

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Splinters.

Bacon—Is he saving, did you say?
Egbert—My, yes! Why, he even talks through his nose to save his tongue.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chips.

Lady (in party viewing stone quarry)—And which is the foreman?
Casey (proudly)—Oi am.
Lady—Really?
Casey—Oi kin prove ut. (Calls out to laborer): Kelly, Kelly! yer foired!

Like a Horse.

"Yes, Weekling has lots of horse sense. That's about all he has got, remarks the friend who is discussing about everybody in town.
"Then that's to his credit," we say.
"I don't know. It makes him easily led."

Great Day.

"My son," said the patriotic father, "can you tell me why the Fourth of

A Story of Absent-Mindedness.

Prof. H. C. Lord, of Columbia, was talking about American humor.

"Our typical humor," he said, "is not, perhaps, subtle. It is too young to be subtle. But it is very much alive and very rich and fertile.

"There is a short story about absent-minded people that is, I think, a good example of American humor. It runs in short passages like this:

"A woman put her baby's dirty clothes in the cradle and the baby in the washtub. She didn't discover her mistake till the child cried when she pinned its left leg to the line as she hung it out to dry."—Hartford Times.

Evidence.

A green subaltern, who was smoking while on duty, was reminded by a sentry who had seen many years' service that it was against the regulations to smoke near his post, and he advised the subaltern to throw his cigar away. He did so, and went on his rounds. The soldier then picked



Pig Milking Cow.

July is the greatest day in the year?"

"Sure," responded the lad.
"And why is it the greatest day in the year?" inquired the patriotic father.

"Because they always have two ball games—one in the morning and one in the afternoon."

The Terrible Wretch.

"Why, Mabel, dear, what's the matter?" cried the tearful bride's mother.
"Tell me all about it. Don't keep back a thing, darling. What has the brute been doing?"

"When I wanted him to lock the windows last night he said there was nothing but me for burglars to—carry away, and he wasn't at all afraid. Boo-hoo-hoo!" Chicago Record-Herald.

Regrettable.

A certain editor was visited in his office by a ferocious-looking military gentleman, who exclaimed excitedly, as he entered: "That notice of my death in your paper to-day is a lie, sir. I'll horsewhip you in public, sir, if you don't apologize in your next issue."

The next day the editor inserted the following apology:

"We extremely regret to announce that the paragraph in our issue of yesterday which stated that Colonel Brianstone was dead is without foundation"

up the cigar, and was enjoying it quietly when the subaltern returned.

"Why, how is this?" he asked. "I thought no smoking was allowed near your post?"

"That's true," replied the sentry. "I'm merely keeping this alight for evidence against you in the morning."

False Deductions.

A certain office-boy was wont to appear at his employer's office with a dirty face. One morning he appeared with the remains of a breakfast round his mouth. The junior clerk, with an eye to business, said, "I bet you sixpence I can tell you what you had for breakfast this morning."

"Done!" said the office-boy.
"It was eggs," triumphantly replied the clerk.

"Wrong," said the boy; "wot you see on my mouth is yesterday's."—Tit-Bits.

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