

With the world's Great Humorists

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

Reduced to the Ranks

By J. W. FOLEY. (Being a letter from William Gobby, just of the college baseball team, to his brother Bob, written from a small town in the country.)

My Dear Bob: Having a principle of twenty years as a ball player here into the bush and all day long comes around again...



He is dead in the sympathetic ear, the bookkeeper says, and when I go to him for an advance on next month's pay...

The King's Kibosh

By JUDY MORTIMER LEWIS.

Once upon a time there was a king of the east. There was a chalk line running across the earth from north to south, and this chalk line was the king's promenade.

One pleasant spring morning he put on his little green hat with the cute little bow in the back and calling Don John Keep, one of the retainers of the castle and all else that was not nailed down, and said to him: 'John, then, you know that I am a monarch of great rank.'

'That don't bother me none, your majesty,' replied John. 'You know I ain't got no sense of smell.'

'And thou knowest, Don John Keep,' continued the king, 'that the king of the west is a haughty and grasping man, rooting where he has...



The Kibosh Escaped from Its Den This Morning.

not sown, and butting in where he has not been invited. Now if I could only get the kibosh on him the world would be mine.'

'Your majesty, I regret to inform you that the kibosh escaped from its den this morning.'

'Yes, your majesty.'

'Suppose our mother-in-law goes for a walk and runs across the kibosh? It is the only kibosh in my kingdom and I don't know how to keep her without it.'

'Why not advertise for it, your majesty?'

'Very well, Don John, do that. What is my wife's mother doing with this kibosh?'

'She has been taking chloroform, your majesty, so as to be able to get some rest.'

'Never mind, you don't owe the kibosh anything, do you?' he called up to the king of the east and tell him that we have a slight hitch over here, and he must come and awaken her.'

'But suppose he does awaken her, your majesty?'

'Then he shall have her hand in marriage.'

Beauty of Gay City Wanes

of veterans who have been on the diamond for fifteen years. I made good at the start, drove out a homer or two and when the season was over...

'You best, callit!' blipped the mother-in-law without batting an eye. 'And she is sixty too.'

'A miracle! The mother-in-law awoke and struck the floor rattling, and the king of the West whom she was after, though the king of the East left so suddenly that he didn't see this. He went out of the door going in...

With a sigh of satisfaction and jubilation he went upstairs, slipped his hat and went to bed, and lived happily ever after.

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The Third Ingredient

By H. M. EGGERT.

'I told you, Peter, folks that use dynamite is fools,' said Clansky.

'It is here,' said the Russian, draughting through the air a pipe which brought with him. With infinite care he felt like a can of heavy metallic...

'Down with the capitalists,' he roared, lighting the fuse; and he hasty accord they sought the refuge of the block they saw inevitable.

'They hurried into the basement and the darkness like a tiger and belined to the ground.'

'Trying to stink out my fellow-gangster, you see, but I failed,' said Clansky.

'Your miserable fool, Peter,' roared Clansky, as they hurried their buttes in the corner saloon.

'I saw Peter, delectable,' said Clansky. 'I said saltpeper. No salt, but saltpeper, peter, pete.'

'You answered the German, 'You said 'Go to three different shops and buy some saltpeper, some charcoal, and some salt. Peter.'

'Anything but my line today,' he asked, as he surveyed the proprietor, who had grown bald at his work.

'No,' said the 'P.R.' and, what is more, I'm going to take you out to the coast. I can't stand, any citizen.'

'The drummer surveyed the whitened locks of the old man and said, 'You think you're too old to take the trip and begin life over again?'

'I don't think so. How old do you think I am?'

'Well, about seventy, I should say. Seventy?' was the answer. 'I'm 36.'

The salesman picked up his grip. 'It took you a long while to discover you couldn't stand the climate,' he said...

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