



H U M O R

There was a young man from up river
Who complained of a most torpid liver.
Said old Dr. Krupp,
"It needs shaking up."
His prescription read: "Go buy a Flivver."

"So your son's in college, eh? Burning the midnight oil, I suppose?"
"Well—er—yes; but I've got an idea—er—that it's gasoline."

Smith: "What ever became of that friend of yours who had money to burn?"
Jones: "He's sifting the ashes."

THE MODERN EGG

Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall;
All the chef's helpers, yes, all the chef's men,
Hoped they would never smell it again.

"Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the North wind's blast,"
but stewed prunes and the poor we have always with us.

DAY DREAMING

Her hair is lank and sorrel,
Her face a homely scar,
Her form is like a barrel,
And her feet canal boats are—
You ask what makes me love her?
What makes you think I do? I don't.