks in his pockets when he crosses the street.”—*Judge*

“My boss fired me because I took his car out last night.”

“How did he know you took it out?”

“I ran over him!”

—*Al Jolson in “Big Boy”*

“What time is it, Maud?” boomed her father from the top of the stairs.

“Fred's watch isn't going.”

“How about Fred?”—*Tit-Bits*



“Why did she marry such a small man?”

“Well, she heard that everything was coming down.”

—*Pasquine (Turin)*

*Brilliant*—I have a new name for my girl; I call her Postscript.

*Tine*—Where's the connection?

"Her name is Adeline."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

"I have heard," said Professor Short,  
"That Babylon fell.  
And Ninevah was destroyed;  
And—"

Some one in the class:

"Tyre was punctured."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

"I can't understand why you stayed outside so long with such a wonderful dancer as Ralph."

"But he showed me some new steps and we sat on them."

—*De Pauw Yellow Crab*



"Do you have to see a doctor in this town before you can get booze?"

"No, afterwards."

—*Washington Cougar's*

*Paw*



#### NOMENCLATURE

"Mother's got such a surprise for you, Tommy!"

"Oh, I know all about that!"

"Not that you have two dear little sisters?"

"Yes, I do, and their names, too; 'cause when the doctor told Daddy, he said, 'Twins—oh! Hell and Blazes!'"

—*London Weekly Telegraph*

*Darkie*—Shoot! Big boy, you're faded!

"Faded nothing! I'm a fast black!"

—*"The Magnolia Lady"*

*Frosh* (from *Goober Creek*)—Guess this riddle: What has four feet, fur, goes "Me-yow," and has nine lives?

*Soph*—A cat.

*Frosh*—Aw, somebody must have told you.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

"He's so generous he'd give you the shirt off his back. But who'd wear it!"

—*"The Music Box"*



*Shortsighted Traveler*—Is there some delay on the line, my good man?

*Naval Officer*—Who the Hell do you think I am, sir?

*Traveler*—Er—n-not the Vicar anyway.—*Punch*



*He*—May I have the last dance?

*She*—I think you've had it.—*London Opinion*



*Citizen*—Can't go out to-day?

*Cop*—Can't go out to-day. The air is like wine.

—*Judge*



"She told him all her past."

"Good gracious, what appalling candor!"

"What an amazing memory!"—*World (London)*

*Mistress (severely)*—If this occurs again, Maude, I shall be compelled to get another servant.

*Maude*—I wish you would, mum. There's quite enough work for two of us.

—*Answers*

At a recent motorcycle gymkhana one competitor jumped his machine over four people reclining on the track. Motorists are sure they could accomplish this feat on the roads but pedestrians refuse to lie down until they have to.—*Passing Show*.

At one stage of last year's Arctic Expedition the members could hear jazz music broadcast from London. Then they pushed on farther north.

—*Humorist*



“Isn't Mignon the lucky girl—”

“Why?”

“Oh, she's going to marry a hat-check boy!”

—*Puck*

A dentist recently gave a wireless talk. I understand that he commenced by making the usual assurance that it wouldn't hurt a bit.—*Passing Show*

“Well, I've only heard him make one good after-dinner speech.”

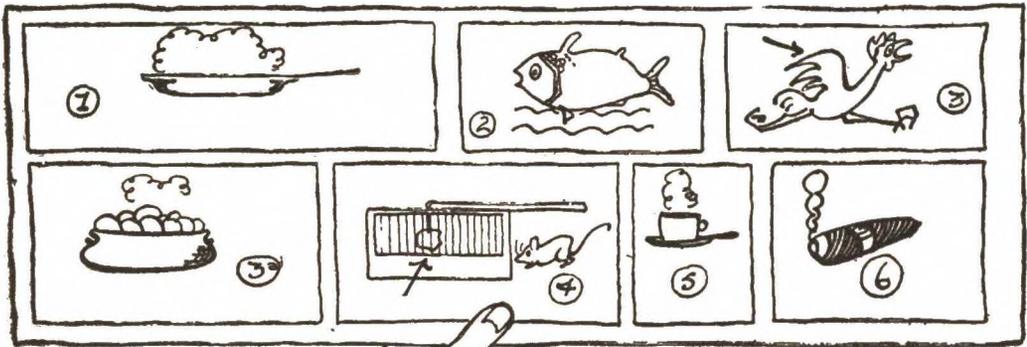
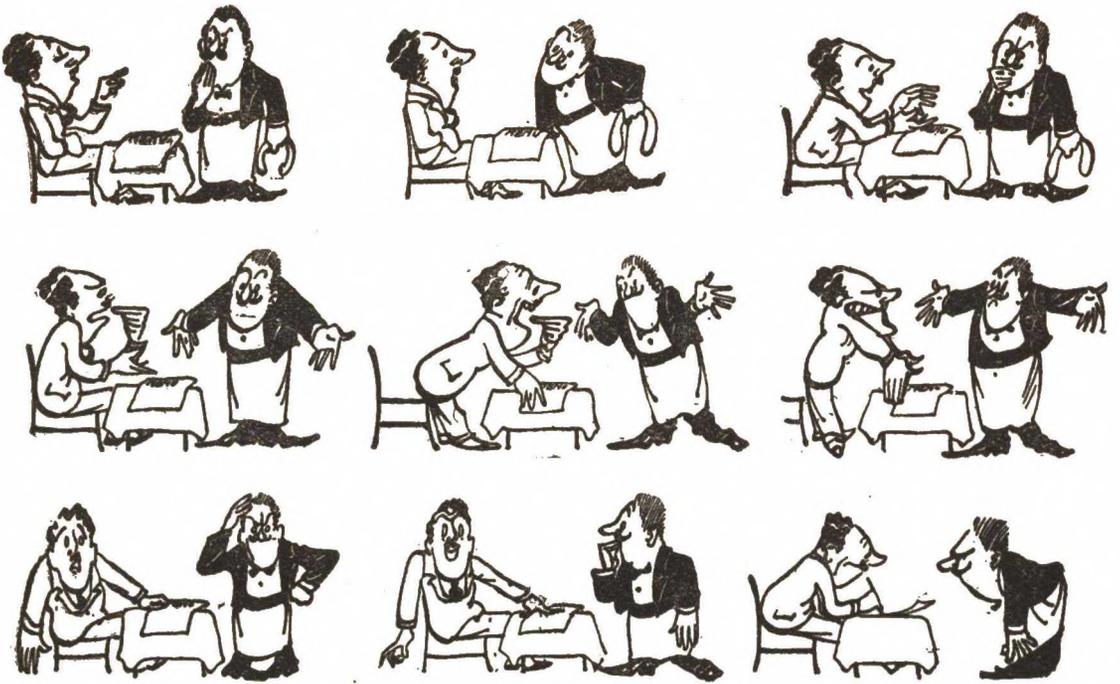
“Really?”

