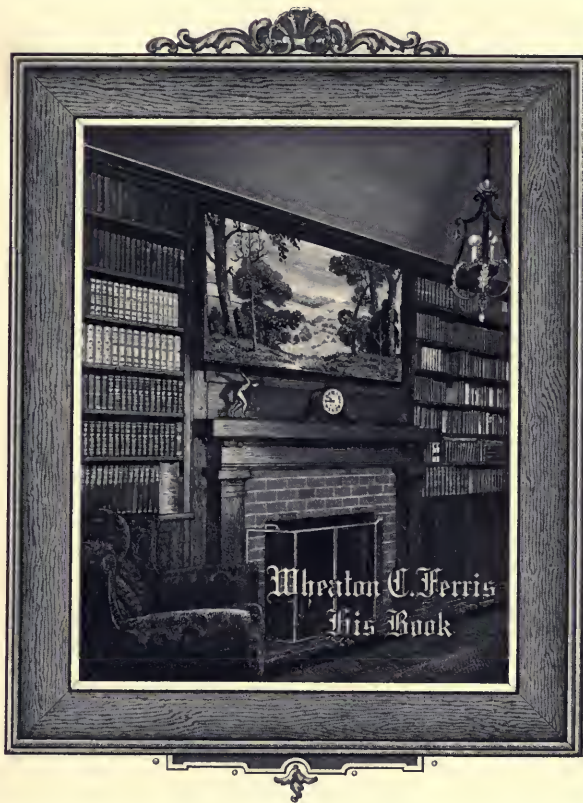




The
PUN BOOK



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THE NEW PUN BOOK

COLLECTED, EDITED AND ARRANGED FROM
THE NOTES OF TWO LEARNED PUNDITS

Who thought they never saw the Punjab delighted in all pungencies of speech. Schoiariy men who rejoyce in punctiliousness in their language, contrive to improve its flavor and precision by exercise in these unexpected juxtapositions. Thus, as with our Pundit's famous countryman Mr. Jaberjee, though they use the purest language, they can instantly express every shade of thought with grace and completeness without resorting to siang:—that ready cloak wherewith puny minds strive to cover their vulgarity and lack of culture.

BY T. B. AND T. C.

New York
FRANK VERNON & CO.,
103 Park Avenue

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The New Pun Book

"He's a professional grafter."

"Who?"

"The nurseryman."

"You know Fatty Schultz the butcher. What do you suppose he weighs?"

"I don't know, what does he weigh?"

"Meat."

"I saw a sign in a hardware store to-day 'Cast iron sinks.' As though everyone wasn't wise to that."

"How are you to-day?"

"Oh, I can't kick."

"Thought you were ill."

"I am—I have the gout."

"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth, is it not?"

"No, sir!" said the bride, with some indignation, "this is only my third!"

She—I had a \$5 bill in this dictionary yesterday and I can't find it anywhere.

He—Did you look among the Vs dear?

“Have you ever met my sister, Louisa?”

“Yes. She's rather stout, isn't she?”

“I have another at home—Lena.”

“Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer?”

“Because he is employed at the post-office. And that ain't the worst of it.”

“No?”

“No, sir; his wife takes hush money.”

“You don't say so!”

“I do. She's a child nurse.”

The street car lurched, she fell ker-flump!

But got up with a happy smile,

And to the young man said: “Please, sir,

How many laps are to the mile?”

I hear they are trying to close up the gambling establishments in New York. Why didn't they close up Adam? He was the first gambler. Didn't he start the races?

"Gee, I just made a bad break," murmured the chef, as he threw away some rotten eggs.

"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer, proudly. "Good work, isn't it?"

"Not bad," replied the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make."

"Oh! are you in this line, too?"

"No. We make gunpowder."

You ought to sleep well,
You lie so easily!

"My girl's father is an undertaker. He has invented an automobile hearse. Folks are just dying to ride in it."

"An Irishman comes to this country, remains here ten years, and goes back to Ireland and dies. What is he?"

"Why, an Irishman, of course."

"No, you're wrong; he is a corpse."

He—Why has he put her picture in his watch?

She—Because he thinks she will love him in time.

"I saw some delicious apples growing on a tree this morning. I couldn't reach them, and asked the lady of the house if she would let me take a step-ladder.

"Did she give it to you?"

"No; but she gave me a stare."

"My sister had a fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm."

"That's nothing. I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my trousers."

Attorney for the Defense—Have you ever been cross-examined before?

The Witness—Have I. I'm a married man.—Life.

— I met a deaf and dumb man to-day who had every joint of his fingers broken.

— That is terrible, how did it happen?

— Well, he used to crack jokes on his fingers.

"I'm nearly starved. Just got in from a three-hour trip on the New York Central.

"But couldn't you get anything to eat on the train?"

"Nope! It was a 'fast' train."

“What do you think of the statement that there are three hundred haunted houses in New York?” asked Mr. Knickerbocker.

“Oh,” replied Jones, “that only ghost to show how plentiful spirits are here.”

“I saw a big rat in my cook-stove and when I went for my revolver he ran out.”

“Did you shoot him?”

“No. He was out of my range.”

GREENE—“These wakes of yours are pretty boisterous affairs sometimes.”

FINNEGAN—“Av coarse! Sure, we hav’ t’ make a great noise t’ wake the dead.”

“I SEE Dorkins has got all of his seven daughters married off.”

“Yes, but he took advantage of his official position to effect it.”

“How was that?”

“Why, he is chairman of the board of public works and he advertised for proposals.”

“Are your folks well to do?”

“No. They’re hard to do.”

"If you should die, what would you do with your body?"

"I don't know."

"I'd sell mine to a medical student."

"Then you'd be giving yourself dead away."

"I was at the track to-day, Percy, and there was a horse down there with the itch. He came up to the post, and they scratched him "

HE—"Yes, she is living under an assumed name."

SHE—"Horrible! What is it?"

HE—"The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her!"

BIGGS—"I hear the jail was afire this morning?"

BAGGS—"Naw; it was only a sell."

Love they say is blind. Well: if so marriage must be an eye-opener.

"It doesn't do any good to scold the janitor about our cold rooms."

"Yes, it does. I get all warmed up when I talk to him."

"This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwed.

"I'm very sorry," returned the bride, "I'll tell the cook to speak to the livery-man about it."

"Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed?"

"Noah."

"You are wrong. Don't the good book tell us that Noah came forth? So there must have been three ahead of him."

RAILWAY CLERK—Another accident on the road to-day, sir.

MANAGER—Indeed. What now?

CLERK—Man dislocated his neck trying to read our new time table.

"I got your fare, didn't I?" asked the conductor.

"I believe not," the facetious passenger replied. "I think I saw you ring it up."

ISAACS—Undt suppose dey did send us a message from Mars, how could dey tell if we got it?

COHEN—Vell, dey might send it gollect undt see if ve paid for it.

HE—I'll go to-morrow and buy a diamond engagement ring.

SHE—Now, George, for the first time your talk has the true ring in it.

“I am told,” said she, saucily, “that though you are a military man, you are afraid of powder.”

“To prove that the assertion is calumnious,” replied he, “I have only to do this.”

Whereupon he lightly kissed her on the cheek, and his lips showed that he was not.

MRS. PENDERGAST (in disgust)—You call these shades alike! Is there anything you can match?

MR. PENDERGAST—Yes. Pennies.

Pressed for work—cider.

Never out of print—the calico counter.

“Is this a fire insurance office?”

“Yes, sir; can we write you some insurance?”

“Perhaps you can. You see, my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday, and I'd like some protection.”

"We should never complain, whatever may befall us," said the minister. "The moment we grow dissatisfied we become unhappy."

"Do you really think so?" she sighed.

"Yes," returned the good man; "the first woman who complained of her Lot, was turned into a pillar of salt."

"Tommy," said mamma, tearfully, "it gives me as much pain as it does you to punish you."

TOMMY (also tearfully)—Mebbe it does, but not in the same place.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!"

"Refused again?"

"No; accepted."

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer said, "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

"They say corporations have no soul."

"How about the Shoe Trust."

“Did your sweetheart receive you warmly last night?” asked one Pittsburg young man of another.

“No, but her father did.”

“How was that?”

“He fired me.”

“Permit me, then, to die at your feet!” he cried desperately.

She shivered.

“I see no objection to that,” she answered. “All papa said was that you mustn’t hang around here.”

Don’t doubt the veteran who tells you he was always where the bullets were thickest; perhaps he was hiding under the ammunition wagon.

MR. BIXBY—Have you noticed how much better I rest after a day’s fishing?

MRS. BIXBY—No; but I have noticed how much easier you lie after a day’s fishing than upon other days.

“Nature never allows anything to run to waist.”

“Humph! You’ve never seen a Vermont girl of forty.”

“What’s the matter here?”

“Man broke his neck.”

“What story did he fall from?”

“Didn’t fall—tried to see the top of the building.”

According to a florist’s magazine “Jacks are becoming cheap.” This may be true, but we have known men who would have been willing to pay \$10 for one to put with the two already in their hands.

JOHNNY—What makes you look so tired?

TOMMY—My step-mother is sick and now I’ll get licked before every meal. The doctor says she must take exercise on an empty stomach.

BROWN—“Peckhen has arrived safe. I just received a cablegram from him.”

“SMITH—“Did he have a rough voyage?”

BROWN—“No; his wife didn’t go.”

“Oh, live and let live, my man.”

“Yes, I’d look well, wouldn’t I? I’m a butcher.”

SMITH—I notice that Robinson has an article in the paper this morning.

JONES—Indeed! I didn't see it. What was it?

SMITH—His spring overcoat. He was taking it to the tailor to be pressed and cleaned.

When Lot found his wife transformed into a pillar of salt, he was wise enough to let it go at that and not take a fresh one.

SOLOMAN SOLOMAN—Our frent Cohen must pe goind' t' haf a fire.

ISAAC ISAACS—Vy?

SOLOMAN SOLOMAN—Vell, he took oud an inshoorance bolicy yeste'day.

“A telephone girl always reminds me of a pictured saint.”

“Why?”

“There is a continual ‘hello’ around her head.”

A husband and wife are considered one, but it is useless to try to work that gag on the landlord when he presents the board bill.

“You haven’t a cent, and yet wish to marry Miss Bilyan. Don’t you expect her father to kick you out?”

“Oh, no I intend to go before the foot-lights.”

YOUNG M. D.—That jig is up.

OLD M. D.—What do you mean?

YOUNG M. D.—That fellow with St. Vitus’s dance died this morning.

“Do you think that as a rule people who attend theaters are superstitious?”

“Do I think so? I know it. I have seen people sit for an hour waiting for a ghost to walk.”

“For that matter the actors themselves often wait longer than that.”

“Here’s an account of a hen which layed three eggs at once, and then died,” remarked Mrs. Sunway.

“From over-eggserption, probably,” commented her husband.

“What is the best way to raise cabbage?”

“With a knife and fork.”

"Why is Miss B——wearing black?"

"She is in mourning for her husband."

"Why, she never had a husband!"

"No, that is why she mourns."

"Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change."

"Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me."

"What's the matter here?" asked a stranger of a small boy, as he noticed a large wedding party coming out of a church on Fifth avenue.

"Nawthin' but the tied goin' out."

Oh, the sadness of her sadness when she's
sad!

Oh, the gladness of her gladness when
she's glad!

But the sadness of her sadness,
And the gladness of her gladness,
Are nothing to her madness when she's
mad!

"Is it raining, girls?"

"No," broke in Cumso; "only cats and
dogs."

GUEST—What have you got?

WAITER—I've got liver, calf's brains, pig's feet—

GUEST—Hold up there! I don't want a description of your physical peculiarities. What have you got to eat is what I want to know.

STRANGER—"Boy, can you direct me to the bank?"

BOY—"I kin for a quarter."

STRANGER—"A quarter! Isn't that high pay?"

BOY—"Yes, sir; but it's bank directors what gits high pay, you see, sir!"

"It's very puzzling," said a worried looking woman to one of her neighbors.

"What's that?"

"I can't tell whether Willie is corrupting the parrot or whether the parrot is corrupting Willie."

PLAYWRIGHT—"There is a great climax in the last act. Just as two burglars climb in the kitchen window the clock strikes one; then——"

MANAGER CONN—"Be more explicit. Which one did the clock strike?"

"I sent a dollar last week" said the Good thing, "in answer to that advertisement offering a method of saving one-half my gas bills."

"And you got——"

"A printed slip directing me to paste them in a scrap-book."

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of a class of youths.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," replied the boy.

"Curious, isn't it?"

"What?"

"A man's handwriting is never so bad that his name can't be read when signed to a check."

"That cook would make a good baseball player."

"Why so?"

"A fly got into the batter when she was serving the griddles, and the way she caught that fly from the batter was a sight to rush an umpire into an early grave."

When you see a young man cleaning a girl's bicycle, they are engaged; but when you see the operation reversed, they are married.

SHE (approvingly)—You won her hand, then?

HE (rather glumly)—Humph—I presume so. I'm under her thumb.

“What is the difference between the admission to a dime museum and the admission to Sing Sing?”

“Don't know. What?”

“One is ten cents and the other is sentence.”

“A man at the hotel wanted to bet that Corbett would knock out Jeffries.”

“Who took him up?”

“The elevator boy, I think.”

Why is a railroad train like a bedbug?
It runs over the sleepers.

