

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Now doth this question make me sigh
And father scratch his nose—
How can five plunks the presents buy
To fill eight pairs of hose?

"Does Mistletoe bear fruit?"
"Yes, my son, very often. Forbidden fruit."

The only man we ever knew who
got what he wanted for Christmas
was a fellow who didn't want anything.

Hamfatt: "What's a good way to enjoy yourself at Christmas?"
Romeo: "Don't look at your presents till the next day."

Flora: "Charlie kissed me under the mistletoe last night. Did he kiss you?"
Dora: "Why—er—not under the mistletoe."

Mrs. Brady: "Be quiet, both of you. What are you crying for?"
Little Ellen: "Me mudder says Santa Claus has gone out on strike, an' dere ain't goin' to be no Christmas."

"What do you expect to give your husband for Christmas?"
"I think I shall give him the same cigars I gave him last year. The dear absent-minded man has scarcely touched them."

Paul: "Whad fer git fo' Crissmus, Virginia?"
Virginia: "Mamma's ole gum shoes. Whad yo' git?"

Paul: "I hain't quite shuah yet, but I tink pop' gone fo' get, lick me fo' suckin' dem aigs lars' night!"

Miss Saintly: "Now, children, I will give a silver dollar at Christmas to every boy who has a perfect mark in conduct!"
Bill McGinnis: "Say, teacher, I'll take a quarter now, 'n' call it square!"

Dar's always er race problem 'bout Chris'mus times, an' dat's 'tween de little niggers ter see which un kin git ter de big house de quickest ter ketch de white chillun Chris'mus gif.

Bobby: "Say, mamma, what are you going to give me for Christmas?"
Mamma: "Oh, anything to keep you quiet, Bobby."

Bobby: "Well, nothing will keep me quiet but a drum."

Clossun: "I want to look at some rings for a Christmas present."
Clerk: "Yes, sir. About what price, sir?"
Clossun: "The cheaper the better."
Clerk: "And is there any stone your wife prefers, sir?"

Little Emerson: "You don't believe in any such ridiculous myth as Santa Claus?"
Tough Jimmy: "Naw! I'm next to dat game. All de same, it's a good graft to let on you believe in him an' get all dat's comin' to you."

"What makes you cry so bitterly, little boy?" asked the kind gentleman.
"De tree Sunday-schools I j'ined is goin' ter have der Christmas treats all on de same night," wailed the little boy. "Boo-hoo!"

"Has your wife finished her Christmas shopping?"
"Yes. She expects now to be able to put in all the rest of her time looking at things she might have bought for less money if she had only known it."

Drummer: "Were there any novel features at the Christmas-tree entertainment last night?"
Ruralville Merchant: "Yes; the gentleman who impersonated Santa Claus did not catch fire from the candles on the tree and get fatally burned."

May: "If I were as rich as Uncle Tom I'd be ashamed to be so stingy."
Maud: "Why?"
May: "I gave him a beautiful burnt leather necktie I made all myself for Christmas, and he sent me only a twenty-dollar gold piece in return."

"Remember," said the stern parent, "if you are not a good boy Santa Claus may fall to bring you anything on Christmas."

"I know," answered the practical child, "but I was good before last Christmas and I didn't get anything that I wanted, anyhow."

Subbs: "The cook going to quit next Saturday? Great Caesar! Perhaps if you were to drop a hint that we intended giving her a nice present at Christmas she might reconsider."

Mrs. Subbs (dejectedly): "I did, dear, and that's why she gave notice. She said she didn't care to work any longer for such scheming folk."

"About this time of year I always regret that I wasn't trained to the priesthood," said the pompous butler.
"Why?" meekly inquired the chef.
"Well, nobody gives priests green, pink and yellow neckties for Christmas presents."

A young man married against the will of his parents, and in telling a friend how to break the news to them he said:
"Tell them first that I am dead, and then gently work up to the climax."

He (encouragingly): "I'm sure of one thing, my angel: you and I will never quarrel as that couple are doing."
She (with decision): "Indeed, we won't. If you ever speak to me as he did to her, I'll have you arrested."

A well-known judge fell downstairs, punctuating his journey with a loud exclamation point at every step. A bystander hurriedly raised him up and solicitously inquired: "Is your honor hurt?"
"No!" snapped the judge, "but my head is."

An American traveller in England heard the following in a third-class railway carriage near London:
Mother (opening a parcel of sandwiches): "Johnnie, what kind of sandwich will you 'ave?"
Johnnie: "I'll 'ave 'am, mother."
Mother: "Don't say 'am, dear. Say 'am."

Man in the corner (chuckling to himself): "Both of 'em thinks they're saying 'am."
Borus: "I suppose you saw those 'Rhymed Reflections' of mine in the Grab Bag magazine. That was the result of a curious mistake. I had ground out the lines with the intention of writing them in a friend's autograph album, but sent them in mistake to the publishers of the magazine instead of the poem I had intended to send."
Naggus: "I was sure there was a mistake of some kind when I saw the magazine had accepted them."

Music Teacher: "That boy of yours gives promise of being a great clarinet player."
Boy's Father: "Great Scott! I supposed all the time he was merely trying to get back at the family in the fat above ours, where they keep a graphophone and a parrot."

"Just back from Europe, are you? Did you have a rough passage over?"
"Several of 'em. I had to lick the steward three or four times in order to get any attention at all."

No More On Earth.
"Sir, I am a student of the Political Study Club."
"Well, what can I do for you, sir?"
"I want to look through your telescope, sir."
"My telescope?"
"Yes, sir; I want to see if Saturn's smashed his rings, too."

Repartee.
Policeman (to tramp on park bench): "There is no sleeping allowed here!"
Tramp: "There ain't? Then what are you doing here?"

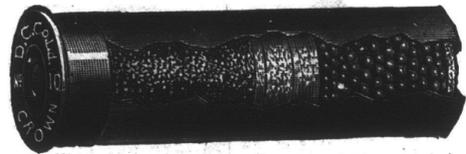
He: "Did you know I had become an actor?"
She: "No. All I heard was that you had gone on the stage."

Ell: "Will you go with me next Saturday to see the college teams play football?"
Stella: "I don't understand the game."
Ell: "You don't have to understand the game; you just have to be blood-thirsty."

Binks: "I believe that Mary does not love me any longer."
Jinks: "Did she say as much?"
Binks: "No; but she let her little sister sit in the parlor with us last evening."

Lucile was making her first visit in the country.
"What's that?" she cried, as she saw the fireflies.
"We call them lightning bugs. Didn't you ever see any before?"
"No; the bugs in our town ain't lit yet."

A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut valley town. A few days after he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked: "Rev. —, of the senior class at Yale seminary, supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."



DEALERS

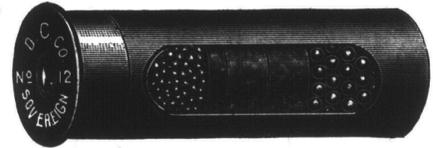
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