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## SMILES AND SUCH

### HUMOROUS GLEANINGS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

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#### JACK GAVE IT AWAY.

A dear little bride on the train was like most brides in desiring to avoid identification as such. The husband went out when the train stopped at a way-station. An old lady opposite talked to her. "You are lately married, my dear, I know," she said, kindly.

"Oh, no we have been married a long time," returned the younger woman, briskly.

"Ah! excuse me. You are so young, and you seem so happy."

"Oh, we have been married eight—yes, eight years."

"Have you any——"

"Oh! (blushing furiously) no!"

"Well! well!—and I thought at first you were on your honeymoon."

"Oh, no. My husband will tell you—here he comes—that we have been married eight years. Haven't we, Jack?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," he replied. "Do you know, Mable," he added, with a wriggle, "I have some of that beastly rice down my back yet."

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#### ONLY HIMSELF TO BLAME.

O'Toole was passing a bird store when this sign caught his eye, "Elegant parrot which speaks seven languages, for sale."

O'Toole went in and after a dicker bought the bird for \$5, and ordered it sent to his home. Then he continued on his way to work. He could hardly wait to get home, so anxious was he to see the parrot and to hear all of the languages, and when the clock struck six he was the first man out. Running home, he rushed in upon his wife and exclaimed, with face aglow:

"Did the bird come, Illin?"

"It did, Dinny, and it's stuffed, cooked and ready for ye, but I'm tellin ye, Dinny, there's very little to ut but bones at all."

"Ye cooked it?" screamed O'Toole.

"Sure," said Mrs. O'Toole.

"'Twasn't to be killed, Illin," cried O'Toole. "Sure, the poor green thing was a present to ye—'twas a talkin' parrot! The bird could spake sivin languages!"

"Well, phwy the dickens didn't the baste say something when Oi wint to kill ut," retorted Mrs. O'Toole.