“Yes, it was when he said, ‘Waiter, give me the bill.’”—*Tit-Bits*

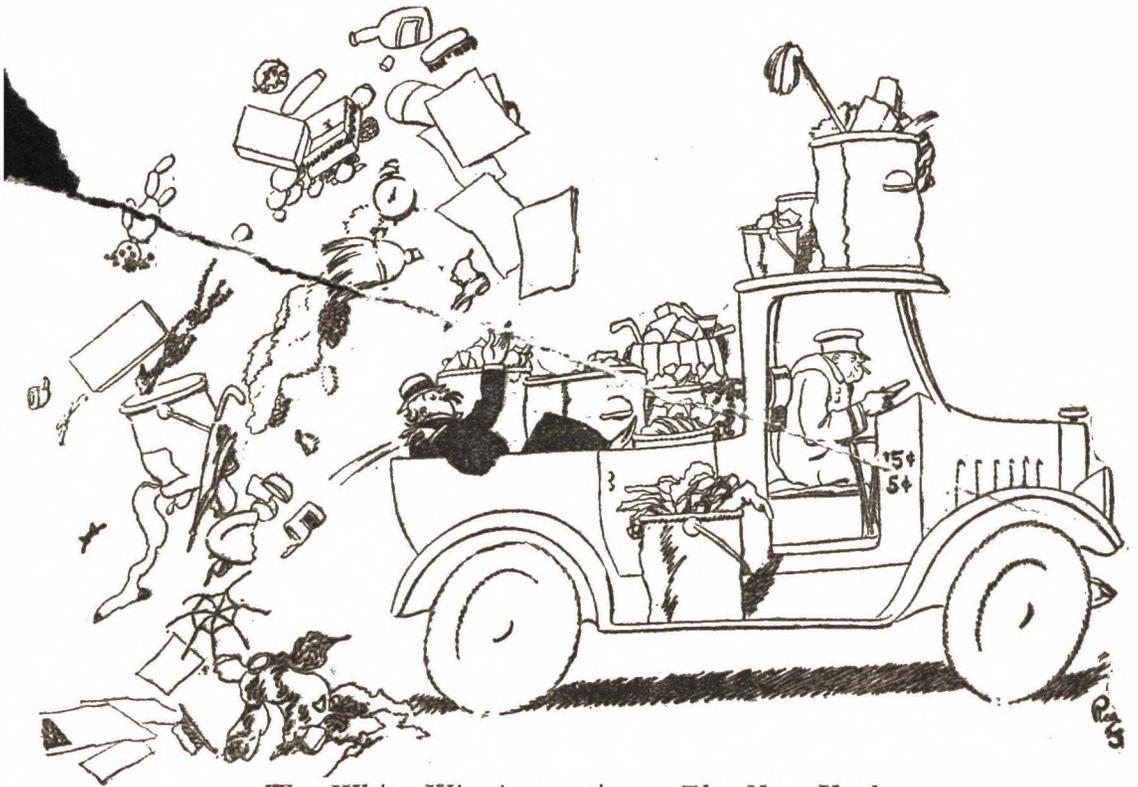


“Aw, now that jeweler's ruined thish darned watch abso-lutely—here it says it's three o'clock in th' afternoon an' I know perf-fickly well it's three o'clock in the morn-in'.”—*Judge*

It has been discovered that bees communicate by performing a kind of dance. Those with whom they communicate do the same.—*Humorist*



Clever beyond words—or the man who couldn't speak French.—*Bystander*

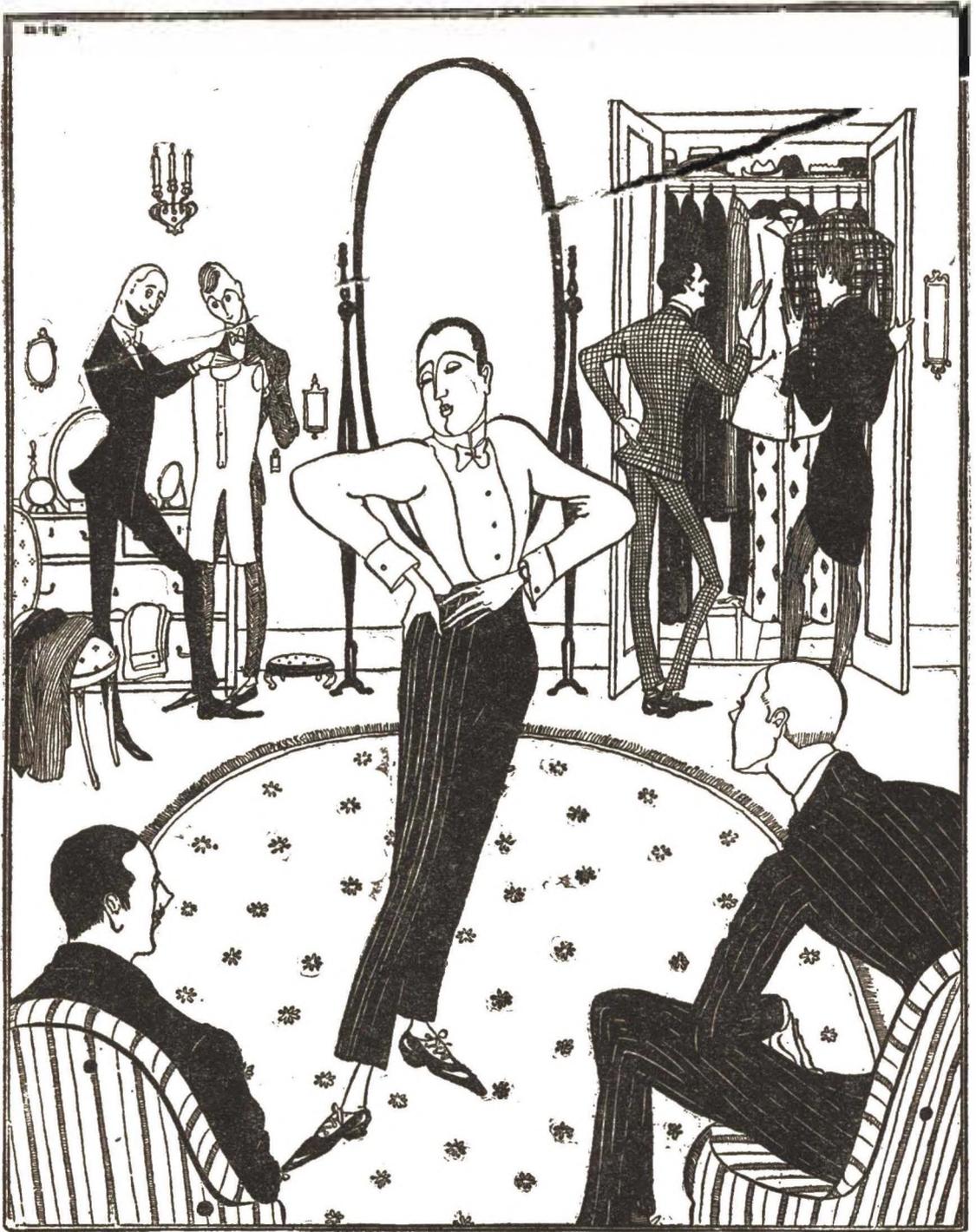


The White Wing's vacation.—*The New Yorker*



"Strange the vicar's wife never goes to church!"  
 "No; she can't bear to hear him talk for an hour and  
 a half without being able to answer him back."

