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PUCK
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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

Ways and Means Committee, *n.* One or more individuals to whom is committed the duty of devising ways and means to retard or prevent a revision of the Tariff. —*Standard Dictionary.*

THE SPEECH of Congressman Willett attacking the President ought not to be expunged from the Record. It is Willett's one chance for immortality. We should never have known that such a person as "Amos Cottle" existed if Byron had not exclaimed, "Phoebus! what a name!" One Pope embalmed a number of Willetts in his Duncial.

"I THINK that the secret of most domestic infelicity is that young women think that unless they are married their lives are not a success. As a matter of fact I think the reverse is exactly true." —*William H. Taft.*

Good Lord, so soon? What is to become of "my policies" in general if "my policy" as to race suicide can be reversed so completely?

HEREAFTER, when speaking of Big Bill, kindly specify whether you mean the New York Street Cleaning Commissioner, "the best Chief New York ever had" or the President of these United States.

WOMEN in the courtroom greeted the latest triumph of the unwritten law with hysterical applause. Man forges the chains for woman, but women see to it that the links are kept bright and rustless.

ESPERANTO is recommended by Socialists as an ideal universal language for Socialists. Too bad Esperanto was not in existence when the Tower of Babel was begun.

BLACK headlines on the first page of the *Sun* indicate that something unusual has happened. On the first page of the *Journal* they mean nothing at all. So when a really great story like the wreck of the Republic comes along, the sensational press has neither language nor type to tell the tale; they have stricken themselves out of voice and breath.

CONEY ISLAND may not have a Mardi Gras next summer. Bear up bravely! It is not necessary to go all the way to Coney just to throw pepper in a stranger's eye or to hit a passer-by with a sandbag.

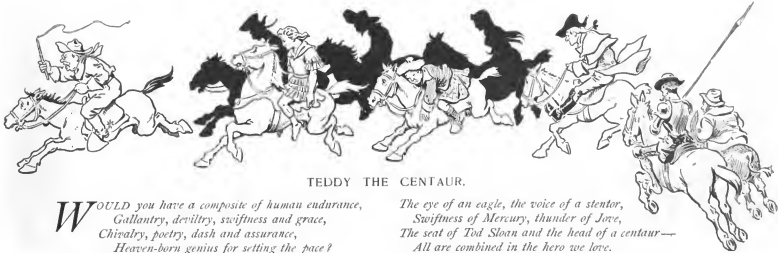
THE English judge, who never uses the telephone because people one hundred years ago got along nicely without it, is shamefully inconsistent if he rides in railway trains, burns gas, believes in postage stamps, buys his wife a sewing machine, or takes the "tuppenny-tube" on his way home.

THE way European war clouds have of dissipating just when they are due to look blackest, leads us to assume that they are forecasted by the same methods which give us Americans our "showers and cooler" prophecies in the summer.



OFF THE TRACK!

TEMPORARY TRIUMPH OF THE MAIN VILLAINS IN THE GREAT CONGRESSIONAL MELODRAMA, "FOOLING THE PEOPLE."



TEDDY THE CENTAUR.

WOULD you have a composite of human endurance,
Gallantry, devilry, swiftness and grace,
Chivalry, poetry, dash and assurance,
Horn-born genius for setting the pace?
Take all the horsemen in fable and history,
Heroes who've galloped afield and afar,
And you'll have a receipt for that popular mystery
Known to the world as the peerless "T. R."

The heart of Quixote, the humor of Panza,
The wisdom of Odin, the nerve of Fitzjames
(To whom might be fifty devoted a stanza
If fable and fact were not bursting with names),
The four sons of Aymon, Orlando, Lord Marnion,
Bonny Dundee with his bonnet a-loss,
The Cid, Boabdil, Tom O'Shanter, Prince Charmian,
The Lady who catered to Banbury Cross,
Sir Lancelot, Kinaldo and Young Lochinvar;—
Take and distill 'em—the issue's "T. R."

The eye of an eagle, the voice of a stentor,
Swiftness of Mercury, thunder of Jove,
The seat of Tol Sloan and the head of a centaur—
All are combined in the hero we love.
Barbaric front of his namesake Theodoric,
Wildness of Turpin who straddled Black Bess,
Daring and dash of the Highlander Roderick,
Buffalo Bill and the Pony Express;—
Rake all the past for the bold and bizarre,
Lump 'em together—the mass is "T. R."

The beauty of Siegfried the mythical Norseman,
Swagger of Gilpin the devil-may-care,
The valor of Roland the horn-blowing horseman,
Grace of Godiva who took in her hair;—
The Noble Six Hundred, the Valéry ladies,
The Ghent-to-Aix riders, the French cuirassiers,
The trio who'd gallop from Paris to Hades
To rescue a damsel—the Three Musketeers;—
Arab and Mameluke, cossack, vaquero,
Riding cap, helmet, fez, shako, sombrero,
Hero and jockey, highwayman, hussar—
All of them live in our peerless "T. R."

