

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



"HAVE you heard Liberati's band?" asked the law student.

"I heard that he opposed the Vatican, so I suppose that he's banned," I neatly retorted.

"Why did he oppose the Vatican? Why to Liberati's country, of course."

"Organized a gang of banditti, I guess," said Smart Aleck.

"No," I promptly responded, "he does not organize to any extent. He's a cornetist. Let the merry jest go round."

"Such jokes are enough to kill anybody," growled the Portly Plutocrat.

"Well that," I replied, "would, of course, depend upon the die-jest-ive system. My humor, as a rule, has such a stimulating effect on the appetite that a serious effect on the lumber market has been predicted if I keep on."

"Lumber market," said the Heeler. "What are you driving at, now? I don't see the connection."

"None of you tumble? Then I suppose an explanation is in order?"

"Yes, and an apology," put in the law student.

"I refer," I said, "to a prospective increase in the price of board. (Groans.) It may be that an augmented consumption of victuals synchronizes, as it were, with my efforts to amuse, but it doesn't follow that their is any connection. My own theory is that the increased voracity, of which our good landlady complains, is due to an entirely different cause." Here I paused to allow somebody to ask a question. A joke is generally more effective when brought about in that way.

"And that cause is?"—said the law student, giving me the lead I wanted—

"Ahem—the intensity of the 'eat.'"



OUT OF PLACE.

POOR SMITH (who during his wife's temporary absence has had to give his housemaid a character): "Good tempered, madam? I should think she was. Why, she's lived with my wife for six weeks!" [And then she came in.]

The point was spoiled by that disgusting and entirely non-receptive Scotchman who, before they had a chance to laugh, started in to argue.

"Ye're mistaken a thegither mon, I have always noticed that hot weather has jist the contrary effect' upon the appetite. A mon disna consume sae muckle food whan the temperature is warm whilk stans tae reason, because the system disna need sae muckle cairbon whilk is one of the maist important elements o' nutrition. Mon, gin ye wad spen' your time readin' solid leetature an' works o' seance, instead o' crackin' eediotic jokes, ye wadna talk sae foolishly."

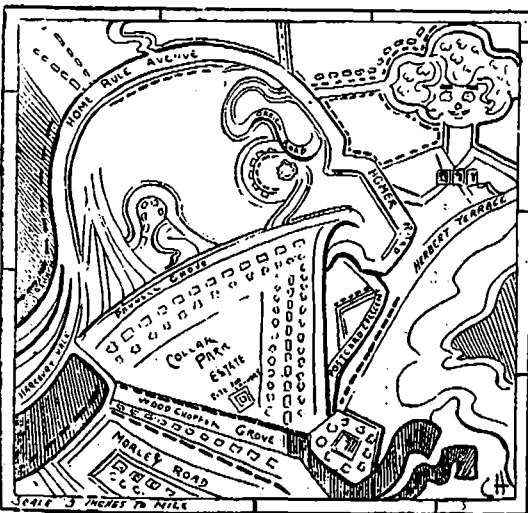
Now there really is nothing to be done with a man like that.

"I don't know about eating, but people drink more when it's ot weather," said Smart Aleck.

This young man is a budding humorist, and as is excusable under the circumstances, his early efforts are of a somewhat crude description. Having fired off his joke he lapsed into thought and devoted himself to ham and eggs for some minutes. I could see by the working of his features that he was struggling with some partly conceived witticism which he could not wholly elaborate. Finally he shook his head despairing and said, "it's no use. I can't manage it."

"What?" said I, "that egg?"

"No, a joke I thought of. Following up the idea of the hot weather and drinking you know—joke on the word 'beverage'—thought I could bring in the beaver. 'Why doth the beaver-rage when the weather's warm,' or something to that effect. But I can't get it right. You might perhaps be able to work it into shape. Beaver—be-very—no, that won't do—beaver age. Why does the beaver—no, why is weather like—oh pshaw!—the joke is there all right, but I can't get it just in shape." And he rose from the table and hied him forth looking very serious. He used to be a lightsome and flippant fellow, but since he has taken to punning he is becoming more staid and thoughtful. Nothing tends to impart a reflective cast to the features and a grave and solemn demeanor more than the cultivation of the joking habit.



THE BOOM AT HAWARDEN.

"Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that Hawarden will become thickly populated."—Daily paper.

Ground Plan for the proposed Estate, by Our Own Surveyor.—Funny Folks.