

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.

Father Vaughan, the London priest who has achieved notoriety, is said to have, in addition to his more deliberate rhetoric, the art of putting wisdom into a pointed phrase, which is the definition of the brightest wit. Often his irony is very quick and flashing. Once when he was being shown a portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein at Trinity College, someone asked him what he would do if King Henry stepped down from his frame.

"I should ask the ladies to leave the room," was his instant reply.

Mother: "Willie, come right down with your airship, and get ready for school."

Son: "Won't."

Mother: "I'm ashamed to have the women of the town catching such a report over their wireless circuits. You come down now."

Son: "Won't."

Mother: "Then I will signal that flying policeman to bring you down."

Son: "I'm coming down."

"For two years after I was married I was ashamed to meet the preacher who united my wife and me in the holy bonds. You see, in my excited condition I made a blunder and gave him a five dollar bill instead of \$20, which I intended to hand him. I suppose he thought I was a cheap skate, but I couldn't very well explain it without making myself ridiculous or causing him to suspect that I was lying about it."

"You say you felt that way for two years?"

"Yes. After that I began to be sorry I had given him anything!"

The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow.

"Alas," he continued earnestly, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends for years, but we shall never meet again."

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'the original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"

"Mother, Henry writes that he has ter have money right away fer to git an autmobile."

"Land Sakes! What does he mean by sech extravagance?"

"Extravagance! Looks ter me like it's the fust time he ever had enny idee 'bout economy. He says he lives so fer from the college he wants ter save car-fare."

Mother—"There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one, how's that?"

Tommy (who sees no way of escape)

"Well, ma, it was so dark in there that I didn't see the other!"

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along,

and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!'"

Mother:—"Alice, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed."

Alice:—"Yes, mamma, and so has the hen."

"I'll pass the butter," said he, while trying to pass the browsing goat.

"I'll butt the passer," said the goat, as he helped him over the fence.

"I want to get this cheque cashed," said the fair young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

"Yes, madam. You must endorse it, though," explained the teller.

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just endorse it—sign it on the back so we will know and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments presented the cheque triumphantly, having written on its back:

"Your loving wife, Edith."

An old couple, who had passed their lives in the quiet of a Derbyshire village, resolved to make a journey to London. The resolution was communicated to their neighbors, who gave them long instructions as to the best methods of taking care of themselves and avoiding city sharpers.

The villagers gathered at the station to see the departure, and all went well until the train rached Bedford. There the old man, in an evil moment, allowed himself to leave the compartment, with the result that the train went off without him.

Fortunately an express was due in a few minutes, and the station-master, taking pity on the old countryman's distress, permitted him to board it, so that he was enabled to reach London fully twenty minutes before the arrival of his wife.

He was waiting eagerly at the station when the train came in, and seeing his wife, he rushed joyously up, crying out:

"Hi, Betty, I'm glad to see you again! I thought we wor parted forever!"

The old woman looked at him, suspiciously, and remembering all the advice that had been showered upon her, said indignantly:

"Away w' ye, man! Don't be comin' yer Lunnon tricks w' me. I left my own man at t' other station. Be off at once, or I'll call a bobby and hae yer locked up!"

Despite all warnings, a patient who suffered from overeating was obliged to call upon the doctor every few weeks for remedies. But when several months passed without a summons the doctor wondered, and, meeting his patient on the street, he asked:

"How is it I haven't heard from you in so long? Are you taking my advice or my prescriptions, or have you joined the ranks of the food-faddists?"

"I have done none of these things," responded the former dyspeptic, "and I believe I am done with doctors forever. I

have found a perfect rule. When I sit down at the table I am careful to see that I measure just six inches from the table. Then I eat and eat and when I hit—I quit."

Pat Dooley went round to the cabin of Mike Doolan to pass the time of day to him; but Mike was out. Mrs. Mike was in, boiling the praties and trying to nurse the child at the same time. Pat being a polite boy, offered to dandle the baby while Mrs. Mike stirred the pot.

In came Mike. "Good morning to you, Pat."

"The top of the morning to you, Mike, and how's yourself?"

"It's gay and grand I am, and how are you, Pat?"

"Just holding my own," says Pat, tossing the child.

And when Pat woke up he found that he had been in the hospital for a week.

Two ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. Both of them were married to musicians. The one, a bride of a year, was pushing a baby-carriage in which were three fine babies—triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks.

"What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly-married one with interest.

"Yes," replied the proud mother, "let me tell you the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him and they played 'Three Little Maids,' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?"

At this the newly-married one turned pale.

"Mercy" she gasped. "At our wedding supper Tom's friends serenaded him, also, and they rendered 'The Sextette' from 'Lucia.'"

Toward the close of a recent lawsuit in Massachusetts, the wife of an eminent Harvard professor arose and with a flaming face timidly addressed the court.

"Your Honor," said she, "if I told you I had made an error in my testimony, would it vitiate all I have said?"

Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while His Honor gravely regarded her.

"Well, madam," said the Court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What was it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady, more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was thirty-eight. I was so flustered, you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."

Patrick arrived much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken, and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"That McGillicuddy—'twas him," exclaimed Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife, without sympathy. "A big spalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhaun of a McGillicuddy the size of him! Why—"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"