



Little Ikey—Oh, Fadder! Fadder! blow me a ring mit a diamont on it!!

#### HUMOUR.

"Say, do you know what I think?"

"No, what?"

"That the man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' could not have been married."

"Do you know, old Boozer is hovering at death's door."

"Hum, is he? Guess he can't find the key-hole."

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, if your father had twenty eggs in his shop, and found that eighteen of them were bad, how much would he lose?"

Tommy—"Nothing, you don't know pa."

"How fast can you go in your new auto, Jack—forty miles an hour?"

"Why, if the streets are crowded, I can go over sixty."

"Aren't you the same surgeon who amputated the first finger on my right hand?" asked the patient who had just been operated on for appendicitis.

"Yes," answered the surgeon.

"Well, you've got my index, and now you've got my appendix. I hope you are satisfied."

"You see that man over there? Well, he told me he could neither live with-  
in his income nor without it."