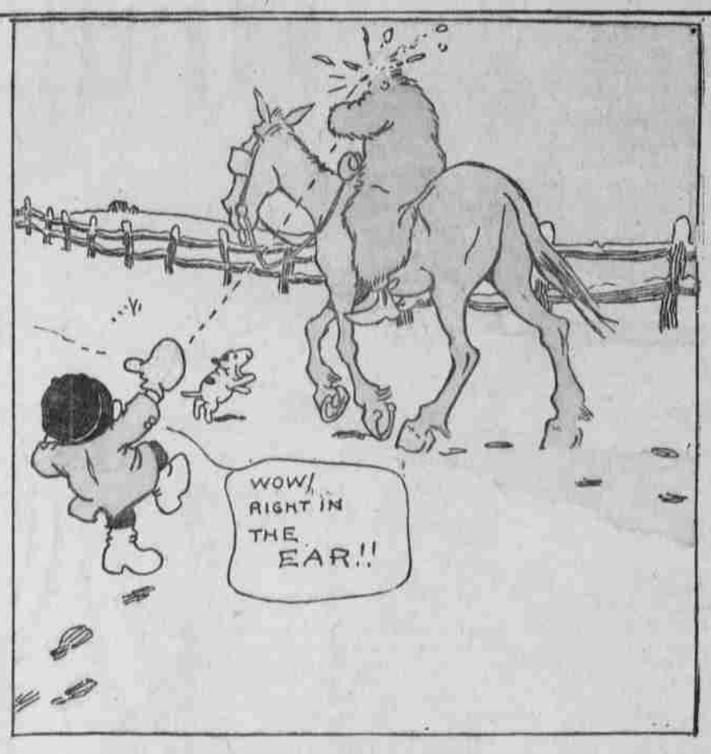
RASTUS: "Of course I'se a barber; can't you tell by ma head I is?"
OLD GENTLEMAN: "Yes, you look the part."

FATHER: "No, I will not permit you to marry that man; he has no visible means of support."
DAUGHTER: "What a silly old fogy you are! Certainly he hasn't; he's a prestidigitator."

FIRST CITYITE: "How does your son like earning his living in a small town?"
SECOND CITYITE: "I just got a letter from him; he says a fellow like he is, cuts a lot of ice in a village."

WILLIE BOY: "Really! I have such a deuced small hand, don't you know, you'll have to tell me the size."
BESSY CASH: "I see, you'll have to go to the children's department; we only keep gloves for men here!"

"Yes, he cuts a lot of ice, all right."

WHY LITTLE ABE CORNCOB WAS ABSENT