

Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

Sane to the Last.—"Well," said the dying business man, "you better put in a clause about my employees. To each man who has worked for me twenty years I give and bequeath \$50,000."

"But," said the lawyer, "you haven't been in business twenty years."

"I know it, man, but it's good advertising." —Everybody's.

Picnickers Beware!—The entire Brown family was attacked by ptomaine poisoning. The family doctor was called, and as soon as emergency treatment had been administered, he tried to find the source of the trouble.

"Did you all eat something that had been left standing in tin?" he asked.

Mr. Brown thought hard for a moment. "By gosh, doc," he cried, "that's just what we did. We had a picnic yesterday, and we left the lunch in the Ford all morning!" —Judge.

Any One of Whom.—"You know Peter—the chap who was always telling the bright things his son did? Well, he was found shot dead today—no clues."

"Good Lord! I thought he didn't have an enemy in the world!"

"Maybe not—but he had lots of friends." —American Legion Weekly.

Juvenile Logic.—Two small girls were playing together one afternoon in the park.

"I wonder what time it is?" said one of them at last.

"Well, it can't be 4 o'clock yet," replied the other with magnificent logic, "because my mother said I was to be home at 4—and I'm not." —The Tatler, London.

Maybe a Christmas Gift.—Little Brother—Say, mister, whatcha goin' to do with our gate?

Parlor Visitor—Why, nothing that I know of. I haven't got your gate.

Little Brother—I know, but I heard big

sister tell pa that as soon as you had stepped her out a few more times she was going to give it to you.

—Everybody's

She Knew the Breed.—Little Marion and her next door neighbor, Donald, were engaged in an absorbing conversation.

"What are anarchists?" asked little Marion.

Then Donald swelled with wisdom.

"They want everything any one else has got, and they never wash themselves," he replied.

"Oh, yes!" cried little Marion, with enthusiasm. "I see—they is just little boys grewed up!"

—Gulf Coast Lumberman.

Food for Frills.—"The man I marry must not only be able to support me, but do it in style."

"Suply the bread and butter, so to speak."

In Training.—"Jack, I wish you'd give that young brother of mine a talking-to. It's time he thought of choosing a career."

"Judging by the hours he keeps, I thought he was studying to be a night watchman."

Pertinent Question.—Mrs. A—I take care that my husband gets no cause for fault-finding.

Mrs. B—Does that help any?

Lets Hope So!—On safe ground. New Hampshire paper—"Friday, generally fair, probably followed by Saturday."

—Boston Transcript.

High Cost of Thinking.—The increased postage for private postcards makes the local postmistress remark: "Two pennies for your thoughts."

—Tom Masson in Collier's.

Too Late.—"Well, Dad, I just ran up to say hallo!"

"Too late, son. Your mother just ran up to say good-bye and got all the change."

Not Hungry.—Mother: "Get up, Elsie. Remember it's the early bird that gets the worm."

Elsie (drowsily): "Let him have 'em mother. I'm not hungry." —Ex.

Keen Rent Dodger.—Farmer's Wife: "I'll give you just three days to pay your rent."

"All right, 'I'll take Fourth of July, Christmas and Easter."

Why Did He.—Freddy—Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?

Mother—Yes, my boy.

Freddy—Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?

The Sure Hunter.—Sam (after a half-day hunt) Boy, we've been huntin' for

half a day and ain't seen no panthers yet. I don't believe there's any here.

George—Course dey ain't. I made sure of dat befor' we come.—Trinidad Tribune.

Commands for Cash.—"What are money orders, pa?"

"Your mother's letters to me when she's at the seashore, my son."

Queer Mortals.—G. H. L. writes: "A man never brags about that of which he has reason to be proud."

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