

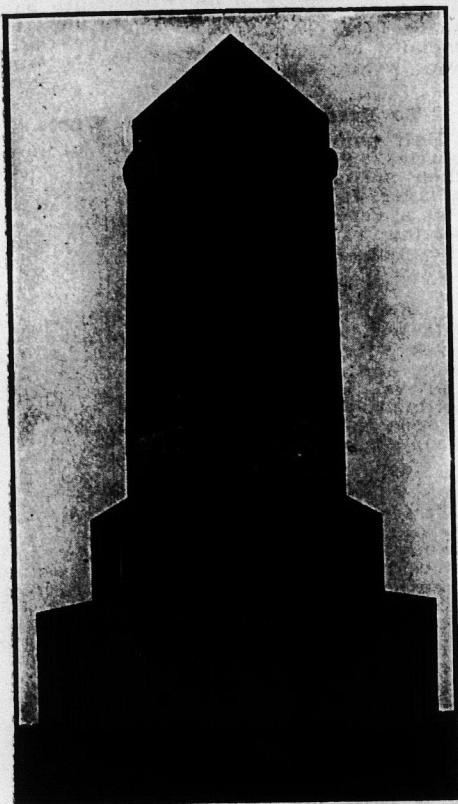
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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Love Sonnets of a Cowboy.

I didn't used to set around so still
Before I met that teacher f'm the East,
Ner give two whoops because my hair
wa'n't greased,
But now I've shook my pardner,
Broncho Bill—
I don't like traipsin' round with such
a pill—
Each day I make sure that my chaps
is creased,
And that a ribbon's on my ridin' beast,
And keep a-thinkin' pomes that rhyme
with Lil—
Fer that's her name—she's as pretty as
a peach;
No prairie rose kin match her flower-
like face;
Her voice is low—most wimmen out
here screech—
And when I stop and think about my
case
I guess the sum of it all is—doggone!
Dan Cupid's got me with his hobbles
on.

Judge—"You say the defendant turned
and whistled to the dog. What fol-
lowed?" Intelligent Witness—"The
dog."

Uncle Joe—"Yes, Tommy, it is quite
possible that there are people in the
moon."
Tommy—"Well, what becomes of
them when there isn't any moon?"

Hilton—"My wife is a matter-of-fact
woman. She only speaks her mind."
Chilton—"So does mine, but she
changes her mind so often that it keeps
her talking all the time."

Marks—"Say, old man, did I ever tell
you about the awful fright I got on my
wedding day?"
Parks—"S-sh! No man should speak
like that about his wife."

"Mrs. Henry Peck says Henry never
spoke a cross word to her; don't you
think that shows a great deal of love?"
"Yes, or a great deal of discretion."

"Appearances," remarked Mrs. High-
mus, "are so deceitful." "I don't mind
that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambish,
"but they're so expensive to keep up!"

Hawley—"So her father objected to
your suit, eh?" Samleigh—"Oh, no; me
clothes were perfectly satisfactory.
It was me he objected to, doncher
know."

The Missus—"Mary Ann, please ex-
plain to me how it is that I saw you
kissing a young man in the kitchen last
night."
The Maid—"Sure; I dunno how it is,
ma'am, unless yez were lookin' through
the keyhole."

"Of course," said the tourist, "you
know all about the antidotes for snake
bite!" "Sure!" replied the mountaineer.
"Well, when a snake bites you, what's
the first thing you do?" "Yell."

"A woman who tries to look like a
man is a fool," announced Mr. Jaw-
back. "I should say she is," said Mrs.
J., looking him over carefully. And
even though she agreed with him he
didn't like it somehow.

Anxious Mother—"Do you think that
young man who has been calling on you
means business?"

Pretty Daughter—"I am sure he does.
Every time he calls he wants to know
how papa's business is panning out."

Mrs. Subbubs—"How long were you in
your last place?"
Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Tree months,
ma'am."

