

## WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

### THE FOREMAN OF HECLA THREE.

Abimilech Sprowl was a man of sprawl,  
Three feet through him and six feet tall;  
His face was red and his hair was too;  
Nothin' he grabbed but he slammed 'er  
through.

Teeth was double the whole way round,  
Every tooth in his jaw was sound;  
Kairosene he was his winter drink,  
For it kept him warm, he used to think.  
Oh, the man to lead and the man you  
need

Is the kind that's quick to get up speed;  
No diff'rance what the scheme or line,  
Only the man of sprawl will shine;  
And Abimilech Sprowl was the man that  
we

Elected the foreman of Hecla Three.

Whoop, for the days of the firemen's  
muster!

With Abimilech Sprowl on the brakes  
we'd bust 'er;

We'd squirt all day and dance all  
night,

And never lose a chance for a sociable  
fight.

Abimilech Sprowl he knowed his biz,  
And he never wore no gallowais;

Shirt was red, and his stockin's, too,  
And when he swore the air turned blue.

Air stayed blue till he swore yuther way,  
Then the air turned red till noon next  
day.

His reglar straddle was more'n six feet,  
He used up the width of a common-sized  
street.

Carried one horn, and sometimes tew,  
And busted glass every time he blew.

Oh, the man that wins is the man with  
sand;

Out of the grit is the good gold panned,  
And the man that slips or the man  
that falls

Is the feller that doesn't sand his rails.

'Ray, for the good old muster days!  
Hoop for the good old-fashioned ways!

When 'twas quick, sure death for to  
holler "Foul!"

To the gang that pumped with Abimilech  
Sprowl.

Abimilech Sprowl he knowed more tricks;  
He used to lo'd our tank with bricks—  
Put in sody so she'd foam,  
And then he'd holler, "Ram her home!"  
Thutty men was on each brake,  
Up-stroke, down-stroke, suck and take!  
Down-stroke, up-stroke, fizz and squirt—  
When the brook went dry we'd shove  
through dirt.

In case the judges seemed in doubt,  
We shucked our shirts and fought it out.  
Muscle in your arm and muscle in your  
grit

Face to the front is the way we fit,  
Face to the world and you don't get  
kicked,

And never let 'em know that you think  
you're licked.

Ho! for the days w'hen the old tub  
pranced!

Hi, for the way the nozzle danced!  
It throwed tew horsemen over a tree.  
Once when we humped old Hecla  
Three.

Abimilech Sprowl for fun one day,  
Shinned the stream when we started to  
play.

He went straight up tew hunder feet,  
And waved his hand to folks in the  
street.

What is the fun of a muster, now?  
No excuse for a good, square row:  
Northin' to fight for, northin' to dew  
But to watch some engines whiz-te-  
whew!

For the sight to see and a right smart  
stream.

Take sixty men and a stout brace beam.  
A lesson is there for every man—  
All together! That's the plan;  
All together, and gumption, too,  
And there's northin' then that you can't  
ram through.

'Ray for the days of the old-time  
squirts.

With a red-hot foreman and red-hot  
shirts.

As it was in the good old days when  
we

Slammed down with Sprowl and Hecla  
Three!

Collie—Say, Fido, that mistress of  
yours is very beautiful woman. It  
must be great to have her hold you  
close to her and kiss you." Fido—"Yes,  
it would be if it weren't for her hus-  
band. Collie—"Does he object to her  
kissing you?" Fido—"I don't know or  
care. But I object to his kissing her  
first. He drinks and smokes."

"My husband and I read to each other  
every evening now; it's just splen-  
did," said Mrs. Newlwid; "why don't  
you and your fancee do that when he  
calls on you?" "Gracious!" replied  
Miss De Muir, "how can you read in  
the dark?"

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, how do you  
pronounce the word 'grace'?" Johnny  
—"I dunno." Teacher (patiently)—  
"What was it your father said before  
you ate breakfast this morning?" John-  
ny—"Pop said that the eggs were darn-  
ed rotten."

Jinks—"Willis calls his wife Birdie."  
Jokely—"Making game of her, I see."

"Mamma," queried four-year-old Bob-  
by, "How does a deaf and dumb boy say  
his prayers when he's got a sore finger?"

"What caused the accident?"  
"He suddenly gained control of his  
machine."

"Did she tell you you might hope?"  
"Indeed not; just the opposite."  
"Promised to marry you, eh?"

"What's the difference between a  
schoolmaster and a college professor?"  
"About \$4,500 a year."

"What's your idea of a fool?"  
"A man who identifies himself by ask-  
ing questions a wise man can't answer."

Professor—"What would you give a  
person who had swallowed a large dose  
of arsenic?"  
Student—"Extreme unction."

"I should think you would be afraid  
to let your boys run your automobile?"  
"Oh, no; I have it insured."

She—"Where in the world do you  
suppose all the bonnets go to?"  
He—"Well, a great many of them go  
to church."

Poorshot—"I ought to have killed  
something that time, guide."  
Guide—"Yes, you oughter, but both  
the dogs is hangin' behind."

"Oh, well, she's young and pretty and  
will get over it and marry again."  
"But it will take her a long time.  
She looks so well in black."

"How much did he make out of the  
latest graft scheme?"  
"A clean million."  
"You mean a million."

Farmer—"This ain't no 'Farmer's Al-  
manac.'" Agent—"Why not, sir?"  
Farmer—"There's 'too durned many  
holidays in it."

"De reason," said Brother Williams,  
"that you never see an angel with a  
mustache is—de man has sich a close  
shave ter get dar!"

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a hypo-  
crite?"  
Johnny—"A boy wot comes t' school  
wid a smile on his face."

Wife—"Bah! Tell me any great or  
heroic action you ever performed in  
your life!"  
Husband—"I prevented you from dying  
an old maid, didn't I? Isn't that  
enough?"

Dick—"Well, I'll never try to steal  
another kiss from May." Yielding—  
Jack—"Did she scream?" Dick—  
"Scream nothing. She grabbed me by  
the hair, and I guess I had to steal  
more than a million before she'd let  
go."

Harry—"Here's the newest conun-  
drum: When is two an odd and lucky  
number?" Cella—"You know I can  
never guess conundrums." Harry—  
"When two are made one." Cella—"Oh,  
Harry, this is so sudden!"

"How's this?" said Cumso to Cawker,  
as they sat down to the annual banquet  
of the Allied Sons of Liberty. "There  
is no wine on the menu, but half a  
dozen glasses at each place." "The  
menu is to take home to our wives,"  
was the satisfactory explanation.

"My dear," said Mr. Bickers to his  
wife, "I saw in the paper to-day a de-  
cision of the Virginia court that the  
wife may, in some cases, be the head  
of the family." "John Henry," replied  
Mrs. Bickers, "the courts are sometimes  
very slow about finding out things!"

Jukes—"Who was the best man at  
the wedding?" Jenkins—"Well, I'm not  
sure. The bride's father got all the  
bills to pay, the bridegroom had to buy  
diamond brooches for the bridesmaids,  
the guests had to give handsome pres-  
ents; upon my word, I think the best  
man was the clergyman—he was the  
only one who made anything out of it."

Chuggerton—"How's your new chauff-  
eur?"  
Carr—"Had to fire him; he used to be  
a mufarman."  
Chuggerton—"Too reckless, eh?"  
Carr—"Reckless, nothing! Why, I  
couldn't break him of the habit of slow-  
ing up at crossings!"

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