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## Nonsense Novelettes

While a certain Scotch minister was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out, wildly:

"I say, have we got to listen to this?"

The minister, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said:

"Shall I stop speaking?"

The keeper replied:

"No, no; go along, go along; that will not happen again. That man has only one lucid moment every seven years."—Tit-Bits.

\* \* \*

"I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off."

"Why, yes, she told me. He was horribly jealous and so unfair."

"In what way was he unfair?"

"Every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain."—Liverpool Post.

\* \* \*

An American, stopping at a London hotel, rang several times for attendance, but no one answered. He started for the office in an angry mood, which was not improved when he found that the "lift" was not running. Descending two flights of stairs, he met one of the chambermaids. "What's the matter with this dashed hotel?" he growled. "No one to answer your call and no elevator running!" "Well, you see, sir," said the maid, "the Zeps were reported and we were all ordered to the cellar for safety." "Damn!" ejaculated the American. "I was on the fifth floor and I wasn't warned." "No, sir," was the bland reply, "but you see, sir, you don't come under the employers' liability act, sir."

\* \* \*

One day while Larry Harris was out in the suburbs in his automobile he discovered that he needed some lubricating oil for his engine. He drove up to a farmhouse where a small boy was playing. "Son," he called, "run in and ask your mother if she has any lubricating oil—or castor oil will do, if she has that." Soon the lad returned and announced: "Ma ain't got no castor oil or nothin', but she said if you would wait a few minutes she would fix you up a dose of salts."

\* \* \*

While touring the back country in the Tennessee mountains one summer a New York author in search of "colour" came upon an old native who began to ask him all sorts of questions. It seemed that the fellow was ten years or more behind on the news. "Why don't you subscribe to some paper and keep yourself posted?" asked the visitor. "Wall," drawled the old man, "when paw died he left me a stack of newspapers 'bout two feet high. I ain't got 'em half read yit. What's th' good o' buyin' more?"

\* \* \*

A New York man took a run not long ago into Connecticut, to a town where he had lived as a boy. On his native heath he accosted a venerable old chap of some eighty years, who proved to be the very person the Gothamite sought to answer certain inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the New Yorker said: "I suppose you have always lived around here?" "No," said the old man, "I was born two good miles from here."—The Argonaut.

\* \* \*

Minnie—"So sorry to hear of your motor accident!"

Lionel—"Oh, thanks; it's nothing. Expect to live through many more."

Minnie—"Oh, but I hope not!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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