Bert Leston Taylor.

MONEY AND WIVES.

"**H**OW MANY wives know what their husbands' incomes are and what they can spend, and how many have money doled out to them grudgingly?" rhetorically inquired a woman's club woman recently in New York. The correct answer is that most women do know. Then a few words further on, she said,

"I believe a woman should keep her own money and have her own income, for the man's sake as well as her own."

This was followed, according to the report, by great applause. Naturally, that's what we're all after. We all want incomes of our own and no husband should object to such a thoughtful provision.

A woman ought to know just exactly what her husband can earn, or accumulate which is almost the same thing, and what she can spend. That makes a happy married life, was the burden of our woman's club woman's song. A good earner at one end of the domestic hopper and a good spender at the other end check the ravages of the divorce court.



PUZZLE.

To the first person guessing the name of this gentleman will be awarded a buttermilk cocktail.

But then, this woman's club woman's advice was intended for female consumption only. Men already have their views on the subject. They find that women have no difficulty in getting rid of an income whether they know what it is or not.

Then again, the whole discussion is upon the well-to-do plane. The wife of the average working man knows to a penny what her husband's income is when he has any. It is marked in plain figures on the outside of his pay envelope and, be it said to her credit, the ingenuity she manifests in spreading those few dollars over a large surface would make a gold-beater hide his face in shame and defeat. Just as the real trouble in the workingman's family, in spite of which they manage to extract considerable that makes a noise like happiness or, at least, domestic compatibility, seems to be the smallness of the income rather than the secretiveness of the husband, so, in the other class, the trouble which the eminent woman's club woman is trying to put her finger on, may be an over-abundance ill-proportioned to the difficulty of acquiring it.

Ellis O. Jones



THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT.

BURGLAR.—Now, relax! Be comfortable. Shut yer eyes and if yer can sleep, why, sleep, see! Above all, don't let this worry yer. Rise above yer environment. Don't let yer environment dominate yer. Remember, yer have no fear.

The cup of contentment mighty soon goes stale where it's filled with nothing but the foam of gayety.

A BOYS WANTS.

MAN WANTS but little here below," quoted the town poet, apropos of nothing in particular.

He succeeded, however, in arousing the local sage from his customary torpidity.

"It's different with a boy," commented that personage. "A boy wants considerable. He wants a pistol that he dassent show, except to a few desperate characters; he wants a mandolin that he can't play on after he gets it; he wants a razor, and a pair of top boots, and a dirk. He wants a false mustache, and a detective's tin badge, and a bull pup. He

wants a bicycle, and a collection of mud-turtles to amble aimlessly around the back yard."

"Well, have ye finished, Peleg?"
 "I ain't got fairly started yet. He wants a magic lantern, and a passed of legerdemain paraperhernalia that won't hold together long enough to perform the tricks. He wants a fiddle, a printing-press, a chunk of putty, and a tame rat. He wants a dark lantern, a stamp album, a kit of tools, and a fife. He wants a goat. He wants a telescope that won't open, and a seven-bladed jackknife that won't shut. He wants a brass watch, a hoot owl,



JUST LIKE FINDING MONEY.

PEPHERIAN.—What's this? An automobile parade?

COY.—Nix; tis a consultation. Old Doughby, the millionaire, has appendicitis.

an inexhaustible supply of chewing gum, a million tin tags, a squirt gun, a fright wig, a squawky accordion, a pair of skates, and a peck of tops."

"Better stop right there."

"I judge I might as well. What's the use o' me trying to furnish an unpurged list? Let a poet undertake it and I'll bet his screed will make Milton's main epic resemble one of them pert paragraphs like what we notice in the public press." W. S. A.

INVENTION.

"**W**HAT'S THAT?" asked the patent medicine advance agent indicating a machine in a far corner of the editorial sanctum.

"Looks like a small hay-press, not?" smiled the editor as he rolled up a batch of proofs and called for the devil.

"It's a little invention of my own. With it I compress all the press-agent stuff I get into paper bricks just the right size for wood stoves. Retailing the by-product of this plant at \$3 a cord, I make a handsome income, so I really don't need your contract at the rate you insist. I am experimenting now with a new breakfast food which I hope to have on the market in the spring. This new food will, by condensing the food values and the news values, take the place of the regular breakfast and the morning paper. If I was you I would not lean that light suit against that inky press."



NO JOKE.

BOSS MICROBE (in New York)—Come on, fellers! Here's our cut.

TIMELY.

"**Y**OU moved out into the country when your last baby was born, didn't you?"

"Yes. Thought we would take advantage of the Rural Free Delivery."

NO TROUBLE.

COLONEL CORRIGHT.—Majuh Bludd had some trouble with a niggah last night, didn't he, sah?

COLONEL GORE.—No, sah. He jist shot the niggah; that's all.



