

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Famous Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Now, my friend," said the candidate, making another effort to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers. "What do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in its history?"

The response was immediate and enthusiastic.

"Another candidate?" yelled the audience as one man.

Pa's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an open winter?

Pa—Any winter, my son. They are all open to criticism.

Bit of Advice.

"Why, you took the words right out of my mouth," she protested.

"Well," he replied, "you shouldn't try to talk when I am kissing you."

Strictly Proper.

Customer—By the way, what is the proper thing in hats this season?

Smart Clerk—Brains.

Chance to Grow Fond.



Mr. Oldhobby—What treatment did the doctor suggest for your nerves?

Mr. Oldhobby—A trip to Florida—away from the whirl of the city.

Mr. Oldhobby—I see the absent treatment!

Not the Same.

Mrs. Bloke—I suppose the Neurich mansion is richly furnished?

Mrs. Knox—Well, it seems to have been furnished at great expense.

Shame of It.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a play with a moral?

Pa—A play with a moral, my son, is usually a play that is shy of morality.

Such Impudence!

Mrs. Newed—The cook is an impudent thing, so she is.

Newed—What's the trouble, dear?

Mrs. Newed—Why, I discharged her this morning and she refused to go.

Nothing Doing.

"Dearest," pleaded the sentimental youth, "marry me and I will lay the whole world at your feet."

"Oh, forget it," rejoined the practical maid. "It's already there."

Slight Misunderstanding.

"Pardon me," said the amateur artist, "but didn't I overhear you speak of my latest picture as a rare painting?"

"No, you didn't," growled the critic. "I said it was raw."

What He Wanted.

Mr. Hayz (in a well restaurant)—Kin I git my dinner here, mister?

Waiter—Certainly, sir. Will you have table d'hôte or a la carte?

Mr. Hayz—Well, yew may gimme a little of both—an' be shore an' put plenty uv gravy on it.

Superstitions.

"This bein' Friday," said the farmer who had just staked the hobo to a hand-out, "I reckon you wouldn't start 't work."

"Not me," replied the unlanded traveler. "I ain't got 't queer me luck by startin' 't work on Friday, ner Saturday, ner Sunday, ner Monday, ner Tuesday, ner Wednesday, ner Thursday, ner Friday."

Fair Warning.

Buttinski—How did you catch such an awful cold?

Knockout—Colds are contagious, you know. I caught mine asking other people how they caught theirs.

During the Honey-moon.

The Bride (three days after marriage)—Aren't you sorry you gave up your bachelor freedom, dear?

The Groom—I should say not. Why, if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow.

Somewhat Different.

"Dis paper," said Languid Lewis, "tells erbout a boss runnin' away with a woman, an' she was laid up fer six weeks."

"Dat ain't so worse," rejoined Roastful Benjamin. "A friend uv mine wuz laid up fer six years."

An Indication.

He—Miss Overton certainly has a classical face.

She—Can it be possible she is old enough for that?

Merely a Theory.

"Of course, I don't know," began the aeronautic boarder, "but it strikes me this chicken—"

"Now, what's the matter with the chicken?" interrupted the landlady.

"Oh, nothing," answered the s. b., "only it is evidently the offspring of a hard-boiled egg."

Little Too Much.

Magistrate—What's the charge against this man, officer?

Policeman—Creating a disturbance, your honor.

Magistrate—He created a disturbance on your best last night, did he?

Policeman—Sure he did. He made so much noise he woke me up.

Is It the Truth?

"Man," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "is a superior animal."

"But," rejoined the wife of his bosom, "his superiority over other animals is largely in his mind."

Seemed Like It.

"Yes, indeed, we are very careful with little Archibald," said the strict parent. "We watch his associates, keep an eye on where he goes and don't let him read the newspapers unless we have clipped out everything he should not read."

"Great Caesar," exclaimed the astonished visitor. "What are you going to make out of him—a New York juror?"

Gone and Forgotten.

Stub—Some bright chap has figured out that if all the articles on the Thaw trial were heaped together they would make a mountain like Vesuvius.

