

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.

For a week had the strenuous Irish American been at work on the well single handed, and at last the foreman had promised him another hand to help him. He sat down at the bottom of the pit he had made to digest the news and to indulge in a needed rest and a smoke.

The foreman's bull-dog at that precise moment took it into his head to look over the edge of the pit, and Pat, glancing up, saw him. Slowly removing his pipe from his mouth, he rose and gathered up his tools.

"O've worked wid Germans, an' Hungarians, an' O've worked wid Italians an' wid Nays-gurs," he said firmly, "but, when a man wid a face loike that comes down here to work beside me, Oi gets up."

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand, with a card bearing this inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I will be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."

A German went into a restaurant, and as he took his seat an Irish waiter came up and bowed politely.

"Wie gehts," said the German, also bowing politely.

"Wheat Cakes!" shouted the waiter, mistaking the salutation for an order.

"Nein, nein!" said the German.

"Nine!" said the waiter. You'll be lucky if you get three.

"Now, Nora," said the departing physician to the Irish girl, who was nursing a bad case of fever, "if the patient sees snakes again, give him a dose of this medicine. I shall be in again at six."

The hour for his return arrived. The physician once more visited the sick patient, and found him raving. He had been so, said the nurse, for hours.

"And did you give him the medicine?" inquired the puzzled doctor.

Nora shook her head.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he saw snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't say he saw snakes this time, doctor," replied the nurse, confidently. "He said he saw red-white-and-blue turkeys, wid straw hats on!"

Irishman (to shopman)—"I want somethin' for mournin' wear, but I don't know exactly what the coostom is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

Shopman—"It depends a little on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have a black suit, a black band on your hat, and black gloves. For someone not so near and dear, you may have a broad band of black on your left arm, or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant."

Irishman—"Och, is that it? Well, then, gimme a shoe-string. It's me woiife's mother!"

Old Walker got on a car about eleven the other night, and after giving the conductor explicit directions to wake him when the car reached 60th Street, seated himself in the corner and was soon sound asleep. When he had ridden about half a mile beyond his intended destination, a sudden lurch of the car awakened him.

Rubbing his eyes he looked out of the window, and seeing where he was, angrily accosted the conductor thus:

"I say, why didn't you wake me up as I told you? Here am I ever so far beyond the street."

"I did try, sir," responded the conductor, "but all I could get from you was, 'All right, Mary, get the children their breakfast and I'll be down in a minute.'"

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

Mr. Sissins (who, unfortunately, stuttered a trifle) began to reply:

"Sis—sss—sss—sss."

"Stop that noise, and tell me your name," said the magistrate impatiently.

"Sis—sss—sss—sss."

"That will do," said the magistrate severely. "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

The policeman, who was an Irishman, immediately responded.

"I think, yer honor, he's charged with soda water."

McGuggs—"Phwat's Tim Phelan lukin so cocky over? Oi'll break the face av him!"

McNuggs—"Shure, an' it's th' proud day fer Tim. He's just got a letter sayin' thot his cousin's bin hanged fer killin' an' robbin' an' Englishman."

Six miles from anywhere, and six minutes from lighting-up time, with half a gale blowing, and a bad puncture, with no lamp, and no "solution," Wheeler was feeling decidedly blue.

Manfully he set to pumping. But as fast as the air went in it came out again. In desperation, Wheeler whipped off the tire, bent on doing great things with a pocket-handkerchief.

A yokel sauntered up, and for some minutes watched operations.

"Nasty storm a-comin' on," said he.

"Yes," growled Wheeler.

"Bin threatenin' all day," pursued the yokel.

"Quite so," snapped the cyclist.

"It'm," continued the spectator. "Got a puncture?"

Wheeler rounded on him with a sweet smile.

"Oh, no," he replied. "Not at all! Merely changing the air, don't you know, so that it won't get stale!"

A letter was once received at the post office in New Orleans directed to the biggest fool in that city.

The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the young clerks in-

formed him of the receipt of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk. "I didn't know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Find?" replied the clerk. "Why nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"

There was a family reunion and the conversation had turned on the story of the surgeon who, having operated on a man, sewed up the wound leaving a sponge inside; and it was noted that one of the company suddenly turned ghastly pale.

"What's the matter?" they cried.

"Why, I was operated on for appendicitis the other week, and I remember now that just after it my doctor was complaining of having lost his umbrella!"

Mrs. Murphy—"Phwat are yez going to name the darlint?"

Mrs. O'Brien—"Solomon Isaac Jacob Aaron O'Brien. An' if he don't get rich with that name he can starve to death, begorra!"

The butter was stronger than usual that morning. Age had increased its powers.

The Silent Man stuck his knife in it, and threw the pale mass against the wall, where it clung tenaciously and glowered at the boarders. The landlady entered the room.

"Who threw that butter against the wall?" she demanded.

The boarders said nothing, the Silent Man, who always paid in advance, being particularly quiet.

"Why don't you answer!" she demanded.

All eyes were turned on the Silent Man, as he cleared his throat and spoke.

"Madam," he said, "the butter is able to speak for itself."

A Dutchman, addressing his dog Snyder, said, "Schnyder, ry don't you work some time? You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree dimes and lay down; ven I go mit de bed in I haf to lock up de blace, and wind up de clock, and put de cat out, and ondress myself, and my frou vakes up and scolds, den de baby she vakes up and cries and I have to valk her mid de house round; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed in it is dime to ged up again. Ven you get up you shust stretch your neck a liddle and you vas up. I haf to light de vire, put on de kittle, scrap some mit my vife already and get myself breakfast. You play round all day and has olenty fun. I haf to work all day and hav blenty druble. Den ven you die you was dead. Ven I die I hav to go to de bad blace already yet."