

The Funny Man

McKendrick (at McLellan's) I'd like to see some thing cheap in a felt hat.

Clerk: Try this on. The mirror is at your left.

John H. (at dance): It is a mistake for a man to travel through life alone.

She: Yes, indeed—why don't you get your mother to chaperon you?

Shea: I lost a good cap to-day.

Johnston: How?

Clarence: I met the owner.

Mat: I must say, you have a head like a bell.

Bob: (feeling complimented) Why do you say that?

Mat: Because there is nothing in it but the tongue.

Tubal: Why do they call that a foul ball?

Frog: Because chicken is batting.

Tubal: What would they call it if C—— was batting?

Frog: A goose ball.

Monty: What kind of dessert do you like for dinner?

Lan: Pie.

Professor: What does "husbandry ceased" mean?

Swivel: It means that there was no more husbands.

Shoemaker: What do you want done to your boots?

Benny Gallant: Will you please half sole the heels.

Keefe: (to editor-in-chief) I should like you to publish my article. Editor: We shall try, but we shall have to cut it down a good deal, we had the boy who runs the adjective killer at work on it pretty nearly all day.

Walsh: It is very easy for Mulligan to catch a cold.

Matty: Why?

Joe: Because there is so much of him on the ground.

Doo-Dad: Do you think Johnston is qualified as a fighter.

Ches: He has already licked a couple around here.

Doo-Dad: Who were they?

Ches: Oh, he was mailing two letters.

Professor: (In second English) For tomorrow, take the life of Wordsworth.

Shelfoon: (aside to Hearn) Isn't he dead yet?

Emmet: I'll never get over what I saw last night.

Freddy: What was it?

Emmett: The moon.

Grant: Have you change for a quarter?

Henderson: Yes, here you are, never mind your quarter.

Grant: Have you change for five dollars?

Mat: At last a solution to the problem of perpetual motion has been found.

George: What is it?

Mat: Bob's tongue.

She: I saw your picture down town the other day.

Tar: O, did you, where?

She: On a salmon can.

Joe: Do you think you could love a fellow like me?

She: Well, possibly, if he wasn't too much like you.

Waiter: (in restaurant): Where's that paper plate I gave you with your pie?

Caribou: O, I thought it was the lower crust.

The following will bear reprinting:

CURIOUS WANTS

"House wanted for small family that has been recently painted and papered. "

"Young man wanted to take charge of horses with a religious turn of mind."

"For sale, a pony suitable for a lady without vicious habits and quiet in harness."

"Wanted a mahogany child's chair."

"Overlooker wanted for 5000 sheep that can speak Spanish."

