



The Funny Man



Flunkey—I have written an essay on “My Door,” and Editor—(with a sigh of relief) Oh, that’s fine. you had it written on paper, and wanted me to print it.

Prof.—I wish this class to give me a concise oral description of Sir Francis Drake. Who is the first man up?

Tanlac—Two ears and a moustache.

Prof.—Why are you not prepared?

Super—I am, sir. You said, “Read ‘Twelfth-Night’ ‘what you will?’” What You Will.” So I read Goggin’s Grammar.

Gillis—Where did you get the black eye?

Chaff—Fell on my back.

Gillis—But your eye isn’t on your back.

Chaff—Neither was the other fellow.

Prof.—What is the plural of “baby?”

Spike—Twins, sir.

Tar—Hello, old top. New car?

Doppe—Naw. Old car, new top.

McAvin—Has Vince been tried yet?

Teddy Bear—Tried? What for?

McAvinn—For killing a Martin with his eagle eye.

Corporal Snid—Have you ever drilled before?

Polecat—No, but I know all about it.

Corporal—How’s that?

Polecat—I worked three years in a quarry.

Garage Man—Want your battery charged?

Dynamite—Gwan with that fresh stuff. I’d have you know that I paid for that there battery.

Polecat—Say, what do you call those cats?

Joe Walsh—Tom and Harry.

Polecat—Aw, why don’t you call them Cook and Peary after the big explorers?

Joe—Gwan, these aren’t polecats.

Barber—Would you like to have something on your face when I am through?

Alf.—Well, you might leave my nose.

Tidy—Can you imagine anything more irritating than woollen underwear?

Joe Morrissey—Ever try fleas lined?

O'Holloran—It's getting cold in here. Run up that window.

Ethel—Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?

Roley—Could you name me some light occupation?

Spike—Sure, making gas.

Flunkey—I'm out here to get local color for a pastoral poem.

The farmer—Wall, I reckon you're getting it. I just painted that chair this morning.

Zip—When in Rome do as the Romans do.

Rip—Yes, and when in Maine do as the Maniacs do.

Buote—(Talking about the whale that landed at Rustico) My, but this whaling expedition stuff must be dangerous. It must frequently happen that persons are hurled into the air.

Fido—I agree with you there, Buote, old boy. I have been Whalen several times with those disasterous results.

Synopsis of a Car-ride

Rosie took Tiny, Tidy, and Fido for a drive along Hogan's Alley in her Hudson Super-Six. Tobias, a Sleepy Flunkey who had had a Sage for a Trainor, brought the car to the door, and then went away Holloran at Maggie, who, turning like a Swivel, was trying to kill a Goose with a Mallet. At the Chink's Grocery, Rosie asked for a nick-Ellsworth of candy for Fido. But the Chink gave Rosie some Dynamite coated with Gunpowder which Byrned and Payned Fido. Tanlac and Shampoo, from The Two Macs, were prescribed by the Doctor. At King's Cafe, Kate,

being Maddigan, ordered Fido to be Cassed out, and then gave Rosie this Bill-of-fare.: Snider's Soup, Fricasseseed Rabbit, Caribou steak, Green peas, pigeon Pie, and Ginger pudding. As they passed a blacksmith's shop, a Spike got Wedged into one of the Boots of the Hudson. Jiggs and Tar Baby, two Dope fiends, took it out while Fido Chased a Polecat with a Bushy, Curley tail up a Douglas fir.

P E N — S L I P S

Found in compositions
by Swivel.

After a while all the horses and dogs except Fitz James got tired, and he kept going until he dropped dead. Then he was lost, and could not find his way home.

Oak and ash logs were laid side by side to make the walls higher.

Very soon we began to feel like something to eat.

Among our Authors

"Bub's Vanity Case," by John Mullally.

"Trailing a Smelt," by Hopeless.

"Truth Stings" or "The Walk-out," by Payne.

"The Belles of Grindstone," by A. O'Leary.

"The Weight of the Cross," by R. E. Byrne.

"Auction 45," or "The Six Collars," by A. Nonymous.

"Salvation Lassie," by H. Mulligan.

"Ego," by Iago.

