



The Funny Man



A FACT

This isn't pleasant, goodness knows,
And it is not a boast.
It's human nature to impose
On those who love us most.

Apples (before exam)—What did you do with the cuffs I left on the desk?

Creepy—They were so soiled I sent them to the laundry.

Apples—Ye gods, the entire history of England was on them.

Charlie—You were a suitor for Dorothy's hand, weren't you?

Art—Yes, but I didn't.....

Charlie—Didn't what?

Art—Suit her.

Mulally—I wonder how that poor jeweler manages to live. He never seems to have any customers.

John Archey—Perhaps he eats the carats off his diamonds.

Professor—Did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?

Dinny—No sir, but I've seen them kill mice.

G—vin—(at banquet)—Why do they call this electric cake?

Joey—I suppose because it has currants in it.

Professor—What is meant by below par?

Reckless—Working for dad, I guess.

Charlie—Mc—I—has a singular way of playing.
Jimmy—Thank God it's not plural.

Jug—How is the world treating you?
Fay—Not very often.

Skinner—Do you remember what you said when
I loaned you that money last fall?

Pic—Yes, I said "Words cannot repay you."

Skinner—Well then, hand over the cash."

Hughes—Were you bashful the first time you called
on Byde?

McG—I—Yes, but her father helped me out.

S—N—tt—Is F—nk a finished musician?

McG—I—Not yet but the students are making
threats.

Joey—(at banquet)—My goodness! did I hear
someone ask for a piece of "Aristotle" pie?

George—No, but one of the fellows asked for a
Plato soup.

Gazoo—Are you familiar with that song "Sweet
and Plentiful"?

Tom—No, but I'll bet it isn't about sugar or butter.

Vince—Do you think I'll have much trouble in
popping the question?

Prospective Brother-in-law—No, I think you'll
have more trouble in questioning pop.

Professor—How do bees dispose of their honey?

Punch—They cell it, sir.

Paddy (reading)—All that glitters is not gold!
Li—yd—Who wrote that? Paddy—Steele. Li—yd—
Strange she never mentioned it to me,—and she just
loves her hair too.

Professor—What is a geological survey?

Creepy (thinking of the last time he saw her)—
A stony stare.

Joey—Are you over your rheumatism yet?
 G—bby—Pretty nearly, it's getting into my feet
 now.

Stern One—You've been running ahead of your allowance.

Apples—Yes, I've been thinking it might strengthen up enough to overtake me.

May—Well dear, I am doing up the treat as usual. You can have anything you want on the Bill of Fare. Shall I read it off to you?

F—sh—No, just read it off to the waiter.

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The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
 Is virtue's prize.

—Pope.

Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended.

—Burns.

Religion does not censure nor exclude
 Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued.

—Cowper.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation, that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

—Shakespeare.