Penn—Well, it is a pity they couldn't be turned into a volcano.

Stub—Why so?

Penn—Then perhaps they would be reduced to ashes.

Dangerous Letters.

"I hear that you had a great deal of trouble with your typewriter," said the banker. "What was the cause?"

"The letters," replied the old broker. "But couldn't you get an expert to fix them?"

"Oh, no. These were the letters she wrote to me when I was in the mountains and my wife found in my pockets."

Rest Disturber.

Stub—Some genius has invented a photograph that will run night and day without stopping. Would you pay much for music like that?

Penn—I should say so.

Stub—Pay for the machine?

Penn—No; pay a fine for licking the man that owned it if he lived within six blocks of my home.

Such Innocence!

Mrs. Stub—Land's sakes, John, there must be a great many barber shops in Wall street!

Mr. Stub—What causes you to think so, Maria?

Mrs. Stub—Why, the papers say hundreds of men are trimmed there every day.

Of Course.

Stub—So the doctor cured your children of the mumps? Did you pay him in installments?

Penn—No, in a lump sum.

Considerate of the Smiths.

"No," said the candid kleptomaniac; "when I'm arrested for stealing I never give my real name. It would compromise too many people."

"Indeed; and what is your name?" inquired the magistrate.

"John Smith."

Pertinent Query.

"There are but seven real jokes in the world, you know," remarked the humorist.

"How is it?" queried the man behind the blue pencil, "that you never happened upon any of them?"

Point of View.



Algy—How old would you take Fwiddle to be?

Cholly—Caunt' say; he looks young, but it must take years of experience to wear a monocle as gracefully as he does.

Tricked.

Gunner—Why in the world is Harker in such a bad humor?

Guy—On account of the Japanese deception.

Gunner—What does he know about the spies in the Philippines?

Guy—Nothing. He just bought a pair of "genuine Japanese" rascals and then found out they were made in Connecticut.

From Outside Sources.

Job Sturdy—This is a pretty expensive mixture I smoke.

Adam Zawfox—So I've heard the fellows say who furnish you the ingredients.

Shutting Him Off.

Cholly—Well, doncher know, I have half a mind—

Miss Knox (interrupting)—Cut that out, Cholly. You shouldn't exaggerate.

Women Run Street Cars.

There are some oddities in Chile connected with the sphere of woman that deserve mention. One is that women act as conductors on the street cars. Everywhere the passenger meets the woman conductor armed with her bag, and, as Mark Twain had it, "the blue tripplip for a 5-cent fare," collecting the coins fully as well as her masculine competitor and much more politely.

In the shoe stores all the "salesmen" are girls and women and in the telephone offices in city and country young women are invariably found as operators. And they do their work well, too. But to offset this in a Chilean hotel, or boarding house and in many residences men do the work of the chambermaid. American women are always shocked to find that a man servant "takes care" of the sleeping rooms in the hotels of Chile.

Why, of Course.

Mr. Crimmonbeck—There's no use; women will have the last word, after all!

Mrs. Crimmonbeck—Where else would she have it?—Yonkers Statesman.

WHAT FLOORS WILL SUSTAIN.

Engineer Must Allow for the Weight of a Dense Crowd.

In designing structures of all kinds to be used as audience rooms or points of vantage for sightseers the engineer is confronted by the necessity of providing for the danger of overcrowding, since, as has often been demonstrated, and not without serious disaster, human beings show no more discretion in this matter than do sheep or cattle. The custom usually followed by the construction engineers is to provide for a weight of eighty pounds to the square foot and to allow twenty pounds additional for the always possible emergency of crowding.

Experiments have recently been made in the interest of public safety which show that the latter provision is not sufficient to insure against disaster from overcrowding. In one of these fifty-eight laborers of an average weight of 145 pounds were packed together within a space of fifty-seven square feet. And this figure is by no means the limit.

Lewis Johnson, professor of engineering at Harvard, has shown this in the result of exhaustive experiment with men selected from among his engineering pupils at the university. It is held that there are many occasions when conditions analogous to those under which these tests were made prevail, such as crushes at the entrance of theaters, massed sightseers viewing a spectacular procession and on the platforms of railway stations, especially in the early morning or evening.