THE SUBURBAN GIRL.

HER FIANCÉ (waiting for the 12:20 trolley).—And yet she wonders if I really love her!



The Prune Eaters.

"WHAT did you say your name was?" inquires the landlady in a hoarse whisper.

"Camp."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Grant." She waves you to a vacant chair. The young lady on your right drops a half bow; the young gentleman to your left drops a pork chop.

Thus, amid covert sneers, supercilious glances, and general awkwardness, you take your place among an alien people. "A hash-house introduction always reminds me of a minstrel show," declares the humorous boarder. "Be seated, gentlemen; know each other and be acquainted."

Whereat you must smile.

"Chase the cow this way," continues the humorous boarder, in

time-honored reference to the milk pitcher. Whereat you must guffaw.

"You are always master of ceremonies," says a young lady boarder to the humorous one. "As for me, I'm too timid."

"Why are you timid?"

"Oh, I'm so little."

"Sweet goods come in small packages."

"So does poison."

Fine old repartee! After dinner, you ascend to your hall bedroom and wonder if you will ever be at home in this company. But you know you will. Within a month you will be loaning money to the humorous boarder, and perhaps have a love affair started.

Will S. Adams.

I LIKE MY FOES.

FRIENDS are a nuisance; but I like my foes, Who never send me gifts of pale-green hose, Who find a frank enjoyment in my woes And keep from me their own.

No grim and hated rival ever knows "A gold mine proposition that sure goes," Or makes me lie with him to *rodenville* shows, Or hits me for a loach.

'Tis not my foe who brags his baby's deeds; 'Tis not my foe who tips me "sure thing" steeds

'Tis not my foe who villainously reads One silly book a year Then comes to me, among my decent screeds,

And cries: "Say! have you read 'The Wedding Weeds?'"

"You've not? — You must!" — Nay, hatred never breeds The foals to friendship dear.

Who was it wore my lawn-mower out last Spring?
Who won the maiden when I'd bought the ring?
Who still the Merry Widow Waltz dares sing?
— Oh, just a dear old friend!
Whose honeyed words contain the secret sting?
Who offers me advice on everything?
Whom must I carry home when, languishing,
Two drinks set him on end?

Turn to the other picture: — true and tried,
Mine enemy stands steadfast, dignified;
Him I can count on, whatsoever betide,

Never to bring me woe,
Never on lengthy visits to abide,
Never to do me for a taxi ride;
I'd almost pay him those ten planks, but I'd
So hate to lose a foe!

Chester Firkins.

WOES OF A DINER.

"I'M TIRED of nothing but beef or chicken for dinner."

"Well, I don't know what you're going to do about it. The okapi, the only really new animal, is too scarce to be of any practical food value."



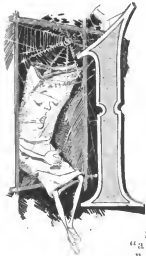
A LUCKY HIT.

TOTTIE TRALALA (immediately after the egg-throwing). — You shouldn't take it so much to heart because a couple o' eggs landed on your superstructure, dearie. Cut out the hair-pulling!

NEW LEADING MAN. — Hair-pulling nothing! I'm administering an egg shampoo — why, it costs thirty-five cents in a barber shop!

An all-round genius is a fellow who does everything exceptionally well except making a living.

STATEMENT OF HOUSE BILL 41144.



WAS BORN in the State of Kansas, of poor but honest and highly respectable parentage. My father, a poor, hard-working lawyer who had won his way along by dint of toil and industry, so gained the confidence and loyalty of his people that they sent him to Congress in his early manhood, where he is now a valued member of the House Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics. It was just a few months before he lately was sworn in that I was born—and he brought me to Washington along with him.

I was introduced in the House of Representatives by a gentleman with a loud, musical voice—technically, by my father, of course, but actually by this gentleman—in the presence of “a small but very appreciative audience,” as the dramatic critics diplomatically put that sort of thing. My father, who was, of course, present, moved that I be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary; and that is where I am now, and have been, lo, these many days!

It seems that I was fashioned for a great and uplifting purpose in this world. Just what I was designed to accomplish, I am not sure, but my father, who really wants to do some good in Congress I believe, has assured many men in my presence that my enactment into law would work a saving to the common people of this land—whoever on earth they are—of millions of dollars annually, though it might take them out of the pockets of the malefactors of great wealth—whoever on earth, also, they are—in accomplishing the end desired.

The Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary is favorably inclined to me, I think. He seems a kindly man, and he speaks in such soft, silky tones. “Unconstitutional!”—which seems exceedingly strange for me, for I never had an ache or a pain in my life.

