

IRISH JOKES FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By Seumas Macmanus—Famous Irish Writer of Irish Folk Stories. (Copyright, 1913, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

"Why didn't you go to the assist-ance of the defendant in the fight?" asked the judge of the policeman.

"Shure and I would have done so that I didn't know which of thim was going to be the defendant!"

"How are things with you, Mrs. Woman?"

"Dear, I'm busy as any being in this world."

"Aye, how's that?"

"Faith and ivery time I'm at lay-shure, I have something to do!"

Two old cronies met after many years.

"'Tis a long time since I seen ye last, isn't it?"

"Indade, yes. I am married since."

"You don't mane it!"

"I do, indade, and I've got a fine healthy boy that the neighbors say is the very picture of me."

"Man alive, niver mind what they say. What's the harm so long as the child is healthy!"

"Hello, Mike, how is it you're not wur-rukin' any more?"

"I sthruck."

"And why did you sthrike?"

"Well, it was like this. One wake ago, come day after tomorrow night, I was put tuh wur-ruk among a gang uv Oitalian bllermakers like meself. Well, begory, ivery mother's son of thim até a quart of onions for ivery dinner. All the rist of the day the smell of thim onions got inter my eyes so that inshtead of driving the

bolts I was all the time thumpin' me fingers. Well, the end cum when my eyes got so full of wather that inshtead of puttin' the bolt in the hole I put me finger in and the feller inside put the washer on it with such



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a clip that, begory they had to take the biler apart to get the hole from around my finger. It was thin that I sthruck!"

Said Mrs. Gilfoyle: "Mary, doesn't sufferin' and sorrowin' come to all us wimmen, tubbe sure. Only I'll say this—that ivery bride should know spendin' and not earnin' is woman's wur-ruk. When a man sits by the fire to cry that he can't get wur-ruk, let a woman sit close and cry harder till he finds it. Belave me that knows!"