—*London Mail*



If men should entertain their friends as women do.

—Puck



*Long-gone*—I shay, iz ish a hand laundry?

*Chin Hung-Lo* — Yessee, allee samee is.

“Well, wash m’ handsh.”

—*Chicago Phoenix*



*He*—If I can’t get home for dinner tonight, I’ll send you a telegram.

*She*—Don’t bother—I’ve read it already. Found it in your coat pocket!

—*Strix (Stockholm)*



“Do you understand what she writes?”

“Yes, but I am trying to find out what she means.”

—*Lorang Pederson*

(*Stockholm*)



“Just think, three thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year!”

“Isn’t it wonderful that they can train animals to do such work?”

—*Notre Dame Juggler*



*Dresser*—I think I'd know the gent who stole your pearls if I saw him again.

*Gene*—Of course, you would—you remember he arranged my bathing accident last season.

—*Judge*

### TRUE TO HIS PART

*Hospital Physician*—To what ward shall we take you, a pay ward or—?

*O'Brien (injured in wreck)*—A Democrat ward, to be sure!

—*Judge*

*Wife (from window at 3 a. m.)*—Where have you been?

*Husband*—I just fell in with an old friend.

"You look it. You're soaked."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



*Jacob*—Vot ith the matter, Abe?

*Abe*—Oi! Oi! My shop is on fire!

*Jacob*—Vell, vot about that, it's insured, ain't it?

*Abe*—Yeth, but my wife is inside!

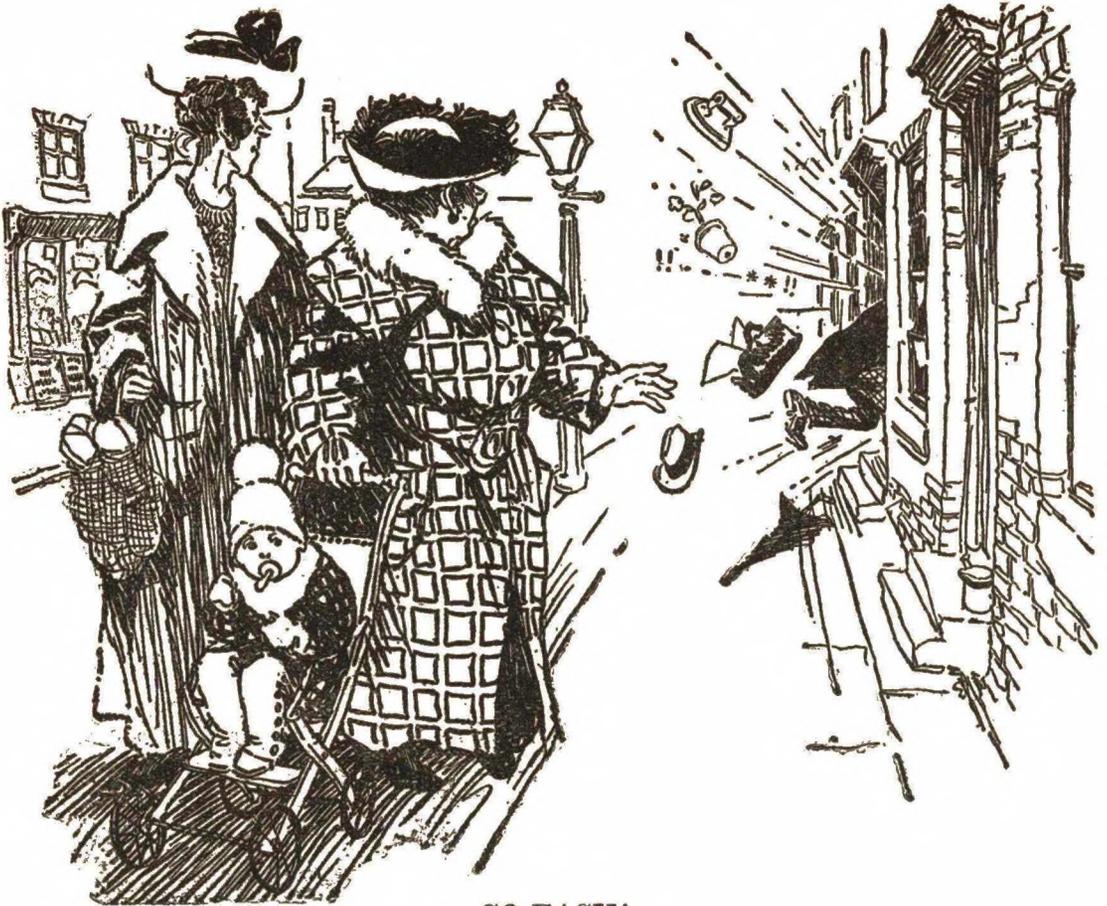
*Jacob*—Vot! Ain't she insured?—*London Opinion*



"I've bought three of the most gorgeous frocks to-day, darling—only a hundred pounds."

"Good Lord! Why didn't you ask me about it first?"

"I thought I'd better not waste tuppence on the telephone!"—*London Mail*



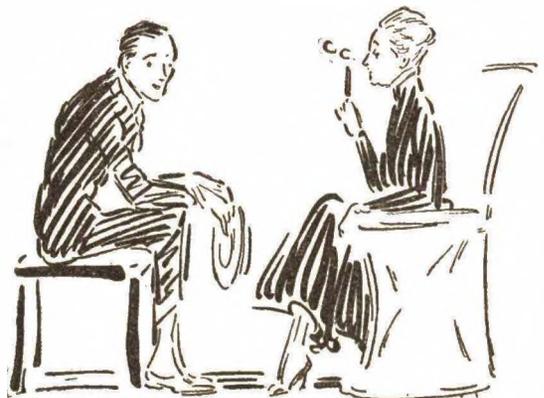
SO EASY!

"Good 'eavens, Martha, what's all that row?"

"Oh, that's only the feller from the 'Ire Furnishers collectin' 'is easy payments!"—*Passing Show*

"If you refuse me, the days will be dark, dull, and dreary!" declared the swain.

