



ALLEGED HUMOR

JUST AS YOU TAKE IT



"His wit in the Combat was gentle and bright—
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."—*Sheridan.*

POINTED AND POINTLESS.

He who expects much gets much—that he didn't expect.

Many a marked man has the tattoo artist to thank for it.

Expert photographers understand the art of taking things easy.

Only the man who is never ill can wonder how doctors manage to make a living.

After a bachelor passes the age of 40 it's up to him to marry a widow if he marries at all. He needs a wife who knows beforehand how cranky men are.

A REASONABLE BAVANCE

A man who as a lodger and boarder was not treated well by his landlady in the matter of food, surreptitiously put a piece of butter into his soup. The landlady observed the act. "You do that, I suppose," she said, "because you think the soup needs strengthening?" "Well," he answered, "partly on that account and partly because I think the butter needs weakening!"

BULL'S-EYE.

Private Slink's shooting was very, very bad—so bad, in fact, that his comrades were recalling that old story-ette about someone standing in front of the target, as it was the safest place.

"Private Slink," said his captain at length, "you don't ever seem to understand the right way to hold the rifle!"

Then he showed him the approved method, and continued:

"Now, point your rifle straight at my eye, and keep it steady. Now, press your trigger gently—very gently! Hang it man, why don't you pull that trigger?"

"Please, sir," meekly replied Slink, "it's loaded!"

SOUNDS DEPTH OF INFAMY.

An old negro preacher of southern Georgia had been given a fine, fat possum by some of his admirers and was keeping it in a barrel, feeding it heavily to increase its weight. He had decided to have it killed the next day, when, to his rage, it was stolen in the night.

Shortly afterward a revival meeting was being held, and among those who went up to the mourners' bench was a certain very black Jim, and his grief seemed inconsolable.

"Dat's all right, mah brudder," the old man shouted. "Den matter what yo' done, de good Lawd gwine fergibe you!"

"But Ah's been powerful mean," Jim declared, weeping.

"Is yo' stole chickens?" the old man demanded.

"Oh, wuss 'en dat!"

"Good Lawd! He'p did po' niggah!" the old preacher entreated. "Is ye used a razor?"

"Wuss dan dat?"

"Is yo'—yo ain't done killed nobody?"

"Wuss dan dat!"

"Dea hyah's whar we tangle!" the old man shouted, throwing aside his coat. "De good Lawd kin fergibe yo' ef he wants ter, but Ah's gwine skin yo' alive! Ye's de varmint dat stole mah possum!"—*New York Herald.*

First Farmer—"They tell me as 'ow that there artist chap as was up 'ere last year got one hundred dollars for his picture of the old 'ouse."

Second Farmer—"Go long with you, Mr. Stubbs. Why, the 'ouse itself ain't worth it!"

ELECTION.

Canvasser—"Is your father at home?"

Child—"No; daddy and mummy are both out; but auntie's in."

Canvasser—"Has auntie got a vote?"

Child—"No; she's got bronchitis."

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, tells this anecdote of an English lecturer. There was a certain instructor who was always impressing upon his students the need of perspicuity. A young man came to him one day to get back an essay that had been submitted. "A very good essay," said the instructor, as he returned the paper, "but, Mr. Smith, you should write so that the most ignorant person can understand every word." The young man looked up anxiously. "What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor?" he asked.

HOW, INDEED!

Mr. Rental was annoyed with Mr. Shorter. It was not only that Mr. Shorter never paid his rent—though that was bad enough—but he was so extremely cool about it. Another Monday morning had come, and once more Mr. Shorter was "sorry, but he'd have to beg Mr. Rental to excuse him for the time."

The long-suffering landlord's patience was at last worn out.

"Look here," he cried, "you're precious off-handed about it; but how on earth do you expect me to live if you don't pay your rent?"

Mr. Shorter smiled the surprised smile which cheers not but exasperates.

"That, my dear sir," he said softly, "is, to my thinking, somewhat beside the point. The question is rather, how do you expect me to live if I do?"—*Tit-Bits.*



ENGLISH FRIEND: "Don't see the joke? Would a gimlet help you?"

SCOTCH WORTHY: "Man if yer gimlet's no enny sharper than yer wit, it wadna mak' a hole."