CALLER—Wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?

LITTLE BOY—Engaged? Watcher givin' us? She's married.

"I must admit," said the mannish girl, "that I'm very fond of men's clothes. You don't like them, do you?"

"Yes. I do," replied the girly girl, frankly, "when there's a man in them."

When a woman finds her dress does not match her complexion, it is always easy enough to change her complexion.

"My friend," said the long-coated old man, solemnly, "have you made preparation for the day of judgment?"

"Sir," replied the young man, "that's how I make my living."

"Young man!"

"I'm employed in the sheriff's office."

"George, you look exhausted," she said to him as he was putting on his hat and coat.

"Yes," he answered, glancing towards his daughter at the piano. "I'm played out."

Of the heroine in one of the latest sensational novels it is said: "Her eyes chained him to the spit." She must have been links-eyed.

“Do I bore you?” asked the mosquito. politely, as he sunk a half-inch shaft into the man’s leg.

“Not at all,” replied the man, squashing him with a book. “How do I strike you?”

“How did that fight between the bridge tenders end?”

“It was fought to a draw—and they both fell in!”

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

MASHINGTON—What’s the matter with your clock? It’s stopped.

TAILOR—I never wind it up. I use it as a motto.

“What do you mean?”

“No tick here.”

The hawk was dozing. “You look,” said the jay, from a safe distance, “as if you were full.”

“Well,” the hawk admitted, “I have just been having a little lark that was a bird.”

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker."

"You're right there."

"Why, I could listen to her all night."

"I have to."

"I once knew a man who, with the aid of a microscope, made a harness for a flea."

"Humph!" replied the other, "that's nothing. I saw that same flea harnessed."

"You want a divorce from your wife, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"What grounds?"

"Incompatability. She and the cook are quarreling continually."

"How about the lazy man who hurt his eye looking for work?"

"That's nothing. How about the industrious safe breaker doing time for making money?"

Don't take a bull by the horns; take him by the tail, then you can let go without getting some one to help you.

“Women, my boy,” said a parent to his son, “are a delusion and a snare.” “It is queer,” murmured the boy, “people will hug a delusion.” And while the old man looked queerly at him, the young man hunted up his roller-skates and went out to be snared.

“Would you,” said the reporter who gets novel interviews, “tell me what book helped you most in life?”

After a thoughtful pause, the great man answered: “My bank-book.”

“You were thrown out?” remarked the ash barrel. “That’s what you get for being crooked.”

“The crookedness is not my fault,” said the nail. I was driven to it by a woman.”

“What relation is a door-step to a door-mat?”

“What relation?”

“A step-farther.”

GUIDE—This is a dogwood tree.

STRANGER—How can you tell?

GUIDE—By its bark.

Some of us have more ups and downs in this world than others, but when we get to the cemetery, we will all be on the dead level.

MRS. POWELL—"I have such an indulgent husband!"

MRS. CAMERON (spitefully)—"Yes, so Justin tells me, but he sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?"

"They caught the burglars that robbed the hotel last night."

"How?"

"They jumped on the scales and gave themselves a weigh."

"You own your own house, don't you?"

"I used to."

"Have you sold it?"

"No, I haven't sold it."

"Then how is it you don't own it?"

"Well, you see, we have company most of the time."

"Mike, d' I ever tell ye the story about the dirty window?"

"You did not. Tell me about it."

"No use—you couldn't see through it."

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

“Now, that’s true benevolence.”

“No, it ain’t,” said the boy, somewhat indignant, “it’s salt.”

TEACHER—Thomas, can you tell me which battle Nelson was killed in?

TOMMY (after a moment’s reflection)—I think it was his last.

JOHNNIE—“Ya-as, I’ve just come back from Ireland—County Cork. Ever been to Cork?”

SOUBRETTE—“No—but I’ve seen a good many drawings of it.”

“What is love?”

“A fresh egg.”

“Marriage?”

“Hard boiled eggs.”

“Divorce?”

“Scrambled eggs.”

How by the statesman insincere

Man’s weary soul is vexed.

He’ll shake your hand one minute and

He’ll pull your leg the next!

"Hush, not so loud! We're having a conference of the powers."

"Eh! Who is conferring?"

"My wife, my mother-in-law and the cook."

"I saw De Castro, the magician, make a \$20 gold piece disappear in three minutes." "That's nothing. You ought to see my wife with a \$20 bill at a church bazaar."

An art-school student recently painted the picture of a dog under a tree so life-like that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

LADY—Why do you remove your sword, Lieutenant?

GALLANT OFFICER—My lovely miss, the fire from those eyes would compel the bravest soldier to surrender his arms.

SHE—"You used to call me the light of your life."

HE—"Ah, but I had no idea then how much it would cost to keep it burning."

MOSES—"How did you make your money, Ike?"

IKE—"By horse-razing."

MOSES—"Vatt, not bedding?"

IKE—"Naw—I started a pawnshop just by the ouside of de razetrack for de people who wanted to get home ven de razes was over."

HE—"Don't you think Miss Plainly is the very image of her mother?"

SHE—"Yes, indeed; the resemblance is something awful."

—"I want to be an angel."

—"Just wait till you've backed one or two 'stars,' and you'll change that tune my boy."

Telephone operators are always bound to have the last word; that's why females are always employed in that capacity.

"What are you going to do with your boy?"

"I don't know; I'm afraid he is a bad egg."

"In that case he might do for an actor."

BIGGS—That butcher is an awkward fellow.

BOGGS—Yes, I notice his hands are always in his weigh.

“Is the proprietor in?” asked the visitor to the planing mill. “I want to order some doors.”

“He’s in,” replied the smart office boy, “but I think he’s out o’ doors.”

“Did the minister say anything comforting?” asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved.

“Indeed, he didn’t,” was the quick reply. “He said my husband was better off.”

“What kind of hen lays the longest?”

“What kind?”

“A dead hen.”

CITYMAN—Do they keep a servant girl?

SUBBUBS—O! certainly not. But as soon as one leaves they engage another.—*Philadelphia Press.*

If a woman would change her sex, what would her religion be? She would be a he-then, of course.

“What in the world shall I do with the baby, John? She’s crying for the moon.”

“That’s nothing. Wait till she’s eighteen and she’ll want the earth.”

“The man who was run over by the cars the other day, is now out of danger.”

“That’s good.”

“He died this morning.”

“The death of her husband must have been a dreadful blow to Mrs. Musicale.”

“It was, indeed.”

“I suppose she has given up her piano playing entirely.”

“No; she still plays; but only on the black keys.”

Poor Lot’s wife turned to salt, alas!

Her fate was most unkind.

No doubt she only wished to see

How hung her skirt behind.

SMITH—There is something that will never be boycotted by the fair sex as long as time lasts.

JONES—What’s that?

SMITH—The Easter bonnet.

"In one way the clock makers are independent of labor troubles."

"That's very fortunate, isn't it," said his wife innocently, "but how?"

"Simply because in clock works the hands never strike."

"There is a man who never knew such a thing as fear."

"Ah, had a military training, I suppose."

"No; his nerve is inherited. His father and his grandfather were both janitors."

"What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," answered Johnny.

"Correct," said the teacher. "And what is the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected answer.

FIRST COMEDIAN—"Did you score a hit with your new specialty?"

SECOND COMEDIAN—"Did I? Why, the audience gazed in open-mouthed wonder before I was half through."

FIRST COMEDIAN—"Wonderful! It is seldom that an entire audience yawns at once."

If I might hold that hand again
Clasped lovingly in mine,
I'd little care what others sought—
That hand I held, lang syne!

That hand! Oh, warm it was and soft!
Soft? Ne'er was so soft a thing!
Ah, me! I'll hold it ne'er again—
Ace, ten, knave, queen and king!

WIFE—"Got a dollar?"

HUSBAND—"Where's the last dollar I
gave you?"

"Gone."

"I thought I told you to make it go
as far as you could."

"I did."

"Doesn't look like it."

"Well, I did; I sent it to the Fiji Is-
land heathen."

Some one threw a head of cabbage at
an Irish orator while he was making a
speech once. He paused a second, and
said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your
ears, I don't care for your heads!" He
was not bothered any more during the
remainder of his speech.

"Why are you sad, Bill?"

"Oh, I am troubled with dyspepsia."

"How can that be?"

"I got licked at school 'cause I couldn't spell it."

MRS. LIMBERCHIN—I was so mad last night I couldn't speak.

MR. L.—And I was away! Just my luck!

—"That Jersey murderer was clever to get off as he did, wasn't he?"

—"What was his plea—insanity?"

—"No, malaria."

"I've been married five years, and I've got a bushel of children."

"How's that?"

"My name is Peck. I've got four children. Don't four pecks make a bushel?"

The weary desert stretched for miles. Stretched for sheer weariness. Not a drop of water was in sight.

Then it was that the traveler had an inspiration.

He wrung his hands.

“Corbett and Fitzsimmons will never fight again.”

“Why?”

“Because they can not get gloves to Fitzsimmons.”

ASKIT—What is a convenient fall trip for me to take?

TELLIT—You might step on a banana peel or try to balance on a cake of soap at the head of the stairs.

“There is but one thing,” said the professor of medicine, gravely, “that we know about death.”

“And that is, sir?” queried the student.

“It is always fatal.”

“Did you hear about Miss Jones?”

“No. What’s up?”

“Why, she eloped with one of the boarders in the hotel.”

“Oh, that was only a roomer!”

“When was money first invented?”

“I don’t know. When was it?”

“When the dove brought the green-back to Noah.”

"What a distinguished looking man."

"Yes, the last time I saw him he was on the bench."

"What, a judge?"

"No; a substitute ball-player."

HE—"Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?"

SHE—"Heaven 'only knows what I promised. I was listening to hear what you promised."

THIN BOARDER—"I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding-house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I'm half-starved."

FAT BOARDER—"I court the cook."

"Why should a young man never raise his straw hat to a lady?"

"Because it is never felt."

JONES—"Well, we had an addition to our family yesterday."

SMITH—"You don't say so? Boy or girl?"

JONES—"Neither. It's my wife's mother."

DINER—"Hello! waiter, where is that ox-tail soup?"

WAITER—"Coming, sir—half a minute."

DINER—"Confound you! How slow you are."

WAITER—"Fault of the soup, sir. Ox-tail is always behind."

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said:

"You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr. Haggerty?"

"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

Irish foreman, to gang of men in a sewer: "How many men is down in that hole?"

Voice from the sewer: "Three, sorr."

Irish foreman: "Then lave half of yez cum up."

TRAMP—"Can't you give a poor man somethng to eat? I got shot in the war and can't work."

WOMAN—"Where was you shot?"

"In the spinal column, mum."

"Go 'way! There was no such battle."

"I suppose Barnum went to heaven when he died?"

"Well, he certainly had a good chance. In fact he had the greatest show on earth."

"Why do all bank cashiers run to Canada?"

"Give it up."

"Because that's the only place Toronto."

"Were you attached to the place?"

The actress laughed bitterly.

"I don't know what you'd call it," she rejoined. "The sheriff had all my dresses except a Mother Hubbard."

"If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would the latter's telephone number be?"

It would be "8—1—2."

An Irishman quarreling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head, and let his brains out of his empty skull."

PETERS—"Are you not sick of hearing everybody sing that popular song?"

WINKLE—"Not I."

PETERS—"Heavens! How can you stand it?"

WINKLE—"I wrote the song."

I'm the champion long distance cornet player. I entered a contest once and I played "Annie Laurie" for three weeks.

Did you win?

No, my opponent played "Stars and Stripes Forever."

"What have you here?" asked the fresh young man of the waiter at a first-class restaurant.

"Everything, sir."

"Everything?" sneeringly, "Have it served at once."

"Hash for one," yelled the waiter.

When we first dined at a cafe

We feared they'd drop their trays, but
later

We learned, somewhat to our dismay,
It takes—as scores of men will say—

A big "tip" to upset a waiter.

"Irish stew," said the restaurant guest.
"Faith, I am Irish, tew," said the waiter.

Comstock shuddered the other evening when a lady asked him if he cared for undressed kids.

MRS. TILFORD OF SOROSIS—"It must have taken Daniel Webster a long time to compile the dictionary; don't you think so?"

TILFORD—"Daniel? You mean Noah, don't you?"

MRS. TILFORD (tartly)—"Now don't be silly. Noah built the ark."

"Is your friend the dentist a society chap?"

"Well, in one way. He attends lots of swell gatherings."

"Did you know that Xanthippe, wife of one of the greatest of ancient philosophers, was a great scold?"

"Certainly; but just think what a great tease her husband was."

"A great tease?"

"Yes; Socrates."

The pugulist boxes his man before he lays him out. The undertaker lays out his man before he boxes him.

An old-maid being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion for the purpose. On the following morning she found all the needles had tears in their eyes.

BROWN—Up at Hagenbeck's show there is a large bear that hugs a woman without killing her.

JONES—That's nothing. I've often seen a lobster do that.

“Why do you call him ‘Mr. Gimlet?’ That isn't his name.”

“I know. But he's such a bore!”

AMERICAN—“You have noticed, I suppose, that the balance of trade, so far as your country and ours are concerned, is still in our favor?”

ENGLISHMAN—“Nothing of the sort, sir. We exchange a worn-out title for a beautiful American heiress almost every day in the year.”

HUSBAND—"I am going to buy two little children."

