

## HUMOR

## HIAWATHA'S ORGAN RECITAL

*(Thanx to Longfellow)*

*Came the famous virtuosos  
 (Came to play for Hiawatha)  
 On his wedding day, Toronto,  
 With the prince of ivory pounders,  
 Ignatz Keely Paderweski,  
 So it was he pulled a lever  
 Pulled a lever, turned a valva,  
 And the boy who blew the organ  
 Filled the bellows full of gases  
 Full of gases, Albuquerque,  
 Then he put upon the pedals  
 Both his feet upon the pedals;  
 Pulled out stops to make it louder,  
 Pushed in stops to make it softer,  
 Pulled and pushed to make it sweeter—  
 Tremelo, to make it tremble,  
 Warbolo, to make it warble,  
 Rumbolo, to make it rumble,  
 With his right hand played the treble  
 With his left hand played the fluto,  
 And he blew his nose, staccato,  
 Used his elbows (ma non troppo)  
 Stamped his feet, appassionata,  
 Thus he played them some Strainisky  
 Worked the bellows, Wauwautosa,  
 —and then the organ stopped!*

“Yea, Sambo, I is got me a job at Bulgers Bahbacue Pahlah. I’s the new kitchen blacksmith.”

“What you’ all means, kitchen blacksmith?”

“Mawning Glory, I shoes flies.”

Ezekiel: “If you were in a plane 2,000 feet above San Francisco and the engine were suddenly to go dead, what would you do?”

Ebenezer: “I would sing: ‘California, here I come’.”

Price: Well, I just beat Coach Smith up.

Sanborn: Heck you say.

Price: Yeh, I passed him on the first landing.

Doc.: “Congratulations, Governor, it’s triplets!”

Governor: “I demand a recount. I can hardly believe my census.”

*Two Hundred Fifty-four*

## A BED-TIME STORY

Now then, Farina, two frogs accidentally fell into a can of milk. Well, they had a heluva time trying to keep their kinostrils above the liquid, and one of them thought he’d croak sure. “It ain’t no use, it ain’t no use,” he hissed between sups, and he started to sink. But mind you, Boliver, the other held himself aloof, in fact, he held two loofs, but he kept on kicking and struggling and said, “I ain’t dead yet.”

In about four days, just when the fresh milk was to be carted off to the city, the frogs were discovered in the milk pail. “It ain’t no use” was dead, but the other one was sitting on a cake of butter, floating around and looking for a piece of bread.

There should be a moral hanging around this somewhere, but if it isn’t obvious, forget about it.



Alphonse: I could dance on like this forever.

Agatha: Oh, you don’t mean that! You’re bound to improve.