

## WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

### The Humorist.

A king and his clown fell ill one day,  
And the king, as he lay on his royal  
bed,  
Beholding the clown, was moved to say:  
"Lo, all my glory has from me fled.  
One man wears motley, and one a crown,  
We raise distinctions and cling to  
caste,  
But the hand of the Master strikes us  
down,  
And the king and his clown are the  
same at last."

The poor, pale clown turned wearily  
And looked across where the monarch  
lay:  
"Nay, master, it is not so," said he,  
"Though we share one lot in common  
to-day  
I must have my wits when I rise again,  
Or another clown to your feet they'll  
bring.  
But you, O sire, though you retain  
No spark of reason, will still be  
king."

Love in a cottage is all right. The  
thing is to get the cottage.

A great many persons can make a  
name, but only a few can keep it.

Friends, like everything else that a  
man gets in this world, must be bought  
and paid for promptly.

The great secret of popularity is to  
make everyone satisfied with himself  
first, and afterwards satisfied with you.

Bess: Why did you break off your  
engagement with Jack?  
Nell: I asked him to guess my age—  
and he did.

The Customer: Do you think you can  
make a really good photograph of me?  
Artist: Well, sir, I'm afraid I must  
answer you in the negative.

There is a saying current in the city  
of New York to this effect: "You can  
always tell a Boston man, but you  
can't tell him much."

Tommy: I don't believe that cat  
story. How could a cat have seven-  
league boots?  
Bobbie: Maybe a giant threw 'em at  
'im one night.

Van Dauber: How much do you pay  
a week for your board and room?  
Scribbler: Well, some expressmen  
charge me a dollar, and some seventy-  
five cents.

Visitor: Are there any fish in this  
river?  
Native: Fish! I should rather think  
there was. Why, the water's simply  
saturated with them.

Pat: What be yer charge for a fun-  
eral notice in yer paper?  
Editor: Two dollars an inch.  
Pat: Good heavens! An' me poor  
brother was six feet high.

Teacher: Now, what is a fort?  
Johnny: A place for soldiers to live  
in.  
Teacher: And a fortress?  
Johnny: A place for soldiers' wives  
to live in.

Uncle Jerry Peebles was looking over  
the list of "amended spellings" recom-  
mended by the reformers. "Good land!"  
he exclaimed. "I don't see anything  
strange in them words. That's the way  
I've allus spelled 'em."

Tommy Twaddles: Gee, but I'm glad!  
We're goin' to study general history  
this term.  
Johnny Jimpson: Wot's gen'ral history?  
Tommy Twaddles: Why, all about  
generals, you chump.

"So sorry not to have heard your lec-  
ture last night," said the loquacious  
lady. "I know I missed a treat; every-  
body says it was great."  
"How did they find out?" asked Mr.  
Frockcoat. "The lecture, you know,  
was postponed."

Ben Butler was a terror and torment  
to the judges. On one occasion Judge  
Sanger, having been bullied and bad-  
gered out of all patience, petulantly  
asked, "What does the counsel suppose  
I am on this bench for?"  
Scratching his head a minute, Butler  
replied:  
"Well, I confess, your Honor's got  
me there."

Critic: It is not what I should call  
a speaking likeness.  
Artist: Oh, well, I don't think many  
people find fault with it for having  
nothing to say.

He: She told me that it was her first  
year out.  
She: Why, she's been out four sea-  
sons.  
He: Well, I suppose she counts four  
seasons to the year.

"You say you take automobile rides  
for the sake of exercise?"  
"Certainly."  
"But where does the exercise come  
in?"  
"Getting out to see what is the mat-  
ter."

"Mrs. Glitterby does love to be talk-  
ed about, doesn't she?"  
"I should say she does. Why, she is  
so anxious for notoriety that she even  
wears her last year's hat."

Employer: Yes, I advertized for a  
strong boy. Do you think you will suit?  
Applicant: Well, I've just finished  
lickin' nineteen other applicants out in  
the passage.

She: If there's anyone I detest more  
than another it's a man who is for ever  
talking shop.  
He: Yes, he's almost as tiresome as  
the woman who constantly talks shop-  
ping.

Mrs. Dash: I don't understand, dear,  
why you can't get along with your hus-  
band. He's such a charming man! Per-  
haps you haven't been sufficiently—  
Mrs. Rash: Yes, I have!

"I think," said the office-seeker, "that  
my campaign work should entitle me to  
an office."  
"Who are you?" demanded the big  
man. "What did you do?"  
"Well, I 'also spoke' on about forty  
different occasions."

"You were very successful in monopol-  
izing your line of trade."  
"I was," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I  
put in my life killing competition in  
order that the other members of my  
family might put in their lives killing  
time."

"Mister," sniveled the hobo. "It's a  
terrible thing not to know where yer  
next meal's comin' from."  
"You don't know what trouble is,"  
snarled the gaunt press humorist. "It's  
a terrible thing not to know where  
your next joke's coming from."

Medical Student: What did you oper-  
ate on that man for?  
Eminent Surgeon: Five hundred dol-  
lars.  
Medical Student: I mean, what did  
he have?  
Eminent Surgeon: Five hundred dol-  
lars.

"All the little boys and girls who  
want to go to Heaven," said the Sunday  
school superintendent, "will please  
rise."  
All rose but Tommy Twaddles.  
"And doesn't this little boy want to  
go to Heaven?"  
"N-not yit."

Overheard in a Pullman.  
"Oh, George, wouldn't it be lovely  
to make people think we are already  
married?"  
"All right; when we get out you  
carry the bag and umbrella."

He Knew It.  
She (reflectingly): Let me see—red is  
love, green is jealousy, blue is fidelity,  
yellow is envy, black is mourning, white  
is innocence—and what is brown?  
He: Beer!

In Perfect Agreement.  
Tender-hearted Maiden Lady: It's a  
shame to go out and kill little birds!  
I could not do it!  
Hunter (looking sadly at his empty  
game bag): Neither could I.

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