And so, since he was the man who wrote the weather forecasts, she had to marry him.—*Answers*



*The Widow*—Why are you in such a hurry to marry my daughter?

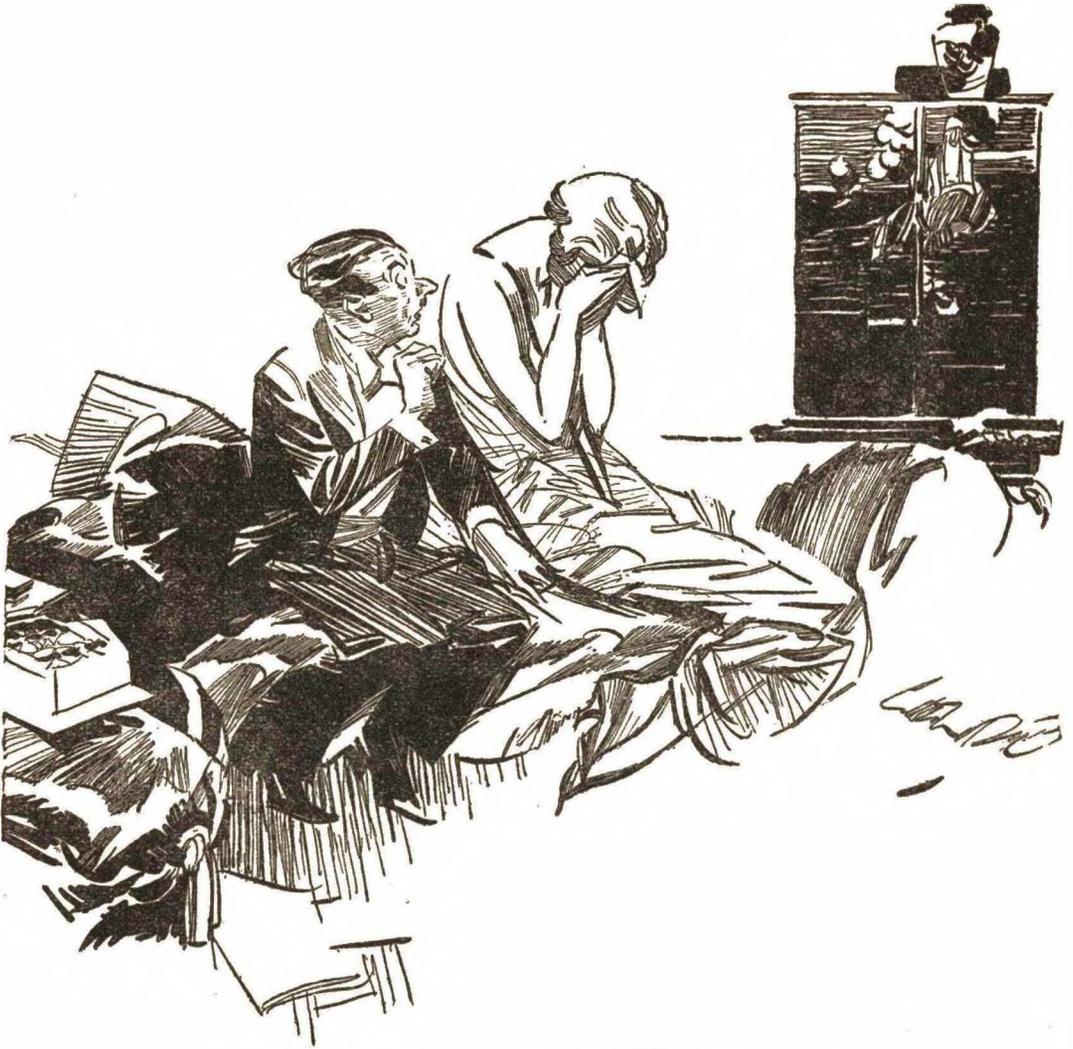
*Lover*—Because another girl is trying to get me, and I want to cut her out.

—*Puck*

In Derby, after a narrow escape from being knocked down by a motor car, a dumb man suddenly regained his speech. We learn that a golfer who was passing at the time turned very pale and hurried on.—*London Opinion*



*The Virago—That's wot you are—a bare-faced old scoundrel!—Punch*



*Actress*—On the billboards you call me “the peerless actress.”

*Manager*—Well, what about it?

“I want you to understand that I had as many peers chasing after me in London as any other American actress.”—*Judge*

### FRANK ABOUT IT

A youngster tried to excuse his tardiness one morning by blaming it on the fog.

“Fog!” said his employer, “what can that have to do with it? You don’t live across the bay.”

“No, sir,” replied the boy, “but you do, and I thought you’d be late.”

—*Boston Evening Transcript*

I want some collars for my husband,” said the woman, “but I am afraid I have forgotten the size.”

“Thirteen and a half, ma’am?” suggested the shop assistant.

“That’s it. How did you know?”

“Men who let their wives buy their collars for them are always about that size, ma’am,” explained the observant salesman.—*Tit-Bits*

You can't pick a lock with a pickle,  
 You can't cure the sick with a sickle,  
 Pluck figs with a figment  
 Drive pigs with a pigment  
 Nor make your watch tick with a tickle.  
 You can't make a mate of your mater,  
 You can't get a crate from a crater,  
 Catch moles with a molar,  
 Bake rolls with a roller,  
 But you can get a wait from a waiter.  
 —*Tit-Bits*

*He*—Take "I'll say" and "I'll tell the world" away from some people, and you cut their conversation just about fifty per cent.

*She*—I hope to tell you. Ain't it the truth?—*Youngstown Telegram*



*Henrietta*—I don't know how to get Harold back. He refuses to make up our quarrel.

*Josephine* — Maybe you can get him to renew it.

—*Puck*



### SECRETS IN SAFE KEEPING

*Mrs. Chick*—Is it true, Honey, that my old housemaid is working for you?

*Mrs. Duck*—Yes, but don't look so worried, dearie, I don't believe a word she says.—*Le Journal (Paris)*

*Ed (in motor car)*—This controls the brake. It is put on quickly in case of emergency.

*Co-ed*—Oh, I see. Something like a kimono?—*U. S. Pointer.*

### STATISTICS SHOW

In the United States there is one telephone for every eight persons.

So if more than that number try to use yours, you are being imposed on.

