

A Tramp's Christmas

It was Monday of Christmas, when old Farmer Jones heard a creak in the snow and a knock on the door.

"Tis some half-frozen tramp who seeketh my charity. And, be durned, he shall have it and fill up afore!"

"Come in, weary William, the wind bloweth cold. The snow it is deep and there's frost in the air. Draw up to the fire and thaw yourself out. While ma sets the table and places a chair."

"We've turkey and goose and taters and such. With cranberry sauce and the best of mince pies. There's a tender young pig to tempt you to eat. And cider and apples are waiting hard by."

"Sit down over there—'tis the day of good cheer. The day when a feeling comes into the soul. To do unto others as you want to be done. And make the world happy as onward we roll."

The tramp he sat down and he braced for the feast—Ambition was there, and energy, too; He gazed on his knife as a hero his lance, And he ate in a way that is known to but few.

An hour passed away, but still at the feast—Still eating of turkey, of duck and of pig. The farmer he spoke of gastritis and such. But William ate on and he never did twig.

Two hours went by, and still 'twas the same. Then do more minutes feed into the past. The tramp had sat down to fill himself up. And he wanted a meal intended to last.

When four solid hours had fed them away, When table was cleared and dishes were bare. The tramp licked his plate and rose up to go. And remarked that the dinner was passably fair.

He went his tramp way, and was soon out of sight. But was found in the road, stiff, frozen and dead. And the coroner came and decided the case as one of starvation for want of some bread!

It Was Too Risky

"You keep harmonious here!" she half-guessed as she entered a music store and a clerk came forward to wait on her.

"Certainly, ma'am—a full line of them. Is it a Christmas present for one of the children?"

"No; it's for the old man. He's been playing on the last one for 15 years and there's only one note left."

"So he plays, does he?" queried the clerk as he handed out the goods.

"From morning till night. He don't have to work, and so he just sits and plays."

"Then he must have a thousand different tunes?"

"No, he hasn't got but one. He just keeps playing 'The Old Oaken Bucket' over and over again."

"And you must be pretty well acquainted with it by this time?"

"I am. How much is this one?"

"Fifty cents."

"Too high. How much for this?"

"A quarter."

"Well," she said after passing it across her lips half a dozen times, "I think I will take this for his Santa Claus present. It seems all right."

"It is all right. Perhaps he will now learn some other air and substitute it once in awhile."

"Mercy, but if I thought so I wouldn't buy this!"

"But, why?"

"Because he's got his wind worked up so just the pitch for 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' and if he should switch off on to 'Old Black Joe' he might bust and scatter himself all over the kitchen. I'm not risking any new tunes around my house until after Joseph has made a will leaving everything to me."



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JOE KERR.



He Tells All About It

"Henry, you may take that wad of paper out of your mouth and stand up and tell the class how you passed last Christmas."

"Y-e-s, I've got it all wrote out."

"Got up early in the morning to look into my stocking."

"The old man had been hinting around that Santa Claus might bring me a gold watch."

"Felt something hard in the stocking."



Got up early to look in my stocking.

"Hissed the old party."

"Took it out and found it was a box of juries."

"Hissed the old party some more."

"Had something to say before breakfast."

"Had nothing to say when I got kicked after breakfast."

"Wanted to go rabbit hunting."

"Wanted to go to the theater."

"Wanted to waste and slide down hill."

"Took it out in waiting."

"Hen for dinner. Old hen. Tough hen."

"I got a leg and made a kick."

"Got something else and stopped kick."

"Threw a few snowballs."

"Licked a few boys."

"Sassed a few cys."

"Same old hen ground over for supper."

"Same kick on my part, and same performance on the part of the old party."

"Grand finale. Went to bed and woke up and then it was the day after and everybody was elected and glad on it. Stong to all!"

A Christmas Hint

"Just a little something for a Santa Claus present you know," he said to the salesman in the jewelry store a week before Christmas.

"Something pretty nice?" was queried in reply.

"Well, something that looks rather gorgeous, but doesn't cost too much. I had some thoughts of a sunburst. I was told that you had them here for \$15 that couldn't be sold from real diamonds."

"Yes, we have them of rhinestones. Here is one with 24 stones in it. Isn't it a beauty?"

"It certainly is. Do you think any young lady could—"

"Could tell the difference between this



Well, something that looks rather gorgeous and real diamonds? Yag man, don't you make no mistake. If you have a grandmother 90 years old ancient and blind and on her dying bed, you must buy this for her and she will, blessing you, but if you are buying a present to a young lady, don't try at taking business."

"But I—"

"Yes, I know, but don't do it. The young lady you are engaged to has been in 20 times during the month looking over our rhinestone jewelry, and this time she knows very piece by piece."

"What! Do they go about that?"

