

Current Wit and Humor



GOOD ODDS

Willie was a born gambler. Many times his schoolmates had to part with their weekly pennies through being foolish enough to bet with him.

His father determined to break him of the habit. He interviewed his schoolmaster one day, and said: "I want to cure my boy of his betting habits, so if you can get him to bet with you, and you are certain he'll lose, take him on; then, when he loses his money, he'll be sorry for himself."

The master consented.

Next day Willie said to him, "I'll bet you six-pence you've got corns, sir!"

"Good!" thought the master. "I know I haven't, so he's sure to lose." Aloud he said, "Right, Willie. I'll bet you I have no corns." And he removed his shoes and proved it.

"You've won," said Willie, and paid up.

Next day the master met Willie's father, and said, "Well, I won six-pence off your boy. He bet me I had corns, and I showed him he was wrong."

"What! The young beggar bet me half a crown he'd get you to show him your bare feet, and he's won!"

JUST CROOKED IS RIGHT



Teacher—Well, if the world is neither round nor flat, as you think, Willie, what can it be?

Pupil—Just crooked, pa says.

Trusting Judgment

"No," said the rich man to the penniless young officer who asked for the hand of his daughter, "I have not the slightest objection to your asking my daughter to marry you."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man.

"You go and ask her," continued the girl's dad. "I won't interfere. I've given her a good education and taught her to read the newspapers, and if she doesn't know enough to say 'No'—well, she doesn't deserve better luck."

EXCUSABLE



"Why did you refuse to answer that man who asked you how you were going to vote?"

"Because he wasn't looking for information. He was only trying to start an argument."

Easy

A teacher was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," was the answer.

"Is the can an animate or an inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now can any boy tell me how it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed, and power almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his hand.

"You may answer, William."

"Tie it to a dog's tail."

MISERY LOVES COMPANY

He got out of bed at two a. m. He threw a dressing gown over his pajamas and galloped down two flights of stairs to the landlord's flat.

He rapped sharply. No answer. He knocked again, and again. Finally the door opened. A sleepy-eyed landlord stuck his head out.

"Well," he demanded. "What do you want?"

The other took a deep breath.

"I just want to inform you," he said, "that I won't be able to pay the rent this month."

"Is that why you woke me in the middle of the night?" the landlord howled. "Couldn't you tell me that in the morning?"

The other nodded.

"Certainly," he admitted. "But why should I worry alone?"

OH!



"John, how is the car running?"

"Not so good, Sis! There was a little miss in it last night."

"Yes! I found her gloves and handkerchief."

Missouri Hospitality

A few of the boys in Kansas City were showing a Texas rancher the city. "What do you think of our stock yards?" they asked of him.

"Oh, they're all right, but we have branding corrals in Texas that are bigger," he said.

That night they put some snapping turtles in his bed. He turned back the cover and said: "What are those?"

"Missouri bed bugs," they said.

He looked at them a moment and then said, "So they are. Young ones, aren't they?"

Supply and Demand

A party of American tourists in a bus were being driven among the mountains of Switzerland.

"Say, where did those large rocks come from?" asked the man next to the driver.

The glaciers brought them down," replied the driver.

"But where are the glaciers?" was the next question.

"They've gone back to get more rocks," was the weary reply.

Fitting Tribute

Tombstone Dealer (after several futile suggestions)—How would just a simple "Gone Home" do for an inscription?

The Widow—I guess that will be all right. It was always the last place he ever thought of going.

GREAT APPETITE



"Lunch time! Let's eat up the street."

"Are you as hungry as that?"

Immaterial

The deacon of a colored church invited the parson home for a Sunday dinner. During the meal the parson said: "Brudder, dis is mighty good chicken. May I ax yo' where you got dis fowl?"

The Deacon: "Dat am an immaterial question; when yo' preaches a good sermon, I don't ax yo' where yo' gits it."

Sure Sign

The boy friend dropped around at his girl's house. As he ran up the steps, he met her little brother.

"Hi, Bill."

"Hi," said the brat.

"Is your sister expecting me?"

"Yeah."

"How do you know?"

"She's gone out!"

Popular Speech

Hotfoot—Old Borely, the after-dinner speaker, seems to have made a tremendous hit. I never heard an audience clap so much. What did he say?

Coldfoot—He said to them that he would not go on until they quieted down.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



(WNU Service)

SATURDAY NIGHT

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

WNU



Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

POP

By J. Millar Watt

WNU