WIFE—"Where in the world can you buy them?"

HUSBAND—"Down at the department store."

WIFE—"Who put such nonsense into your head?"

HUSBAND—"I saw a big sign in their window to-day, 'Ladies and gents' undressed kids for a dollar.'"

"Your father has a strong box at home, hasn't he, Willie," said the teacher.

"Yes'm," replied Willie; "the one he keeps the limburger in."

"This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel."

"What possible connection is there between the two?"

"It's practically having words over nothing."

To-morrow never comes, they say;
But all such talk is idle gush,
For when we have a debt to pay
To-morrow gets there with a rush.

“Did you go into any of the New York restaurants?”

“No. I got into what I thought was one and I heard a feller call for Saratoga chips and I knew 'twas a gamblin'-den and got out quick.”

“The word ‘reviver’ spells the same backwards and forwards.”

It was the frivolous man who spoke.

“Can you think of another?”

The serious man scowled up from his newspaper.

“Tut-tut!” he cried contemptuously.

And they rode on in silence.

I hear they're! going to change the name of Central Park to Orchard Park.

Why, how is that?

Well, there are so many pears (pairs) found under the trees.

TOM—“I understand that Cholly went hunting the other day. What did he hit?”

DICK—“Nothing.”

HARRY—“Why, I heard he shot himself in the foot.”

DICK—“That's what I said.”

"Two wrongs don't make a right."

"Yes, they do."

"How so?"

"Why, some one passed a counterfeit five-dollar bill on me to-day; that was wrong. I gave it to my landlady for board; that was wrong, but it made me right."

"It's all foolishness to talk about any one getting the worst of it in the matrimonial game," declared the big man with a silk hat and a loud suit of clothes.

"How's that?"

"Marriage is always a tie."

An old lady, being told that a certain lawyer "was lying at the point of death," exclaimed: "My Gracious! Won't even death stop that man's lying?"

We mustn't kiss the baby, we mustn't
kiss the kid,
We mustn't kiss the dainty miss, so scientists affirm;
To pounce upon and "wrestle" us there
waits the awful bacillus,
The sempiternal, most infernal omnipresent germ.

“What I like about the Irish is that they are so modest and unassuming.”

“Holy smoke!”

“Fact. When an Irishman does anything great he does not go bragging of his ability as another man would. He merely brags about Ireland.”

“I had soup in a restaurant the other day and found an oyster in it.”

“Great Scott! That one oyster in the soup joke is old.”

“Yes, but this was tomato soup.”

“I was at a banquet last night. I just had a lovely time. We had everything a man could wish for.”

“Did you have any pale ale?”

“No; we didn't have the pail.”

A cement maker advertises that his cement is strong enough to mend the break of day.

Rowley Powley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.

* * * * *

But *entre nous*, that legend of yore
Only tells half; they cried for more!

"Are you the photographer?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"Three dollars a dozen."

"Well, I have to see you again. I've only got eleven."

THE MAN—Edison's a wonder, isn't he?

THE MAID—I don't think so! You can't turn his incandescent lights down low.

"When were walking-sticks first invented?"

"When?"

"When Eve presented Adam with a little Cain."

"Pat," said one Catholic friend to another, "how would you like to be buried in a Protestant graveyard?"

"Faith an' I'd die first!"

—No matter how high an awning may be suspended, it is only a shade above the street.

An Irishman, just landed, seeing an electric-motor car running for the first time, exclaimed: "Well, well, Ould Nick must be pullin' it wid a string."

DAME RUMOR ought frequently to have her named spelled without the e.

"Where are you working now?"

"I'm working down in a match factory."

"How is business?"

"Light."

An Irish doctor advertises that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey street, where his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Out automobiling, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"If you can steer the old thing, you may," she said.

A painter, who fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand said: "well, I came down with flying colors, anyhow."

—“I’m very sorry for that boy. Your scolding cut him to the quick.”

—“That’s impossible. He has no quick. He’s a messenger boy.”

A lady one day being in need of some small change called down-stairs to the cook and enquired: “Mary, have you any ‘coppers’ down there?” “Yes, mum, I’ve two; but if you please, mum, they’re both me cousins,” was the unexpected reply.

“When I was eating my dinner to-day the butter ran.”

“That’s nothing. I was up-town last night and saw a cake walk.”

SHE—“They say that your father is a millionaire. Is it true?”

HE—“Yes; and, strange to say, I am one also.”

SHE—“How do you make that out?”

HE—“Why, I am the only child, therefore I am a *million heir*, of course.”

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with just about the same amount of real feeling.

MISTRESS—"I am not quite satisfied with your references."

APPLICANT—"Naythur am I, mum; but they's the best I could get!"

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why, you see my grandmother is dafe, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

"There was a terrible murder in the hotel to-day."

"Was there."

"Yes; a paper-hanger hung a border."

"It must have been a put-up job!"

As man and wife are one, the husband when seated with his wife, must be beside himself.

"Well, Pat, and how is that bull-pup of yours doing?"

"Oh, he's dead! The illigant baste wint an' swallowed a tape-measure!"

"Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?"

"No; begorra, he didn't! He wint round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

"You treat me," cried Mrs. Peck, "as though I was a monkey!"

"Oh, no!" responded H. Peck, "One can train monkeys."

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

"Did the fisherman have frog's legs, Bridget?"

"Sure I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

"A woman fell overboard from a ship yesterday and a shark came up and looked her over and went away."

"He never touched her?"

"No. He was a man-eating shark."

GROCERYMAN—"Pat, do you like apples?"

PAT—"Sure, sor, Oi wudn't ate an apple for the world."

"Why how is that?"

"Ough! didn't me ould mother die av apple plexy?"

"See here, sir," remonstrated the young gentleman, "I got up to give my seat to the lady, not to you."

"Ach, dat's all right. She's my wife," he responded placidly. And he kept the seat.

"My son," said the good old man, "if you only work hard enough when you undertake a thing, you're bound to be at the top when you've finished."

"But suppose I undertake to dig a well?"

"Did you have any trouble with black ants in Ireland, Bridget?"

"No, ma'am, but I had some trouble one't with a white uncle."

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."

"How does she do it?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

"It's thrue," said Paddy to Dennis one day, "it wor a grand soight. But whoile ye're standin' sit down, an' Oi'll tell ye all about it."

"What did you wear last night?" asked the celery. "A lovely mayonnaise," replied the lettuce. "And you?" "Never was so mortified in all my life; I wasn't dressed at all," said the celery; and the beet blushed.

A woman never fully understands the hardness of the world until she falls off a bicycle a few times.

MRS. FUSSY—"John you're the most unreasonable man I ever met in my life."

MR. FUSSY—"I don't doubt it. I'm the only one that ever married you."

Jonah's experience with the whale is proof that you can't keep a good man down.

"Since I've been married I don't get half enough to eat."

"Well, you must remember that we are one now."

"What man in the army wore the biggest hat?"

"The one with the biggest head, of course."

“Nothing can make a woman so superlatively happy as to have a baby of her own to kiss,” exclaimed Mrs. McBride, rapturously, as she fondled her first-born.

“My dear,” replied her husband, pityingly, “you can never know the unutterable joy of being ‘Next’ in a crowded barber shop on Saturday night.”

“Aren’t you afraid, dear, you’ll catch cold in the scanty bathing robe?” he asked.

“Oh, no,” replied the dashing bride. “This is a very warm suit, hubby, dear.”

MRS. BENHAM—Our new minister’s name is Stone.

BENHAM—Well, there are sermons in stones.

ALGY—“Charming widow, isn’t she? They say she is to marry again.”

CHOLLY—“I wouldn’t want to be a widow’s second husband.”

ALGY—“Well, I’d rather be a widow’s second husband than her first, doncher-know.”

A Boston man upon learning that there were 4,000 Poles in New York, exclaimed: "What a place to raise beans."

FRED—"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours."

ED—"You don't mean it? Where did you fall?"

FRED—"I fell asleep."

"I say, old chap, how short your overcoat is!"

"Oh, that's all right! It'll be long enough before I can afford a new one."

PAT—"Twas the divil of a blow the dago gave yer. Yer wuz near Kilt."

MIKE—"Begorra, I wish I had died that I moite see the villain hung."

JIM—"Why do you wear your stocking wrong side outward?"

PAT—"Because there's a hole on the other side."

"Held by the enemy"—the ulster which we are unable to redeem.

“How could you endure talking so long with that ugly old woman with that frightful costume without laughing in her face? “Oh, that’s easy. She is my wife.”

TEACHER—When does suicide become a crime?

SMART BOY—When it becomes a confirmed habit.

“Nonsense, sir. Why is suicide a crime?”

“Because it injures the health.”

The modern drummer is not much like the month of March. March is said to come in a lion and go out a lamb, while the drummer comes in a lyin’ and goes out a lyin’.

How to signal a bark—pull a dog’s tail.

“Say, pop, do people take snuff nowadays?”

“Sometimes, my son.”

“Oh, then its all right?”

“What is all right?”

“Why, I heard mamma telling Aunt Amy that you wasn’t up to snuff.”

"I understand that Willoughby was half seas over at the Sneerwell dinner."
"Oh, no. He was sailing into the port when I left."

BACON—What's that thread tied about your little finger for?

EGBERT—Oh, that's just to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember.

HE—You saw some old ruins while in England, I presume? SHE—Yes, indeed! And one of them wanted to marry me. —

CHOLLY—Ethel Knox told me last night I wasn't over half-witted. SUSIE—I shouldn't feel badly about that; she never did know anything about fractions.

MRS. SWELLERY—What is the matter with my husband, doctor?

PHYSICIAN—Appendicitis, madam.

MRS. S.—I am so glad. I was afraid he might have something unfashionable.

A man who drives away customers—
the cabman.

CLEVERTON—Miss Cutler tells me she has been putting quinine on her face lately for her complexion.

DASHAWAY—I guess I'll go around there. I have a touch of malaria.

MAUD—How do you define love?

MARIE—Love is the life of illusions.

“And what is marriage?” “Oh, marriage is the death of them.”

WEEKS—Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie “Aristotle” yet?

WENTMAN—No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—What is meant in the parable by a “house built upon a rock?”

SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR—A Harlem flat.

“I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, to account for your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law.”

“Great Cæsar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?”

MR. GREATHEAD, the landlord, says he prefers as tenants experienced chess players, because it is so seldom they move.

“You have a bad cold,” he said. “I have,” she replied huskily. “I am so hoarse that if you attempted to kiss me I couldn’t even scream.”

A LITTLE burn makes a big smart sometimes. But even a big burn could not make some people smart.

“Don’t talk to me about compulsory vaccination!” exclaimed the man who had his arm in a sling. “I’m sore on that subject.”

There are many sweet, entrancing moments in this life, but when a man steps on your pet corn you do not experience one of them.

The impecunious young man who marries a girl with a substantial check attached may very properly be said to have been checkmated.

VISITOR—I suppose you have a great deal of poetry sent into you for publication?

EDITOR—No, not very much poetry as a rule; some of it is verse, and some of it is worse.

“What is your idea of happiness?”

“Nothing to do and lots of time to do it in.”

—So Ethel is to marry that young Bob Halstey; why, he has been jilted by half a dozen girls.

—Case of being well shaken before taken, I suppose.

“I’ve been pondering over a very singular thing.”

“What is it?”

“How putting a ring on a woman’s third finger should place you under that woman’s thumb.”

They cannot be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

TEACHER—Johnny, can you tell me what a section boss is?

JOHNNY—The conductor of a sleeping-car.

PERSONAL—“A young woman, to whom black is particularly becoming, would like to meet a gentleman in poor health; object, widowhood.”

“I am told lynching is a pastime in this section.”

“Well, we do loop the loop occasionally.”

“The house a lawyer once enjoy'd,
Now to a smith doth pass;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass!*”

TOMDICK—I'd like to find some girl willing to marry me.

ANDARRY—Ah! You want one ready maid.

TEACHER—Yes, dear; ova refers to an egg.

WILLY—Then when they throw bad eggs at an actor he gets a literal ovation, I s'pose.

IKEY—Fader, is “imbegunious” undt “inzolvent” der same?

FADER—Nodt at all! “Imbegunious” is ven a man has got no more money, undt “inzolvent” is ven his greditors has got about all der money dey are goin’ to get.

SHE—“Are you fond of tea?”

HE—“Yes; but I like the next letter better.”

It was the morning after, and he wanted a small favor.

“I admit that I am temporarily hard up,” he said, “but that’s because I can’t realize.”

“Can’t realize on what?”

“On my thirst. If I could only sell that thirst for half what it cost me I’d be all right.”

When the penniless lordling to get a rich
wife

Of his own nationality fails,
He crosses the ocean with heart light and
gay

And robs the United States males.

HUSBAND—My dear, how would you like a book for a present?

WIFE—Very much.

“Well, what sort of a book would you like—a book of poems, for instance?”

“No; a bank-book.”

“That sounds like the charity bawl,” said the nurse, as the babies in the orphan asylum began to yell.

He went on a lark,
So his wife did remark,
And some angry words, too, did she mut-
ter.

On a lark he went out,
Of that fact there’s no doubt,
But he came in, alas! on a shutter.

CONDON—Have you been cured of that last attack of malaria?

DENBY—Oh, yes, Doctress Anna Curem knocked it silly. But her treatment left me with a worse disease than malaria ever was.

