

FUN—ALLEGED AND REAL

Instead of their annual passes on some of the larger railroads, those who have long enjoyed these favors are said to have received the following cards January 1st:

THE SCRIPTURE VERSUS PASSES.

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers xx., 18.
"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges iii., 28.
"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum i., 15.
"Though they roar, yet can they not pass."—Jer. v., 22.
"He paid the fare and went."—Jonah i., 3.

A politician who was a trifle provoked over the anti-pass order, suggested that the New Year cards be returned with this endorsement:

"It will be remembered that Shylock draws upon Holy writ to make a point in 'The Merchant of Venice,' and that Bassanio retorts that 'The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose.'"

Johnnie was very fond of watching his mother dress. One day, when she was brushing her hair, he exclaimed: "Mamma, why does your hair snap so?" "Because there is so much electricity in it," she replied. Johnnie sat looking at her for a few minutes very thoughtfully, and then burst out with: "What a queer family we must be. Grannie has gas in her stomach, and you have electricity in your hair."

"I have a premonition!" hoarsely whispered she, pulling out her first gray hair.

"Premonition of what?" growled her husband.

"A premonition that I shall dye to-night."

"Why is a clock like a vain, pretty young lady?"

"I fail to see any resemblance. Why?"

"Because it is all face and figure, has no head to speak of, is hard to stop when it is once wound up and has a striking way of calling attention to itself every hour in the day."

A sign over the stairway of a New York factory building reads: "Girl wanted to sew buttons on the sixth floor." Somebody suggested that the building inspector, in view of recent collapses, had ordered suspenders for floors that were likely to come down.

A young bookkeeper recently, married, carefully laid down a piece of bread the other night, and said to his wife: "I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make." The young wife smiled and remarked: "Well, John, I wish that you could make the 'dough' that father used to make." A hush as silent as death fell over the household.