Mrs. Subbubs—"Is it possible?"
Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Yes, ma'am,
but it wasn't me fault. Oi had de small-
pox, an' de house was quarantined."

Mrs. Bovenden Blunt—"But why did
you leave your last place?"
Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way
the mistress and master used to quar-
rel, mum."

Mrs. B. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did
they quarrel much, then?"
Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it
wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."

"I got a jawb I could go to if I could
git five shillin's ter git me tools out er
porn, guv'ner!" "Why, confound you,
you got five shillings out of me a week
or two ago with the very same story!"
"Blimey, guv'ner, naow yer mentions it,
I b'lieve I did! Ain't it wunnerful 'ow
istory repeats itself?"

"In my babies' class last week the
little ones were repeating the text,
'Arise and take the young child and his
mother and flee into Egypt.' I showed
them a picture representing the flight
into Egypt, when they noticed the chief
features. Then to one little boy there
arose a difficulty, so up went his hand,
and he asked, 'Please, teacher, where is
the flea?'"

"John dear," wrote a lady from the
Continent, "I enclose the hotel bill."
"Dear Jane, I enclose a check," wrote
John in reply, "but please don't buy
any more hotels at this price—they are
robbing you."

Mr. Loud—"Well, did your pun do any
better at the show this year than he
did last?"
Mr. Proud—"Oh, yes. He bit three
more spectators during the show than
he did last season."

Mrs. Oldun—"There was a time,
Thomas, when you used to chuck me
under the chin sometimes; but you
don't do it now."
Mr. Oldun—"Yes, my love, but you
didn't have so many chins then."

Teacher—"Thomas, I saw you laugh
just now. What were you laughing
about?"

Tommy—"I was just thinking about
something."

Teacher—"You have no business
thinking during school hours. Don't let
it happen again."

"Do you think glasses would make me
look more intellectual?"
"Well, if I were you I'd try them.
They certainly couldn't hurt any."

"My motto is 'Never give up,'" said
Mr. Closest.

"Yes," remarked the warden, "I've
noticed that when I passed you the
plate in church."

Raynor—"I know, of course, that old
Pragmat is offensively positive and
controversial, but he's generally right,
isn't he?"

Shyne—"Oh, yes. That's what makes
him so offensive."

He—"So they married and went off in
their new motor car."

She—"And where did they spend their
honeymoon?"

He—"In the hospital."

"She is simply mad on the subject of
germs, and sterilizes or filters every-
thing in the house."

"How does she get along with her
family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained!"

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National
Gallery)—"Can you tell me where I
can find the new Constable?"

Hibernian Officer—"Shure, it's meself
ye must mane, sor. I came on jewtee
here for the first toime this week, sor."

Examiner (to medical student)—

"Now, let us take appendicitis. On
what grounds should you decide that an
immediate operation was necessary?"

Medical Student—"On the financial
condition of the patient."

Hipps—"I do admire a man who says
the right thing at the right time."

Phipps—"So do I—particularly when
I'm thirsty."

Friend—"So that is your little boy?"

He looks very intelligent.

Proud Mamma—"Just as I was at his
age. My daughter, now, is more like
her father."

He—"When Shakespeare wrote about
Patience on a monument, did he mean
doctor's patients?"

She—"You don't find them on monu-
ments, but under them."

Proprietress—"And why did you leave
your last place?"

Maid—"I was with some newly mar-
ried people, and I got tired of their
everlasting 'Darling' and 'Treasure.'"

Proprietress—"Well, I have a place
that will just suit you, then. The
people have been married ten years."

Maid—"Oh, that's too long. I want a
little peace and quiet."

Mr. Younghusband (reading from
paper)—"Married—Blanche de Smyt'e
to Walter Wellington Beere. What old
memories that name awakens!"

Mrs. Y. (blushing)—"I never im-
agined you knew of my engagement to
Walter."

Mr. Y. (chillingly)—"I was alluding
to Blanche."

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