

Bits of Humor

An Auction Wedding.—One thing at a time is well even in radio. Recently a reporter on the Floodwood Bugle tried to receive news messages from two country correspondents at one time. One was broadcasting news of a wedding, the other of a public auction. The finished story appeared in this form:

Beginning at nine o'clock—amidst attractive decorations of spring flowers, Mr. Andrew A. Lemon and Miss Helfer Eaton were—disposed of at public auction on my farm—which was one of the most charming events—one and one-half miles east—of her father, who is located at a vantage point near the Logan Nelsonville Pike.

Real Salesmanship. Customer—I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid.
Proprietor—Vell, dis is a pawn shop; but, mister, we have razors, ropes and revolvers.

Good Argument.—"John, how can you bear to sit and read the paper so long?"
"What did you want, dear?"
"I want the paper."

Baptism, Marriage, Funeral.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tells a story about a miner who explained one day to a bishop why he never went to church.

"You see, bish, it's like this," the miner said: "The first time I went to church they threw water in my face, and the second time I went they tied

me up to a woman I've had to keep every since."

The bishop smiled grimly.
"And the third time you go," he said, "they'll throw dirt on you."

A Case of Nerve.—"Don't worry," said the dentist. "I always give my patients—something to—ah—quiet their nerves."

"Then what was that fellow in there yelling for?" demanded the skeptical sufferer.

"More."

Logic.—"Hey!" bellowed the cop to the man splashing in the park pond. "Get out of that. You can't swim in there."

"Don't I know it, you darn fool?" yelled back the splasher. "That's why I'm hollering for help."

Figure it Out. Tim: "I attended a wooden wedding today."

Eddie: "Who got married?"
Tim: "Two Poles."

All the same.—Customer: Have you a book entitled, "How to Acquire a Good Carriage?"

Clerk: "No, madam, but here is one "A Dozen Ways to Obtain an Automobile."
—Anonymus.

Unto the End.—"By the way," said the lawyer who was drawing up the will,

"I notice that you've named six bankers to be your pallbearers. Wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms."

"No, that's all right," was the quick reply. "Those fellows have carried me so long they might as well finish the job."
—Boston Transcript.

Needed Fixing. "Johnny has just eaten eleven plums!"

"Good Lord! Call the plumber!"
The Cornell Widow.

How Cain killed Abel.—A colored mammy viewed with misgivings the great amount of sugar cane being eaten by her six-year-old grandson. Eventually she warned the boy: "Chile, aint I done tol' yo' time an' agin dat youse eatin' too much cane? Don't yo' know, chile, dat cane killed Abel?"

"Mr. Meant to" has a comrade,
And his name is "Didn't-do,"
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?
These two fellows live together
In the house of "Never-Win,"
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the ghosts of "Might have been."



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