"Invariably, my son. The up-date girl is taking no chances. Hand a of them a rhinestone sunburst in a vest case as a Santa Claus present and she'll be at the same time that you can't give without her, and she'll hand you over \$15 in cash and tell you to be care not to slip as you go down the front steps. If you can't do better, then get yourself sent up for 30 days. Then she'll expect nothing, and you will come to play poker with her father."

JOE KERR.

THE MODERN YOUNGSTER.
Bibbel—Do you really believe there is any Santa Claus, Willie?

Willie—Course not, but don't tell ma I said so, or she'll think I'm getting too old to have candy and toys and things.

The Preacher—Christmas teaches us every one a great lesson.

The Wise Guy—You bet. It teaches us to begin saving right away for next Christmas unless we want to be bankrupt again.

On the morning of the day before Christmas I dismounted at the door of a North Dakota cabin to inquire the whereabouts of a man living in that neighborhood, and the sounds from within told me that one of the children was being spanked. When the spanking had been concluded the settler opened the door and invited me in. I saw nine children standing up in a row and the tenth one sitting down on the other side of the room. The man thought some explanation should be made, and he said: "It's the way I do every Christmas time, and I had just begun when you rode up."

Can you wait till I have spanked the other nine?"

"Of course, but may I ask why you do that?" They look to me to be nice, well-behaved children."

"They are as good children as you will find in the state, sir; but the spanking must go on."

"Yes, the spanking must go on," added the wife.

I couldn't say any more, of course, and I went out to the gate and waited. The nine were called up one after another and put through the machine, and then the man, who was breathing hard from his exertions joined me at the gate and said: "There, the last one of 'em has been licked, and now I'll show you where Brown lives."

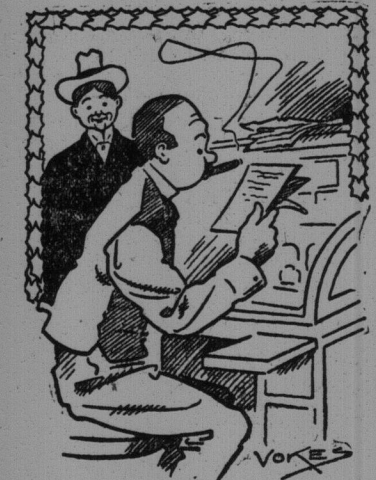
"Thanks, but would you take it amiss if I asked what your ten children had done to deserve punishment?"

"You may ask, sir, and I will explain," he replied. "They hadn't done nothing. I was licking 'em so they wouldn't expect any Christmas presents in their stockings tonight!"

KNOWN HOW TO CHARGE.
The Bookkeeper—I'm going to quit and go in business for myself.

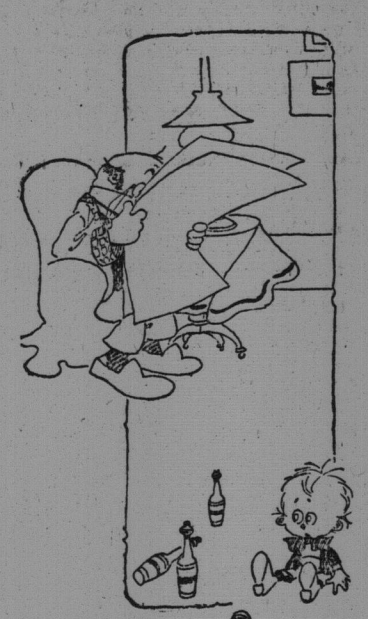
The Plumber—What do you know about the plumbing business?

The Bookkeeper—I haven't been making out bills for you for five years for nothing.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
Galler—What is that dilapidated book lying over in the corner of your desk?

Mr. Helduppe—My checkbook.



Father—What did you enjoy most at the Christmas tree?

Freddy—Oh, when Santa Claus' whiskers caught on fire an' when the preacher fell out of the top of the tree.



THE ACME OF SLOWNESS.
Grace—Is Cholly really so slow?

Edith—Slow! Why if you had a bunch of mistletoe fastened in your hair he wouldn't know enough to kiss you.

CONSOLATION.
First Burglar (Christmas Eve)—Have we got everything that was on de Christmas tree?"

Second Burglar—Everything but de box o' cigars from de guy's wife.

First Burglar—Go back and get dem, too; we ought to do something to console the poor fellow!

Mrs. Newstead—How can you sit that the Christmas present from your hand was a complete surprise when you told him beforehand just what you expected him to give you?

Mrs. Oldwad—After you've been married 15 years you'll be surprised to see a present at all.



Edith—The custom of hanging mistletoe on the chandelier is foolish.

Estelle—I think so, too. It ought to be hung in the cozy corner.



SANTA CLAUS IN A FIX.
Santa Claus—Don't be alarmed miss. I'm Santa Claus, and have come to fill the stockings. I have a ring for you—

Miss Wrinkles—Oh, Santa Claus, this is no mistake!