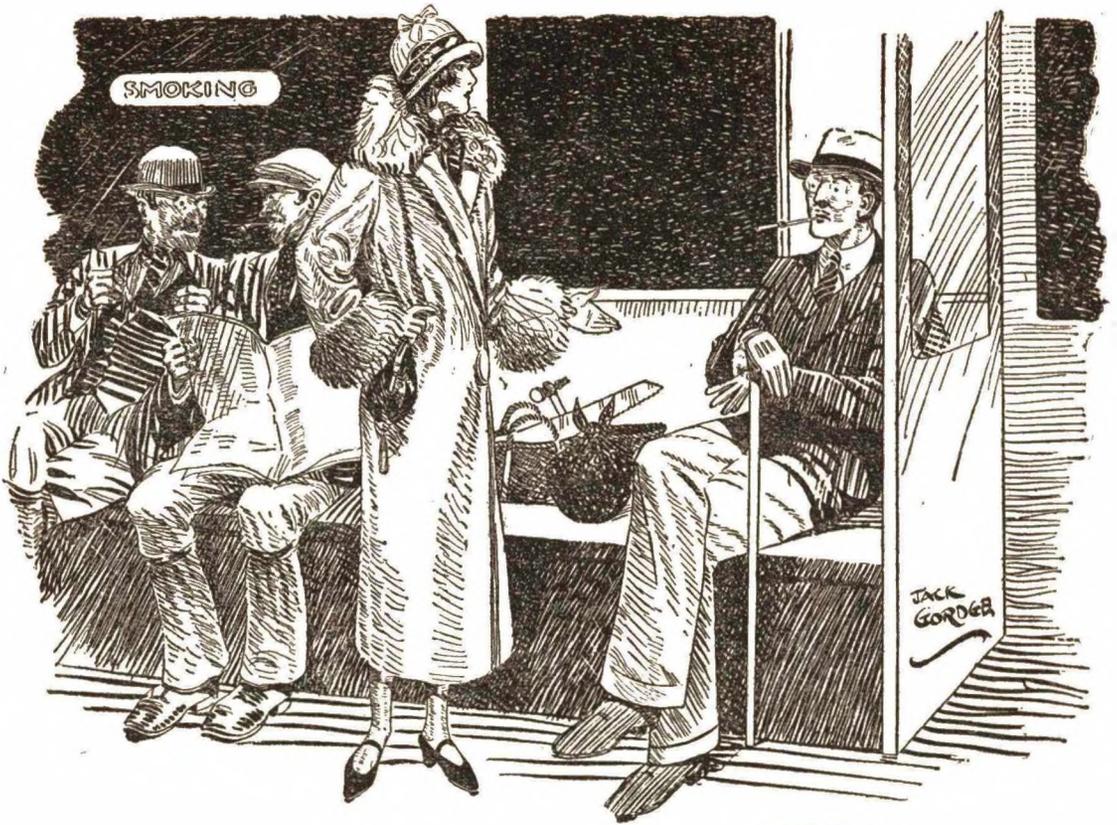
—*Louisville Courier Journal*



*Distressed Bather (being rescued)*—Is it you, Rudolph?

*Rescue Party*—No, lady. Only Douglas Fairbanks!

—*London Opinion*

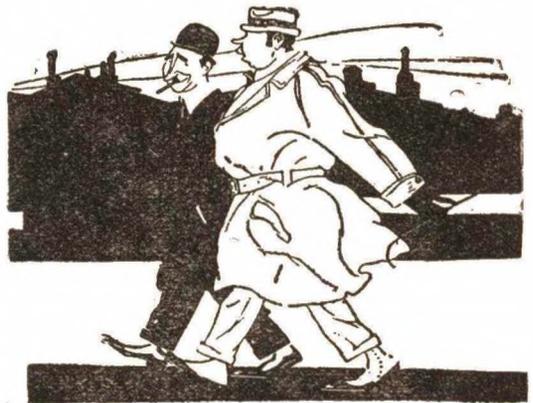


Young Lady—Excuse me, but are you reserving this seat for anybody?—*Humorist*



"In Turkey a woman never sees her husband before the marriage."

"How odd! In this country she scarcely sees him after.—*London Mail*



"Lend me fifty!"

"I have only forty!"

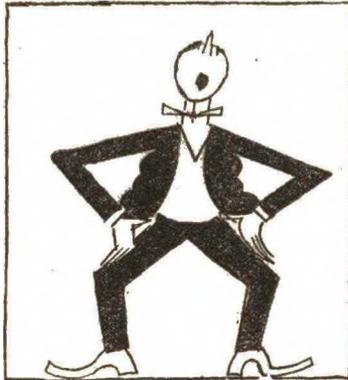
"Well, then let me have the forty and you can owe me ten."

—*Kasper (Stockholm)*

# The Mystery



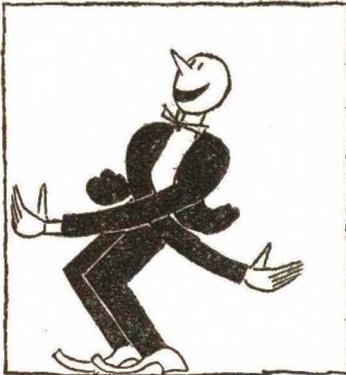
1. HE MUST BE THE MEMBER OF SOME STRANGE SECRET SOCIETY, PRACTICING THE SIGN OF RECOGNITION