Father had a long talk with my Chairman recently. He—father—said he wanted to get me up again, get me to my third reading and put me on my passage. My Chairman said he would be willing to waive his doubts, perhaps, about my “unconstitutionality,” if father could get the consent of the Committee on Rules to let me come up for passage. From what my father then said, I am sure I shall not like the presiding officer of that Committee. Father’s conversation concerning that gentleman was restrained and all but inaudible, and, so, strain my ears as I would, I could only catch fragments in which such words as “damn,” “hell” and the like predominated. I was rather shocked. Father must have been very mad, for I certainly never heard him use such language back in the old days at home.

Anyhow, the man he called “Uncle Joe” must be—well, he shall never be a friend of mine.

I should like to get up and on my passage. A room-mate of mine—perhaps I should say pigeonhole-mate—assures me it is fine. He was put on his passage months and months ago, he tells me, and went over to the Senate. That must be a gorgeous place, if all he says is true. He hopes to get to the White House some day, too. Only he has had a number of things he calls



“I was rather shocked.”



“He brought me to Washington.”

“amendments” tacked onto him, and he will have to get up in the House again before he can reach the goal of his final ambition. However, he has an expectancy of twenty years or so of life before him, and may make it, he thinks. He says his father talks pretty rough—in private—about this “Uncle Joe” party, too. Wonder who “Uncle Joe” is, anyway!

What is going to happen to me? I am certainly getting tired of this humdrum existence. I would like to have a chance in the world; I don’t mind saying I am ambitious—not only on my own account, but for father’s sake. He has builded so many hopes on me. I am willing to have the authorities pass on my “unconstitutionality,” if any one thinks that necessary after my enactment into law—though, personally, I don’t think there is a blamed thing the matter with me.

I fear for my future, however. Father says I must get through before March 4 next, or “the jig is up” with me for this session, and he will have to bring me back to the next Congress and start me all over again. I should hate that—besides it seems nonsensical. Several of my friends assure me, though, that they have experienced the same treatment, time and again, so I suppose I am inclined to be forward if not actually selfish. Anyway, I shall have to be patient, and hope for the best.

P.S. After my father left my Chairman’s office that day I mentioned, my Chairman remarked that he feared my father was “something of a demagog.” I am not sure, but I sometimes think he didn’t mean to be exactly complimentary to father. I may be mistaken in that, however. My Chairman seems to be such a benevolent and kind-hearted man.

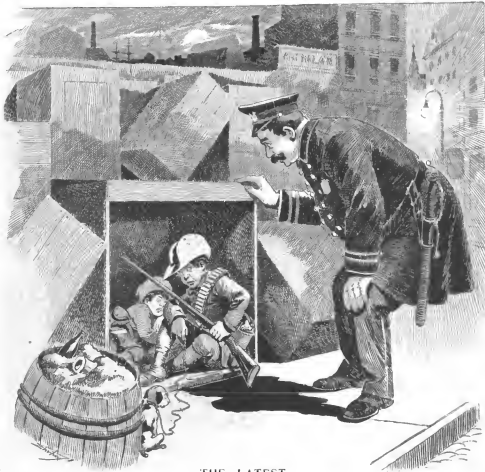
James B. Nevin.

AMERICAN.

THE NARRATOR.—It was wonderful, sir. After the police had failed, Jones stilled the mob and within two minutes had them silent and listening.

FRIEND.—How did he do it?

THE NARRATOR.—But-tooled the nearest man and began in a low voice, “Heard a dandy, to-day. There was a couple of Irishmen—,” etc.

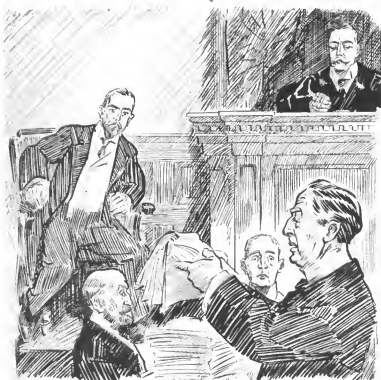


THE LATEST.

THE COP.—Hello, kids! You’re just the kids I’m lookin’ fer. Goin’ West to hunt Indians, I s’pose.

THE LEADER (cheerfully).—No, we ain’t. We’re goin’ to Africa to hunt lions with Teddy.

THE HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION
WHAT WILL SURELY HAPPEN IF IT GETS ANY LONGER.



AT THE BEGINNING OF THE QUESTION.



AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SAME.

NEVER TOUCHED IT.

"I KNOW Archie does not drink," confided Mrs. Pike to her sister, "that is, anything stronger than a beer on a hot day or maybe a hot whisky when he has a cold.

"I made up my mind to test him. I have always said I would never fire with a man who drank, so I prepared a test.

"I went down street to a liquor store and bought a box containing a bottle of whisky, a bottle of Maderia wine and a bottle of brandy—all for one dollar, in the prettiest little box. Then I surprised him with it for Christmas; and I tell you he was surprised when he saw it and more so when I confessed that I had only paid one dollar for the bargain.

