



Englishman and American Discussing Correctness of Their Respective Countries' Grammar

John Bull—You Hamericans are so blooming hinaccurate.

Uncle Sam—In what way?

John Bull—You say “Where am I at” when you mean “Where his my ’at.”

Bill's Letter.

I've got a letter, Parson, from my son away out west,
 An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.
 To think the boy whose future I had once so proudly planned
 Should wander from the path of right an' come to sich an' end!
 I tole him when he left us only three short years ago,
 He'd find hisself aplowin' in a mighty crooked row;
 He'd miss his father's counsels and his mother's prayers, too,
 But he said the farm was hateful, and he guessed he'd have to go.
 His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
 That Billie was a-trampin' on a purty crooked road.
 But I never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
 An' in the dust would waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
 He writes from out in Denver,—and the story's mighty short,—
 I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ol' heart;
 An' so I reckoned, Parson, you might break the news to her—
 Bill's in the Legislatur; an' he doesn't say what fur.—“EVA.”

Frosh Says.

“I know all about electricity all right, all right, but I wish someone would explain to me why it is that a live wire is so deadly.”

Prof. Campbell (witheringly)—Would you know an integral if you saw it in the soup?

Unsubdued Soph—I would if it was in a Campbell's Soup.