“You don’t say so!”

“Yes, sir; I’ve got an incurable case of heart disease now.”

For years she'd heard her husband sadly say:

"Can't we have pies like mother used to bake?"

At last she cried: "Of course we can, you Jay,

When you make dough that papa used to make."

YANKEE—"I say, Britisher, can you spell horse?"

ENGLISHMAN—" 'Orse? Why, certainly. It honly takes a haitch and a ho and a har and a hess and a he to spell 'orse."

"What is the meaning of the saying that a man shall earn his bread in the sweat of his brow?" asked a boy in a New York school.

"Have you never observed a man working on a warm day?" asked the teacher.

"No, don't think I ever saw one."

"What does your father do on a right hot day?"

"He goes in bathing out at Coney Island."

"What is your father's business?"

"He is a walking delegate."

A tramp asked a farmer for something to eat

One day as he chanced there to stop,
The kind hearted farmer went out to the shed

And gave him an axe and feelingly said:
"Now just help yourself to a chop."

"Yes," said a landlord, sadly, whose tenant had made a moonlight "fitting,"
"appearances are deceitful; but disappearances are still more so."

Sailors are not fond of agricultural implements usually, but they always welcome the cry of "Land-hoe."

Some men divide their lives between trying to forget and trying to recover from the effects of trying to forget.

"Castles in the air are walled in by fancy," remarked the poet. "Faith, I'd prefer a *rale* fence," said Pat.

A boy who is frequently chastised both by his mother and grandmother, speaks of them as "a spanking team."

A man aroused his wife from a sound sleep, the other night, saying that he had seen a ghost in the shape of a donkey.

"Oh! let me sleep," the irate dame rejoined, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

"What a fearful night I had when I drew this gun the first time!" said the bartender, as he showed a handsome silver-mounted Colt.

"When was it?" gasped the crowd.

"Night before last at the raffle in Kelley's!"

"Gee whizz!" said the boy who had been forced to take castor oil. "I do wish ma was a Christian Scientist!"

If you want to see a strong organization, look at the whisky dealers; if you want to see a weak one, look at the consumers.

With cards and dice, and dress and friends,

My savings are complete;
I light the candle at both ends,
And thus make both ends meet.

"There goes a man who leads in letters."

"Ah, indeed! What's his name?"

"A. A. Adams."

Lawyers practice at the bar, while bartenders and mosquitoes practice inside of it.

'A squall on the sea is a stress of weather, and a squaller on land is a songstress.

'Adversity is not without comfort—your enemy may be in harder luck than you.

When a man is short of money he finds most of his friends whom he meets short-sighted.

A beautiful lassie named Florence,
Once wept till her tears flowed in tor-
ence.

When asked why she cried,
She sighed, and replied,
"The Sheriff's been here with some wor-
ence."

In this glorious land of the free, you always have to pay for the drinks in order to get a whack at the free lunch.

GRACE—"Fred and Mabel are not on speaking terms any more."

BELLA—"Why, I thought they were engaged."

GRACE—"So they are. They just sit for hours and hold each other's hands."

"Do you believe in luck?"

"Sometimes. See that fat woman with the red hat over there?"

"Yes."

"Twenty years ago she refused to marry me."

"Haven't I told you before," he cried, "to sing out the names of stations clearly and distinctly? Bear in mind. Sing 'em out. Do you hear?"

"I will sir."

And when the next train came in the passengers were considerably astonished to hear Pat sing:

"Sweet Dreamland Faces
Passing to and fro,
Change here for Limerick,
Galway and Mayo."

"A butcher knows how to make both ends meet."

"Yes, if you give him the proper steer."

"That man has had five wives."

"Tandem or simultaneously?"

"I don't understand."

"Is he a Mormon or a Chicago man?"

HE—How does it happen that none of you women have come forward with a new currency plan?

SHE—Oh, we already have a perfect one. When we need currency we just sit down and cry for it.

A boil in the pot is worth two on the neck.

Letters from a soldier of fortune—
I. O. U.

"I'm very much surprised," quoth
Harry,

"That Jane a gambler should marry."

"I'm not at all," her sister says,

"You know he has such *winning ways!*"

Whether tall men or short men are best,
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
I can't say, but this I protest,
All the fair are in favor of *Hy-men*.

An Irishman wandering up Fifth avenue saw in the window of a photographer's shop a large photograph of Me-phisto. He went inside, and after gazing about the walls, said to the proprietor:

"I want to have a pichtur taken av meself an' me bruther. How much?"

The proprietor named the figure.

"All right," said Pat. "Will you take it now?"

"Where is your brother?" asked the photographer.

"He's in Ireland," was the reply.

"Well my man," said the photographer, "we can't take his picture unless he is here."

"That's funny," said Pat. "Ye took a pichtur of the divil, an' he's down below."

"Did you shoot anything, Henrick?"

"Yes, a duck."

"What! a wild one?"

"No, but the farmer was wild."

HE—"The fact is, you women make fools of the men."

SHE—"Sometimes, perhaps; but sometimes we don't have to."

"What was the subject of your debate this evening?"

"Whisky."

"Was it well discussed?"

"Yes. most of the members were full of the subject."

THE DOCTOR—"You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?"

THE PROFESSOR—"You are one of the cranks."

"Do you think the elevator boy stole your watch?"

"Well, he swore up and down that he didn't."

SLOPAY—"And, doctor, if you will, I wish you would give me something to help my memory. I forget so easily."

DOCTOR—"Very well. I'll send you a bill every month."

If the devil lost its tail, where would he go to get another one?

To a liquor store where they retail spirits.

“What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?”

“He must be a captain.”

“Then I lose the bet.”

“What did you bet?”

“I bet he must be dead.”

ACTOR FRIEND (inquiring at boarding house)—Has Mr. Comedy taken his departure yet?

“Yes,” snapped the landlady, “but that’s all he did take; I’ve got his wardrobe.”

“We have German bands and French bands and American bands, but you never hear of an Irish band. You couldn’t have one. Every man would want to be leader.”

He dined, not wisely, but too well—

Hence all his ills;

And nothing now agrees with him,
Excepting pills.

TOMMY—Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sitting all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him, "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day."

"Too bad they can't train cats to understand baseball," remarked the fat man to his neighbor on the bleachers. "They'd make ideal umpires. One life for each inning."

"Oh, I am awfully worried. I walk in my sleep." "I only wish I could do it. If I could I'd still have my job on the police force."

He was a genial, smiling man
And fond of whisky plain,
But when he joined the temperance club,
He never smiled again.

She wants to be punctual, always on time,
So carries her watch where she goes.
And if you examine her wardrobe you'll
find
She even has clocks on her hose.

MERCHANT (to his confidential clerk)
—Here's a letter from Mr. Slowpay, but
no money. What's the matter with him?

CLERK—Oh, he's all write.

“Who's all write?”

“Slowpay.”

But they didn't cheer any, for there's
no cheer in such writing.

“Only a silver watch,” said the pawn-
broker. “The last time I advanced you
money on your watch it had a solid gold
case.”

“Yes,” replied Hard-uppe, “but—er—
circumstances alter cases, you know.”

VISITOR—“Oh, what a nice parrot
you've got! Pretty Polly! Polly want
a cracker?”

PARROT—“Oh, come off! I'm not as
green as I look.”

“Dear,” said the physician's wife,
“when can you let me have ten dollars?”

“Well,” replied the medical man. “I
hope to cash a draft shortly.”

“Cash a draft? What draft?”

“The one I saw old Jenkins sitting in
this morning.”

NEWLYWED—"What do bachelors know about women?"

OLDBACH—"Lots; otherwise they would not be bachelors."

"And did you never kiss a girl under the mistletoe?"

"Well, no; its pleasanter to kiss her under the nose."

WIFE—Will you see that my grave is kept green, my darling?

HUSBAND—No, my dear, but I will plant violets upon it.

"For what reason?"

"Because I do not wish any grave-robber to dig up your body."

"How will the planting of violets upon my grave prevent them from digging me up?"

"Your grave will be kept inviolate, of course."

HAUGHTY LADY— (who has purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on myself?

POST OFFICE ASSISTANT (very politely)—Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter.

My dentist has an eagle eye,
And vicious tools he hacks with,
He's clever, but I've come to think
He'd make a better blacksmith.

"Well, I see Admiral Dewey's rank is reduced."

"What is he, a commodore?"

"No."

"A captain?"

"No."

"Well, what is he?"

"Mrs. Dewey's second mate."

"Well, have you anything to say?"
asked the Judge.

The little man on the witness stand looked around the court-room rather fearfully.

"That depends," he answered at last.
"Is my wife in the room?"

"I hope they don't give my little boy any naughty nicknames in school?"

"Yes, ma, they call me 'Corns'."

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"

"Cause in our class, you know, I'm always at the foot."

“Every time I get on a ferry boat it makes me cross.”

“How is Uncle Mose coming on?” asked Sam Johnsing of Jim Webster.

“He will be out in a few days.”

“Is his rheumatism done gone?”

“Well, not perzackly. Dar’s room for improvement yit.”

“Yes, I’ve heerd some rheumers ter dat effec’.”

—“When Mrs. Riley died she left \$40,000 sewed up in her bustle.”

—“Dear me! That’s a lot of money to leave behind.”

“John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?”

“Yes, sir; attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man down to the ground and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again.”

DOCTOR—You are fagged out; you must give up all headwork.

PATIENT—Why, that spells ruin! I’m a hair-dresser!

After a man has had occasion to employ a first-class lawyer it is useless to tell him that talk is cheap.

“My dear, what makes you always yawn?”

The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,

“Is home so dull and dreary?”

“Not so, my love,” he said, “Not so;
But man and wife are *one*, you know;
And when *alone* I’m weary!”

“A man stole a harness the other day
and never left a trace.

“Why does a donkey eat thistles?”
asked a Texas teacher of one of the largest boys in the class.

“Because he is an ass, I reckon.”

“Doing anything now, Bill?”

“Oh, yes, I’m kept busy all the time.”

“Ah, glad to hear it. What are you doing?”

“Looking for a job.”

“Jones caught the hay fever from dancing with a grass widow.”

Of all the saws
That I ever saw saw,
I never saw a saw
Saw like this saw saws.

"I see villainy in your face," said a judge to a prisoner.

"May it please your honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."

Don't pen missives to your best girl on postal cards. She may have suspicion that you do not care two cents for her.

"Can you give me a front room on the first floor?" asked a travelling man of the recently installed clerk.

"Can I give it to you?"

"Yes, that is what I remarked."

"That's queer," said the clerk, "you're the fourth man to-day who thought I owned this hotel."

"I know a man who says he can't sit down and he can't stand up."

"Well, if he tells the truth, he lies."

Mirrors reflect without speaking and women often speak without reflecting.

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes:
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly
hard—
Will continue to work though it *strikes!*

“I don’t think my religion will be any
obstacle to your church,” he urged; “I
am a spiritualist.”

“I am afraid it will,” she replied “Pa
is a prohibitionist, you know.”

“One day in the dining-car, the boy
across the aisle got to laughing so, he
couldn’t stop. I said to his mother, ‘that
boy needs a spanking.’ She said, ‘well,
I don’t believe in spanking a boy on a
full stomach.’ I said, ‘neither do I.
Turn him over—’”

The tramp should never complain of
hunger when he can always enjoy a little
loaf.

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said,
But her suitor saw right through her;
She meant she could not cash a check,
Unless the banker knew her.

"I understand that Judge Brown is breaking up housekeeping."

"That can't be. He's very busy these days deciding divorce cases."

"Well, isn't that what I said?"

"That was a pretty good dog story, wasn't it?" asked Dinwiddie, as he finished telling one.

"Yes," replied Gaswell; "but it was too long. It ought to have been curtailed."

Casey bet on a horse which finished last. He went down to the paddock, called out the jockey who had ridden him and said: "In hivin's name, young man, phwat delayed you?"

"And you really think that a miss is as good as a mile?"

"Yaas, and a good deal better, for one can kiss a miss, when one couldn't kiss a mile, don'cher know?"

FRIEND—Do you permit your wife to have her own way?

HUSBAND (positively)—No, sir. She has it without my permission.

"I'm not surprised that hair-dressers feel so much at ease in the society of the great."

"You're not?"

"No; they are surrounded at home by any number of big-wigs"

She—They say the eyes are the windows of the soul, I believe.

He—Yes; and when a man goes into a drug store and shuts a window quickly, the clerk knows just about what the poor soul wants.

BOY (with new gun)—"Pa, has a cat got nine lives?"

PAPA (donor of gun)—"Yes, so we are told. Why do you ask?"

BOY—"Well, then, Mr. Brown's tabby's got eight coming to her."

"What became of that girl you made love to in the hammock?"

"We fell out."

"Did you hear the story about the peacock?"

"No."

"It's a beautiful tale."

"Boss, hab you got any ob dem confound cavortic pills?"

"Yes. Do you want them plain or coated?"

"Dunno. I want dem ones what's whitewashed."

"Why is a kiss like the three graces?"

"It's faith to a girl; hope to a young woman and charity to an old maid."

"Things are wrong," remarked the observer of events and things, "when a reputable physician has to pay money for a certificate to practice, and a fourteen-year-old girl with a new piano doesn't."

"In choosing a wife," said the scanty-haired philosopher, "one should never judge by appearances."