"Archie promised me solemnly that he would never taste the horrid stuff, and although I have kept it handy in his study ever since, and watched it anxiously every day, he has kept his word. Kept his word! Oh, I am so glad."

Don. Cameron Shaffer.



ITEM FROM JOB.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

THOSE CONFERENCES.

WHEN a statesman meets his fellow,

They confer.
Do you think they loudly bellow?

Hardly, sir.
They converse in whispers mellow,
As it were.

To confer in secret sitting
Oh they go,
There is sly and stealthy flitting

To and fro.
What about? It isn't fitting
That we know.

Will S. Adkins.

A HIGH TIME.

"YASSAH! YASSAH! 'Twuz so!" triumphantly ejaculated old Brother Stookey. "Last Sabba, down dar at de shed-meetin', was sho'ly a high and mighty day in Zion. De shed was packed twel' it boogied, and de evangelist, rotched up and pulled down de gospel wid sich ferocity dat yo' could yeah him mighty nigh haffer mile! Old Satan was beat and mauled wid de wufd fun on high twel' he turned pale around de mouf, and tucked his tail and floo; de hid o' Tavment was snatched off and de sinner and de prognostic was took by de scurf of deir unprecedented necks and shook and rattled back and fo' th in de sizzle and fumes dat come ult-howin' up fum de Pit; and amid de loud hallooeyers of heaven and de grizzly groans of hell souls were bawn into de glorious Kingdom ob de Lohd like shootin' fish in a bar'l.

"And uh-whilst 'twuz all gwine on I had time to sly a jug o' purt' fair gin fum out'n a visitin' brudder's wagon out back o' de shed, and swap hosses wid a nudder gentleman down de hillside and git so much de best o' de bargain dat dat pusson dess de same as ain't got no hoss a-tall since dat 'ar transaction.

"Yassah! 'Twuz sho'ly a great day!"

Tom P. Morgan

BOOMING.

FRIEND.—How's business going these days?

PROMOTER.—Flourishing. We've just added two more stories to the rubber stamp of our thirty-eight story building.



SETTLING DOWN IN THE SUBURBS.

DESIRABLE EARTHQUAKE.

"I'M GOING to emigrate to one of these here earthquake zones," announced Indolent Ivor, rubbing ointment upon his dog-bites until they smarted.

"In the name of concrete cross-ties, what for?" demanded Somnolent Summers, counting the holes in his new fedora, and figuring how long it would last.

"I see by the papers where a chap was penned by falling stones in a bar-room and wasn't rescued for a month."

After you have paid the architect's and contractor's bills, however, and take a good look at it, you may be inclined to regard it as a bunclotw



He scoldes.



PUCK



SPURGLE'S DOG'S DEMISE.

"HANNAB," observed Uncle Silas Heck, as a horrible sound rent the atmosphere, "Hannab, Spurgle's dog is gittin' t' be th' darndest nuisance we ever had here in Woodville!"

"Gittin' t' be?" enquired Aunt Hannah,—"I sh'd say he'd already become it!" The worthless cur of the Spurgle place next door now barked barks number 2222—2322 inclusive since dawn that morning. Grim disgust set its mark upon Uncle Heck's usually placid features.

"Somechin' has got t' be done," he said, laying down the shers; "I can't even trim m' whiskers with that cussed sound goin' on, an' I ain't a nervous man, neither. Little Jimmy Green's sick, an' his mother's mos' crazy tryin' t' gu him t' sleep. Th' durn dog barked all night. Th' boarders up to Hank Steele's air goin' t' leave town; Mrs' Alviry Jones' nervous prostration is gittin' so bad she ain't rested but a few minis in a week. Th' minister hed t' go out o' town t' write his sermon. An' we, bein' th' nearcos' neighbors of all, air gittin' intew a condition that ain't becomin' few earst time o' life an' our naturall' calm disposition an' heartf'el wish not to murder nuthin'!"

One-hundred and ten barks greeted Uncle Heck's words.

"Oh, Lord, I'm sick of it!" he said.

"Yeon might speak t' Mister Spurgle," ventured Aunt Hannah; "he might be reasonable."

"Mother," said Uncle Heck, "No man woman nor child can be reasonable that owns a barked dog. It's human nature t' git' t' be like a dog when you're engaged in upholdin' an' perpetuatin' t' dog nuisance. Spurgle'd say I wuz treadin' on his rights as an American citizen an' insultin' him."

In the still, uncanny night, two figures approached the kennel of Spurgle's dog. Neither of the persons stealthily nearing the devoted dog—now



II.



III.

slumbering for the first moments in many weary hours—was aware of the other. Uncle Heck, for one of the persons was none other, bore in his hand a piece of meat which contained a powerful opiate. And the other man had something in his.

Each gazed in tense horror at the other as the moon broke through a cloud, and disclosed to Uncle Heck the Reverend Mr. Spook, the Congregational minister of

Woodville, in the act of throwing a large piece of meat close to the dog kennel. And the minister saw Uncle Heck as tho' in a Lightning flash. Each gentleman drew back. Yet each knew. They were common criminals.

