

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

A maiden who lived in Nantuckett,
Of her candy said, "Now darn the
luck, it

Down my throat slid
Like an oyster, it did,
As soon as I started to suck it."

—Houston Post.

"I see Robinson's married again—
married his first wife's sister." "Yes.
He said he didn't want to have to
break in another mother-in-law."

Stella—"How long will your gown
be?" Bella—"Well, I don't know
whether to have the train made ac-
commodation or express."

He—"Congress will never be com-
posed of women." She—"Why don't
you think so?" He—"Can you im-
agine a house full of women with only
one speaker?"

Aunt Hetty—"Cousin Millie writes
from the city that she joined the
Rainy Day Club." Uncle Reuben—
"What do they do—git somethin' to
wear on rainy days an' then pray for
rain?"

"Really," said the callow youth, "I
am no longer a mere youth. I have
got a little hair on my lip now."
"Yes," replied Miss Peppery, "and
perhaps in a few weeks you may have
another one."

In a downtown Sunday school a few
Sundays ago the teacher asked a class
of little girls: "Can any little girl here
tell me what the Epistles are?" "I
think I know," said one child. "Well,
Dorothy?" "The Epistles are the
Lady Apostles."

"Johnny, here is another note from
your teacher. He says I might as well
take you out of school. You are
quite hopeless." "It ain't so, mamma.
I hope to be big enough some day to
lam the everlastin' daylight out of
him!"

"Yes," said the condescending youth.
"I am taking fencing lessons."
Good! answered Farmer Cornstossel.
"I allus said you was goin' to turn in
an' do somethin' useful. What's your
specialty goin' to be—rail, stone or
barbed wire?"

Mrs. Impecunious—"Here's a man
suing for divorce because his wife
goes through his pockets. What would
you do, John, dear, if you woke up
tonight and found me at your
pockets?" Mr. Impecunious—"Get up
and help you look."

The woman was unfolding to the
mayor a scheme for appointment of
members of her sex to the police
force. "Rats!" he said, his patience
sorely tried. "Where? Where?"
shrieked the woman, furling her skirts
and leaping upon a chair.

"Is Casey workin' here?" asked
Finnegan, entering the quarry shortly
after a blast. "He was, but he jisht
wint away," replied Flanagan, the
foreman. "Are ye expectin' him
back?" "Yes, I suppose so. Anyway,
they do say, whatever goes up musht
come down."

"Help! Henry! Help!" cried the
loving mother. "Willie's poisoned."
"What has he eaten?" asked the
frightened father. "He didn't eat—he
drank a bottle of ink! Think of some
antidote! Quick, Henry!" "Oh, give
him a piece of blotting paper."

Colonel Maltby tells of a neighbor
of his at St. David's who went home
at a rather unusual hour of the day.
"Can you tell me of my wife's where-
abouts?" he asked of the family
servant. Bridget hesitated for a
moment and then replied, "Faith, to
tell ve the truth, I really believe they're
in the wash."

"Say, Pa!"
"Well, what is it?"
"Can a near-sighted man have a far-
away look in his eyes?"

The Fiancee—"When a man accuses
a woman of saying things that you
know very well I never even thought,
if he really was a man, and had any
respect for me, you'd beg my pardon."

While those who gamble with the
cards
May win by trick unfair;
The chess and checker players try
To do things on the square.

Brown—"Is that Smithers an honest
fellow?"
Black—"He may be. But you never
see him without an umbrella."

Quite the Opposite. Hicks—"Here's
a clever little book, 'Don'ts for Club-
men.'"
Wicks—"Huh! It isn't the 'don'ts'
that worry clubmen. It's the dues."

"Papa, what is it when a man mar-
ries two wives?"
"Bigamy."
"And if he marries three is it trig-
onometry?"

Hicks—"Does she take in board-
ers?"
Wicks—"S-Sh! Don't speak so
loud. But between you and me 'take
in' is just the phrase."

Hewitt—"A doctor is going to per-
form an operation on me tomorrow."
Jewett—"What for?"
Hewitt—"The usural rate—two hun-
dred dollars."

Appropriate.—When the verdict was
rendered the friends of the fair plaintiff
gathered about her and congratulated
her on having obtained a divorce.

"What shall you do with your al-
imony?" they asked.
"I think I shall build a house," she
replied, "if I can get the right loca-
tion."

"Why not build it on statutory
grounds?" they cried.

Mrs. Gramercy—"New York land-
lords are getting very strict. A friend
of mine couldn't even keep a parrot
in her apartment."

Mrs. Park—"Most of the landlords
I've met seem to object more to the
stork."

Identified.—"That young man who
has so much to say about things is
one of the partners in the concern,
ain't he?" said a visitor at a wholesale
establishment.

"No, he is one of the clerks."
"And who is that quiet looking
old man who seems to be so much
afraid of giving any trouble?"
"He owns the business."

De Style—"What makes you think
Subbubs is crazy?"
Gunbusta—"Why, he said he'd dig
the Panama Canal by sowing seed
along the proposed route and com-
pelling the nearby residents to keep
chickens."

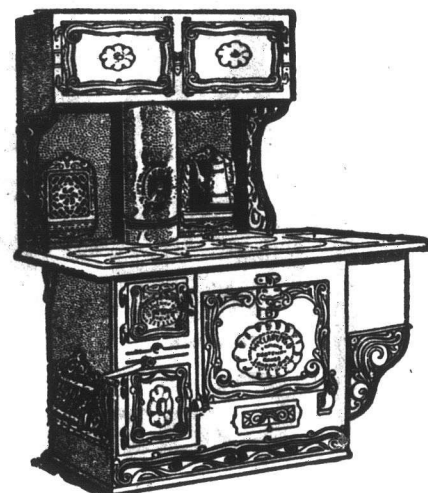
"What's the matter old chap? You
look thin."

"I am. I've taken a bath every hour
of the day and night now for a week."

"What for?"
"I'm staying at a New York hotel
where they charge me twelve dollars
a day for a room with a bath, and
that's the only way I can get even."

Rimer—"Have you read any of those
verified advertisements I'm writing
for the 'Paisick's Pink Panacea'?"
Crittick—"Yes" and they make me
sick."

Rimer—"Good. That's the effect I
want them to have. It helps the sale
of the 'Panacea'."

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