

EXCHANGE HUMOUR

First Horse—"Let's go to the meadow." Second Horse—"Neigh, neigh, Pauline; I'm afraid fodder will be there."—*Munsey's*.

Prof. (to students)—"Smoke away, gentlemen; it does not annoy me in the least. I look on tobacco in the same light as hay. I don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it."—*Life*.

Learned men tell us that in Latin the word editor means "to eat." In the United States it means to scratch around like blazes to get something to eat.—*Ex*

A farm journal said: "There is going to be more money in poultry than heretofore." The next day a farmer's wife found a nickel in a chicken's crop, and told her husband that it was the first time she ever saw anything reliable in an agricultural paper published in a big city.—*Ex*.

Collector—I would like to see Mr. Jay.

Maid—He's out, sir.

Collector (mournfully)—So am I.—*Ex*.

"Doctor, I came to see about my brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other and he limps. Now what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I am afraid I would limp, too."—*Ex*.

Teacher.—Where do we obtain coal, Freddy?"

Freddy.—From the coal-beds, ma'am.

Teacher.—Right. Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers?"

Jimmy.—From the feather-beds, ma'am.—*Ex*.

An Annoying Accident.—Sanso: I want to buy one of those unbreakable lamp-chimneys you have advertised.

Clerk—I'm very sorry, sir, but we accidentally got our whole stock smashed this afternoon.—*Comic Cuts*.

THOSE THATS.

The Junior Preps recently struggled with the following sentence in Latin composition:—

"That man that that boy saw, wrote that book that that man Caesar saw, was reading."

Some of the resulting translations are fearfully and wonderfully made. Here is a sample:—

"Iste homines, istum iste puer videt istum librum ille iste homines Caesar videt was reading scripsit."

But perhaps the following is even more ingenious:—

"Ille homo hic haec hic puer videt, librum hoc hic homo hic haec Ca'ar videt legebat."—*Ex*.

Unfortunate.—"You've broken that lecture item off nicely," said the editor to the foreman.

"How so?"

"You've cut off all the names but two, and made me say: 'Scattered through the hall were J. Bronson Smithers and Mrs. Smithers.'"—*Puck*

Everything in its Place.—"Er—John!" said the editor of the clothing trade journal to his assistant. "Here's an article on hats to go in this month. Just see that the heads are put in caps, will you?"—*Smith, Grey & Co's Monthly*.

New Boston Reporter (assigned to interview the Collector of Customs)—Where will I find Mr. Beard?

Old Boston Reporter—There's a sign down on State street that says "Whiskers Dyed Here," so I guess he's dead.—*Town Topics*.

"There's a place for you, Bill," said the tramp, laying down his newspaper.

"What is it?"

"An actress advertises for a walking gentleman, you've had a pile of experience."—*Ex*.

Wool—Why did Bagley fail in his country paper enterprise?

Van Pels—He struck a town where the people were all first and second cousins; they knew all the news a week before he could get hold of it.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

In Florida—First Guest: Why do you speak of that gentleman as his highness?

Second Guest: He is the proprietor of this hotel. When you come to pay your bill you'll understand it more fully.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A MANY CURE SET.

King's Kough Killer.

Peck's Popular Pills.

Ring's Rheumatic Ripper.

Allen's Annihilative Anodyne.

Mullin's Microbe Mutilator.

Gouge's Germ Gerker.

Bains' Bacilli Bouncer.

All warranted to kill, rip, mutilate, etc., or money refunded with 10 per cent interest."—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

A tough little kid and his bro,

Went out for a scrap with each o,

At the end of round 1,

Which neither 1 1,

They were both of them whacked by their mo.

—*Depauw Record*.