

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Stella—"Did you give him your love?"

Bella—"Yes, conditional on his raising an equal amount."

Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but we are entirely out of bread."

O'Brien—"Then yez may bring me an arder av toast."

Visitor—"Is your mistress at home?"

Bridget—"Faith, an' I think she's out, but if yez wait a mimit I'll go an' ask her, to make sure."

Bacon—"I suppose, like most women, your wife wants the earth?"

Egbert—"Well, yes; but I have learned that she doesn't want it on her parlor carpet."

"I suppose those feasts given by Lucullus were the most expensive ever served?"

Lucullus? What insurance company was he connected with?"

Mamma (at breakfast table)—"You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie."

Georgie—"I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

Tom—"Her father kicked you out, eh? I thought you said you'd make him come to terms?"

Dick—"So I did—to heated terms. You should have heard them."

Parson Jackson—"Does yo' take dis man fo' better or wuss?"

The Bride—"Ah'll take him jest as he am. If he gets any better, I'se 'fraid he'll die, and if he gets any wuss, I'll kill him mahself."

Job—"Here's an account of a fellow what just paid \$84,000 for a seat in the New York Stock Exchange, Mandy."

Mandy—"Well, I reckon he must 'a' wanted to sit down powerful bad!"

"John," asked the teacher of the boy in the front seat, "can you tell me why George Washington was the father of our country?"

"Because Roosevelt wasn't born then, I suppose," was the reply.

"Yes, sir," said the soldierly-looking man, "I have spent fifteen years of my life in the service of my country."

"So have I," volunteered the low-browed individual, offering his hand; "what were you in for?"

"Want any typewriting supplies?" asked the peddler, sticking his head in the office-door. "No," replied the young business man, absent-mindedly. "I just got her a box of bonbons only an hour or so ago."

"Everybody, you know, eats his peck of dirt before he dies."

"That was the ancient estimate. You're a hundred years behind the times. In these days of dairy farms, sausage factories, pie bakeries, railroad lunch counters, glue jellies, and fruit canneries, everybody eats his peck of dirt once a month."

"Maggie!"

"Yes'm."

"Why didn't you put this watermelon in the ice box as I told you?"

"I did, mum."

"But it isn't cold."

"No, mum. Yez see, I had to take the ice out to get it in."

In a Glasgow street the other day, a Scots Gray went up to a bootblack and asked to have his boots brushed.

The boy looked at the soldier's boots, and then shouted to one of his chums who was not far off: "Haw, Jamie—come an' gie us a haun'; 'ave got an army contract."

She—They tell me Mr. Hawkins was disappointed in love. I wonder why the girl didn't marry him?

He—She did. That's the trouble.

He—Which would you prefer, dear—to be married at church or a registry office?

She—I don't care as long as it's binding.

Mr. Meanly—I see they are wearing gowns longer this year.

Mrs. Meanly (fiercely)—Well, if they wear 'em any longer than I do, they will have to make 'em out of sheet iron.

She—Some say you married me for my money, and some say you married me for my looks; now, tell me truthfully, what did you marry me for?

He—I'll be blest if I know!

Pa—I suppose he clasped you in his arms when the canoe upset?

She—No, quite the opposite. The canoe upset when he clasped me in his arms.

The Reminiscent One—Yes, sir, he weighed nine pounds when we got him in the boat, and he had antlers four feet across.

"Bobbie, were you looking through the keyhole last night at me and your sister?"

"Honest, no. Mother was in the way."

Mrs. Jimps (to her lady visitor)—Yes, that patchwork table-cover recalls to us both tender memories. It is made from the seats of trousers worn by my husband during his thirty years' service in a government office.

"Popley's looking badly. What's the matter with him?"

"Lungs."

"You don't say! Weak, eh?"

"No, strong. There's a new baby at his house that keeps him awake nights."

This conundrum was hurled at a stockbroker by his better half, who had been sitting up for him, when he arrived home about one in the morning.

"Can't shay, m' dear," he replied.

"What ish it?"

"You speculate all day and I speculate late at night."

Why don't the girls propose? is what the faddists are inquiring!

It seems to us the plan would not suit maidens who're retiring;

A girl would find it hard, you see, For her to tell just when to;

She can't propose, herself, but she Can always help the men to!

Benevolent Gent—What was the worst case of misery you saw during your travels?

Traveler—I saw a deaf mute strike himself on the thumb with a hammer one day. It was awful to see his agonized expression at not being able to swear aloud.

A travelling salesman just back from Maine says that he recently asked an old fisherman in a snow-bound hamlet what he did with himself in the evenings.

"Oh," said the old man, "sometimes I set and think, and then again I just set."

Teachers who have trouble in keeping their charges attentive and interested may well take to heart the reply of Henry Ward Beecher to a young theological student, who asked him what to do when people went to sleep.

Said the great preacher: "All I can tell you is what we do in Plymouth Church. The sexton has orders, when anyone goes to sleep there, to get up into the pulpit and wake up the minister."

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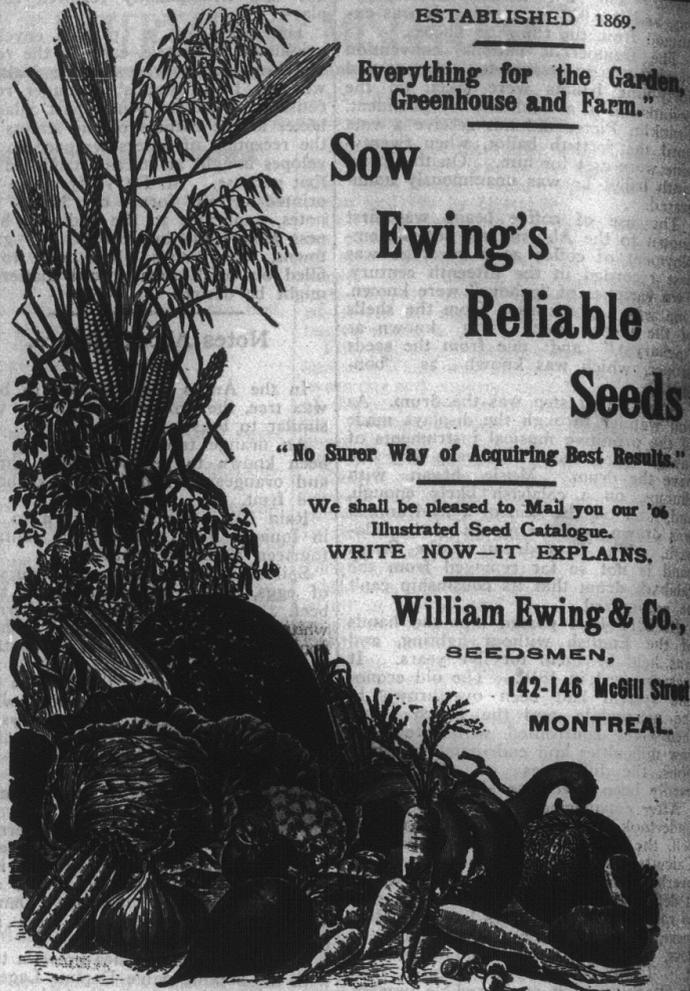
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