2. NO, HE'S A MOVIE ACTOR REHEARSING SOME DRAMATIC BIT FOR A FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION



3. OR IS HE JUST A PLAIN CITIZEN WHO HAS RECEIVED GOOD NEWS OF SOME SORT?



4. IT'S POSSIBLE HE'S AN EX-SAILOR REFRESHING HIS MEMORY OF THE WIG-WAG SYSTEM.



5. OR HE MAY BE AN ELOCUTIONIST PRACTICING A RECITATION.



6. STILL, IT LOOKS HERE AS IF HE HAD BEEN STUNG BY A BEE.

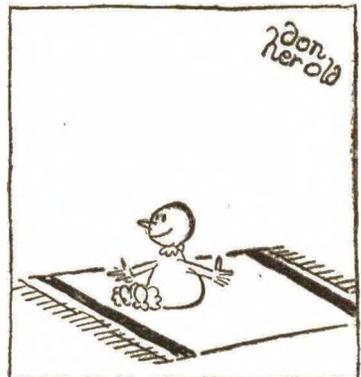


Drawn by DON HEROLD

7. AFTER ALL, HE MAY SIMPLY BE TAKING HIS REGULAR PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

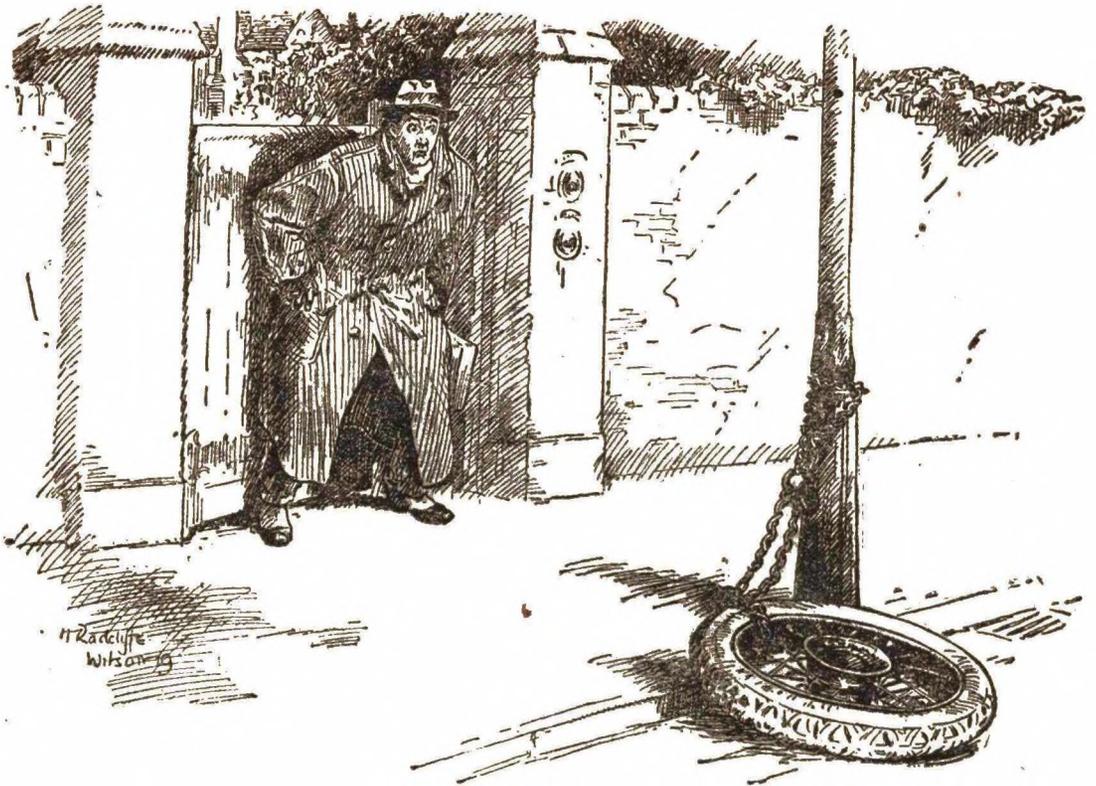


8. OR PERHAPS THE POOR FELLOW IS JUST PLAIN CRAZY.



9. HELLO, WHAT'S THIS! OH, WELL, THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING.

—Judge



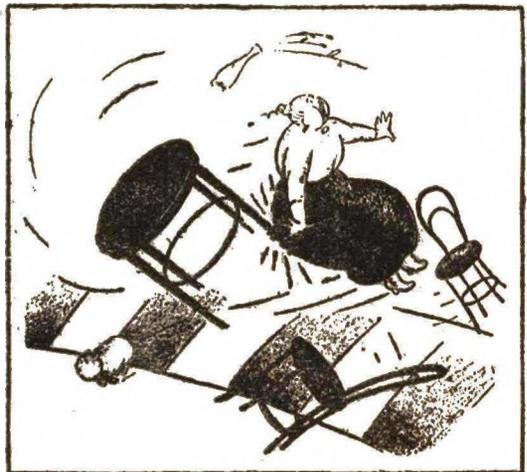
Jones, who makes a point of padlocking his new car by the front wheel to a lamp-post, realizes the justice of the maker's claim that the spare wheel with which it is fitted "can be fixed by anyone in two minutes."

—Punch

"My friend Jones has a bouncing baby boy."

"How do you know?"

"I dropped it."—*Tit-Bits*



A boy has made a radio set from a peanut. It no doubt reproduces political speeches with pitiless accuracy.

—*San Diego Union*

The assertion that the game of golf is in its infancy must be a mistake. No infant ever used that kind of language.

—*Scripps-Paine Service*

### INTERFERENCE

Mrs. Johnson, the well-known medium, comes into contact with a departed football player.

—*Sondags Nisse*  
(Stockholm)



“Roger, I’m supposed to punish you for defying your mother to-day. I admire your courage. Now, every time I whack this pillow, you holler!”

—*Passing Show*



"Aren't you coming out? There's a most terrific breeze."

"Well, wait until I change my stockings—one has a hole in the knee."—*London Mail*

"How do you find marriage?"

"During courtship I talked and she listened. Just after marriage she talked and I listened. Now we both talk and the neighbors listen."

*Dorfbarbier (Berlin)*



"How was the Barber's Ball last night?"

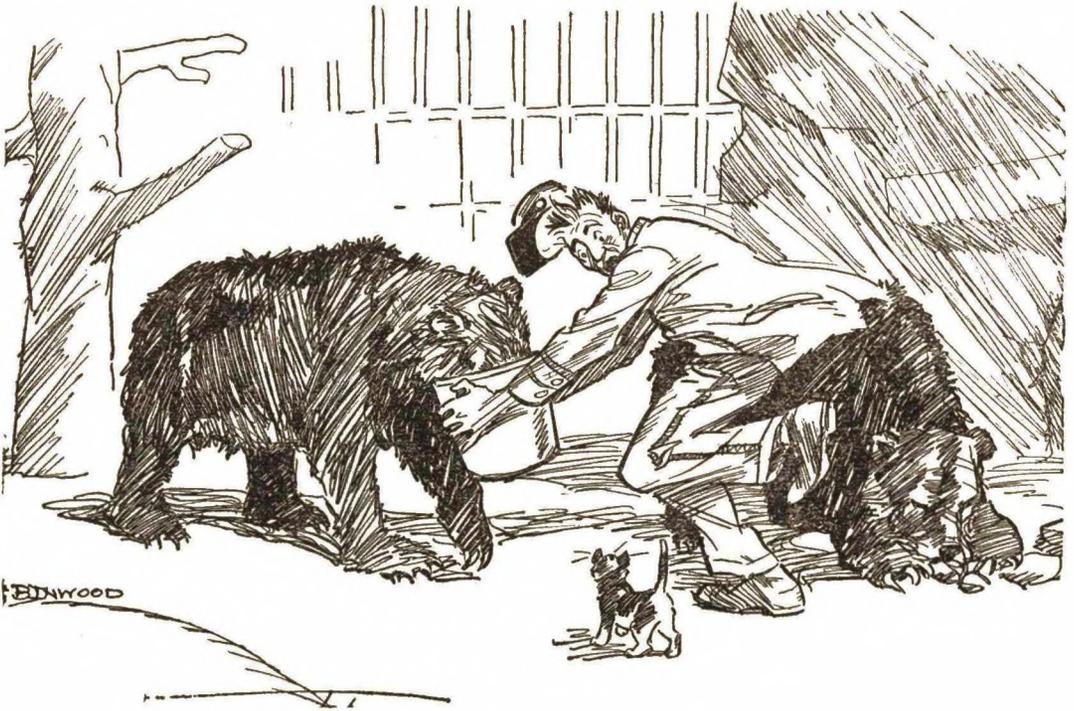
"Well, I stayed until a fellow committed herpicide, and then I decided the party was getting too dandruff."