It is evident, therefore, from Prof. Johnson's investigations that a weight of, say, 140 pounds a square foot is quite feasible and not unusual where there are throngs of people, while a load of eighty pounds a square foot is quite common in buildings and private houses where social gatherings are frequent.

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Uncle Eben—Willie, can you tell me what an entertainment is? Willie—Yes, sir. It's something good to eat.

Little Fred—Is your pa a Republican or a Democrat? Little Joe—Oh, pa's whatever ma says after she reads the papers.

Sunday School Teacher—What do you know about Good Friday, Tommy?

Small Tommy—He was Robinson Crusoe's varlet.

Teacher—Johnny, don't you know that there is no whispering allowed in school? Johnny—Yes, ma'am; I wasn't whisperin' aloud.

"I'm glad to see that you respect your parents, Elmer," said the minister. "I've just got to do it," replied the little fellow. "Why, either of them could lick me with one hand."

Mamma—Why, Margie, you shouldn't speak so harshly to your dollie. Margie—Oh, that's all right. She's a French doll and can't understand a word of English.

"Johnny," said a father to his small son, who had been fishing all afternoon, "did you catch any fish?" "No, sir," replied truthful Johnny, "but I drowned a lot of worms."

"How old are you, my little man?" asked the minister of a small boy who was celebrating his birthday. "Years old," replied the youngster, "and I'm mighty glad of it, too. I was gettin' awful tired of being 3 I did not."

"Mamma," said little Elmer, "you mustn't wash my neck any more." "Why not, dear?" asked his mother. "Cause our Sunday school teacher said all little boys are made of dust, and if I get wet I'm afraid I will be mud," replied he.

Puts the Indian at Work.

It is only within the last few years—more especially within the last two—that the opening of the reservations has wrought any considerable change in the Indian's condition. He continued to receive his rations and lived in much the same way as of old, only in a comparatively few instances improving his property. With the entrance of the present Indian commissioner, Francis E. Leupp, upon office a radically different policy was adopted.

This new movement aims at the substitution of independence and freedom for segregation and charity. Every inducement is being offered to the able-bodied Indian to go out into the world and seek work side by side with the white man and in free competition with him. It is the policy of labor and citizenship as against the policy of rations and non-entirety.

We are giving the redskin the white man's chance and asking him to assume the white man's responsibilities. It is a bold experiment, fraught with many dangers and difficulties for us and for our wards. No one can be more keenly alive to these than the commissioner, but he has entered upon the enterprise with a confidence and enthusiasm that deserve success.

An Easy Mark.

One of President Roosevelt's first hunting instructors was old Bill Sewall, a Maine guide, whom the President has rewarded for years of friendship and advice by an office.

When he was a boy the President went into camp with Sewall. Deer season came along, and they went out to give the youthful Nimrod his first chance for a shot. After a time they saw a stag.

"Shoot!" shouted Sewall, and the future President let go with his rifle. The stag ran a little way and dropped.

"You've got him! You've got him!" shouted Sewall, as he ran forward to investigate. "How did it happen?"

"Why," replied young Roosevelt, drawing himself up proudly, "I aimed for his head."

"You done well," said Bill. "You done well. You hit him in the eye." "The Saturday Evening Post.

Some men make a specialty of giving away advice that isn't worth that much.

LANDMARK SUBMERGED BY SKYSCRAPERS.



For many years Trinity Church, New York, was the most conspicuous feature of the lower part of Manhattan Island. Its lofty spire was the first point that attracted the eye of the incoming foreigner and convinced him that architecture was not a thing unknown in America. Now, however, the noble old structure lies buried in a group of skyscrapers, above which the pinnacle of its beautiful spire peers regretfully. As shown in the picture, the back of the church occupies the foreground, the elevated railroad close up to the churchyard wall. There is a station of the subway in front of the church property on the Broadway side.

MICHIGAN'S LOST LAND.