Rapidly Uncle Heck's footsteps led him from the yard of Spurgle toward his own residence. The Minister followed, and caught up with him. "Dont say—w— we—we slant say anything about this?" stammered the Minister, wiping his brow, nuddly.

"Say," said Uncle Heck, "don't you worry. There's a time to pray and a time t' act—you an' me had quit prayin' and wuz actin'." That's all."

"Precisely," said the Minister; "Good night."

Morning dawned. No horrible series of yelps greeted Wood-

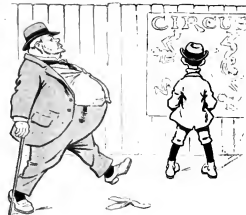
ville. Peace reigned.

The Spurgle family, going forth to career their revered Pet found his mouth open, but incapacitated. It was Dead.

Uncle Heck was conversing in a low tone with the Reverend Mr. Spook, the Congregational Minister, in the latter's study.

"Spurgle wuz tellin' me there wuz 14 pieces of pizen'd meat side o' the dog house—seems haf the town hed designs on that pesky nuisance.

A BILLBOARD INSPIRATION.



I.

We shall be justified in keeping our secret locked in our bosoms," remarked Mr. Spook.

"Jes' so," said Uncle Heck; "I'n goin' home an' trim m' whiskers!"

Fred. Ladd.

SELFISHNESS.

Jones worked so hard, and denied himself so much, in order to pay his life insurance, that he had neither the time nor the means to be sick; and he outlived all the beneficiaries, who were meanwhile engaged in the relatively unhealthy business of lying back and waiting for him to die. Moreover, in thinking of the matter, he became convinced that he had had a good deal of fun, after all—more fun, indeed, than most.

"I'n a terribly selfish fellow!" exclaimed Jones, guiltily.



GRATITUDE.

TRAMP-DOG:—You're kinder odd at that, Mister; but you're the first thing I've met in human form that didn't kick me!



AND THUS AVOID ACCIDENT.

LARGE PERSON (*interrupted in his reading*).—Why in the mischief don't you look where you're going?

THE MENTAL CULTURISTS.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Erie dining with the Lackawanna En Famille, the two Lackawanna children being at table.*)



MR. ERIE.—You know, the Morrises and the Essexes are going to read Shakespeare aloud to one another this winter?

MR. E.—Too bad William can't be present to—
MRS. E.—Don't be flippant, dear, unless you can be witty—and you know you never can.

MRS. LACKAWANNA.—Yes. And I want you to join our Dante Club.
MR. E.—Evenings?
MR. L. (*warningly*).—Yes. We are all keen about the old chap. We—

MRS. L.—We meet once a week and read something from somebody's life of him, some history of his period, and some of his work. It's amazingly interesting.

MR. E. (*doubtfully*).—Why, I—
MRS. L.—Oh, do! I have been ashamed to think how little I knew of how he lived and wrote and felt. The greater poets may mean so much to us if we will only permit them to.

MR. L. (*responding to his wife's signal*).—I really do feel that my horizon is extending—

MR. E.—That's tough on a man who has to travel to the edge of it every day.

MR. L. (*weakly*).—But the mental exercise, you know—
MRS. E.—Yes; I believe I'd like it.

MR. E. (*rebelliously*).—Now see here. Alice, I—

MRS. E. (*sticking with savage pathos*).—Of course if I have to come alone you will understand.

(*Mr. E. viciously bites off the end of his cigar.*)

MRS. L. (*hurriedly*).—Let's leave the men to smoke, and take our coffee in the other room.

(*Exeunt the ladies and children. Master L. presently returns and interrupts an interesting business conversation.*)

MASTER L.—Excuse me, father, but could you spare a minute to help me with this algebra?

MR. L. (*surprised*).—Why, you must know better than to ask—

MASTER L.—But you've been promising me to from night to night, and to-morrow I've got—

MR. L. (*sternly*).—I will not now or at any other time do your teachers' work for them. And I shall write them to that effect tomorrow.

(*In the Drawing Room.*)

MRS. L. (*continuing the subject*).—Yes, that's it! We all need the mental stimulus.

MISS L. (*interrupting*).—Mother.

MRS. L.—Well, dear?

MISS L.—I have to do a paper on the early Victorian Poets. Could you help me just a minute?

MRS. L.—Of course not. I'm busy.

MISS L.—But who were they?

MRS. L.—Oh, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth—Gray. I guess Pope was earlier, but almost any of those familiar names. You'll find them in the Encyclopedia. Good-night, dear. *Layton Brewer.*



POINT BLANK.

WHITE OR DARK MEAT?

THE BLUE-COATED leader of the raiding party surveyed the doomed dance halls with solid satisfaction. Here should be a shake-down worthy the name. Turning swiftly to his second in command, he counselled softly—

“You go after the nearest one, Bill—and don't take any wooden money.”

