

Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

A PRAYERFUL THRUST AT THE COOK

P—— is usually a self-possessed young man; but the other day when dining out he was unexpectedly called upon to say grace, and the best he could do was to deliver himself of the following:

"O Lord, bless our sins and forgive this food. Amen."

A MEMENTO.

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Yes, it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive?"

"Yes, but his hair is all gone."

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

"Do you know, they suspect that old man of leading a double life."

"What gives rise to that?"

"Why, he's so mean and cross around home that they think he must be pleasant and agreeable somewhere."

A LITERAL INTERPRETATION

"How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked a Sunday school teacher.

No one ventured to answer.

"Could she have gone by railway?"

"Yes'm," said a little girl.

"Indeed! Well, we would like to know how you found this out?"

"In the second verse," responded the child, "it says she came with a great train." — Tit-Bits.

A DOUBTFUL REMEDY

In a rural community one of the school teachers after having had her class subjected to a medical examination, wrote the following note to the parents of a certain little boy:

"Your little boy, Charles, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and take steps to correct it?" To which she received a note in reply saying:

"I don't understand exactly what Charles has been doing, but I have walloped him tonight, and you wallop him tomorrow, and that ought to help some." — Kansas City Star.

AN EYE FOR EASY MONEY

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered, a \$5 bill was pressed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a glance at the money. "An' whein will you be layin' again, sir?"

A CLEVER THEFT

A group of stevedores were lunching in a sheltered nook of a wharf. One of them went across the street for a plug of chewing tobacco, and in his absence another

substituted for his tin of pale coffee and milk his own tin of milkless black coffee.

When the first stevedore, plug in hand, returned, he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I've heard of clever thieves, but to swipe the milk out of a feller's coffee beats the band."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a Christmas box, "I always mane to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank ye, yer honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."

AN ELECTOR'S QUALIFICATION

Adam Zawfox — Did ye ever try to vote?

Job Sturky — Wunst; but the jedges wouldn't let me. They said a man wasn't a legal voter if he never had no washin' done anywheres.

WHERE AMERICANS LIVE

"Where do all you Americans live?" inquired the European.

"About 4,000,000 of us live in New York," answered the caustic American, "and the rest of us live in caves." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

NO TIPS IN FINLAND

A country where there are no tips and where small services are rendered to the stranger without hope of reward would seem hard to find — yet such a country is Finland. — London Morning Post.

THE "SOFT" ANSWER

"You have been fighting again, Tommy!"

"I couldn't help it, mamma. That Stapleford boy sassed me."

"That was no reason for fighting. You should have remembered that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and given him a soft answer."

"I did. I hit him with a chunk o' mud."

THE MILKMAN'S ALIBI

The milkman stood before her, nervously twirling his hat in his hands.

"So," she said, sternly, "you have come at last?"

"Yes, madam. You sent for me, I believe," he replied.

"I wished to tell you that I found a minnow in the milk yesterday morning."

"I am sorry, madam, but if the cows will drink from the brook instead of from the trough I cannot help it." — Harper's Weekly.

HE NEEDED A DETECTIVE

"I want a detective," roared the excited citizen as he rushed into the police station. "There's a fight going on in front

of our house, and if you don't send me a detective who is capable of finding a policeman quick there'll be trouble."

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT

A Temporary Affair. — Griggs: So Tom is married, eh? Briggs: Yes, for the present. He's married an actress.

—Boston Transcript.

The Modest Hunter. — "Can you show me any bear tracks?" asked the amateur Nimrod.

"I kin show you a bear," the native replied.

"Thanks, awfully, old chap. Tracks will suffice."

Generosity. — Master Walter, aged 5, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast and piled the crusts on his plate. "When I was a little boy," remarked his father, "I always ate the crusts on my toast."

"Did you like them?" asked the little fellow, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"You may have these," replied Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table. — The Delineator.

GOING INTO THE POLICE BUSINESS

A story is told of two new policemen on the force in the city of Warsaw in Poland. They did good work, they arrested a lot of people, then suddenly they resigned.

"Why are you resigning?" the superintendent asked.

"The older of the two men answered respectfully:

"We are going to start a police station of our own, sir. Boris here will make the arrests and I will do the fining."

SHE COUNTED

A pretty girl in a hammock slung in an apple orchard, awoke suddenly and frowned at the young man who stood before her. "You stole a kiss while I was asleep!" she exclaimed.

"Well," stammered the young man, "you were sleeping so soundly — you looked so pretty, so tempting, I — yes, I admit I did take one little one."

The girl smiled scornfully. "One!" said she. "Humph! I counted seven before I woke up." — Cleveland Leader.

TRUTH AND KINDNESS

True worth is in being, not seeming —

In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as Kindness,
And nothing so royal as Truth.

—Alice Cary.

CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?

A native born American member of a party of four business men who often lunched together took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it you're really only intruders."