Curious Boundary Dispute Between Wisconsin and Wolverine State.

The project to appoint a joint commission of the States of Michigan and Wisconsin to examine into and correct what is declared to be an engineer's error in marking the boundaries of the two States sixty-six years ago is up again. Peter White is interested in the matter and wants the Legislature to vest him with authority to try and secure the consent of the Wisconsin Legislature for a commission.

George H. Cannon, a retired surveyor, now in his eighty-first year, lives on a farm near the village of Washington, in Macomb County, who spent the ten years from 1850 to 1860 on government surveys in the upper peninsula, has given the subject a good deal of consideration, and he is convinced that because of the error in the original government boundary survey there are now in Wisconsin about 600 square miles, including some prosperous towns and villages, that rightfully belong to Michigan. He wrote an exhaustive paper to show that the surveyor took a wrong terminal in running the boundary between the two States and the mistake has never been corrected. This paper is printed in volume 30 of the State Pioneer Society's records, from which the following facts are gleaned:

Congress in 1835 authorized the boundary survey. Michigan had been admitted as a State; Wisconsin was still a Territory. In 1840 Captain Cram, of the topographical engineers, was assigned by the War Department to the work. Little was known of the region, so his instructions were necessarily somewhat vague. In general terms they were to mark as the boundary the channel of the Montreal river from its mouth to Lake Superior to the head waters, thence in a direct line through the wilderness to Lac Vieux Desert (Lake of the Desert). Captain Cram came into the region by way of the Menominee and Brule rivers to Lake Brule, where he commenced his operations.

Captain Cram worked on the survey two seasons. From a synopsis of his report to the department it appears that his conclusion was that there was not to be found in nature any conditions of a natural boundary between the head waters of the Montreal and Menominee rivers, and, therefore, it became necessary to make a delineation of the country between those head waters and along the intended route of the boundary.

Accordingly, the survey was commenced from the Lake of the Desert and continued westward. When within a distance of some twenty miles he came to the river two rods in width, which he thought might be the Montreal, and, carrying the survey to its mouth, found that the Ontonagon had been reached, and that the Montreal must have been many miles to the westward.

Continuing the survey westward for thirty miles or more, a good-sized stream was intersected which Mr. Cannon says was the east branch of the Montreal river, but which he deemed to be the real Montreal river, the object of his quest.

Making some examinations of the region in the vicinity he selected the confluence of two streams for the terminal point of the boundary survey at a place on the east branch, where a small stream which he named the Balsam river came in from the east, while the main river to its source, six miles further south, was called Pine river, and the lake from which it issues Pine lake. From this point the distance in a direct line to Lake Superior, at its mouth, is eighteen miles or more, and by the meanders of the river upwards of thirty-four miles. In fact, Captain Cram marked the boundary

with the air of one who has been surfeited with a feast of some sort.

"To you know who's talking in there, now?" demanded a stranger, briefly pausing for a moment beside the disconsolate farmer, "or are you just going in?"

"No, sir, I've just come out," said the farmer decidedly. "Mr. Evans is talking in there."

"What about?" asked the stranger.

"Well, he didn't say," the farmer answered, passing a knotted hand across his forehead.

Why the Lecture Ended.

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots." "These hard men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of any one daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed."—Lippincott's.

Boring Through Lookout Mountain.

The contractors who are boring a tunnel through Lookout mountain for the Southern Railway report that 3,000 feet have been completed during the thirteen months and fifteen days of operation.

The Chronic Kicker.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, the kentry's goin' to rack aw ruin."

"But times are good."

"That's it. We're too prosperous."—Washington Herald.

A boy would as soon slide on his shoe soles as to use a pair of the new-fangled four-runner skates.

Flash, Flash, Herring.

"Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" occurs in Dryden's epilogue to his Duke of Guise (182). The epilogue takes the form of a dialogue between the actress who spoke it and a trimmer and ends with this exclamation:

O—neuters, in their middle way of steering: They're neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Matter of Necessity.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

GENEROUS LITTLE CRAB.