"That's right," rejoined the very young man. "The homeliest girls usually have the most money."

"Say, did you ever feel as if you wanted to hit the pipe?"

"No, but I've often felt as if I wanted to hit the man who was smoking it."

"It was this a-way, jedge: Ye see, I doled de cards, and Jim Brown he had a pah of aces and a pah of kings."

"What did you have?"

"Three aces, jedge, and——"

"What did Jim do?"

"Jim, he drew."

"What did he draw?"

"He drew a razzar, jedge."

"Have you received last month's gas bill, dear?"

"Yes, husband."

"Well, what's the charge of the light brigade?"

"You are absolutely certain about your statement?" asked the lawyer.

"Absolutely certain," assented the witness.

"You swear that this is true?"

"I do."

"Would you bet on it?"

"Er—well—yes, if I got the right odds."

"Where did you get that hair on your coat?"

"From the head of the bed."

MR. B.—“You won’t want that new novel now that you have the new baby, will you?”

MRS. B.—“Yes, I want them both. To have and to hold.”

SHE—“You say your automobile has been acting strangely all day?”

HE—“Yes; it has stopped I don’t know how many times.”

SHE—“And what are you putting the oil on it for?”

HE—“To stop it stopping.”

“Massachusetts is noted for boots and shoes.”

“Yes and Kentucky is noted for shoots and booze.”

“Only the highest element in local society was invited to the ball.”

“Oh, I see! It was a high-ball.”

SHE—“A writer says that in order to succeed a man must be ninety-five per cent. backbone.”

HE—“Oh, I don’t know. A good many who have managed to arrive are ninety-five per cent. cheek.”

SILLICUS—Do you think we shall know each other in the hereafter?

CYNICUS—I hope so. Few of us really know each other here.

Some fellows marry poor girls to settle down and others marry rich ones to settle up.

Some people who jump at conclusions lose sight of the hurdles.

“It’s a dridful bother to me that I have to be sewing buttons on me own clothes. If I was only a married man I’d ask me woife niver to allow our son to grow up an ould batchler like his fayther.”

SHE—You can’t eat cake and keep it.

HE—Oh, yes, you can—the kind you make.

Says his lordship to Thomas, “Your rent I must raise,

I’m so plaguily pinch’d for the pelf.”

“Raise my rent!” replies Thomas;

“your honor’s main good.

For I never can *raise it* myself.”

SCENE—Cabstand. Lady distributing tracts, hands one to cabby, who glances at it, hands it back and says politely, "Thank you, lady, but I'm a married man." Lady nervously looks at the title, and reading, "Abide with me," hurriedly departs, to the great amusement of cabby.

SENTIMENTAL WIFE—Last night I dreamt that I was in heaven.

GRUFF HUSBAND—You did, eh? Why the deuce didn't you stay there?

He said to her: "You're just a bird!"

"Then, Johnnie, dear," said she,
"If all is true that I have heard,
A bottle goes with me."

A Frankfort man has written a farce comedy called "Vaccine." It ought to take.

As the umpire shouted "Three balls!" the batsman started guiltily.

"This isn't the first time I've raised something on a diamond," he muttered, as he hit the next one and knocked a pop-fly to the pitcher.

HUSBAND—"Where's your mistress?
She said she'd be ready in a minute, and
I've waited half an hour."

MAID—"She'll be down in a second,
sir. She's changing her complexion to
match her new gown."

"Ah! I'm saddest when I sing,"
She sang in plaintive key;
And all the neighbors yelled,
So are we! so are we."

"Pa, what does Sioux Falls, S. D.,
mean?"

"Eh? Sioux Falls is the name of a
town."

"And what's S. D.?"

"Swift divorce, of course."

A watch's fate is hard indeed,
For when it's not in soak
It's set back if it gets ahead
And scorned whene'er it's broke.

After wedding a rich heiress, Price
Said, "Gambling's a terrible vice,
But one thing I know,
This matching for dough
Is a thing that's exceedingly nice."

Firemen, as well as other people, like to talk of their flames.

The speaker of the house is in deadly peril when every member on the floor wants to get his eye.

I asked a young lady living on her pa's farm what they did with all their fruit? Says she: "We eat all we can and can all we can't."

REGULAR CALLER—"I'd like to see your father, Tommy, if he isn't engaged."

TOMMY—"He is; but what is the matter with Clara? She isn't engaged."

"What is a swell affair, Jim?"

"Swell affair! lemme see. Ah! yes, I know—a boil."

"Something else, try again."

"No, give it up."

"A hill, ye know. Don't ye see, a hill is a swell affair, and besides all hills have got crests."

"There's a great art," says Mickey Dolan, "in knowing what not to know whin yez don't want to know it."

“And so Prof. Greene has at last discovered the missing link! Where did he find it?”

“Under the bureau, I understand.”

“Young ladies who feel anxious to preserve the most symmetrical anatomical proportions, should never be in a hurry. They should remember that ‘haste’ makes waist.”

“Anything new in your neighborhood?” we asked a farmer.

“Yes, the whole neighborhood is stirred up,” he replied.

“What is the cause?” we asked eagerly.

“Ploughing.”

“I don’t give a rap,” said the coachman, haughtily, as he rang the electric bell.

A farmer once called his cow “Zephyr,”
She seemed such an amiable hephyr.

When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
And now the old farmer’s much dephyr.

"Are you engaged?" inquired the lady of Bridget at the intelligence office. "No, mum, but I have regular company for four nights o' the week."

How to gain flesh—buy out a butcher shop.

IDA—"Yes, dear, this is one of those 'perfume' concerts the same as they have in New York."

MAY—"Perfume? Why I smell gasoline."

IDA—"Well, you see, they are playing the 'Automobile March' now."

When the curtain at the theater takes a drop the majority of the males in the audience go out to follow suit.

"There's one peculiar feature about the trust business."

"What?"

"Those interested in it don't need it."

"Don't need what?"

"Trust. They can pay cash."

A woman's shoe that is "a mile too big," is never a foot in length.

Full many a coat tail that is long and
wide
Does from the public gaze two monstrous
patches hide.

The glazier is not necessarily a tire-
some man because he "gives you a pane."

"Some men are easily satisfied," re-
marked the Observer of Events and
Things. "There is the clock-maker, for
instance. he never gets any extra pay, and
yet every day he works overtime."

A poacher, surprised at his work and
pursued in his escape by a vengefully
thrown axe, remarked, as he vaulted a
fence: "I have no fault to find with your
remarks, but I object to the axe-sent."

Take away my first letter, take away
my second letter, take away all my letters
and I am still the same. What am I?
The postman.

"You have been losing flesh lately,
haven't you?" "Yes, I've been shaving
myself."

'An emblem of tenuity
We witness every day;
Behold the corset—and you'll see
The whale-bone comes to STAY.

HE—Did you ever see anything at so-called bargain sales that was really cheap?

SHE—Yes; the look on the man's face who accompanied his wife to one of them.

TEACHER OF DRAWING CLASS—"Willie, tell me how you would make a maltese cross."

WILLIE—"Step on his tail, mum."

GUEST—"Look here, waiter, do you call this a spring chicken? By the lord Harry, it is as tough as a mother-in-law's tongue."

WAITER—"Yes, sir, I suppose it was hatched from a hardboiled egg!"

"About the only time my tailor gives his customers regular fit," said Buttons, "is when they neglect to pay their bills."

A man with the heart disease is about the only chap who desires a "regular beat" for a bosom friend.

The landlord came to Mrs. O'Hooligan on the first day of May last, and said: "See here, my foine loidy, I am going to raise your rent." "Oh thanks be to the Lord," said Mrs. O'Hooligan, "I'm so glad that you intend to raise it for me as Dan aint' working and I'm nather able nor willing to raise it myself."

HE—The bride looks radiant, as brides usually do.

SHE—Yes, but the bridegroom appears rather run down.

HE—Run down eh? That's just it; caught after a long chase.

SHE—You look as though you had raised Ned at your club last night.

HE—I did; and, what is worse, he raised me back.

FRANKLIN—"Do you know, I started in life as a barefooted boy?"

HARDY—"Well, I'll tell you I wasn't born with shoes on."

Before marriage, women wants tenderness. In a little while she is satisfied with legal tender.

PAT—Who is being lowered into a well; “Sthop, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up again.”

MURPHY—Still letting him down, “Phat for?”

PAT—“Oi’ll show ye. Af ye don’t sthop lettin’ me doon, Oi’ll cut the rope.”

It is a Maine husband who has dubbed his wife “Crystal,” because she is always “on the watch.”

“So Maude is happily married?”

“Happily? I should say she is! Why she married a somnambulist, who gets up in his sleep every morning and builds the fire.”

Two Hebrews went to a Mills Hotel and were obliged to take a bath before retiring.

Upon beholding each other, one shouted in surprise, “Oh, Abey, how dirty, you are!”

“Vell, what you tink?” said Abey, “I’m three years older dan you.”

A teacher in a high school asked a little wad of an Irish boy to describe a lake. "Sure and it is hole in the kettle."

The first kiss only comes once in a lifetime.

The trouble with the fellow who loses his temper is that he always finds it again.

The man who plays the bass drum should have no difficulty in beating his way.

An amateur performance for charity demonstrates that charity uncovers a multitude of sins.

It takes a musical crank to play a hand organ.

It is possible to square yourself without resorting to cube root.

While some people mount upward to the pinnacle of fame, others reach the height of folly.

A faint heart may never win a fair lady, but five of them have won many a jackpot.

The portrait tumbled from the wall
And hit the young man's head.

"A striking likeness!" That was all
The rueful punster said.

The fact that a man has not cut his hair for ten or twelve years need not necessarily imply that he is eccentric. He may be bald.

When a couple are about to elope the young man asks, "Does your mother know your route?"

"I will not sit that way!" angrily screamed the obstinate lady in the photographer's gallery. "I can't, and I won't; so there!"

"Madame," said the photographer, "it will be impossible for me to make a good negative of you unless you quit being so positive."

An Irishman in order to celebrate the advent of a new era, went out on a lark. He didn't get home till 3 o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house before a nurse rushed up and, uncovering a bunch of soft goods, showed him triplets. The Irishman looked up at the clock which said 3, then at the three of a kind in the nurse's arms, and said: "O'im not superstitious, but thank Hivins thot Oi didn't come home at twilve!"

“Good gracious,” said the hen when she discovered a porcelain egg on the nest. “I shall be a bricklayer next.”

“Are you intimate with any of the nobility?” asked Chippy. “Well, rather!” replied Clubdoodle. “I got a queen full last night, and had a high old time with four kings.”

Electricity is a great educator. Think what it has done to make men see things in a new light.

“Will the coming man use both arms?” asks a scientist. “Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins.”

“I hear Smith, the sea captain, is in hard luck. He married a girl and she ran away from him.”

“Yes, he took her for a mate, but she was a skipper.”

Another great discovery of diamonds in Kentucky! A man got five of them on the first deal.

“What makes so much froth in a glass of beer, pa?”

“The barkeep, my son.”

MOSES SCHAUMBURG (to his son Jackey)—“How many are twice two, Jackey?”

JACKEY—“Tervice two ish six.”

“You are wrong, Jackey. Six vas too mooch.”

“Don’t I know dot, fadder, already some times ago. But I shoot said six so dot you could Chew me down.”

’Tis now the wily urchin mocks
The lynx-eyed cop along the docks,
And plunges in the cooling tide,
Arrayed in naught else but his hide.

Everybody knows a woman is hard to please. She likes the matrimonial harness, but doesn’t like to be hitched up with a man who is strapped.

“I wonder why blondes are always anxious to be wedded?”

“I guess it is because they’re naturally light-headed.”

Each evening a good-looking Mr.
Comes around for a visit to my Sr. ;
One night on the stairs,
He, all unawares,
Put his arm round her figure and Kr.

“Do you know the nature of an oath, ma’am?” inquired the judge. “Well, I reckon I orter,” was the reply. “My husband drives a canal boat.”

BROWN—Young Dudel’s body has been recovered. “Why, I didn’t know he had been drowned.” “He hasn’t. He merely bought a new suit of clothes.”

“Yes, I have seen the day when Mr. Hart the millionaire, did not have a pair of shoes to cover his feet.”

“And when was that, pray?”

“At the time he was bathing.”

“Widowhood makes a woman unselfish.” “Why so?” “Because she ceases to look out for Number One and begins to look out for Number Two.”

The judge asked an Irish policeman named O’Connell, “When did you last see your sister?” The policeman replied: “The last time I saw her, Judge, was about eight months ago, when she called at my home, and I was out.” “Then you did not see her on that occasion?” “No, Judge; I wasn’t there.”

If Broomstick, as rumored, is in a woman's hands, he may be booked to beat the favorite.

Torchlight and Igniter, coupled should prove a red hot combination, but with Extinguisher in the race might not bring in any money to burn.

Animosity evidently has it in for some of the others.

Surmise ought to keep a lot of them guessing.

BROWN—What kind of a cigar is that, old man?

JONES—It's called "The Soldier Boy."

BROWN—H'm. I notice it belongs to the ranks.

"Can I sell you a nice cheap trunk to-day?" asked a dealer.

"And what the dickens do Oi be after wantin' a thrunk?"

"To put your clothes in, of course!"

"And go naked? Not a bit iv it!"