—*California Pelican*

"Have you 'A Certain Rich Man'?" asked an elderly gentleman of the girl at the library desk.

"If I had I wouldn't be working here," came the girl's prompt reply.

—*Capper's Weekly*



“Lord love me! You gave me a start!”—*Judge*



I believe she's going to marry again—and she's been led to the altar three times already.”

“Led! Why, she's knows the way blindfold!”

—*London Opinion*



"Where is your husband? I am to have this dance with him."

"There he is, against that pillar. Please put him back there when the dance is over."—*Humorist*

An expedition to British Honduras has brought back a pair of strange animals that crawl along the ground like alligators, have the armor of turtles, and can spring six feet. It sounds as though the perfect pedestrian had been discovered at last.—*London Humorist*

*Policeman (producing notebook)*—  
Name, please.

*Motorist*—Aloysius Alastair Cholmondeley Cyprian—

*Policeman (putting book away)*—  
Well, don't let me catch you again.

—*Punch*

# The Duffer Kennels

## A Long Felt Want is at Last Supplied for Golfers

**G**OLFERS, all over the country, will hail with joy the opening of the new Trained Golf Ball Kennels on Long Island. Ernest Duffer, who is responsible for this novel innovation, will undoubtedly go down in history as the greatest benefactor of Golf-kind and will be worshiped by mashie wielders the world over. Duffer spent years of painstaking effort and intensive training, and his Trained Golf Balls are the result of enduring patience. The Duffer Trained Golf Ball Kennels have at last become a fact, and here the long-suffering golfer will find surcease for every woe. Profanity will become a thing of the past, nervous wrecks will disappear, and happy families will again be reunited. The Duffer Trained Golf Balls are divided into five different classes and cover every trouble known to the golfer.

The first class are the Talking Balls. After years of untiring effort Duffer has trained these wonderful little spheres to repeat the words, "Here I am," and the lost ball problem is now abolished. The golfer will no longer have to spend fruitless hours and words in the "rough" looking for obstinate little golf balls.

The Bolshevik Specials are another boon to the greensman. These balls have been trained to hate the sight of water and are indispensable for water holes.

The third class are very difficult to handle, but when they are accustomed to their masters are a joy forever. These are the Wild, Untamed Balls, and are only satisfied with raw meat. This craving works beautifully on the putting greens, as the

golfer simply drops a small piece of beefsteak in the hole, and when he strikes the ball it makes straight for the meat.

The fourth, and probably the most valuable class of the Trained Golf Balls are the Puritans. Mr. Duffer spent years training these little fellows to follow the straight and narrow path, and golfers who are inclined to pull or slice will find them a godsend.

The last are the Magnetics. These marvelous little spheres are trained to jump up or down, as the case may be, to meet the head of the golf club. This prevents all topping and missing, and brings joy into the heart of the amateur.

The Duffer Trained Golf Balls can be seen any time, and Mr. Duffer gives daily demonstrations. The prices run from \$350 up, and no golfer should be without a set.

NORMAN ANTHONY—*Judge*

---

"I see in this paper that a widower with nine children out in Nebraska has married a widow with seven children.

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."—*Washington Post*

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*Professor*—How would you define Premillennialism?

*Learned Senior*—Very poorly, sir.

—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*



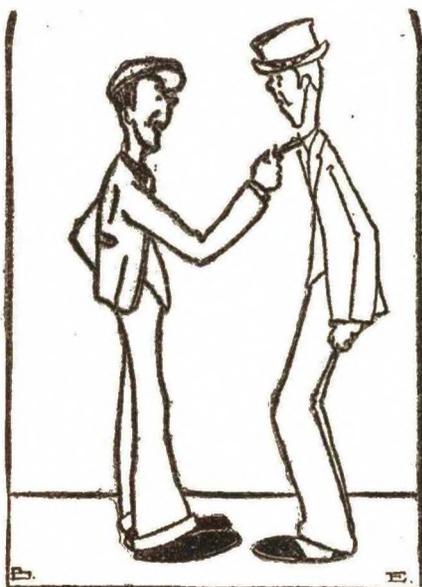
*Mother*—There were two apples in the cupboard this morning; now there's only one. How do you account for that?

*Boy*—It was dark in the cupboard, and I didn't notice the other one.—*Punch*



*Cynthia*—It was frightfully thrilling last night in the cinema. A man proposed to me in the dark—a perfect stranger.

*Cora*—Really! And when's the wedding?—*Gaiety*

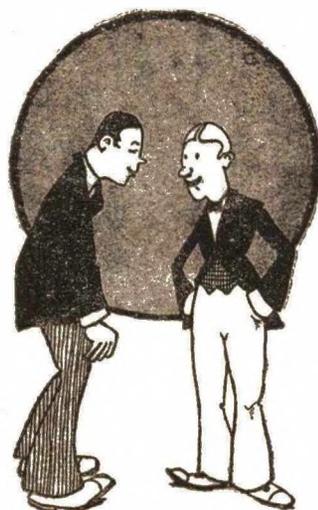


"I see you have one of those William Tell ties."

"Whadda ya mean?"

"Pull the bow and hit the apple."

—*De Paww Yellow Crab*



*Delta*—Let's go for a walk.

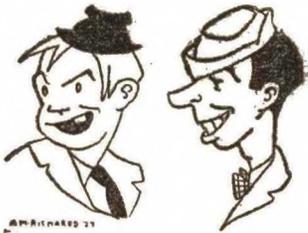
*Gamma*—How come?

"Doctor's orders—have to exercise a dumb-bell every day.—*Pitt Panther*



*Wife*—Strange, you're always like this after an advertising dinner.

*Faint Voice*—It's the food they give you to drink, dearest.—*Judge*



"How are you and Suzette getting along?"

"The more I think of her the less I think of her."

—*California Pelican*



A mis-print,  
—*Boston Beanpot*



*Bus Conductor*—Now come along, sir—are you getting on or off?

*Convivial Soul*—Goo'ness gracious! C-c-can't you—c-c-can't you remember, either?

—*Passing Show*



"Young Willy here sez he'd like to be a musician, and wants to learn the pianner."

"No, let him learn the fiddle; it'll be easier for 'im to play in the street if he ain't a success."

—Humorist



Priscilla—Going downhill yesterday I stripped the gears.

Prim—O-o-o-oh! How terrible! Did they show?

—Williams Purple Cow



Close relations.

—Utah Humbug



G. L. STANDA. 1894

Clergyman—Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?

Bride (grimly)—He will!—Punch

# You too, can Earn \$200 a Week



**J. R. HEAD**  
of Kansas, who lives in a small town of 631 people. He has made as high as \$69.50 in one day selling Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats.



