

ALLEGED HUMOR—JUST AS YOU TAKE IT



A FRIEND IN NEED

INVALID: "I sometimes feel inclined to blow my brains out"

FRIEND: "I shouldn't advise you to try it, old man; you know you're a bad shot, and there's nothing much to aim at."

The man who points out our faults is a true friend, yet we would like to kick him all the same.

It's a pity that the woman who knows how to manage a husband never had one and never will have.

Sunday School Teacher—"What are heathens?" Bright Boy—"Heathens are people what don't quarrel over religions."

A wife may pay little attention to her husband's remarks in general, but she's more than attentive when he talks in his sleep.

Benedict—"Milton's wife left him, didn't she?" Bachelor—"So the story goes." "Did he write anything after that event?" Oh, yes—"Paradise Regained."

George—"Is Mabel jealous of her husband?" Elsie—"Jealous? I should think so. Why, on the honeymoon, she wouldn't even let him admire the scenery."

Father (meditating on time's changes)—"Ah, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away!" Daughter—"Indeed it does, papa! I shall want a new hat next week!"

"Hello, Dinny, you look prosperous—got a job now?" "You bet, and it's a good one!" "What is it?" "Getting up early on de bank runs an' sellin' me place in de line."

Jobson (proudly)—"Yes, I can tell you I was quite the lion of the evening." Mrs. Jobson (putting her head in at the door)—"And I'm the lion tamer. Come to bed at once."

"What's the trouble? You look as if you had lost your last friend." "My wife has just found a place where she can do Christmas shopping and use clearing house certificates."

"What's the matter with that grafter?" "Pneumonia." "How did he get it?" "Why haven't you heard?" "Heard nothing." "Caught cold when he was exposed."

"When I want to go to sleep," said the young man, "I simply think of nothing." "But you can always con-

centrate your thoughts on yourself?" asked the young lady.

"The only thing I can recommend in your case," said the surgeon, "is a long journey." "Well, if it has to be, Doc," the patient groaned, "get out your whittling tools and go ahead with the operation."

His wife—"John, did you get any consolation from the sermon this morning?" Her husband—"You bet I did. I was made to realize that I might be a whole lot worse than I am."

"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand." "Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh; "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does!"

Pat was the Irish servant of a noted big game hunter, and one morning he left the hut in the wilds of Central Africa taking a gun for the purpose of finding a "breakfast for his appetite." In a few minutes his master heard a shot and a loud cry. Rushing to the rescue, he met Pat running at full speed with a lion in pursuit. "I'm bringing the baste back aloive!" he cried breathlessly.

"A friend of mine," said Erskin, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness; and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly; they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes."

At the trial of Horne Tooke, the Attorney-General, (Scott, Lord Eldon), replying to some attack the defendant said, "I can endure anything but an attack on my good name; it is the little patrimony I have to leave to my children, and, with God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here (says Hayward) he burst into tears, and the Solicitor-General (Mitford) wept with his leader. "Do you know," exclaimed Tooke in a loud voice aside, "what Mitford is crying for? He is crying to think of the 'little' patrimony Scott's children are likely to get."

Home Again

Bishop Potter says that when he first visited Europe it was a most difficult matter for him to become accustomed to hearing himself addressed as "My Lord," which title, he avers, was given him right and left, wherever he went.

"I was in danger of becoming spoiled," the Bishop observes, "by this obsequiousness in the Old World; but a little incident that occurred when I was descending the gangplank of the steamer that brought me back to New York mercifully delivered me. An old friend, hurriedly running on to the steamship, met me. Pausing for a moment, he hastily grasped my hand, wringing it in the heartiest fashion.

"Why, hello, Bish!" exclaimed he, so you're back, too, are you?"

Miss Maude Adams has a favorite story about a certain "Miss Johnsing" and an uncertain "Culpeper Pete."

Pete became enamored of the dusky maiden and not having the courage to "pop" face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. When he got her on the line, he asked:

"Is dat Miss Johnsing?"

"Ya-as."

"Well, Miss Johnsing, I'se got a most important question to ask you."

"Ya-as."

"Will you marry me?"

"Ya-as. Who is it, please?"

The recording angel suddenly put his fingers in his ears.

"What was that for?" asked St. Peter, when they had been removed.

"Oh, I saw Brown's new derby hat blow off, just as he was getting on a car," was the explanation of this kind-hearted action.