

ALLEGED HUMOR—JUST AS YOU TAKE IT



AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

"Gentlemen, After a good dinner, I know of nothing more enjoyable than one or your cigars. Yours truly."

Conjuror (producing eggs from a handkerchie:—"I say, my lads, your mother can't get eggs without hens." Boy—"Oh, yes, she can—she keeps ducks."

"Johnny, you must comb your hair before you come to school." "I ain't got no comb," "Borrow your father's." "Pa ain't got no comb either." "Doesn't he comb his hair?" "He ain't got no hair."

Magistrate—"You gave this young woman such a hit on the face that she can't see out of her eyes. What have you to say for yourself?" Accused—"Well, she often told me she didn't want to see me any more."

First Passenger—"I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station?" Second Passenger (a traveller of experience)—"I presume it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train."

She—"And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book?" He—"Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last word."

"Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting and looking miserable?" Ruth—"We're playing we're grown-up women making a call."

Georgie, aged five, was entertaining the visitor. "I can understand French," he said. "Indeed!" replied the visitor. "Es," was the confident rejoinder; "when mamma and dadda speak French at tea, I know I'm to have nasty medicine."

Jones—"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" Johnny—"No, sir. His office was locked." Jones—"Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?" Johnny—"There was a note on the door saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back."

Wife of distinguished artist (to departing visitor, who had been teasing sumptuously for the last half-hour)

—"Good-bye. So nice of you to have come. I hope you liked the pictures?" Visitor—"Pictures? There! I knew there was something I'd forgotten!"

Counsel (an Irishman) in Mr. Justice Neville's Court—"And the other point I have to argue, my Lord, is equally clear in my favor as the one that has just been decided against me." The opposing counsel—"In that case, my Lord, I think the matter resolves itself into a question of costs!"

"Close shave, sir?" No response. "Getting rather cold, eh?" No response. "Trim your moustache, sir?" No response. "Bay rum?" No response. "Any new suffragette raids?" No response. Whereupon the country barber, who was alone in his shop, took a seat greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself!

They met in the street. "Do you remember me?" "Can't say that I do." "Well, just ten years ago to-night I asked you for a match at this corner. You gave it to me. I went home, lit the match, accidentally burnt the house down, and got a thousand pounds insurance. I am glad of an opportunity to reward you—" "With—" "With another match."

AN INVIDIOUS CALL

One afternoon the proprietor of an animal store said to his young clerk—

"Tom, I'm going upstairs to work on the books. If any one comes in for a live animal let me know. You can attend to selling the stuffed animals yourself."

About half an hour later in came a gentleman with his son and asked Tom if he could show him a live monkey. To the customer's amazement the clerk ran to the foot of the stairs and yelled—

"Come down, come down, sir; you're wanted."

OUT OF IT THEN

"Mark my words," declared Mrs. Prancer, laying down the law to her long-suffering husband, "by the end of the century woman will have the rights she is fighting for."

"I shan't care if she has," replied Prancer.

"Do you mean it?" cried his wife. "Have I at last brought you round to my way of thinking? Won't you really care?"

"Not a bit, my dear," returned her husband, resignedly. "I'll be dead then."

FOLLY OF IGNORANCE

The man was inebriated. The policeman who relieved the lamp-post of him needed no message from heaven to tell him that.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the constable, shaking him. "Waiting for a car?"

"Course not," replied the inebriate, in evident surprise.

"Well, you'd better be going home before something happens to you."

The man straightened as nearly as possible under the circumstances, and looked at the official.

"Are you a married man?" he inquired.

"Yes, I am. Wife and five children," was the proud reply.

The inebriate took another hitch at himself and looked at the policeman most indignantly.

"Y'are, are you?" he said, scornfully. "Well y'ought to know better'n to tell me t'go home. J'ou think my wife'll stand fer me in thish fix? You take me to a safe place, thatsh what you do."

Which the policeman did, much abashed.