

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"She told her father that George was the light of her life." "What did her father do?" "Put him out."

"Mamma, why do so many ladies cry at a wedding?" "Because most of them are married."

Visitor—"Johnny, give me the name of the largest diamond?" Johnny—"The ace."

'Arry—"Wot does 'Not transferable' mean on this ticket?" Pat—"Shure, it means that ye won't be admitted if ye don't go yerself."

Tom—"Say, when a dog howls under your window, that means death, doesn't it?" Fritz—"Yes, if he stays there long."

Professor—"Suppose an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would be the result?" Student—"A merger."

Tommy—"Papa, what is a consulting physician?" Papa—"He is a doctor who is called in at the last moment to share the blame."

Bills—"How do you know those doctors held a consultation?" Wills—"I saw a smile on the face of the undertaker."

Mistress (to servant)—"Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps." Biddy (new to service)—"Yes, mum, where shall I spill it?"

"Dorothy, you get your pretty hair from your mother, don't you?" "I don't know, but I think I must have got it from papa. His is all gone."

"What an eccentric sort of a woman Mrs. Blinksley is." "I know it. She has never gone to a hospital to be operated on for anything."

Lawyer—"Has there been any insanity in your family?" Witness—"Well, er—I have a daughter who jilted a plumber and ran off with a poet."

Jones—"Do you believe that cures can be wrought by the laying on of hands?" Smith—"Yep. That's the way I cured my boy of the cigarette habit."

Teacher—"What are the three personal pronouns?" Pupil—"He, she and it." Teacher—"Give an example of their use." Pupil—"Husband, wife and baby."

Judge—"Now, Rastus, you tell the jury the whole truth about those chickens." Rastus (the prisoner)—"Yo' honor, I'd rather hab de jury render its verdict fust."

"So you'll make a dash for the North Pole by airship? Have you the ship yet?" "No-o, not exactly." "How far along are your preparations?" "We have the air."

Elsie—"What is the matter with your little sister?" Gracie—"Chicken-pox, I believe." Elsie—"What makes you think that?" Gracie—"Cos I found two feathers in her bed this morning."

"You never bought a gold brick, did you?" asked the admiring friend. "Not exactly," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But I once came mighty near having a French count for a son-in-law."

Grandpa—"Yes, Willie; I have dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago." Willie—"Gosh, grandpop! don't you wish you was a boy again? Why, you could stay out of school most all the time!"

Mrs. Farmer Whiffletree—"Do you remember our courting days, Silas? You was five years proposing to me." Mr. Whiffletree—"Haw! haw! yes. And you was two years more saying 'This is so sudden.'"

Howell—"Are you going to let your boy have any fire-crackers this year?" Powell—"All he wants; he's going to spend the fourth with my wife's mother."

She—"Do you know I've induced my husband to give up cigars?" He—"Is that so? Well, I've known him for seven years and I never saw him give up one."

Mr. Ghout—"All my money cannot give me health, doctor." Dr. Bolus—"No, perhaps not; but it is of inestimable value, nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence."

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quoted Shakespeare. "Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."

Ma Twadles—"Tommy, how many times have I told you to stop that racket? Now, don't let me speak to you again." Tommy Twadles—"I wouldn't if I knew how to stop you, ma."

Aunt—"Now, Charles, you must be a very good boy. You have a nice new brother. Arent you pleased?" Charles—"Oh, I don't know. It's always the way; just as I'm getting on in the world competition begins."

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily. "Oh Johnny!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you." "It ain't, all," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you." "That's my experience," agreed Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter and she and her husband came back to us in August."

"John, dear," wrote a lady from the Continent, "I enclose the hotel bill." "Dear Jane, I enclose a check," wrote John in reply; "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."

Fisherman's Luck. "Does this seem to be a pretty good place for fish?" asked the newcomer down on the pier. "I guess it is," replied the angler with the cob pipe. "I can't get them to leave it."

"Bridget" (No answer). "Bridget!" (Again no answer). "Bridget!!!" "O'm comin', mum." "Well, why didn't you come when I first called?" "Shure, an' O! only hurd ye call th' thurd toime."

"After all," said the transcendentalist, "what is art?" "I don't know exactly," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but in a general way I should say it was most anything that cost you more than two dollars a seat to look at."

"Sir, I understand there is a sort of a courtship on between you and my daughter?"

"Yes, sir; I—"

"Well, I don't approve of it; cut it short!"

And that night the young man eloped with the object of his affections.

Parson Bagster (solemnly)—"Does yo, Claud Kinsabby, take dis yuh lady, Miss Gladys Poots, to be yo' lawful wedded wife, for bettah and for wuss—"

"Uh-cou'se, I does, if I has to, sun; but ain't dar some way of taking her kindah on an av'age?"

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story. "Excuse me," interrupted one of his audience, "but can you tell me what the evening wore on that occasion?" "I don't know that it is important," retorted the other. "But if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."

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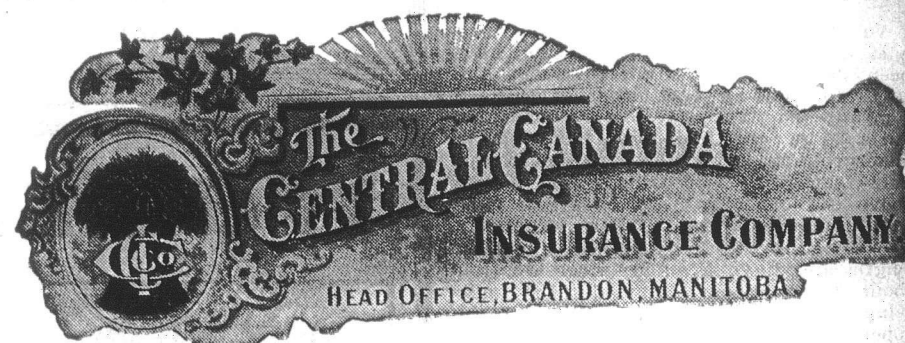
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