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GOOD JOKES

MORE EFFECTIVE.



"The police had a hard time dispersing the crowd of suffragettes."
"What did they want to call out the police for?"
"Because the suffragettes were making trouble."
"Why didn't they call out a mouse?"

The Dictionary.

Those who ought to use it most
Rarely give it heed;
Those whose words comprise a host
Hourly feel its need.

Juvenile Logic.

It was at a private entertainment, and a lady had just risen from the piano.

"Would you like to be able to sing and play as I do, dear?" she queried of a little five-year-old miss.

"No, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.

"And why not?" asked the lady.

"Cause," explained the small observer, "I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."

Beginning of the End.

"How," asked the young husband who had been up against the matrimonial game for nearly two weeks, "can I tell when the honeymoon is over?"

"It will have slumped the slumps," answered the man who had been married three times, "when your wife stops telling you things and begins to ask questions."

Modern "Literature."

"A neighbor of mine threw a book out of his window and it has been lying in the gutter ever since."

"Maybe he doesn't love books."

"Oh, you can't judge of that by his treatment of this particular novel. It's entitled, 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' is advertised as 'daring' and was written by a woman who left her husband because her soul was 'starved.'"

No Change of Program.

"Why are you weeping, my poor fellow?"

"De tune dat organ grinder's playin' carries me back ter me boyhood days," answered the sobbing tramp.

"Why, it's only a ragtime piece, fearfully out-of-date."

"Yes, sir. Dat's why it carries me back. It's de same tune organ grinders played when I wuz a boy—a little innocent boy."

Feminine Charity.

Almee—You certainly make a good soldier, Hazel.

Hazel—Why do you think so, dear?

Almee—You never desert your colors.

Easily Remedied.

He (with a sigh)—I have only one friend on earth—my dog.

She—Well, if that isn't enough, why don't you get another dog?

LITERARY SPEAKING.



"Cassler makes mountains out of molehills."

"Yes. He is the writer of advertising circulars for a picturesque summer resort."

NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.

"I understand that you are in favor of reviving the torchlight procession as a campaign demonstration."

"It's a malicious slander," replied Senator Sorghum. "I never said anything of the kind."

"Then you disapprove of the idea?"

"It's most impractical. Women are going to exercise a heap of influence in politics and no woman would swing a vote to a candidate responsible for sending her husband home saturated with stale kerosene."

Safety First.

"I waited fifteen minutes on the corner for a car this morning," said the lighthouse lady, "and when one finally did come along the motorman declined to stop for me."

"Had the motorman ever boarded here?" asked the man at the pedal extremity of the mahogany.

"Not that I know of," replied the landlady. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh," rejoined the other, "I thought it might have been because he recognized you that he didn't want you to board his car."

Diplomatic Parson.

"The congregation paid up every cent of my back salary this morning," announced the village parson.

"How in the world did they happen to do that?" queried his wife.

"I announced from the pulpit," explained the good man, "that unless I got it I'd not be able to take the three months' vacation they had planned for me."

JUST THAT.



"Have you observed how polite those boys are? They always insist on letting their sister have the hammock."

"Yes. But have you noticed how often the hammock rope breaks and how much they laugh when it does?"

More Truth Than Poetry.

This is the truth, also a rhyme,
That should not be classed with jokes:
"A widow seldom wastes her time
In visiting the late lamented's folks."

Hard to Explain.

"How do you suppose Dubwaite makes a living?"

"I don't suppose anything of the sort."

"No?"

"But having seen Mrs. Dubwaite on several occasions and having remarked the firm set of her jaw, I often wonder how Dubwaite ever persuaded her to support him."

The Way of a Habit.

Joshem—It is almost impossible to overcome a habit.

Easyun—Why is it?

Joshem—Well, it's like this. If you take away the first three letters the whole of "it" remains. See?

Preposterous.

"These drummers are a conceited lot," remarked Mrs. Twobble.

"Indeed they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Dubwaite. "I overheard one tell another on a train that he made New Orleans. As if he expected anybody to believe that!"

Much the Same.

Hubby—Garfield once said: "If you cannot find a way, make one."

Wifey—Yes, and I've noticed that you do the same with regard to excuses.

Demoralizing Windfall.

"Did you hear about young Jibway's legacy?"

"No. Did somebody leave him a fortune?"

"Yes. A rich uncle died and young Jibway inherited twenty gallons of gasoline. The family fears it is going to be his ruin."

Different From Man.

Mrs. Jones—A camel can go days without drinking.

Jones—Well, you see, a camel hasn't human intelligence.

All the world's a stage, but some prefer automobiles.—Laurentian.

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