

A widow, whose husband had died some months previously, also died, and when she came to the pearly gate, asked to see her former husband.

"What's his name?" asked St. Peter.

"Joe Smith," replied the widow.

"You'll have to give me some better identification than that," said St. Peter kindly. "How about his last words? We classify new arrivals by their words on earth."

"Well," she replied, "just before he died Joe turned to me and said, 'Mary, if you ever kiss another man I'll turn over in my grave.'"

"Oh, sure I know him," said St. Peter; "We call him 'Whirling Joe' up here!"

A customer stepped into a gun store, apparently intent on making a purchase. The salesman set about showing him what was in stock. The first weapon brought out was a handsome, single trigger, over and under Francot, and just about the last word in a very swell shotgun. The customer was quite interested, but the price, \$600, was far beyond his means. The next assortment shown was a group of English doubles brought out by gunsmiths known all over the world for their expert craftsmanship. Still too high, thought the customer, and then asked if they had something cheaper.

Yes, the salesman said, there were some inexpensive models made in this country and he could let him have one in the neighborhood of \$40.

"I'll take one of those," the customer told the salesman with considerable enthusiasm. "It's really going to be a very simple wedding."

Murphy arrived home unsteady as the New Deal and decorated for valor with a large black eye.

Mrs. Murphy took one look at him, grunted: "Drunk an' fightin' again, is it! An' who were yez fightin' with?"

"Casey."

"An' ya' let Casey give you that shiner?"

"I did."

"What did he have in his hand?"

"A shovel it was."

"An' what did ya have in yer hand?"

"Mrs. Casey's leg but it wasn't much good against a shovel!"

Some folks wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. Roughly this is it:

Preacher (to groom)—"Do you take these women to be your lawful wedded wives?"

Groom—"I do."

Preacher (to brides)—"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides—"We do."

Preacher—"Some of you girls in the back will have to speak a little louder if you want to be included in this."

There is a story making the rounds about the dear old lady who had bought a canary, which sang sweetly for a while, and then suddenly lapsed into silent, brooding melancholy. She went back to the store where she bought it and made a complaint.

"Your bird wants a mate, madam," the clerk replied.

"Is my bird a male or female?" she asked.

"Really, I can't say. You will have to find that out for yourself."

"But how can I tell?"

"Why, very easily. All you have to do is get two worms, a male and a female, and put them both in the cage. If your bird is a male it will eat the female worm; if it is a female it will eat the male worm."

"But how can I tell a male worm from a female worm?"

"Madam," replied the clerk, politely, "this is a bird store. You will have to get that information from a worm dealer."

Ch. E.—"Why is a locomotive like a baby?"

M. E.—"I'll bite."

Ch. E.—"Because it has a little tender behind."

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he said, And she nodded her sweet permission. And they went to press and we rather guess

They printed a full edition.

"But one edition is hardly enough,"

She said with a charming pout;

So again in the press the form was placed,

And they got some extras out.