**E. A. SWEET**  
an electrical engineer, is making \$600 to \$1,200 a month and works only about four hours a day.



**W. S. COOPER**  
of Ohio, finds it easy to earn over \$500 a month selling Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats.



## FREE

I am now offering my representatives a Dodge Touring Car as an extra reward in addition to all other profits. If you write at once you will be given the same opportunity.

If you are making less than \$100 a week, I write to me at once and I will show you how you can more than double your income. You can be your own boss—you can work wherever you please—two hours a day—three hours a day—six hours a day—and make from \$4 to \$10 for every hour you work.

Inside of thirty days you can own a thriving, prosperous business without investing any money. You can become one of the big money-makers in your community by mailing the coupon below.

## Simple as A B C

I am one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade topcoats and raincoats in America. In every community I appoint a representative and this representative has the same opportunity of making money as most merchants, doctors or professional men have. My representative doesn't have to pay rent nor salaries nor take any of the other ordinary business risks and expenses. All the profit he makes he keeps for himself.

People like to buy direct from the factory, for all the money saved by selling this way is passed on to the customer. They know all about Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats. They know they are big bargains. It is a common thing for one of my representatives to make \$20 in a single day, and every dollar they make is net profit. J. C. McCardell of Pennsylvania did. In two days' time Mr. McCardell made \$58.20 clear profit for himself. Wm. E. Pyne made \$16 in one evening. T. D. Wick cleared \$13.60, in two hours.

I want you to act as my representative, and all you need to do is call on my customers and send me their orders. It is the most pleasant, dignified and profitable work that anyone can do.

## Build Up a Permanent, Profitable Business for Yourself

I don't want you to think that this is any temporary proposition. You will soon find, after you get started, that your business grows week by week and month by month. Every year's business is bigger than last year's. And when you become known as a Comer representative, business will roll in just for the asking.

## How Much Can You Make?

That depends on how much time you devote to this proposition. You can make anywhere from \$100 to \$200 a week. E. A. Sweet of Michigan made \$1,200 for one

month's work, and A. B. Spencer earned \$625 in one month's spare time. W. J. McCrary jumped his earnings from \$2 a day to \$16,800 in three years—and I could go on and on telling you about my representatives who have met with equal success. I make it easy for you to make an enormous income. I not only furnish you with all the information you need but I tell you where to go, what to say, and how to make money.

## You Get Your Money At Once

If you will mail the coupon at once I will explain how I will arrange things so that you will get your profit the same day you earn it. If you make \$30 in one day you will have that \$30 in cash in the evening of the same day. You don't have to deliver the coats or collect the money due. I do that. When you drop an order into the mail box you are through, and you have your profits in your pocket.

## Don't Send Any Money

You don't have to invest any money and you don't have to put up any capital. Selling experience is not necessary, but if you have it, so much the better. Some of my most successful representatives who are now making from \$100 to \$200 a week never had any previous experience of this kind. These representatives started in just as I am offering to start you. And they soon discovered that this was the easiest way they ever heard of to make big money.

## How to Get Started

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to start on this proposition, even if you can devote only one or two hours a day to it. Later on, when you find out how much money you can make and how delightful the work is, then you will want to put in your full time.

I have paid thousands and thousands of dollars in cash to the readers of this publication who are now my representatives. They realize what a wonderful opportunity it is. As soon as you join our organization you will have an opportunity to become a member of the Comer Thousand A Month Club and will be offered thousands of dollars in cash in addition to your regular income.

## Don't Delay—Get Started

Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Just mail the coupon and I will send you all the details of my offer. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable and pleasant business that will bring you a bigger income than the average merchant, doctor, lawyer or banker. I will show you how you can make \$200 a week without working as hard as you are now. Don't miss this chance. Tear out the coupon and mail it to me right away. This is the big money-making opportunity you have been waiting for.

**C. E. COMER, The Comer Mfg. Co.**  
Dept. K-85 Dayton, Ohio

### SPECIAL NOTICE

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Please send me, without obligation or cost on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition. Tell me how I can make from \$50 to \$200 a week.

Name.....

Address.....

Print or write plainly



## Something **NEW** for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well — which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind — the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion — the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kohn Co., 644 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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31X4 1/2	3.45	1.45	35X4 1/2	5.00	2.50
32X4	3.75	1.55	36X4 1/2	5.25	2.80
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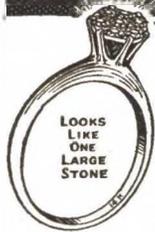
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**YES, you can make \$100 a week.** You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Okla., who made \$750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of N. J., who made \$80 in 5 hours. You don't have to invest any money, nor take a course, nor do any studying. You can start right in next week to enjoy a really big income. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it at once.

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We are ready to appoint 700 Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest, you can make from \$50 to \$100 a week. Your first day will bring you big money. Leonard Lemay, of Mich., made \$15 his first afternoon; W. P. Stone, of Me., cleared \$24 in 3 1/2 hours; Edgar Morris, of Ohio, made \$210 his first 2 weeks. We are the originators and manufacturers of "ZANOL" Products—the nationally advertised line of Pure Food Products, Toilet Preparations, soaps and Household Necessities—over 350 different kinds. We sell direct from factory to consumer. We have thousands of customers in every section of the U. S. Last year four million dollars' worth of "ZANOL" Products were bought. But instead of our customers sending their orders direct to us we appoint Representatives to take these orders.

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If you want your share of these big profits, write now. We furnish our people complete equipment for doing business, FREE. We tell you what to do. We help you get started quick and make big profits at once. You will have the same proposition that has meant thousands of dollars to E. S. Shelly, of Penn.; Mrs. Nona Kern, of Miss.; Edgar Banville, of Mass., and dozens of others.

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Send me your name and I will show you how you can make \$100 a week—and even in your spare time from \$8 to \$10 a day. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, dignified business that will bring you a bigger income than you ever thought possible. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, details of your new plan by means of which I can make from \$50 to \$100 a week.

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Be independent. Make and sell this new candy novelty. Goes like hot cakes. Everybody wants it. **Big Quick Profits.** Many make \$100 a day. (Letters prove this. Our files are full of amazing testimonials.) Nothing like it. Sells everywhere. Small investment. No help needed. Work dignified, easy and clean. Get all the information. Send name and address to

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SUPPOSE your employer notified you tomorrow that he didn't need you any longer? Have you any idea where you could get another position?

Don't have this spectre of unemployment hanging over your head forever. Train yourself to do some one thing so well that your services will be in demand. Employers don't discharge such men. They promote them!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law        | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary              | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects   |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman   | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice  | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions     | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating   | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer         | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy             | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering      | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics             |

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Street..... 3-6-24  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

Occupation.....  
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

## ARE YOU REALLY a MAN or MERELY A COAT-HANGER?



CHARLES MacMAHON

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