We are told that "Gen. Sherman was always coolest when on the point of attack." Most people are hottest when on the point of a tack.

"I wish the hot weather would come along," sighed the thermometer. "People are beginning to look upon me as a thing of low degree."

"I wouldn't stand for that if I were you. Why don't you call him a liar?"

"That's just what I'll do. Where, where is your telephone?"

"This," murmured the demure maiden, when her lover nudged up still closer on the sofa, "is the closest call I've ever had."

The rapidity of ocean transport is becoming truly marvelous. A sea captain boasts that he finished loading a cargo of wheat at San Francisco by dinner time, and then went to China for tea.

"You are making yourself rather officious in this crowd," said a burly policeman to a notorious pickpocket. "I am only trying to dis-purse them," said the thief.

The slats of the shutter of our office-window are in a dilapidated condition. "Please help the blind."

"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?"

"Yes; that's the very way I did catch him."

A deaf and dumb mute recently went into a bicycle shop and picked up a hub and spoke.

The girl who marries a title very frequently turns her fortune to a count.

There appears to be no affinity between the prestidigitator and the theatrical manager, yet they both make passes.

We don't always know just how the "other half" lives; but, in Chicago, the "better half" lives on her alimony.

"What did de lady do when yer asked her for an old collar?"

"She gave me a turndown."

"Are any of the colors discernible to the touch?" asked the school teacher.

"I have often felt blue," replied the boy at the head of the class.

“No, seat, no pay!” the people cry
Along the Elevated,,
And stand upon the law by which
The company was created.

The railway rulers promise much
To settle these dissensions,
And every promise proves that “L”
Is paved with good intentions.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits
down.

Enters conductor, asks fare.

Woman opens satchel, takes out purse,
shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime,
shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse,
shuts satchel.

Offers dime, receives nickel.

Opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts
satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes
purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes
satchel.

Stop the car, please.

A baby is good stock on hand, but it
makes bills payable and figures largely in
the profit and loss account.

Don't pick a quarrel before it is ripe.

HARDY—Why do they call that Pullman porter doctor?

FISH—Why, because he has attended so many berths.

“Mother may I go out to swim?”

“No, my darling daughter—
Keep your clothes on your hickory limb;
Then nobody’ll know you’ve got her.”

What do you think, I let my watch drop in the water and it never stopped running.

“Well, maybe it is used to being in soak? No, I think the mainspring was dry.

“Do you use each of those four mallets in the course of your work?” asked a wag of a cooper.

“Yes sir, I do.”

“Then it can be remarked that while your occupation is not conducted strictly according to etiquette, there is much four-mallet-y about it.”

“A coal stove is a cast-iron paradox. It won’t burn unless you put it up; then it won’t burn unless you shake it down.

UNCLE FRED—Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! What progress are you making towards matrimony?

CLARA—Well, uncle, I'm on my fifth lap.

“Remember,” said the teacher, “that no man ever left this earth and returned.”

“There was one,” spoke up a small boy.

“Who was he?”

“Santos Dumont.”

SMITH—Most things that are bought go to the buyer.

JONES—Yes, all except coal; that goes to the cellar.

An Irishman, having gone out in his night-gown on a bitter cold night to stop the howling of a dog, was found by his wife, almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. “Howley Mother, Pat,” says she, “what would ye be afther doin?”

“Hush,” said Pat, “don't ye see O'im trying to fraze the baste?”

"Another tragedy," said the cynic, as shrill shrieks arose from the ruined cistern. "I suppose there is a woman at the bottom of it."

"What do you think? My sister is married."

"Well for Goodness sake! who married her?"

"Why, the clergyman of course."

The ladies—bless 'em—it beats all!

When they are young and squallers,
Their hearts are sets upon the doll—
When grown, upon the dollars.

"Well, darling, what was the text?"

I'm not quite sure, papa, but it sounded like, 'Many are Cold, but Few are Frozen.'"

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Jones, "I have such a bargain!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes; you told me that blue poker chips were worth a dollar apiece, and I got a whole lot of them for seventy-five cents at a sale."

AGNES—My right cheek burns so; what can I do to stop it?

LUCY—Tell Jack to shave oftener.

Sam Short was so fond of Welsh rare-bit
That his taste led him into the hare-bit
Of spending his days
Near the doors of cafeys,
And when he would see one he'd grare-bit.

How is that; you weren't drowned last week when you fell overboard, you can't swim?

No, I had on a pair of duck pants.

Doctors are like cockroaches. When you once get them into the house, it is terribly difficult to get them out again.

Fogg says his sister Ann will talk culture till he falls asleep. He says she is a sort of Ann æsthetic.

"I'm afraid the bed is not long enough for you," said the landlord to a seven-foot guest.

"Never mind," he replied; "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

"I never could see why they always called a boat 'she.'"

"Evidently you have never tried to steer one."

"Did you hear that there was a skeleton in Smith's family?" asked Jones.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed his wife. "Where?"

"Inside of Smith of course."

A young woman who married a one-legged man says it doesn't take much to make her husband hopping mad.

"What was the trouble?"

"He couldn't swim."

"What has that to do with his failure?"

"He got into a company where the stock was all water."

"It takes Tom a day and a night to tell a story."

"He'd make a good bookkeeper, I should think."

"Why?"

"Never short in his account."

JOHN—Why is a woman's heart like an umbrella?"

BELLE—I'm sure I don't know.

"Because it is not considered any harm to steal it."

"Cheer up, friend," said the parson to the dying editor. "you have a bright future before you."

"That's what's bothering me," gasped the editor, "I can see it blazing."

MR. SCHMIDT—"I don't feel preddy well, Hans. I haf a horse in my throat."

HANS—"Dot 'horse' is nod right. You mean you have a 'colt in your hedt.'"

A green Irishman was sent by his employer to take charge of a Jewish funeral, and upon making his report to his "Boss," Pat says:

"That's a curious custom the Jews have of placing a \$20 gold piece in the right hand of the corpse."

"Why, that is to pay his way over the river Jordan."

"Well," says Pat, "if that's the case that Hebrew will have to swim, because I swiped the \$20."

Now in the parlor meet the pair,
When the golden day is done;
Two forms with but one easy chair,
Two hearts that beat as one.

“What do you think of this scheme of telegraphing without wires?”

“That’s nothing new. My wife has kicked my sins under the table for twenty years.”

A tramp rang a doctor’s doorbell, and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. “I’m the doctor,” said the smiling young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

“When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to an orphan asylum.”

“Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?”

“His twelve children.”

There once was a wary prof.
Who captured a youthful trans.
He said, “Son, don’t lie—
Aren’t you stealing pie?”
But the lad said, “I’m not a conf.”

“What is there about betting on horse-races that is so bad for the health?” said young Mrs. Brown.

“I never heard of anything,” answered the visitor.

“Didn’t you? Every time Charley makes a bet he comes home and says there is something wrong with his system.”

“Jackson never lights one of his cigars. Just keeps it in his mouth and chews the end. I’ve often wondered why.”

“You wouldn’t if you had ever smoked one of them.”

Jones the dentist, ought to make a good poker player.

Why?

He draws and fills so well.

Customer (to the coal dealer): “Have you got any name for those scales of yours?”

“I never heard of scales having a name.”

“Well, you ought to call your scales Ambush. You see, they are always lying in weight.”

FIRST SENIOR—Heard about Exsheff? He went down into South Africa, and he's come home a regular repository of Zulu spearheads and Boer bullets.

SECOND SENIOR—I always said he had good metal in him.

“What makes your sister so stout now, she used to be very thin?”

“She's working down in a photographer's.”

“Why, how does that make any difference?”

“Well, she's in the developing room most of the time.”

JACK—“Are you a suitor for Miss Juliet's hand?”

TOM—“Yes; but I didn't.”

“Didn't what?”

“Suit her.”

“What's the matter with Smith?”

“Why?”

“He goes along as abstractedly as though he were drunk and were seeing double.”

“He is. They have twins at his home.”

Business men who marry their typewriter girls are apt to find that the young women are not so ready to submit to dictation after the wedding.

The first impulse of the young married man, on being presented with his first baby, is to give it a-weigh.

MRS. B.—Have you seen the new dance called “The Automobile?”

MR. B.—No; sort of breakdown, I suppose?

A young lady in Philadelphia is said to have had five lovers, all named Samuel. Her photograph album must be a book of Sams.

“You should sleep on your right side, madam.”

“I really can’t do it, doctor; my husband talks in his sleep, and I can’t hear a thing with my left ear.”

There is a Presbyterian in Jersey City so openly opposed to baptism by immersion that he refuses to carry a Waterbury watch.

The following is a resolution of an Irish corporation: "That a new jail should be built, that this be done out of the material of the old one, and the old jail to be used until the new one be completed."

City Niece—"The windows in our new church are stained."

Country Aunt—"Ain't that a pity. Can't they get nothing to take it off?"

Broker—"Don't you find it easier to shave some men than others?"

Barber—"Yes; don't you?"

"Say Dad, what is an expert accountant?"

"An expert accountant," replied the father, "is a man who becomes famous by robbing a bank for two years before he is discovered."

Some men get up with the lark, while others want a swallow the first thing in the morning.

HE—Time and tide wait for no man.

SHE—No, but a woman will.

Sing not to me of falling dew
Upon the purple hills,
For I am worried far too much
By falling due of bills.

“You say his wife’s a brunette? I
thought he married a blonde.”

“He did, but she dyed.”

“Miss Prim is a very proper young
lady.”

“Yes; she wouldn’t even accompany a
young man on the piano without a chap-
eron.”

“He’s quite a star as an after dinner
speaker, isn’t he?”

“Star? He’s a regular moon. He be-
comes brighter the fuller he gets.”

DICK—Do you think you’ll have much
trouble in popping the question?”

TOM—“No, I think I’ll have more trou-
ble in questioning the pop.”

What do you think of Windig?

He reminds me of a river.

What’s the answer?

The biggest part of him is his mouth.

Here is a chestnut your ire arouses,
So often it's brought to your minds,
"People who live in glass houses"
Should always "pull down the blinds."

"Yes, the team is quite a good one, Mr. Horsley," he said as he returned the livery man's brag team, "but it has two drawbacks." "Oh, indeed; and may I inquire what they are?" "The lines."

The old lady who sent as presents to a newly-married couple a rolling-pin, a pair of flat-irons and a motto inscribed "Fight On," must have a grudge against them.

A man who had not the best reputation for strict veracity died the other day, and the family was greatly incensed because some well-meaning friends sent in a broken lyre as a floral tribute.

"It's been a coal day when you're left," said the kindling-wood to the cinder. "You're too chip-per," replied the cinder to the kindling wood. "Go to blazes," said the match, as it dropped in and fired both up.

“That young gentleman has a very taking manner,” said one young lady to another at a party, of a young man who had just left them.

“Yes,” was the reply, “that’s his business.”

“His business? What is he?”

“A photographer.”

KID—Did the dogs ever bite you?

GENT—What dogs?

KID—The dogs you ran after. Pa was telling Ma that you used to chase the growler when he first knew you.

GUARD—I suppose when you were in the army you often saw a picket fence?

G. A. R.—Yes, but it was a more common sight to see a sentry box.

A simple old farmer, McVeagh,
Whom every one said was a jeagh,
Fell in with a man
On the confidence plan,
And now he is back making heagh.

“Why, the bare idea!”

“Of what, dear?”

“Telling the naked truth!”

BESS—May wears the worst clothes when she is riding horseback. Look at her now!

FRED—That certainly is one of her bad habits.

“That,” said the loaf, pointing to the oven, “is where I was bred.”

FIRST FLY—Did it ever occur to you the baldheaded men have a keener sense of humor than others?

SECOND FLY—Well, I have noticed that they seem to be easily tickled.

The rubber plant was rubb’ring round

In a manner most absurd:

The long green corn prickled up her ears

And this is what she heard:

“Wot’s tomato wid you, you beat?”

Asked the onion of the hash,

“I’m jealous of the potato,

Because he’s got a mash.

“He is stuck on the honeycomb,

And suits her to a tea,

I used to be in love myself,

But the cream has soured on me.”

“Why do you call your dog hardware?
“Because when I go to whip him he
makes a bolt for the door.”

HUSBAND—That ice box of ours re-
minds me of a good pinochle player.

WIFE—Why?

HUSBAND—Because it is a great melter.

He: Do you know, dear, you remind
me of Huyler’s candy.

She: Why? Because I am “so sweet?”

He: No! “Fresh every hour.”

LANDLADY (proudly)—Nothing goes
to waste in this house. I make hash out
of everything that’s left over.

BOARDER— (musingly)—But what do
you do with the hash that’s left over?”

LANDLADY—Re-hash it!

“If,” said the druggist, “you will give
this new tonic a trial I’m sure you will
never use any other.”

“Excuse me,” rejoined the customer,
“but I prefer something less fatal.”

"Do you know, George, Papa thinks you are a literary man."

"Where did he get that idea?"

"I don't know, but he said you looked just like a bookmaker."

STUDENT—Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?

PROFESSOR—Take a train of thought, my boy.

SMITH—They say that after a time the engineer of a limited flyer loses his nerve.

JONES—The engineer, perhaps, but not the Pullman porter!

"What do you mean by referring to Miss Elderly as a pall-bearer?"

"She sits around all day long with a green parrot on her shoulder. I don't like such Poll-bearers."

