

Glorious Prospects

The Rev. Sol Broils was preaching what he considered his best sermon, but for some unaccountable reason it failed to arouse sufficient interest.

He decided to try his audience in another theme, "Brethren," he shouted, "in dat Glory Land dar ain't gwine ter be no mo' suffin' fer de good things to eat! Everything gwine ter be foteh to you—sassage, sparerib, chitlin's, possum.' Think uv dat!"

Old Uncle Bill Franklin who had been sound asleep, woke up at this point and yelled out fervidly: "Parson, say dem greasy wuhds again."—Ex.

What a wonderful world this would be if after-dinner speeches, dinners, funerals, bad cigars, concerts by precocious infants, operations, noses, lectures, bills, petticoats, telephone calls, temptations and a women's call-down were as short as a pretty girl's first kiss.—Smart Set

To an embalmer there are no good men and bad men. There are only dead men and live men.

There was no doubt about it. Pat was in a bad state. His nose had assumed twice its normal dimensions, his left eye had gone in for art shades, and he badly wanted a new set of teeth.

"Sure, and it was that baste Maloon did it!" he remarked, in reply to his wife's indignant question.

"Phwat? D'ye mean to say as ye were licked by a mean, grousy, little whippier-snapper loike Maloon? Why, he—"

"Whist!" said Pat, painfully. "Don't shpake evil av the dead!"

"The Rooster, like a lot of men,

Can crow to beat the deuce;

But when you crowd him for results;

You see he can't produce."

There's one thing that never gets too fresh, and that's an egg.

"Her neck has furs,
To stop the breezes;
But she looked cold
Below the kneeses,"

SOBER TRUTH

Two Irishmen had been arguing, and when one of them found he was being worsted he began to be abusive:

"You're drunk!" he jeered.

The other man grew red with anger.

"Drunk, is it?" he snarled. "Ye're a great liar, thin! You wouldn't dare say that to me if I were sober!"

STICK TO IT

Plan for more than you can do.

Then do it.

Bite off more than you can chew.

Then chew it.

Hitch your wagon to a star,

Keep your seat, and there you are.

A NEW ROLE

A Tommy was standing knee deep in mud and water in the trenches.

"Are you a corporal?" asked a man approaching.

"No, my deah fellow; I think I'm a blöming bulrush!"

They stood facing each other. He gazed steadily into her eyes. Her fixed resolve nearly vanished. He stretched out his arm. She hesitated. Her moment of weakness passed.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

"Now, Johnnie, you must never do that again," she remarked crossly, as she returned her rubber strap to the drawer in her desk.

True love never demands a pedigree.