Turns Over Their Claws to Fishermen and Grows Other Folks.

Visitors in Seville see women carrying baskets full of crab claws. The claws are cooked and people nibble at them, more for fun than for sustenance, just as the Russians nibble sunflower seeds. But what is this crustacean? What becomes of the rest of him, especially if a crawfish, of his tail?

As a matter of fact the crawfish has no part in the business. The carapace, as the claws are called, are taken from a salt water crab, the golassinus tangeri, which lives along the shores of Morocco, Spain and Portugal. Each little crab, with his little wife, has a little cave for a home, and, adopting the Arab estimate of the other sex, he usually keeps his wife shut up inside the cave, meanwhile staying about the threshold himself and making a brave show with his big claws.

When the tide runs out the crabbers probe along the beach looking for crab holes. Either the crab is stalking up and down seeking what he may devour and thus showing whether he has fine claws or he is still at home, and the size of his doorway indicates the size of the householder. In one case the fisherman cuts off his retreat by blocking his front door with mud. In the other case he digs him out. Anyway, he deprives him of his pincers and sets him at liberty—to grow some more.

Right here appears the happiest feature of the whole affair, for the pincers are not torn away from the crab at all. Instead he presents them to the fisherman, perhaps even with his compliments. It is a fact easily demonstrable that the crab can detach his claws by a muscular effort, thus making no hemorrhage but leaving the stump in such condition that a new claw is soon grown. The fishermen simply take Mr. Crab by the hand, whereupon he lets go, leaves the claw with them and runs off home without it. And as the claw is no longer of any use to him or to anybody else in the water, and as it is salable and edible, the fisherman naturally takes it home and sells it.—Le Temps.

RELIGION COSTS A PENNION.

Veteran Converted to Christian Science Knows Its Worth.

Whatever one's preconceived notions of a man's faith may be one cannot help but admire a man or woman who lives up to it to his own hurt. Allen County has a man who for many years drew a pension in the belief that he was injured in the service, that his illness was due to those injuries, long night marches, bivouacs on the cold, open plains, and that he was entitled to a pension. He had been examined by a pension board and it had given his claims its O. K. and said that he deserved a pension.

But there came a day when he became a convert to the Christian Science religion, which taught him that pain was an error, that one never was sick, but that one merely ruled by a belief of sickness, that mind ruled matter and that those who believed they were well were well. If he followed this belief to the last analysis he found that he had not been injured in the service, that the lonely vigils of the camp life could not have injured him and that the long marches were really good for his health, that to believe he was in poor health was wrong and he gave up his pension, saying that he did not deserve it.

He was drawing a pension of \$12 a month when he discovered that he was a well, strong man. Congress recently passed a service pension bill which gives a pension of \$12 to those who have passed the age of 62. He is now 61 and says that when he reaches the proper age he intends to make application again for a pension under this service bill.—Iola, Kan. Record.

BATHING THE BABY.

Here is the Way a Man Would Tackle the Problem.

Many fathers stand aloof from the common domestic duties, not because they are so busy or because they are not willing, but because of ignorance, says Tom Mason in the Delinquent.

How many men are there who would not gladly drop their business at any time and stay home and give the baby his bath, if they only knew how?

Yet in reality it is much simpler than it seems. Fill the bathtub full of a good water, first carefully removing all germs. Put your elbow in occasionally to see if it is the right temperature. If ice forms on your elbow you may know the water is too cold. If there are bubbles on it it is too warm. Be moderate in all things.

Take the baby firmly by both feet and shake him loose from his flannel coverings, until you begin to see safety pins ahead. Then remove the safety pins with gasippers, and unroll until the baby looms into sight.

Now, having put on your rubber coat, put one hand firmly under the baby's chest and the other on his back, and launch him on the still waters. When he has kicked all the water out of the bath tub, renew as before.

Be careful, while you are manipulating the baby, to keep him face down. Otherwise, you would not be able to put water anywhere else but in his mouth.

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LEGAL INFORMATION.