“And you?” questioned Bill, with the freedom which association in the adventurous ever brings.

“I'll take the second joint,” replied the Captain, dreamily.

THE AMATEUR.

BACK all his stories come:

He tries again.

Hope springs eternal from

A fountain pen.

THE WRONG END.

IN a little town in Indiana amusement was caused recently by two young women who drove up to the watering trough on the public square to water their horse. The rein was tight, and although the horse made many efforts to get his mouth into the trough, he could not. The women stood bewildered until one hit upon the trouble, she thought. She unbuckled the crupper.

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF.

CUSTOMER.—Hose, please.
FLOORWALKER.—Yes'm. Common or garden variety?



THE OPTIMIST.

WAITING FOR IT TO FREEZE OVER.

As dismal a figure of weakness as humanity ever presents, perhaps, is where a young man makes a pose of solving his wild oats.

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"Lady," replied Harvard Hasben, "I could repay you well. Give me a square meal and I'll give you a few lessons in grammar."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

Mrs. JAWBACK.—Do you know I came very near not marrying you?

Mr. JAWBACK.—Sure—but who told you about it?—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Was his auto going so very fast?" "Your honor, it was going so fast that the bull-dog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund."—*Houston Post.*

HUSBAND.—You must marry again, dearest, when I am gone, and that will be very soon.

WIFE.—No, Edward, no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that.—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

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Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at at-morrow's breakfast.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

BATCHELLER.—Do you still believe that two can live as cheaply as one?
BENEDICK.—Well, I must confess, that marriage has put me in a pretty tight place.

BATCHELLER.—You don't say?
BENEDICK.—Yes, we've started housekeeping in a flat.—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

COLONEL.—What do army regulations make the first requisite in order that a man may be buried with military honors?
PRIVATE MACSHORTY.—Death, your honor.—*Illustrated News.*

"You ran into this man at thirty miles an hour and knocked him forty feet," said the Court. "That, or a little better, I suppose," answered the chauffeur. "Why didn't you slow down?" "Mere precaution, your Honor. Once I shut off speed and hit a man so gently that he was able to climb into the machine and give me a kicking."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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SHAVES I HAVE KNOWN.
SOME RELICS OF BARBERISM.

(By A. Victim.)

As a "Knight of the grip" I have learned one thing—never trust yourself to the tender mercies of the barber without Pond's Extract. Of course this does not apply to cities where you get Pond's after a shave as a matter of course. But it's a mighty important thing when you are travelling, because the only thing that will alleviate the effects of a bad shave, is Pond's Extract, and it is a very common thing in country towns to have a bad shave followed by a swabbing with some preparation of "witch hazel" or "bay rum" which only adds insult to injury and instead of soothing the skin makes it smart and burn like fury. That's why I always carry a bottle of Pond's in my pocket when I invade the shop of the country barber.

When I climb into the barber's chair I always say to the man with the razor: "Once over with the grain," a very necessary instruction considering that my beard grows as if "looking seven ways for Sunday." If I get no reply, as is often the case, I add: "Once over, remember! And don't shave me close, my skin won't stand it."

HAIR RAISING EXPERIENCES.

I have a very lively recollection of a colored barber in Michigan who, after receiving my instructions for a "once over," proceeded to shave me "two days under the skin." The result was that I got out of the chair with gout of blood oozing through my skin and my face looking as if I had been put through the thirty-third degree in Mosquito Lodge, A. O. H. B. To add to my suffering my face was swabbed with some burning fluid which fairly drove me frantic. I couldn't shave again for a week. That was before I took to carrying Pond's Extract or knew of its remarkable soothing and healing properties.

I remember that on another occasion I was tied up in a cross road town in Illinois and thought I'd take a shave while waiting. I was directed to the local barber's and found the "tonsorial parlor" located in the front room of the house he lived in. When I arrived the Knight of the razor was in the garden gathering potato bugs into a tomato can, so I climbed into the antiquated, uncomfortable chair and waited while his daughter bawled from the rear door "Hey Pop! Here's a strange man wants to be shaved." Presently the barber appeared; a man in the last stages of consumption, hectic, panting, trembling.

I had not the courage to jump up and run so I sat back and suffered purgatory for half an hour. The enormous razor looked like a "smickersness." Its back was about half an inch thick. How thick the blade was I could not judge from the feel of it, but I should say about the thickness of the edge of an ordinary scoop shovel. As I sat in that chair, my head pressed back till my neck felt as if it would break, my hands clutching the chair as if I were at the dentist's, while this coughing, panting, trembling man flourished his weapon above me, I involuntarily thought of the converted barber who felt called upon to testify for his new found faith and offer Christian exhortation to his customers. This good man had been garrulous enough heretofore but now his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. His courage failed him. At last he resolved to do or die. He lathered his customer, pressed his head back with one hand and flourished the razor in the other he hoarsely whispered "Prepare to meet thy God." The afflicted customer made one jump for the door and handless, countless, collarless, his face white with lather, he sped down the street to his hotel.

