

LYING

Only that afternoon had the traveling show arrived, but now the merry business was in full swing.

"Now then, ladies an' gents," roared the showman in stentorian tones, "walk up and see the live giant. He's the biggest giant you ever saw."

Business was not very brisk, however, and the more the showman strained his lungs the feebler was the response to his invitation. The man grew angrier and angrier.

"Come, come!" he cried, at length, nearly exasperated. "Who wants to see the giant? Only here for one evening; off again tomorrow! Now, walk up, please, and see the biggest man ever born—nine feet high in his socks!"

"Nine feet!" ejaculated the unbelieving countryman. "He ain't nine feet high. Why, your van ain't much higher than that."

"But he's not standing up," said the showman. "He's lying."

"Yes," retorted the countryman, as he walked away, with his hands in his pockets and a smile on his good-natured face, "an' he ain't the only one neither."

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Dr. Margaret Gottler of Pasadena declares that a diet of fruit will kill thirst for liquor. Now just watch the barkeep omit the cherry and orange from the cocktail and put in the Hanford onion.

Sacramento man, paying a bet on Taft, is carrying an egg under his arm till it hatches.

OSCAR BOG



Any Old Kind!

Judge—Pat, I didn't think you would hit a little man like that.

Pat—Suppose he called you an Irish slob?

Judge—But I'm not an Irish man.

Pat—Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?

Judge—But I'm not a Dutch man.

Pat—Well, suppose he called you the kind of a slob that you are?

—o—o—

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Well, after a beggar has touched him for a dime he'll tell you he 'gave a little dinner to an acquaintance of his.'"