A homesteader need not stay on his homestead all the time. If he farms it and cares for it and makes his home there, it is a sufficient residence. He may go away for work or any purpose not inconsistent with making the same his good faith home.

The school board has power to give out a contract at any time, when authorized to do so by the voters at a regular or special meeting called for the purpose. When so authorized the board may acquire necessary sites for school houses; erect, lease or purchase necessary school house or additions; or sell or exchange such sites or school houses.

The Minnesota statute provides that the person in charge of a traction engine, before taking such engine across a culvert or bridge, shall place extra planking thereon for the protection of the same and that neglect to do so shall render him liable for one-half the expense of repairing the same. The law does not specify the amount of extra planking. The owner of engine can not recover damages of the town or county if the machine is sent through a town or county bridge.

An executor is one named in a will to execute the will and close up the business of the deceased, whereas the administrator is appointed by the court and does the same thing. The powers of the two are the same, except as the will may give special powers to the executor, such as the power to sell the real property or otherwise use or dispose of all property. The administrator has the possession and control of the personal property, and may dispose of it as he sees fit, being answerable to the court under this bond. But the real estate he can not dispose of, except for the purpose of paying debts under a license to sell by the probate court. The procedure to sell by license is somewhat complicated and requires an attorney to do it.

"I bought land of a man under a written contract in which he agreed to convey the land to me by a quit claim deed. I have paid for the land but have found out that he has not got good title. What can I do?" Ask—You must take your quit claim deed and abide by your contract. One who agrees to convey by quit claim deed only agrees to convey whatever interest he may have in the land. If he agrees to convey by warranty deed he must have perfect title to satisfy the contract, and must convey by warranty. The practice of making contracts to lands, without consulting a lawyer, or someone whose business is to know how conveying should be done, causes many defective titles and is one of the means by which the simple are imposed upon and those who have property lose what they have. A land deal that will not pay for a proper contract or conveyance is a good one to let alone. It is impossible even for a business man to know much about the complications of real estate transfers. One pays his money for fire insurance to protect him from loss by fire. Why should he not pay for having business properly done to protect against loss by improvident and improper contracts and papers?

BROOM SOON MAY BE ABOLISHED.

Vacuum Dust Removers are Coming Into Great Use.

The broom threatens soon to be as obsolete as the old copper warming pan, judging from the number of vacuum dust removers which are being placed upon the market. This machine is one which must meet with the unqualified approval of all who know what a breeding ground of disease is the common dust of houses. Every housewife who is possessed of cleanly instincts should welcome an apparatus which removes dust instead of scattering it in all directions, lost to the senses, so to speak, for a time by its attention in air, only sooner or later to settle again on the shelves, pictures, curtains and carpets in a thin film. Moreover, the removal of dust and its cultivation in a receptacle by means of the vacuum cleaner permits of its absolute destruction by fire.

Bacteriological science can easily demonstrate the existence of disease germs in common household dust, and there is evidence of an eminently practical character that dust is otherwise a source of disease; there could hardly be a more effective means of spreading the infective and irritating particles than the old-fashioned broom. The method is not only unsanitary but absurd from the point of view of its application.

The broom may clean the surface of a carpet, chair or curtain effectually enough, but the dust is only removed to be scattered elsewhere and to be spread over an even wider area than before. The great and important difference between the cult of the broom and the vacuum cleaner may be summed up by saying that while the former is calculated to spread disease the latter enables the dust and its pathogenic contents to be removed and destroyed by fire. The passing of the broom, when it comes to be accomplished, will be of great sanitary significance.—London Lancet.

Rare Carpet of Tunis.

Real storehouses of delight for the visitor are the bazaars of Tunis. One merchant has a \$5,000 carpet which he likes to display. This huge flimsy creation he will fling into the air for the benefit of a possible customer and allow it to settle itself gradually on the ground. This is done unlike an ordinary carpet. So exquisitely fine is the weaving that it imprisons air bubbles large enough to hold a man.

There are times when it isn't necessary to speak the truth—but at such times it isn't necessary to speak at all.

Why is it a sin to steal a hunk of potatoes, and a joke to steal a watermelon?