I felt like fleeing similarly from the flourished razor of that consumptive barber.

That was the time when I appreciated Pond's Extract. I rubbed it into my raw and bleeding skin and the stiffness and pain soon disappeared, the skin healed, and I found that I could stand a bad shave with Pond's Extract better than a good shave without it.

I could tell of shaves manifold on both sides of the Atlantic, some bad and some worse. I could tell of shaves by the apprentice who shaved one hair at a time with trembling razor and puffed and panted over each hair as if it were the root of a giant tree; of shaves by barbers suffering from the "morning after," a combination of shakes and breath, calculated to bring low the most haughty spirit. But these experiences are perhaps common to all. I can only advise my fellow travellers that they can offset the worst relics of barberism that ever wielded a razor by the use of Pond's Extract after every shave.

OBITUARY.

"Why is it our poetic friend,
When thoughts sublime he lacks,
For pussy cats galore will send,
And stroke their glossy backs?"

"You are a very stupid man,"

Said I; "the point you lose;
For that's the only way he can
Invoke the subtle means!"
—Harward Lampton.

DO TRUSTS PROMOTE ECONOMY IN PRODUCTION?

In an hour of hilarious jubilation over the ascertained fact, Mr. Schwab informed the world that he was producing steel at a cost of only twelve dollars a ton. That was at the time when the great consolidations were being effected. And now mark! The chief justification for the trust was stated to be the greatly reduced cost of production resulting. Well, the trusts have been organized, and a long stretch of years has enabled them to perfect their peculiar economies, to the reduction of cost. But—Mr. Schwab declares that it costs greatly more to produce steel than it did when he first spoke! Would it be unkind to ask if Mr. Schwab is trying to discredit the trusts' claim of greater economy in production?—*The Public.*

THE DIRECTOIRE.

Has the Directoire come to stay—

Tell me, pray?

Will it clinch its stylish way?

Nay.

It has gained a wide renown,
Shaping dimes straight up and down,
But in time they'll cut each gown
'Tother way.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CARE OF THE BODY.

A distinguished clergyman is reported as severely condemning the Emanuel movement by preaching that "the church of Jesus Christ" is mistaking its function "when it becomes a hospital for physical repairs." But didn't its founder engage pretty exclusively in that kind of repairing? While it is quite true that care of the body for the sake of the body is overdone, and for its own sake may not be worth the doing at all, the conclusion is hardly avoidable that the care of the body as an instrument for its spiritual occupant is of the very fast concern.—*The Public.*

"DICKY," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister did you give her three?"
"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."—*United Presbyterian.*

"DOIN' any good?" asked the curious individual on the bridge.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman in the creek below. "Why, I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday."

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I am the county fish and game warden."

The angler, after a moment's thought, exclaimed, "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," the officer replied.

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in Eastern Indiana," said the crafty angler with a grin.—*Recreation.*

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AFTER any individual passes the age of 25, and has a photograph taken, it is because he, or she, wants that picture; there has been no outside clamor.—*Atchison Globe.*

DOCTOR.—You have some sort of poison in your system.

PATIENT.—Shouldn't wonder. What was that stuff you gave me?—*New York Sun.*

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GETTING HIM CLASSIFIED.

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Bliggins?"

"One of the kind who start in by saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off."—*Washington Star.*

HOLDING BACK THE NEWS.

"I suppose your wife was tickled to death at your raise in salary?"

"She will be."

"Haven't you told her yet?"

"No, I thought I would enjoy myself for a couple of weeks first."—*Nashville American.*



THE KING'S POLYGAMITIS.

The royal physician looked very grave. "The trouble with King Solomon," he said, "is acute paralysis of the lips, aggravated by an accumulation of the terrible gonorrhoeic germs from miscellaneous kissing. I am afraid that His Majesty will have to give up the final good-night salute to his harem." The king cried aloud with joy and appointed the physician as one of the fortunate committee of three to listen to him reading his proverbs every night. But in the harem they declared it was a put-up job.

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

NOT YET, BUT ONCE.

MISS ASCUM.—I was certainly surprised to hear Miss Passay declare she isn't thirty yet.

MISS WISE.—Well, that's the truth. She isn't thirty yet. One may only be thirty for twelve months, you know.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

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—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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"ONLY FOOLS are certain, Tommy; wise men hesitate."

"Are you sure, uncle?"

"Yes, my boy; certain of it."—*Tattler.*

"My poor man, how did you acquire such a thirst?"

"It was dis-a-way, mister; when de doctor operated on me for appendicitis he forgot an' left a sponge inside of me."—*Boston Traveler.*

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"I wish to see if it is still fresh."

—*Deutsche Wepfen.*

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