

# FUNNY THINGS IN PROSE



## Mr. O'Rafferty On Civil Service.

Mr. O'Rafferty, these rummyes do be heard in the place force? asked Mr. O'Toole, as he encountered the wise man on the steps of Chicago's City Hall.

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ly yes. O've asked yes some iv th' most important questions iv th' ixammyin' board, sez he, 'an' yes haven't answered iv thim corrie'ts. Yes may be able t' run up a ladder wid a hod iv burricks mighty lively, sez he, 'but ye'll never make a placeman,' sez he.

O'Rafferty Moralizes. "But iv th' professor was right in he's questions, Mr. O'Toole, 'tis aisy same fwyth th' placemen do be baten th' hids iv rasytable citizens an' contilly shlyan' on their heads. Shure t' aven studdy up on sich hlyotic questions wud be enough t' shrove anny man crazy.

Didn't Find Her Honey. A young married woman from the South who was visiting New York a few days ago with her husband left him in their hotel room one morning while she went on an errand. She was not accustomed to big hotels, nor to big New York, but she got back without mishap in half an hour and knocked at the door. There was no response.

Little Johnnie Heard From. Mrs. Bikins (sweetly)—Do have another piece of cake, Cousin John.

ONE OF THE PRESENTS. "How did you get that eye?" "Oh, I elaborated me birthday the other evenin'."



THE ORGANIST. I wonder how the organist can do so many things; He's getting ready long before the choir stands up and sings; He's pressing buttons, pushing stops; He's pulling here and there; And testing all the working parts while listening to the prayer.

THE RUMMAGE SALE. The ladies planned a rummage sale. They hurried around in eager style, All bound to raise a handsome pile for worthy charities.

FROM NATURAL CAUSES. Wash Mullins cursed, an' said as how He played de four for low; Cook Snipes, his partner, cursed mo' loud, An' said he knowed t'wars so.

DEAD CHILDREN. Deep in her eyes There is a look that does not live In any other woman's eyes, Nor in the eyes of any man.

HAUNTED. As I sit at fall of evening, Musing 'fore the open fire, Joyous thoughts as light and fitting As the breeze of the pyre.

Maxims for Some Occasions. Wise Sayings for Everyday Application: An' You Desire.

Just a Way They've Got. As a matter of fact, Janet was born exactly two years before her brother Fred. Therefore, in the natural course of things, when he was 10 she was 12, and gloried in it.

Pat's Idea of It. "A few Sunday's since," said a young Catholic clergyman from up the state, "I took occasion to remind my congregation, which is located in a mountain town, that I needed some money for necessities in connection with the church."

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Sick for Cash. "That boy of mine has got to turn over a new leaf," declared the well-known citizen, who it is doubtful really knows how much he is worth.

THE USUAL THING. "Yes," replied the philosopher, "one is apt to grow red and look silly. Turn he always says, 'Well, what are you laughing for?'"

AWFULLY SUDDEN. "But it was awfully sudden," said the sorrowful woman, "did you mistake him for a book agent?"

OTHER FELLOWS. "But it is not his ring," said the philosopher, defiantly holding up her hand, "it's the accident insurance man's."

DIARY OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER. October 19.—We defeated Wilmington College, 11 to 0. Great game. Neither side scored in the first half, and it looked ticklish.

HER REWARD. I tell the cook just what to cook And how to cook it, though I feel her fixed, indignant look— As if she did not know!

NOT TOM'S RING AT ALL. "You know Tom," began the girl philosopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger.

Let Her Ring! A drama in one act. Characters—A bell, a bell boy, another bell boy, and a man up stairs.

She Got One Right Away. "No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband," remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face.

A HOT DEY IN ALGIERS. I think it was Jimmy Lizzie, I think the groom is a high-toned chap An' nothin' a-tall like me;

Love's Message. When the dew of night has fallen, and the stars are out, and the moon is in, and the world is hushed in sleep,

By a By. If you see me on a-hoont Dat de times 'll mend You boun' ter ketch de rainbow At de round wor's end.

A Family Matter. She sewed a button on my coat, I watched the fingers bend him. Got them Sometimes I held her spool of thread, And sometimes held her thimble.

Dead Children. Deep in her eyes There is a look that does not live In any other woman's eyes, Nor in the eyes of any man.

Haunted. As I sit at fall of evening, Musing 'fore the open fire, Joyous thoughts as light and fitting As the breeze of the pyre.

A Slight Difference. Oh, my eyes are very funny Every note of fun they lack, And they're rather melancholy— When my jokes come back.

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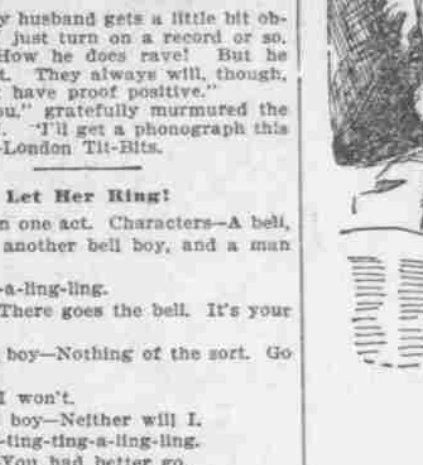
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"You know Tom," began the girl philosopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger.

"Yes," exclaimed the other two in chorus, "when is it to be?"

"You know Tom," began the other again, who would tell things in her own way or not at all.

"Yes," replied the philosopher, "one is apt to grow red and look silly. Turn he always says, 'Well, what are you laughing for?'"

"But it was awfully sudden," said the sorrowful woman, "did you mistake him for a book agent?"

"Other Fellows." "But it is not his ring," said the philosopher, defiantly holding up her hand, "it's the accident insurance man's."

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