

Good Jokes

HIS WIFE'S VERDICT.

Mr. Siderer had made his first public speech. His subject was good—the iniquities of industrial economy—and he hoped his treatment had been adequate. He was not sure. He waited for his wife's verdict, but she was strangely silent.

She had listened to him from the gallery of the town hall, and he had half expected her to meet him at the door afterward, and to say, as soon as they were out of hearing: "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half way home and she had said nothing of the kind.

"Well," he began awkwardly, when he could bear it no longer, "what did you think of my speech?"

"What you said was all right," she answered, with guarded enthusiasm. "But it seemed to me that you didn't make the most of your opportunities."

"Opportunities?" repeated Mr. Siderer. "What do you mean, Effie?"

"Why," Mrs. Siderer replied, "you had ever so many chances to sit down before you did."—London Answers.

Spoke Too Soon.

"You see," said the little man with the dyed beard, as he munched an apple purchased from the train boy, "I am a vegetarian."

"You mean you try to be one," answered the stranger on the seat beside him, pleasantly.

"Sir! What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that there was a worm in that apple and you got it!"—Metropolitan.

Pithy Sayings of Famous Men.
Jonah: "I don't quite agree with you."

Marco Bozzaris: "Three strikes!"
Thackeray (to his nose): "Low bridge!"

Nero: "No heat? All right; I'll turn some on."

John Milton: "There is no loss without some gain."

Shylock: "Raw! Raw! Raw!"

Tamed.

"I used to know him, but did not like him very well. He seemed to think he was born to command."

"Well, he got a wife who seems to have the same belief concerning him."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and when she commands he obeys."

The Proper Place.
What do you do with those rasping letters?"

"Put them on file."

MUST HAVE BEEN UGLY.



"There goes one feller who certainly married for love."

"How do you know?"

"Why, look at her face."

Reciprocity.
"I'm weary of you," said the man. "Until his costly auto."

"Because, perhaps," the latter said. "You've had to tire me so."

Into Him.
"I thought you told me you were going into Wall street?"

"I was."

"And didn't you?"

"No, quite the opposite."

Might Mean Either.
Fogg—Hear about Smith being in a bad railroad accident? They say he cannot recover.

Fogg—From the accident or the railroad?

His Bete Noire.
"Twiggis isn't usually of a suspicious nature."

"No?"

"But he says he believes a chafing dish capable of anything."

There's a Reason.
"Here you are sporting around in an automobile and yet you can not pay the little bill you owe me!"

"My dear friend, if you were supporting an automobile you would know why."

Time and Plans.

"How time flies."

"Yes, indeed. Already we're talking about going to Europe for our summer vacation. The first thing we know we'll be packing our suit cases and boarding a train for a two weeks' rest at a lake resort."

EXPLAINED.

"I do declare!" said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones, one day. "What have you been doing with Your little daughter—say?"
"She must be growing smaller—she does not seem near as tall as when I saw her last! To me it seems she's getting small!"

"Ah, yes!" sighed Mrs. Jones. "It does look so—her tones were mild."

"But then, you see, she always was a shy and shrinking child!"

A Fielding Story.

The Fieldings are an ancient race, and the Denbigh earldom dates from 162. By the way, there is a funny story as regards the family name and its spelling. The author of "Tom Jones" was one of the race, and then Lord Denbigh said to his relative: "Why don't you spell your name 'Fielding,' as the rest of us do, and not 'Fielding'?" The writer made answer: "Because I am the first of the family who learned to spell."—Gentlewoman.

SHE HAD READ IT.



He—Did you ever read "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard?"
She—Yes, I've read it in five or six churchyards and other places, too.

Don't You?

While not an apostle of dolor and gloom, I'm sure now you will not deny that often you run across people, to whom

It's a pleasure to say "Good-by."

Ideal for Work.

That genial humorist and orator, Ben Nathan, recently returned from America, was expatiating to a friend upon the glories of California. After listening patiently, the friend said: "But there must be some disadvantages in living there?" "No," said Mr. Nathan, "it is a perfectly ideal place. For any man who will work—" "Ah," broke in the friend, "I knew there were some disadvantages."—London Opinion.

A New Brand.

Uncle Hiram stroked his throat whiskers and watched the big touring car as it whizzed past him and up the boulevard, emitting a trail of bluish smoke from its oil-choked engine.

"Huh!" he sniffed. "Them may be swell city fellers, but they certainly was a smokin' some durn orful see-gars."—Judge.

Most Likely.

"A western editor wants to know what has become of the old-fashioned mother who washed out her boy's mouth with soap when he used a bad word."

"I guess she is trying to improve her game of bridge now."

More Like a Picnic.

"I believe it was Sherman who gave the most famous definition of war on record."

"Yes, but he didn't know at the time that United States troops would ever be called on to play leap-frog along the Mexican border."

GOOD REASON.



The Victim—The burglar lighted matches all over the house, but he didn't disturb me a bit, and I'm a very light sleeper.

The Detective—Evidently you are a married man.

Miscalculation.

The easy, self-indulgent chap, Whose great ambition is to shirk, Expends more strength to find a snap Than it would take for real work.

They All Do.

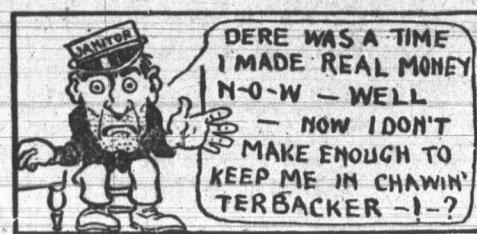
"He is a chip off the old block." "He is so sharp that his mother considers him a splinter."

Two Costumes.



TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Passing of Old-Time Janitor



NEW YORK.—There was a time when the best trotters that went up the fashionable driveways of New York were owned by the men who had charge of the big buildings in New York; but that was long ago. Today that man whose occupation has become subject to the surveillance of a manager who represents the interests intrusted to him in no half-hearted way and whose system will not permit of the pickings which were so long the recognized perquisites of the janitor who is content to make a fraction of what he formerly received each year.

These are days of centralization and system, and the old-timers who found it easy to raise a big family, have fast horses and maintain a country residence have either retired in disgust or adjusted themselves to the altered conditions. The practice for many years was to

pay a janitor a salary, sometimes as much as \$2,500 a year, but more frequently \$100 month. He was supposed to have the waste paper of the tenants to sell, and it will probably be matter of surprise to some readers to learn that this yielded in a big building as much as \$1,000 a year, while in some of the very large ones it would bring in very much more, up to \$2,000 at the highest. Then there was the matter of a commission on the ice and towels supplied to patrons, which would run anywhere from 25 per cent. upward.

Christmas was naturally the occasion when everybody around the building would be in quest of a present, and the janitor was invariably the most assiduous searcher after gratuities; in fact, some of them were artists at the practice.

Nowadays under the new system the janitor gets \$50 to \$100 month. He is under the control of the assistant manager of the building, and he in turn is subject to the manager where there are several properties under one control.

There is a purchasing agent directly under the eye of the manager, who buys all supplies, and these are checked carefully.

Bride's Feet Cause Sensation

T. LOUIS.—Miss Young Oy became the bride of Yeong Wing Jow at the city hall.

Attaches of the marriage license office say that, though she is a Chinese, Miss Oy was one of the most attractive young women who ever went there. Dainty and graceful of carriage, she was a vision of coy loveliness as she stood at the desk, blushing and screening her face from the view of the curious by drawing about the soft folds of the Chinese silk automobile veil which she wore in lieu of a picture hat.

Her long gray traveling coat was tailor-made and up to the minute in style and finish, and her gown, also in American style, was of blue silk. From beneath the hem of her skirt peeped the tiniest of feet, not bound and deformed like those of many Chinese women, but perfect in outline and shod in American shoes.

Clerks at the marriage license office say her feet are the smallest they ever saw—her shoe, according to their expert estimate, being not larger than No. 13, children's size.

Yeong Wing Jow, also clad in American style, wore a tailor-made dark sack suit, patent leather shoes and a fedora hat.

Both gave their address as 931 Clarendon avenue, where the bride

groom has a laundry. He explained that two of Miss Oy's cousins are his partners in business, and that she has been living there under the chaperonage of her male relatives since she came to St. Louis from San Francisco a year ago.

Miss Oy and Yeong Wing Jow were born and reared in San Francisco. In St. Louis they have both been members of the First Christian church Sunday school.

Both signed the license application in Chinese characters, and then touched the pen while the clerk wrote the names in English.

The bride speaks little English. "But I shall teach her pretty soon," said the happy husband.

So far as records show this is the first time a Chinese couple was ever married in St. Louis.

Short-Weight Thieves on Run



C HICAGO.—Wabbly swings the steelyards of the "short weight crook" in Chicago.

No more do grocers, butchers, candlemakers, coal dealers and cordwood men give short weight to the purchasing public.

In the early days short weighting was popular in the ranks of the short weight people, but Pro Bono Publico, the prize kicker, has had an awakening and today he is looking for sixteen ounces to the pound and 2,000 pounds to the ton, as a result of the work of the retiring Inspector of weights and measures—John Kjellander, exploited as the "terrible Swede."

"There are tricks in all trades but ours."

That's an old story.

It was King Solomon who said: "A false scale is an abomination unto the Lord, but a just weight is his delight."

For many years dishonest dealers

were collected by this official and another, but until Kjellander went into office and with the assistance of William F. Cluett, his chief deputy, the offenders were not brought to book and forced to pay heavy fines. As a result the short-weight fellow is a rarity today.

In the last four years the city of Chicago has prosecuted 1,162 suits against short-weight offenders, and they have paid in fines and costs \$35,570.

Thousands of crooked scales have been condemned. There are sixteen deputy inspectors engaged in field work. Their work has attracted municipal officials in all parts of the United States and foreign countries. Short-weight swindlers have invented many contrivances to further their ends and cheat the consumer—the ultimate buyer. Lead and even beer bottle openers were tied to scales and, although the end of gain was small in the individual purchase, yet the aggregate of the swindle was large. False bottoms was a popular trick among peddlers. These have been picked up by the inspectors. Peck and gallon measures have been cut down. These cheats have been confiscated by the hundreds.

Flowers as Antidote for Crime

B OSTON.—The wayward boy—the boy with criminal or mischievous tendencies—may be served with greater advantage to himself and his future development by being apprenticed to a gardener or florist, or by going into any other line of work, is the opinion held by Prof. Charles Sargent of Harvard.

"There is no doubt that the line of work in which a man engages acts upon his personality and that gardening has an elevating effect upon the men employed in it," he says. "I am told that a surprisingly large percentage of murderer are men who have at one time or another been employed as butchers. That is an extreme instance of occupation, but I might say that at the other end of the proposition is gardening."

"A wayward boy thrown into work among growing plants would be brought under a better influence than under almost any other occupation he might find. Any association with

plants and flowers cannot fail to have an elevating effect on the human mind.

"Regarding the way to interest a wayward boy in flowers, an absorbing question is opened, since a general liking for flowers is not generally found in children. The fondness for flowers generally comes later in life. Still, if a wayward boy was set to work under the elevating direction of a gardener or florist, who would impress upon him regularity of habits, together with a working knowledge of plants and their culture, it would go a great way toward putting a boy on the right track."

