

THE FUNNY WORLD

The matter on this page lays no claim whatever to originality. The one idea is to amuse, to provoke a smile. If it fulfills this mission we shall feel amply repaid for the time and labor expended in its preparation. Have you read or heard something that has made you laugh? Has it chased dull care away for a time? Then pass it along for publication in our Funny World. Such contributions will be greatly appreciated.

"Would you like the floors in Mo-saic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious. "Would you like the floors in Mo-saic patterns?"

"I don't know so much about that," he finally said. "I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have them un-sectarian."

A Denver man says he was standing on the platform of a small town railroad station recently when a youth came up and began gazing at the train-report black board. On the board was written:

"All trains on time Sept. 1."

After studying the board a couple of minutes the young man turned around frowning.

"All trains on time 'cept one," he said. "I'll bet that there one is the very one I come here to meet."

When the physician arrived at the designated house he found that his patient was a decrepit negro, who sat up in bed and inquired:

"How much do yo' charge, doctah?"

"Two dollars a visit, which includes my time, experience, advice and medicine."

"A poor old coon like me don't need all dem extras. Just gib me ten cents' worth o' yo' cough medicine, and dat's enough fo' me."

An asylum for the deaf and dumb, being sadly in need of funds, gave a dance. Among the many outsiders present were two good-looking men. As they were talking together, one of them suddenly exclaimed: "By Jove! there's a pretty girl. I would like to dance with her."

"Why don't you ask her?" responded his companion.

"How?"

"Why, by signs, of course."

So he crossed the hall, and, placing himself in front of the girl, pointed with his index finger to her, then to himself, and then whirled the finger round and round to indicate dancing. The girl smilingly nodded an assent.

Finding that her dancing was as perfect as her figure, he went through the same operation a little later in the evening. Again she nodded assent. As they were waiting for the music to start, another gentleman approached the girl and asked for the next dance.

"I am sorry," she replied in the sweetest of tones, nodding toward her silent partner, "but I have this dance with the dummy."

A near-sighted Methodist preacher was holding a revival in the mountains of North Carolina. A moonshiner, a tall, lanky specimen with large bare feet, approached the mourner's bench and knelt down in prayer. "My brother," said the preacher, "I am so

glad you have come to give your heart to God," and then seeing the man's feet behind him, he added, "and that you have brought your two little boys with you."

During the progress of a big "protracted meeting," for which the South is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a particularly important service, and was being severely censured by the pastor.

Explaining the reason for being late, the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted, and that the wreck of the rig had prevented her from being on time.

"My dear sister, such little things should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face, "I did trust in the Lord till the belly-band busted, and then I had to jump."

A Western Pennsylvania tax collector, though afflicted with stuttering, is an old gentleman of uniformly good temper, which apparently no combination of circumstances can ruffle. One morning he was asked into the "settling room" by the lady answering his knock, and was immediately beset by a barking dog.

"Don't mind Tip," said the lady, "he's only fooling—he won't bite you."

"He w-w-won't, w-w-won't he," said the old gentleman triumphantly, "h-h-he's b-b-b-biting me n-now."

On a voyage across the ocean an Irishman died and was about to be buried at sea. His friend Mike was the chief mourner at the burial service, at the conclusion of which those in charge wrapped the body in canvas preparatory to dropping it overboard. It is customary to place a heavy shot with a body to insure its immediate sinking, but in this instance, nothing else being available, a large lump of coal was substituted. Mike's cup of sorrow overflowed at this, and he tearfully exclaimed, "Oh, Pat, I knew you'd never get to heaven, but, begorry, I didn't think you'd have to furnish your own fuel."

Josh—"Hezekiah, what in ther thunderation are ye plowin' in ther middle o' ther winter fer?"

Hezekiah—"Can't fool me two seasons hand-runnin', Josh. I recemember how dry it was last summer, so I'm plowin' this snow inter ther ground afore it melts."

Physician—"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient—"Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician—"All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

"John, I believe the new girl has stolen the whisk-broom; I left it on the dining-room table last night."

"I guess the joke's on me, Mary; it was not quite light when I got up this morning and I thought you had left a shredded-wheat biscuit out for my breakfast."

A little boy was given too much underdone pie for his supper and was soon roaring lustily.

His mother's visitor was visibly disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good, sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "but I'd turn him over."

In Western Kansas a teacher in a primary grade was instructing her class in the composition of sentences. After a talk of several minutes she wrote two sentences on the blackboard, one syntactically wrong and the other a misstatement of fact. The sentences were: "The hen has three legs" and "Who done it?"

"Willie," said the teacher to one of the youngsters, "go to the board and show where the fault lies in those two sentences."

Willie slowly approached the board, evidently studying hard on the tangle. Then to his teacher's consternation he took the crayon and wrote: "The hen never done it. God done it."

A traveller in the dining car of a railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast.

"Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen yo' want to wait till we stops."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook, he says de road's so rough dat eberv time he tries to fry aigs dey scramble."

Two young ladies boarded a crowded street car on Monroe Street and were obliged to stand. One of them, to steady herself, took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time when, on looking down, she discovered that she was holding a man's hand. Greatly embarrassed, she exclaimed:

"Oh! I've got the wrong hand!"

Whereupon the man, with a smile, stretched forth his other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, madam."

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"

Talesman—"Yes, sir, I am."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last June."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for three years, your honor."