COURTNEY—When you proposed to Miss Dexter did you get down on your knees?

BARCLAY—No, I couldn't; she was sitting on them.

KICKSY—Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?

MRS. KICKSY—No, dear, why is it?

KICKSY—Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday.

“Did you ever hear about the two holes in our back-yard?”

“Well! Well!”

“Old Jones was killed last night by a dew-drop.”

“Must have been a very heavy one.”

“About four hundred tons.”

“Horrible!”

“You see he was standing under the trestle, and a freight train ran off the track and dropped on him.”

“But how about the dew?”

“Why, the train was due!”

FIRST DOCTOR—Well, doctor, I had a peculiar case to-day.

SECOND DOCTOR—What was it, please?

FIRST DOCTOR—I attended a grass widow who is afflicted with hay fever.

FRED—Did you hear of The Western Furniture Co. advertising for models.

DICK—What for?

FRED—To try on Parlor suits.

“Yes, there is one part of the doughnut that wouldn’t give you dyspepsia.”

“And what part is that?”

“The hole in the middle!”

FANNIE—Why do people always apply the name of “she” to a city?

GEORGE—I don’t know. Why is it?

FANNIE—Because every city has outskirts.

“And you really believe that Friday is an unlucky day?”

“I know it is.”

“Washington was born on Friday, and so was Napoleon and Tennyson and Gladstone.”

“Yes, and every mother’s son of them is dead!”

“Are you an amateur photographer?”

“No. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, I heard that you got Miss Rox’s negative last night.”

Pat and Mike each wanted to be first up on St. Patrick's Day.

PAT—"If I'm up first I'll make a chalk mark on the door."

MIKE—"And if I get up first I'll rub it out!"

SIBLY—When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water.

TIRPIE—Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught.

SHE—Why do they call it an arm of the sea?

HE—Because it hugs the shore, I guess.

The sunshine warm and budding trees,
Made Johnny feel quite gay.
He went to swim—the obsequies
Are being held to-day.

"What's the matter, John? You look kind o' weather-beaten this morning."

"That's exactly what I am. I bet five dollars it would rain yesterday, and it didn't!"

"Can you swim, little boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you learn?"

"In the water, sir."

MILLIE—"I wonder what the holes in a porous plaster are for?"

WILLIE—"Why, they're for the pain to come out through, of course!"

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles." "I do," replied Happigo; "whenever a creditor sends me a letter I burn it."

"What have you got to say for yourself?" "Jes dis, suh; I wants a liar to defend me." "You mean a lawyer?" "Yes, suh; I knowed I most had it!"

"So her second husband is a tenor?"

"Yes; she says her first was a bass deceiver!"

"I cannot play second fiddle to any one."

"Then be my beau!"

JIMSON—Now, you wouldn't marry me, would you?

MISS SEARS—Most certainly not; but why do you ask such a question?

JIMSON—Just to decide a bet.

CLARA—"He gave me an army-and-navy kiss."

MAUD—"What kind is that?"

CLARA—"Oh, rapid fire—sixty a minute!"

"Young man, don't you know you ought to lay something by for a rainy day? "I do; my rubbers."

THE ONLY REMEDY.—Mamma, I dess you'll have to turn the hose on me."

"Why, dear?"

"'Tause I'se dot my 'tocking on wrong side out."

HE—"I saw you out driving yesterday with a gentleman. He appeared to have only one arm; is that all he has?"

SHE—"Oh, no; the other arm was around somewhere."

“Why are pugilists like chickens?”

“Because they live on ‘scraps!’”

MAY—I wonder what the men do at the club?

PAMELA—From what Jack says I guess they play with the kitty most of the time.

SWATTER—I see you are mentioned in one of the books just published.

PRIMLY—Indeed! What book?

SWATTER—The directory.

“Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Maude?” “I go for the hims,” said Maud.

CUSTOMER—Why do you call this electric cake?

BAKER’S BOY—I ’spose becuz it has currants in it.

“That tenor of yours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute.”

“Shucks! I’ve held one of his notes for two years.”

Coleridge, who was a bad rider, was accosted when on horseback by a wag, who asked him if he knew what happened to Balaam, "The same thing that happened to me—An ass spoke to him."

MOTHER—"What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?" Innocent—"Shall I leave out the swear words, mother?" Mother—"Certainly, my dear." Innocent—"Then I don't think he said anything."

"So you were bound and gagged by bandits while in Italy, were you?" asked the garrulous person; "regular comic-opera bandits, eh?"

"No sir," said the traveler; "there was nothing of the comic-opera style about them. The gags they used were all new."

An excellent reason. — Casey—"Oi'll wurk no more fer thot mon Dolan." Mrs. Casey—"An' phwy?" Casey—"Shure, t'is an account av a remark thot he made t' me." Mrs. Casey—"Phwat did he say?" Casey—"Sez he, 'Pat, ye're discharged.'"

OLD LADY (at a ball game)—Why do they call that a fowl? I don't see no feathers."

O'RILEY—"No ma'am. It's a picked nine."

Men are deceivers as a rule,
And trust them far you never can;
Though at confectioner's sometimes
You may unearth a candied man!

A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."

"Have you much room in your new flat?"

"Room! Mercy me, I should think not. Why, our kitchen and dining-room are so small that we have to use condensed milk."

“Couples making love will beware of the rubber plant.” “While driving through the park don’t speak to your horses. They carry tales.” “All animals are not in cages. There are some dandelions on the lawn.”

She heard the fog-horn blowing,
“And what is that?” quoth she,
The sailor merrily
Replied: “it’s just the dog-watch, ma’am,
Whose bark is on the sea.”

“She thinks that her husband is very economical.”

“In what way?”

“She says that although he is passionately fond of cloves, he never eats but one at a time.”

“I saw your sister on the street to-day.”

“How was she looking?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t see her face.”

“How did you know it was my sister?”

“Oh, I’m quick at figures.”

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

He kissed her on the cheek;

It seemed a harmless frolic;

He's been laid up a week—

They say, with painter's colic.

Charlemagne was in need of amusement.

"Why," they asked him, "do you have such a large number of court jesters in constant attendance on your royal person?"

"Because," he replied, with a right regal chuckle, "I could not earn the surname of 'The Great' were I not careful to keep my wits about me."

A certain young man told his girl the other night that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her home.

"Oh, please don't do it, Harry, she said. "You know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

Three women may a secret keep

If, as it has been said,

There's one of the lot has heard it not

And the other two are dead.

Lovett—You don't believe in divorce, then?

Hater—No, sir; I've got too much sportin' blood.

Lovett—What has that to do with it?

Hayter—I believe in a fight to the finish.

Lawyer: "Have you conscientious scruples against serving as a juror where the penalty is death?"

Boston Talesman: "I have."

Lawyer: "What is your objection?"

Boston Talesman: "I do not desire to die."

Cohen left the ball-game because he said the umpire looked right at him when he called "three balls!"

"A Maine dealer says he has sold more skates this season than he has ever sold before in an entire season."

"That proves what I have contended right along."

"What's that?"

"That prohibition does not prohibit."

Alas, for all their ecstasy,

They knew not what was best:

The young man reached the front door,

The old man did the rest.

"Paw, can an honest man play poker?"

"Yes, Tommy; but he can't win anything."

If Pearl Street is crooked;
Is Union Square?

“Why so glum, Blumly? Anything gone wrong?”

“Yes, I’ve just lost two of my best friends.”

“By death or marriage?”

“Neither I loaned them money.”

Little Mary, quite contrary,
How does your appetite grow?
Lobsters and quail, champagne in a pail,
And a “friend” to supply all the dough!

HE—Then I am to understand that
you have given me the mitten, as it were?

SHE—You have said it.

HE—And is this all?

SHE—Of course it is. What more do
you want—a pair of socks?

“Hey, boy, where’s your brother?”

“In the barn, shoein’ horses.”

“Where’s your mother?”

“In the back yard, shoooin’ chickens.”

“Where’s your father?”

“In the hammock, shoooin’ flies.”

“Harold!” began his wife, in a furious temper, “my mind is made up——”

“Mercy!” interrupted her husband; “is that so? I had hoped that your mind, at least, was your own!”

CUSTOMER: “You have a sign in your window, ‘A suit of clothes made while you wait.’ Do you really do that?”

TAILOR: “Yes, sir. You leave your order, with a deposit, and then go home and wait till the garments are finished.”

“Mother, may I go out to wheel?”

“Yes, my darling daughter;
I suppose, of course, you won’t wear
skirts,
Although I think you oughter.”

LADY—What! You here again? I don’t believe you have done a thing all Summer.

TRAMP—You do me an injustice, mum. I jist finished doin’ thirty days.

“Betty, why do you sit up at this hour of the night darning your stockings?” said mother, sharply; “don’t you know it’s 12 o’clock?”

“Oh, yes,” laughed Betty, “but it’s never too late to mend!”

“Now, why,” remarked the little dog, in speaking to the tree,

“Would you say that the heart of you is like the tail of me?”

The tree gave the conundrum up. The pup, with wisdom dark, Explained the matter saying, “It is farthest from the bark.”

BUTCHER—I need a boy about your size, and will give you \$1 a week.

APPLICANT—Will I have a chance to rise?

BUTCHER—Yes; I want you to be here at four o’clock in the morning.

A prominent man called to condone with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, “Did he leave you much?”

“Nearly every night,” was the reply.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So, after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

TOMMY—Pa, did you really mean it when you said you'd spank anyone that broke that vase?

PA—Just come here, sir, and I'll show you.

TOMMY—Don't show me. Show Bridget; she just broke it.

“Here *lies* poor Sam: and what is strange,
Grim death has worked in him a
change—
He *always lied* and always will,
He once lied loud and now lies *still*.”

“I'd like to see your mistress. Is she engaged?”

“Lord, sir! she's married; been married for twenty years.”

BROWN—I hear that they use all sorts of materials in the manufacture of illuminating gas, nowadays.

JONES—True. They even make light of the consumer's complaints.

“Me eyes is crossed,” sighed Kate. “No, love,

“Not crossed,” cried Pat. “Be jaber, ’Tis jist that aich is jealous of The beauty av its neighbor.”

The other day the head of a boarding-school noticed one of the boys wiping his knife on the table-cloth, and pounced on him at once.

“Is that what you do at home?” he asked indignantly.

“Oh, no,” answered the boy quickly, “we have clean knives.”

JOHN—Say, do you want to get next to a scheme for making money fast?”

TOM—Sure I do.

JOHN—Glue it to the floor.

“Pa,” said little Willie, who had been reading a treatise on phrenology, “what is a bump of destructiveness?”

“Why—er—a railroad collision, I suppose.”

He always kneeled before the maid
 And kissed her finger tips;
 But he lost out. Another man
 Came by and kissed her lips.

“Charley, dear,” said young Mrs. Torkins, “I hope you are not going into politics.”

“What made you think of that?”

“I heard you talking in your sleep about ‘standing pat.’”

A man and his bride by the parson were tied,

And when the performance was done,
 “Alas! exclaimed he, examining his fee,
 “I add one to one and make one.”

MISTRESS (to cook who has fallen down stairs)—I hope that you did not hurt yourself, Mary?

MARY—Oh, no, ma’am; Oi overtook meself at the bottum.

We're all often forced to rob Peter
In order to settle with Paul,
But some of us merely rob Peter
And Paul never sees us at all.

SHE—"I think this a lovely hat you
bought me, George, but really it's a sin
to pay \$50.00 for it."

HE—"Well, the sin is on your own
head, not mine."

Knock, and the world knocks with you;
Boost, and you boost alone!
When you roast good and loud
You will find that the crowd
Has a hammer as big as your own!

"How did you cure your boy of swear-
ing?"

"By the laying on of hands, princi-
pally."

"Ma, what is a Panama man called?"

"A Panaman, Johnny."

"Then what is a Panama woman?"

"If she's married and obeys President
Roosevelt she's just a plain Panama."

He who courts and goes away,
May court again another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still
May go to court against his will.

A notice at a small depot near Manchester reads:

“Passengers are requested to cross over the railway by the subway.”

This reminds us of the oft-quoted notice put up at the ford of an Irish river:

“When this board is under water the river is unpassable.”

Mary had a little lamb,
But she thought it was immense:
With new green peas and other things
It cost her ninety cents.

LITTLE WILLIE—Papa, why does the railway company have those cases with the ax and saw in every car?

FATHER—I presume they are put in to use in case anyone wants to open a window.

The kerosene can on the mantel reposes,
Its contents were sprinkled all over the
fire,
And all that poor Kathleen O'Donohue
knows is,
This dull world has changed for a
sphere that is higher.

"He seems to have gone to the bad completely."

"Yes; I believe he found himself between the devil and the deep sea, and he realized that he couldn't swim."

As he walked with baby
He had to confess
That marriage with him
Was a howling success.

THE SPINSTER—How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?

THE WIFE—Fifteen.

THE SPINSTER—My goodness! just think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! Well, I'm glad that I'm an old maid.

Seven little missionaries—
Horrible their fate—
Cannibals picked clean their bones
Then they were ate.

JUDGE—You are charged with pro-
fanity.

PRISONER—I am not.

JUDGE—You are, sir. What do you
mean?

PRISONER—I was, but I got rid of it.

“I hate a liar,” Wiggins cried,
Said Jiggins, “Then ’twould seem
You really ought to try and hide
Your lack of self-esteem.”

