

Wit and Humor.

Judgments from Judge.

SIGNS OF GREATNESS.

"Heavy the artist must be getting on famously."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I see he has pictures in two of this year's saloons."

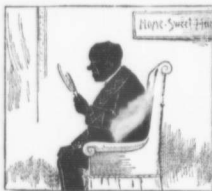
DISCOVERY.

Jenkins (reading).—"At last they have something that will make a woman keep a secret."

His Wife.—"What is it?"

Jenkins.—"Chloroform."

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.



I.

WESTERN MUNICIPAL REFORM.

"I see the mayor of a western mining town recommended the city council to abolish short skirts in the dance-halls."

"That shows how our civilization is extending. I hope they passed the ordinance."

"Yes, they did; but an amendment providing for longer skirts was lost."

THE PROPER PROCEDURE.

"WASN'T that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the judge of his eldest daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?"

"Yes, papa; but mamma has granted a superseas pending an appeal."

A FAMILY MATTER.

Patrick (formerly a widower).—"That a devil as a row!"

Bridget (formerly a widow).—"Yis; Oi shpore it's your children an' me children fightin' wad our children."

TOO MUCH.

Sister Emmaline.—"Sister Phronia, I unnerstan't dat yo' hab lef' de Highwash Bab'ies' ch'ich an' done gone obah to de Melodist. Am dat so?"

Sister Phronia.—"Yes, S'ter Emmaline, I has."

Sister Emmaline.—"Well, what was de



II.

'casion ob yoh change ob 'victions, S'ter Phronia!"

Sister Phronia.—"Well, dat dah Pahnson Hollyhask didn't suit me 'zackly. He had a reg'lar 'pash-folke' walk, an' he wuh nakin' 'hub to ebery woman in dat ch'uch 'cept me; an' I couldn't stan' dat, nohow. So I done lef'."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Piterson.—"My boy, don't you know that if you go shooting on Sunday you will lose your immortal soul?"

Boy.—"Mister, don't you know dat every minute I'm standin' here listenin' to you I'm losin' three woodpeckers!"

Pickings from Puck.

A PRECARIOUS SITUATION.

Nidney (the newsboy).—"Well, yer all right! Yer got a good steady job in 'er office, an' don't need ter worry."

Boddy (his former pal).—"Dat's all you know about it. You don't know what dese offices is. If yer dumb, yer fired fer mopin'. If yer too smart, der head men gets jealous and yer gits der dump fer dat."

FIRE!

Mr. O'Malley.—"Kitty, O'm goin' ter get some four-insurance an' no life."

Mrs. O'Malley.—"Foire-insurance! For the love av hivin, phwat for?"

Mr. O'Malley.—"Phwy, so many av th' min are bein' discharged down to th' null, dat Oi want to be prepared whin mui turn comes!"

TWO SETS OF TERMS.

Sub-Editor.—"What shall I say about Mr. Goodwill, who is likely to be nominated by the opposition?"

Grand Editor.—"Oh, call him a reptile and a thief."

"But he is a man whose character is without a stain."

"That so? Well, call him weak and imbecile."



III.

CELEBRATING FOR TWO.

Jimson.—"I congratulate you. What will you have?"

Neatpup.—"Two beers."

Jimson.—"Two?"

Neatpup.—"Yes; it's twins."

"A WHISTLING WOMAN."

Miss Eggleston.—"I wonder why that housey Miss Rootians is so popular with the gentlemen?"

Miss Dorking.—"Why, she is the most accomplished person in town."

Miss Eggleston.—"Indeed! What are her accomplishments?"

Miss Dorking.—"She crows!"

Father.—"What's that devilish noise in the kitchen, Bobby?"

Bobby.—"That's mamma making angel cake."

Latest from Life.

CONSIDERATE.

Judge Bepod.—"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with shooting the plaintiff through each ear, one foot, an elbow and along the top of his head. What have you to say for yourself?"

Albion Be (the prisoner).—"Wal, I didn't have no killin' grudge agin him, and so I jst shot him in the thin places around the edges, so's not to hurt him too much."

NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT.

"The sun never sets on England's dominions," remarked the boasting Britisher.

"England reminds me of an old hen," responded the Yankee.

"Why?" demanded the Britisher angrily.

"A hen's son never sets, either."



IV.

Trifles from Truth.

KNEW HOW IT OUGHT TO TASTE.

Mrs. Giffogde.—"This can't be genuine mineral water."

Mr. Giffogde.—"Why?"

Mrs. Giffogde.—"It doesn't taste horribly enough."

HIS ONLY CHANCE OF FAME.

Joxes, I think your boy will become a very distinguished man if he lives long enough."

"Yes? What do you think he will be distinguished for?"

"Longevity—if he lives long enough."

MORE VALUABLE.

Foreman.—"If you want me to work in that \$2.00 Pants ad., you will have to cut out about three verses off o' this poem."

Editor.—"But if I do that it won't make sense."

Foreman.—"Maybe not; but it will make room!"

TOO CH'AP FOR HER.

Mrs. Neergold.—"Have you any of Shelley's poems?"

Clerk.—"We have a very fine edition of 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

Mrs. Neergold.—"But I want it bound—and as expensively as possible."



V.



VI.

THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATION.

Superintendent of Insane Asylum.—"That man there is the most complete idiot in the institution. He knows absolutely nothing."

Railway Official.—"He is just the man we have been looking for. I should like to employ him."

Superintendent.—"Employ him! For what?"

Official.—"To invent new ways of folding our time-tables."

COMBINED.

Briggs.—"I hear that while you were around at Miss Redbud's, the other night, you broke a chair."

Gripps.—"Yes; and her father wanted me to pay for it."

Briggs.—"What did you tell him?"

Gripps.—"Told him it was as much her fault as it was mine."

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED HIM TO SAY.

He.—"May I steal a kiss?"

She.—"Yes, if you'll not keep it."

He.—"All right; I'll give it to some other girl."



VII.

The thief and the contractor seem to work together, as one makes tracks while the other lays them.

BRINGS THINGS TO A HEAD—The "diff"ference in the morning."

The ocean and the train robber work the same game, they both make the passengers give up.

Older Sister.—"Clara, I'm surprised to see you soak your bread in the gravy. It's exceedingly bad form."

Clara.—"Well, it's awfully good taste."

Hatterman.—"That's a fine umbrella you have."

Catterton (significantly).—"Yes, old man, I got that umbrella for myself."

"SERVES me right," said the drum. "I thought I could keep tight and never feel it—and here I am beaten at my own game."