

A Half Hour With the World's Famous Laugh-Makers.

JOYS AND GLOOMS.

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To-Day's Best Story

A professor of the University of Pennsylvania, who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—that of absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago and had listened to the young wife's praise of her first born. The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired quietly.

"Walk!" the mother shouted. "Why, he has been walking for five months!" "Dear me!" the professor exclaimed, lapsing again into abstraction, "what a long way he must have got!"

Bad News

JEROME S. M'WADE, the wealthy Duluth sociologist, was talking at an Easter dinner about the American helmsman.

"She is beautiful and brilliant and all that," he said, "but with her millions, she is independent. The penniless American youth who wed her has a time of it. He is put away in a year or so. Hence, from his point of view, the foreign nobleman is welcome to her, thank you."

"I know one of these poor chaps married to a Philadelphia heiress—she has divorced him since for a banker—who once got wrecked at sea. But he was picked up floating on a spar, and from the first port wired to his brother:

"I am saved. Try and break it to my wife."

He Was Puzzled

J. G. PHELPS STOKES, at the Knickerbocker Club in New York, was praising the various country week associations that are already preparing to give the children of the poor brief country vacations.

"The little urchins," said Mr. Phelps Stokes, "enjoy these healthful holidays, and wonderful are the remarks that the country's strangeness draws from their young lips. One August afternoon a tiny East Sider, pointing to a farmer's herds in a shady meadow, said:

"Where does the farmer get all the chewing gum for his cows?"

Was One the Other?

A GERMAN cobbler and his wife had two dogs—a St. Bernard, six months old, and a fox terrier, three years old. A friend, calling one day, said to the cobbler: "Those are two fine dog you have."

"Yes," replied the cobbler, "and d funny part of it 'es dat de biggest dog is the little one."

His wife then spoke up and explained: "You must mine husband eegure; he speaks not very good English. He means de oldest dog is the youngest one."

A STRONG DRAM.

An old worthy who was in the habit of calling each evening at the village inn for a "drap o' the best" found the landlord one night putting a shine on the taps. After a few remarks about the weather he received his nightly dram.

After he had gone the landlord discovered to his horror that he had supplied Donald with a half gill out of the bottle of sulphuric acid which he had been using for cleaning the taps. Every moment he expected to hear of old Donald's death, and his relief was great when the old worthy arrived next evening. "Donald, what did you think of that whusky ye got last night?"

Donald: "It was a fine dram, a good, warming dram, but it had wan fault. Every time I coughed it set fire to my whiskers."

MISTAKE THAT STUNG.

There was a determined look in the young lady's eye as she marched into the optician's shop.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," she said. "Good strong ones. I won't be without them for another day!"

"Good strong ones?"

"Yes, please. I was out in the country yesterday, and I made a very painful blunder, which I have to wish to repeat."

"Indeed, Miss, an entire stranger for an old friend, perhaps?"

"No, nothing of the sort. I mistook a humble bee for a blackberry."

CAN'T BE DONE.

Clark (to his employer, just leaving the office): "Oh, Mr. System, haven't you forgotten your umbrella? It's raining."

Mr. System: "Can't help it. I've made a resolution to have one here and one at home, to provide for all emergencies. Now, if I take this they'll both be at home."

"I'll have an automobile next Summer sure."

"Why next Summer?"

"I figure that by then I'll have enough paid on my house to mortgage my equity for a car."

"They say he cares absolutely nothing for convention."

"That's true. He's worn a straw hat three times already."

"He's good. His own teacher says that 'redneck' and 'congregation' mean the same thing."

Boy, Mr. Good: "Well, you tell your teacher that you have information that there is a considerable difference between a congregation and a collection."

"I never saw a man who talked like the hero of a story," said Mrs. Growcher.

"Well," replied her husband, "I never saw a woman who looked like the picture in a fashion magazine."

Departing Guest: "You've got a pretty place here, Frank, but it looks a bit bare yet."

Host: "Oh, it's because the trees are a bit young. I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again!"

"Is Higgins the superior influence in his own house?"

"I'm afraid not. He's one of those men who understand exactly what their wives are talking about when they describe what other women wear."

Woman in Our Hours of Ease.

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The Hall Room Boys

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Nervo the Monk

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