

LIKED OYSTERS

"When I was in the produce business years ago," said an old merchant. "I had, among my country shippers, a German by the name of Jacob Snyder. He did not often come to the city, but when he did it was a great occasion with him, and he expected some attention. So one morning when he turned up in my shop about 10 o'clock, I said to him:

"Jacob, you must have made an early start to get here so soon. How would you like to have a bit of lunch right away. Do you like oysters?"

"Vy," he said, 'I coult eat a few oysters.'

"So we went around to a neighboring oyster bar and I ordered two stews.

"Now, Jacob," said I, "while we are waiting, what do you say to some raw?"

"Vell," he replied, 'I don't mind.'

"So we had half-a-dozen raw apiece, and as the stews had not yet

come we had another half-a-dozen on the half shell.

When the stews were dispatched, I asked, as a matter of form, if he would not have another, and he said:

"Vell, them's pretty good oysters, and I don't mind if I do haf another stew."

"I nibbled biscuits while he ate stew number two, and when he had finished I said to him:

"They pan oysters very well here. Do you like panned oysters as well as stewed?"

"Vy, I like oysters any vay. I don't mind if I haf a pan."

"I ordered one for him, and that disposed of I suggested a few fried.

"Vell," he observed, 'I haf eat fried, and fried is goot. -I don't mind.'

"By the time he had finished that order—and I made it a dozen—it was high noon, and I did not feel that I could afford to test Jacob's capacity further. So, paying the bill, I piloted him out, and as we walked along I said to him:

"Jacob, you're right fond of oysters, aren't you?"

"Villiam," he replied, with more animation than he had yet shown, 'I'm very fond of oysters. Vy, do you know, I sometimes belief I coult make a meal of 'em!'"

WEAK IN FRENCH

"I'm surprised that your French is so weak, Bertie," said the French teacher. "Now, think for a moment. Chapeau. What is that?"

Bertie remained silent, apparently lost in deep thought.

"Well," said the teacher impatiently, "what does your father throw up when he's merry?"

Bertie brightened.

"His job, ma'am," he replied.

HE SOLVED IT

Jim—It says here that soap is a good thing for gnat bites.

Bertie—Oh, go on! Now, I've been wondering all my life what that stuff was good for.