“Kind lady,” remarked the weary way-
farer, “can you oblige me with something
to eat?”

“Go to the woodshed and take a few
chops,” replied the kind lady.

Lady (after the tramp finishes eating)
—It’s merely a suggestion—the woodpile
is in the back yard.

Tramp—You don’t say! What a splen-
did place for a woodpile!

Said she, "How beautiful is nature!"

Said the young man, "Yes, quite true;"
Then added, as he viewed her complexion,
"And art is quite beautiful, too."

"How to make your trousers last,"
"Make your coat and waistcoat first."

The stork is a bird with a great big bill;
He brings us the babies whenever he will;
Then comes the doctor, and when he is
through,
You find that he has a big bill, too.

"Dearest," whispered Cordelia, after
she had captured the coveted solitaire,
"I have a confession to make. I am a
cooking school graduate."

Clarence shuddered.

"Oh, well," he rejoined, after the man-
ner of one resigned to his fate, "we can
board."

If t-o-u-g-h spells tough,
And d-o-u-g-h spells dough,
Does s-n-o-u-g-h spell snuff?
Or, simply snow?

THE WIFE (savagely)—Don't let me catch you flirting.

THE HUSBAND (meekly)—No, dear, never again. That's the way you did catch me, you know!

He called her an angel before they were wed,

But that, alas! didn't endure.

For ere many months had passed over his head,

He wished that she was one for sure.

Elderly Man (greeting former acquaintance)—“I remember your face perfectly, miss, but your name has escaped me.”

The Young Woman—“I don't wonder it escaped me three years ago. I am married now.”

“These verses make no sense,” said she;

“I can't tell what they mean.”

“Good! they'll make dollars then,” cried he,

“In any magazine.”

THE BARBER—Did I ever shave you before?

THE VICTIM—Yes, once.

THE BARBER—I don't remember your face.

THE VICTIM—No; I suppose not. It's all healed up now.

They say the baby looks like me,
A circumstance I dreaded,
But the only likeness I can see
Is that we're both bald-headed.

“Do you think the things one eats have a direct effect on one's disposition?”

“Well, rather. We had Indian meal pudding so often at our house that everybody got savage.”

“I once saw a man at a meeting of a mothers' club.”

“That's nothing; I once saw a teetotaler on a fishing trip.”

Bluff a little, bluff a little
As you go your way;
Bluffing may not always help you—
Many times it may.

Bluff a little, bluff a little;
Men may rail at you—
But you'll see by watching closely
That they're bluffing, too.

The butcher is a fair minded fellow.
He is always willing to meet his customers
half weigh.

A queen was she—the beautiful maid—
Beauty or wealth she did not lack—
But the game was euchre that Cupid
played,
And the Queen was won by a Jack.

“So you paid \$1,000 for a cook stove!
Don't you think that was a good deal?”
“Yes, but they threw in a cook with it:
she was warranted to stay two years!”

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”
“I'm going to cut the corn,” she said.
“Can I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You're no chiropodist,” she said.

MEDIUM—Do you believe in spirits?
BUSYMAN (off guard)—When taken in moderation, yes.

“You never bought a gold brick, did you?” asked the admiring friend.

“Not exactly,” answered Mr. Cumrox. “But I once came mighty near having a French count for a son-in-law.”

The fate of Lot's wife
Was all her own fault;
She first turned to “rubber,”
And then turned to salt.

I was in the depot restaurant of one of the great railroads, and was asked why am I standing while drinking my coffee. All the rest of us sit down.

I replied, solemnly, that “I was always told to stand for the weak.”

He used to send her roses;
He sent them every hour,
But now they're married and he sends
Her home a cauliflower.

JOHN—I went into a restaurant to-day.
The lemon pie that I had was a peach.

TOM—That's nothing, I went into a
saloon and had no money, so I let the
beer settle.

Her face was happy,
His face was stern;
Her hand was in his'n,
His'n was in her'n.

JACK—"My wife's a fine shot. She can
hit a dollar every time."

FRED—"That's nothing, my wife goes
through my trousers and never misses a
dime."

A man wanted a ticket to New York,
and only had a \$2 bill. It required \$3 to
get the ticket. He took the \$2 bill to a
pawnshop, pawned it for \$1.50. On his
way back to the depot he met a friend, to
whom he sold the pawn ticket for \$1.50.
That gave him \$3. Now, who's out that
dollar?

"Is a howling dog a sign of death?"
Said Doolittle to Dunn.

"Of course it is, if the dog will wait
Until I get my gun."

"No, indeed," she said, "I can never be your wife. Why, I had half a dozen offers before yours."

"Huh!" rejoined the young man in the case. "That's nothing. I proposed to at least a dozen girls before I met you."

There was a young woman named Hannah,

Who put on a great many airs,
She stepped on a peel of banana,
And now she's laid up for repairs.

"What sort of labor is best paid in this country?" asked the English tourist.

"Field labor," answered the native American.

"Is that a fact?" queried the Englishman, who was inclined to be a bit skeptical.

"Sure," replied the other. "You ought to see the salaries our baseball players get."

This life's a game of chance, they say:

The saw's more sad than witty,
The public gathers 'round to play,
The trust controls the "kitty."

GEORGE—I can't understand why my girl shook me.

HAROLD—What was that you wrote to her the last time?

GEORGE—All that I said was, "My Dear Susie: The dog I promised you has just died. Hoping these few lines will find you the same. Yours, George."

Now comes the question which will make
This life a bitter cup. . . .
How many hoopskirts will it take
To fill a trolley car up?

"Speaking of accommodating hotel clerks," remarked a Portland commercial traveller, "the best I ever saw was in a town near Bangor. Just before I retired I heard a scampering under the bed and looked under, expecting to see a burglar. Instead I saw a couple of large rats just escaping into their hole. I dressed and went down to the office and put in a big kick. The clerk was as serene as a summer's breeze.

"'I'll fix that all right, sir,' he said. 'Front! Take a cat to 23 at once.'"

A recent school examination in England elicited the following definitions:

"Noah's wife," wrote one boy, "was called Joan of Arc." "Water," wrote another, "is composed of two gases, oxygen and cambrigen." "Lava," replied a third youth, "is what the barber puts on your face." "A blizzard," insisted another child, "is the inside of a fowl."—

"Why don't you demand \$50,000 instead of \$5,000?" said the lawyer.

"Oh, because," explained the lady of the breach of promise suit. "Then he might change his mind and want to marry me."

"I'll admit," said Mrs. Hylo, "there are some things I don't know"—

"That's no lie," interrupted her husband.

"But," continued the alleged better half of the combination, "that man doesn't live who can tell me what they are."

"Friend of mine to-day," said Mr. Kidder, "was talking of coming here to board."

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Starvem, "you were pleased to recommend our table and"——

"Sure! Told him it was just the thing for him. He's a pugilist and wants to increase his reach."

An English motorist is quoted as saying that he classed pedestrians as the quick and the dead: those who got out of the way and those who didn't.

"Yes, dear," said the petted young wife, examining her Christmas gift, "these diamond earrings are pretty, but the stones are awfully small."

"Of course, my dear," replied the diplomat husband, "but if they were any larger they'd be all out of proportion to the size of your ears."

Two Irish farmers who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Shure, it's married I am," said Murphy. "You don't tell me so," said Moran. "Faix, yes," said Murphy, "an' I've got a fine healthy bhoy which the neighbors say is the very picture of me." Moran looked for a moment at Murphy, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, "Och, well, what's the harum so long as the child's healthy?"

A bashful young couple, who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car in Boston the other day. "Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.

“When the old man is shaking down the furnace, carrying out the ashes, feeding the cat and six kittens, and making the beds,” remarked the observer of events and things, “of course he is too busy to hear his daughter in the parlor, singing: “Everybody Works but Father.”—

“I assured her I could support her in the style she was accustomed to.”

“Well?”

“She said she was looking for something better than that.”

“Do you believe in transmigration of souls?”

“Well,” answered the man who never admits that he doesn’t know everything, “I wouldn’t recommend it as a regular practice.”

“After all, you know,” said Mr. Oldbeau, “a man is only as old as he feels”—

“Yes,” said Miss Pepprey, “but some old men make the mistake of thinking they are as young as they think they feel.”

At a West End hotel one of the party asked:

“Have you got any celery, waiter?”

“No, sir,” was the significant answer;
“I relies on me tips.”

YEAST—Did you ever try to dye eggs?
CRIMSONBEAK—No, I never did; but
I’ve tried ’em after they were dead.—

A dude from St. Louis named Crute
Had a habit of saying, “Oh, shoot!”
He said it one day
To a man in Ouray,
And that was the finish of Crute.

“How is your house heated?”
“By hot air.”
“Hot air?”
“Yes — the landlord’s.” —

"I want to get a head of cabbage," said the man who had been sent to market.

"Large or small head?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, about 7 1-4," said the man, absent-mindedly.

"I'll pass the butter," said he, while trying to pass the browsing goat.

"I'll butt the passer," said the goat, as he helped him over the fence.

"Yes, he's got a flying-machine ready for a trial now and he's trying hard not to be proud?"

"Why shouldn't he be proud?"

"Well, pride goes before a fall, you know."

"He has none of the finer sensibilities, nothing to distinguish him from the common herd."

"No?"

"No, sir. I've heard him confess, out of his own mouth, that all autos smell alike to him."—*Puck*.

“Why did you insist on only \$99,000 a year as your salary?”

“Because,” answered the high financier, “as soon as people hear a hundred thousand mentioned they get suspicious. It is better to keep the figure marked down a little.”

Tom — I kissed her when she wasn't looking.

Clara—What did she do?

Tom—Kept her eyes closed the rest of the evening.

Jenks—Why on earth did you laugh so heartily at that ancient jest of Borem's?

Wise—In self-defense.

Jenks—in self-defence?

Wise—Yes; if I hadn't laughed so he would have repeated the thing, thinking I hadn't seen the point.

There is as much strength in an egg as in a pound of meat.

Gotabug—I should say so . I've smelt eggs that had more strength than a hundred pounds of beef.

A sporty young fellow named Phipps
Last night went to view the eclipse.
The moon looked so queer,
He set up a cheer,
The truth was he'd been taking nips.

"For mercy sake, don't put me near
old Billions!" said Mrs. Lookyoung to
her friend.

"Why not?" said the other. "He's
awfully interesting."

"I know it," said Mrs. Lookyoung, "but
I never sit next to him at dinner but
that he blurts out something like, 'You
remember back in the old pioneer days!'"

Mary had a little waist

Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.

"This is an interesting clock, Miss,"
said the salesman, "you really should
have one, especially if you're bothered
with tiresome callers."

"It's merely a cuckoo clock, isn't it?"
asked Miss May Pechis.

"Yes, but beginning at 10 P. M., in-
stead of saying 'cuck-koo' every quarter
hour it yells: 'Go home! Go home!'"

Mike—Yus, poor Sullivan is dead. He hadn't got an enemy in the world.

Pat—What did he die of?

Mike—Oh; he wur killed in a foight.—

“You shouldn't drink your whiskey without water.”

“Why not?”

“You'll ruin the coat of your stomach.”

“Oh, well—it's an old coat, anyhow.”—

“Why do they make those Oriental pipes with bowls as big as water pitchers?” asked the inquisitive girl.

“Those,” answered the wise woman, “are for men who have promised that they will confine their smoking to one pipe after each meal.”—

The detective at the boarding house table having satisfied himself that nobody had observed him, folded up his magnifying glass and put it back in his pocket.

“Yes,” he said to himself, “they've got the same girl they had when I was here two years ago. I recognize her thumb print in the butter.”

“Pa, what branches did you take when you went to school?”

“I never went to high school, son, but when I attended the little log school-house they used mostly hickory and beech and willow.”—

“Did you ever consider the case of the boy who stood on the burning deck?”

“Not particularly. Why?”

“Well, the game was poker and the hand had been dealt from the burning deck was a corker; so, as he didn’t want to lose any chances, he—but you see?”

“I don’t know as I do.”

“Why, he stood pat.”

The Governess—What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg, Margie?

Little Margie—Why, I guess his goose was cooked.

“Our new Congressman has made himself very popular.”

“What has he done?”

“Introduced a bill declaring it a penal offence for a man to ask for a haircut or shampoo on Saturday afternoon.”

"In my business," said the stock broker, "It is impossible to succeed without pluck."

"Huh!" snorted the man who had been up against it, "you mean 'plucking,' don't you?"

Servant—The plumber says this check should be \$5 more.

Castleton—But it's the amount asked for.

"Yes, sir. But you've kept him waitin' for nearly an hour."—*Life*.

Tom—What's that? A two-dollar bill! You told me this morning that you were broke.

Jack—Well, I want you to understand that Japan isn't the only one that can borrow money.

"Yes, indeed, he's the homeliest man in public life to-day. Haven't you ever seen him?"

"No, but I've seen caricatures of him."

"Oh, they flatter him. You should see him."

SPECIAL RULES FOR GUESTS.

- 1—Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.
- 2—Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.
- 3—The hotel is supported by a beautiful cemetery ; hearses to hire, 25c. a day.
- 4—Guests wishing to do a little driving will find a hammer and nails in the closet.
- 5—If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.
- 6—If you're fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.
- 7—If your lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.
- 8—Any one troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bed-post.
- 9—Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by the foundation.

J. WISE, Prop.

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