

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"And were you ever engaged before, dearest?" he asked. "Oh, never in earnest," she replied. "Only occasionally, you know, at the summer resorts and winter resorts."

Miss Milling—Should a girl allow her fiance to kiss her before they are married? Mrs. Wedderly—Well, if she wants him to kiss her at all she should.

"It is said," remarked the remarker, "that intellectual women seldom make good mothers. I wonder why?" "That's easy," replied the home-grown philosopher. "They don't often get a chance."

"Darringer, have you got a quarter you don't want?" "Why, certainly. Here it is." The next day. "I say, Darringer, that quarter you gave me was a bad one." "Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a quarter that I didn't want."

Mahogany Al. (at the back door)—Have you anything to do in my line to-day, madam?

Mistress—What's your trade? Mahogany Al.—Dentist, madam. I can put a good set of teeth in a mince pie for you free of charge.

Small Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country, and, seeing a quantity of feathers scattered over the hen yard, said:

"Grandpa, you ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."

"My goodness!" exclaimed an anxious mother. "What in the world made your face so dirty, Willie?" "Jonny Jones and me had a fight," exclaimed Willie, "and he throw'd more dirt in my face than I could swallow."

An' how's yer wife, Pat? Sure, she do be awful sick. Is it dangerous she is? No, she is too weak to be dangerous any more!

He—Going to see the manager about an engagement, eh? So am I. And I don't know what to say? She—And I don't know what to wear.

The following advertisement appeared recently in the "Help Wanted" column of a certain journal: "Wanted—A flat servant for a single lady."

She (looking over the autumn landscape)—Isn't it perfectly beautiful, George?

He—It is simply delicious! I could gaze on it for hours. Do you know that every time I look on those gloriously tinted autumn leaves they remind me of you.

She—In what way? He—They look as if they appealed to one to be pressed.

She—Yes, Maudie's engaged at last. She was walking down the street one rainy afternoon, and Jack Hinkson came up and offered his umbrella. That settled it.

He—I see. He was caught in the rain.

"Who licked yer, Jimmy—the old man or the old woman?" "The old man, of course. Think I'd permit meself to cry for the blows of a woman?"

Composer—What do you think of my new song? Critic—It needs ventilating.

Composer—Needs ventilating? Critic—Yes; the air is bad, don't you know.

Nell—Does she speak French at all? She says she does. Bell—Oh, yes; just enough to make herself unintelligible!

Brown—Don't you get tired of young Jackson's nightly visits to your daughter and his staying until after midnight? Smith—Not at all. I regard him as a protection against burglars.

"Did he keep a cool head when the accident happened?" "No, indeed." "But he said he kept perfectly cool." "He was doubtless referring to his feet."

His wife went away for a birthday visit to her mother, and he gave her the exact amount of her fare there and back. "But I won't have anything to spend while I'm there," protested his wife. "Yes, you will," answered the wretch; "you'll have your birthday to spend."

"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family." "Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

She (at the end of the third act)—I don't like that play. It's too gushing. There is altogether too much kissing in it.

He—It isn't real kissing. They don't do that in plays. It's only an imitation—it's only stage kissing.

She (later in the evening)—Don't you think, George, that a stage kiss must be—don't, George!—awfully—stop it, George!—unsatisfying?

Mrs. Blank—You were very late at the club last night. The day actually broke before you got home. Blank—But I was broke long before the day.

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours, Newpah," said a friend, who was admiring the newest arrival. "Do you think he's solid?" said Newpah. "It seems to me as if he was all holler."

"Try to look a little pleasanter," said the photographer to Mr. Tye-Phist. Remember, I am making these pictures at half the usual rates. There, that will do nicely!"

Mrs. Onyx—How did you know that Mrs. Brilliant's diamonds were only paste and her silverware all plated?

Mrs. Garnett—How? Why, she is my dearest friend.

She—Miss Decotte is descended from one of the first families. He—She is evidently trying to imitate them in dress.

"That Miss Short, the dressmaker, brags a good deal about her work. Conceited little thing, isn't she?"

"Well, I must admit she is not a tall modiste."

A Dublin man has stuck up in his front yard a sign, which reads: "Whitewashing done in all colors."

The Doctor—"You would be surprised to know how many persons merely think they have hay fever."

The Professor—"Yes, but that wasn't the trouble with a neighbor of mine. His was a genuine case. He had it so badly that he married a grass widow."

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "What is liqueur?" "A liqueur, my boy, is a cordial smile."

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