

## WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

And another objection to the Wall Street lambs is that he so frequently develops into a black sheep.

The discovery of graft in the Japanese navy will convince even the most skeptical that the Yellow Peril is a myth exploded.

"What was the longest engagement you ever took part in, colonel?" "It lasted two years, and then the girl married another fellow."

"How long a term does the vice-president serve, pa?" "Four years, my son." "Doesn't he get anything off for good behaviour?"

Mrs. Newlywed—The night you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

Mr. Newlywed—I was, and very cleverly landed, too!

Jones—I tell you what you ought to do if you suffer from sea-sickness; drink half a bottle of champagne at starting.

Brown—Oh, I don't know. Champagne's such expensive stuff—to risk.

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson. "Dancing is merely hugging set to music?"

"We might cut out the music," softly suggested the thoughtful young man.

"I tell you, golf is going to be the salvation of the nation and lengthen our days by decades."

"But our ancestors didn't go in for golf."

"And where are they now? Dead! All dead!"

Her Mother—You will assume a grave responsibility when you marry my daughter. Remember, she was brought up in the lap of luxury.

Her Adorer—Oh, she's pretty well used to my lap now.

"Do you ever have your own way?" asked the cynical near relative.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Sometimes I have my own way; but not without consulting Henrietta very carefully before I make up my mind."

"Ah! If I could only share the tremendous sorrows of magazine editors!" exclaimed the disappointed author.

"Sorrows? Do they have sorrows?"

"Do they? Every letter I get from any one of them breathes regret!"

"You cannot keep me down," shouted the great orator at a Nantucket meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen."

"Yes," said an old whaler in the audience, scornfully, "you come to the surface to blow."

"Have you seen Prof. Gableton, the scientist, lately?"

"Yes. I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."

"Indeed! What was he talking about?"

"He didn't say."

"If women ran the government," asserted the lady with a mission, "they would speedily abolish all red tape."

"No doubt they would," growled the mean man. "And install baby blue and Nile green and old gold and lavender tape in its stead."

Mrs. McOugh—"Finnegan says his baby wuz born wid a silver shpoon in its mouth."

Mrs. O'Mask—"Whose shpoon wuz it?"

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?

Juryman—Insanity.  
Citizen—Geel! The whole twelve of you?

Rodney—Why do you automobile men wear goggles?

Sidney—If I tell you, you'll tell Rodney—Never; honor bright!

Sidney—Well, it's to hide that scared look in our eyes.

Dashaway (at the ball)—I saw her in the conservatory with you. How is it old chap? Did she accept you?  
Stuffer—I don't know. Just as I asked her supper was announced.

Mrs. Dearborn—She says her husband never spoke hastily to her in his life.

Mrs. Wabash—Indeed! Does he stutter as badly as that?

Mrs. Vixon—That horrid woman next door told Mrs. Neighbors that I was a regular old cat.

Vixon—Huh! She evidently never saw you in the same room with a mouse.

One day the pupils had learned that in a certain region it rains continually for six months. The teacher then put the question, "What do they raise here?" and from a little boy came the answer promptly, "Umbrellas."

Johnny—Paw, did Moses have the dyspepsia like what you have got?

Father—How on earth do I know? What makes you ask such a question?

"Why, our Sunday-school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

The discussion over Johnny's failings had reached the stage of personalities.

"It's easy to see, madam," vociferated Mr. Chugwater, "which side of the house the boy gets his temper from."

"It is, Joshua," replied Mrs. Chugwater sweetly, "and it's likewise easy to see where he gets his inability to control it!"

Prosecutor (examining witness)—Did you—I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the twenty-fifth—it was not the twenty-fifth really, it was the twenty-fourth; it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really, he is the plaintiff—there is a counter-claim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?  
Witness—What?

The following appeared as a coster-tailor's advertisement:

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Piling It On.—Our minister does have the hardest luck. Just think, the baby's down with the croup; Albert broke his collar bone last week; their horse died yesterday; and now Mrs. Rector has pneumonia.  
"I suppose that by and by, on top of all that, some fool will get them up a donation party."

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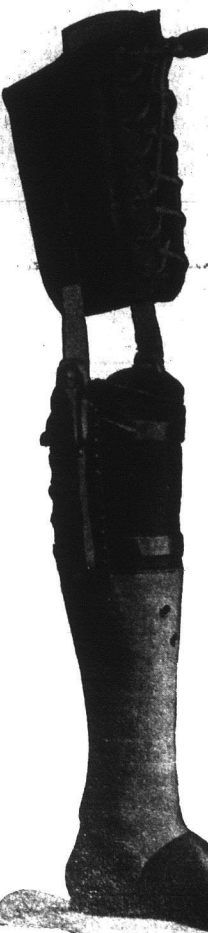
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