

# A Few Little Smiles

**WHAM**

A little man was ushered into the witness box. After the usual preliminaries, the magistrate told him to tell the court what happened.

The man began in rambling narrative and finally ended up with:

"And then my wife hit me on the head with an oak leaf."

"Well, that couldn't have hurt you, surely," said the magistrate.

"Oh, couldn't it?" replied the little man, with feeling. "It was the oak leaf from the center of the dining room table."—London Answers Magazine.



**LIVE WIRE**

Dotty—And don't you go in for sport of any kind?  
 Jimmy—Oh, yaas, don't you know, I'm—haw—passionately fond of dominoes.

**Exit**

It was the firm's annual dance. The junior bookkeeper had chosen a very attractive partner.

"By the way," he volunteered as they danced. "I'm glad our manager isn't here tonight. He's an ass of a man."

She stopped dancing. "Young man," she snapped angrily, "do you know who I am?"

"Not the faintest idea," he said, easily.

"Well, I'm the manager's wife!"

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "Now, do you know who I am?"

"No," said his partner.

"Thank goodness for that!" he replied, as he backed hurriedly away.

**Just Checking Up**

Mother—What is that book you are reading, Charlie?  
 Little Charlie—It's a book called "Child Training" that I borrowed from Mrs. Jones.  
 Mother—Do you find it amusing?  
 Little Charlie—Oh, no! I merely wanted to see if I had been brought up properly!

**Irony of Fate**

Visitor—You look a bit glum, Brother Perkins! Have you received bad news from home?  
 Island Uplifter—Yes. My rich Uncle Reuben is just deceased and has left all his money to those dodgasted heathen! Now they're better off than I am.—Brooklyn Eagle.



**OUGHT TO KNOW**

"Brown must be a sinner."  
 "Why?"  
 "I heard his wife say he was no saint."

**Still Need His Services**

Artless—An apple a day keeps the doctor away.  
 Attaboy—But we eat enough other stuff to bring him back.

**Didn't Stay**

"I fozzled with that fellow," said the real estate agent mournfully. "Told him that Plunkville was the most healthful town in the state."  
 "Well?"  
 "He was a doctor."

**Strong Point**

Editor—There's one thing I like about your jokes, Scribbler.  
 Joke Writer—What's that?  
 Editor—Every time I forget them I have to laugh.

# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Events in the Lives of Little Men



### THE FEATHERHEADS



### Read as You Ride



**A Profession**

"I understand both our sons are studying in Paris."  
 "ep. Mine is a writer. He writes for money."  
 "Mine is an artist. He draws on me."—Congregationalist.

**Might Try Blindfolding**

"Last week a grain of sand got in to my wife's eye. It cost me \$3."  
 "That's nothing. Last week a fur coat got in my wife's eye and it cost me \$300."

**SLIPPERY WAYS**

"How did your wife take it, when you showed her that thousand-dollar bank note?"  
 "Like she always does—slipped it out of my pocket while I was asleep."

**ANCIENT HISTORY**

"Dodds brags a lot about his ancestors."  
 "Yes. They're the only members of his family in some time that have been worth boasting of."

**The Perfect Marriage**

"You and your wife seem to be very devoted to each other."  
 "Yes, we are as necessary to each other as my income is to my outgo."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Ailing Contortionist**

"Well, madam, what's wrong with you?"  
 "Pains in my arms so I can hardly lift my arm over my head and it's the same with my legs."



**AN EXPERT**

During the holiday traffic rush, two speed cops, noticing a young woman who was driving dangerously, shot ahead of her and drew up their car broadside, so that the culprit had to stop.

"Excuse me, young lady," said one of the officers, sarcastically, "do you know anything about driving a car?"

"Of course," said the bright young thing, "what's your trouble?"

**Call a Plumber**

City Boy—Say, dad, how many kinds of milk are there?  
 Father—Well, there's evaporated milk, buttermilk, malted milk and—but why do you wish to know?  
 "Oh, I'm drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many spigots to put on her."—Farm Journal.

**Political Unrest**

"Do you believe that politics makes strange bed fellows?"  
 "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But the fact brings no repose. Trouble is always caused by the man who wants to grab all the covers and kick the other fellow out."



**AND SOME LAWYERS**

"It takes two to make a quarrel."  
 "Yes, and very often it takes a jury to settle it."

**Sometimes Not Enough**

Irate Caller—You spoiled my article by a misprint.  
 Editor—I'm very sorry. What did we get wrong?  
 Caller—A proverb I employed. You printed it "A word to the wife is sufficient."—Boston Transcript.

**Beginning**

Friend—How is your son getting along in his medical studies?  
 Proud Mother—Fine; he can already cure very small children.—Border Cities Star.

**New Reducer**

History Lecturer—Can anyone tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?  
 Stout Lady—I don't know or I'd take some myself.—Capper's Weekly.

**Needs Stilts**

Family Friend—Does your little dog howl at the moon?  
 Little Doris—Yes, he can't get over it.

**Enough to Jingle**

"Are you interested in the new season's variations in men's suits?"  
 "No, but I hope there'll be some change in the pockets."