

H U M O R

You can call a girl a vision, BUT—be careful when you refer to her as a sight.

He saw her stepping from the car
And up to her he sped;
“May I not help you to alight?”
“I do not smoke,” she said.

“No,” said she, “I—I can only be a sister to you.”
“Very well,” said he. “I must be going. I had expected a different answer from you, but—well, good night!”
“George,” she faltered, as he started out into the night, “George!”
“What is it?” he asked, very crossly.
“Aren’t you going to kiss your sister good night?” He did not go then.

“Have you an opening for me?”
“Yes, right behind you.”

Professor Reed: “Ah what have you done on your esquisse?”
Harry Maher: “Why, I don’t know, sir. Is it soiled?”

Our maxim: You can lead a fool to the trough of knowledge, but you cannot make him drink.

“Ah, love, I would like to listen to you all night,” said Everett, as he rose to go. Six months after they were married he stayed out fifteen minutes too long, and his desire was fully gratified.

“Well, I’m going to get married next week.”
What will you live on—love?”
“No, we’ll live on loves father.”

Said his wife to Podsnap, who staggered in at midnight, let the canary out of the cage, and hung his overcoat on the chandelier:

“Ignatius, where have you been?”
“I have been to the Shin-Shin-Shin——”
“Oh, some vaudeville show.”
“No, not at all, m’dear. Thash wrong. I have been to the Shin-Sh-Shin-Shin-Shimphony Or——”
“To the what?”
“To the Shin-Sh-Shin-Shinnati Shymphony Orshershtra. Thash where I have been. To the Shin-Sh-Shin——”
“But where on earth did you get the stutter?” asked his wife.
“Gesh you don’t read the papersh, d’ye?”
“What’s that got to do with it?”
“Well, the papersh all shay that the Shi-Sh-Shinnati Shym-Shymphony Orshestra would play intoxicatin’ muschic, Ishabeller, an’ they did it, Ishabeller, they did it, b’gosh.”