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The doctor took one glance at his new patient. "You'll have to call in another physician," said he.

"Am I as sick as all that?" gasped the patient.

"No, but you're the lawyer who cross-examined me last March when I was called to give expert testimony in a certain case. Now, my conscience won't permit me to kill you, but I'm hanged if I want to cure you, so goodby."

"When did the robbery occur?" the cross examining lawyer asked the witness.

"I think——" he began.

"We don't care what you think—we want to know what you know," remarked the lawyer.

"Well, I may as well get off the stand then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

FAILED IN THE TEST

"One gallon," said the man in the big car.

"What's the matter," inquired the smart attendant. "Are you trying to wean it?"

"No, not at all," replied the motorist, calmly. "It's just a little test of mine. I like to deal with men who are businesslike enough to refrain from insulting customers. Perhaps I'll find one at the next filling station. Good day!"

THE DOCTRINAIRES

John and George, small sons of a Baptist minister, after listening to one of their father's sermons, decided that they must baptize their family of cats. The kittens made no objection. One by one they were put in a big tub of water.

But when it came to the mother cat, she rebelled—and fought—and scratched—until at last John remarked:

"Just sprinkle her, George, and let her go to hell."

It was a dark night at Camp Grant. Footsteps of a horse were heard approaching through the impenetrable gloom of a bridle path on the edge of the encampment.

"Halt! Who goes there?" barked the hoarse voice of a sentry.

"Regimental commander," replied a tired voice.

"Dismount, colonel, and advance to be recognized," came the order.

The colonel, wearied after a long ride, slowly dismounted and came over to the rookie, who then presented arms in the snappiest military style. "You may proceed, sir" he said.

Laboriously and painfully the colonel climbed back on his horse. Then a thought occurred to him. "Who in thunderation posted you in such a place as this? he asked.

"Oh, nobody, sir," answered the vigilant sentry. "I'm just practicing."

WHO WON THE WAR?

Two old Scotch women were discussing the war.

"Aye," said one, "It's sad tae think o' a' the lives lost and the terrible destruction o' property."

"It is that," assented the other, "but there's twa things about the war that gives me a lot o' comfort."

"Aye?" queried the other, "and what might the two things be?"

"Well, we licked them. That's ane o' the things, and the ither is the gran' help we got frae England."

He (after long argument)—"I wonder what would happen if you and I ever agree on anything."

She—"I'd be wrong."

"Brederen, we must do something to remedy de Status Quo," said a negro preacher to his congregation.

"Brudder Jones, what am de Status Quo?" asked a member.

"Dat, my brudder," said the preacher, "am Latin for de mess we's in."

"Mr. Chairman," complained a speaker, stopping in his address, "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much ribaldry and interruption, I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, guv'nor," came a voice from the gallery, "you ain't missin' much!"

COMPLETE INFORMATION

"Where's your father?" asked the man in fancy outing clothes.

"Lemme see if I can remember," said the boy with one suspender. "If you're the man to collect the interest on the mortgage, he's gone to town and don't know when he'll be back. If you're a Democrat or a Republican he'll be home all day Sunday, and if you're the man that owes him for a bushel of potatoes he's right around there in the woodshed."

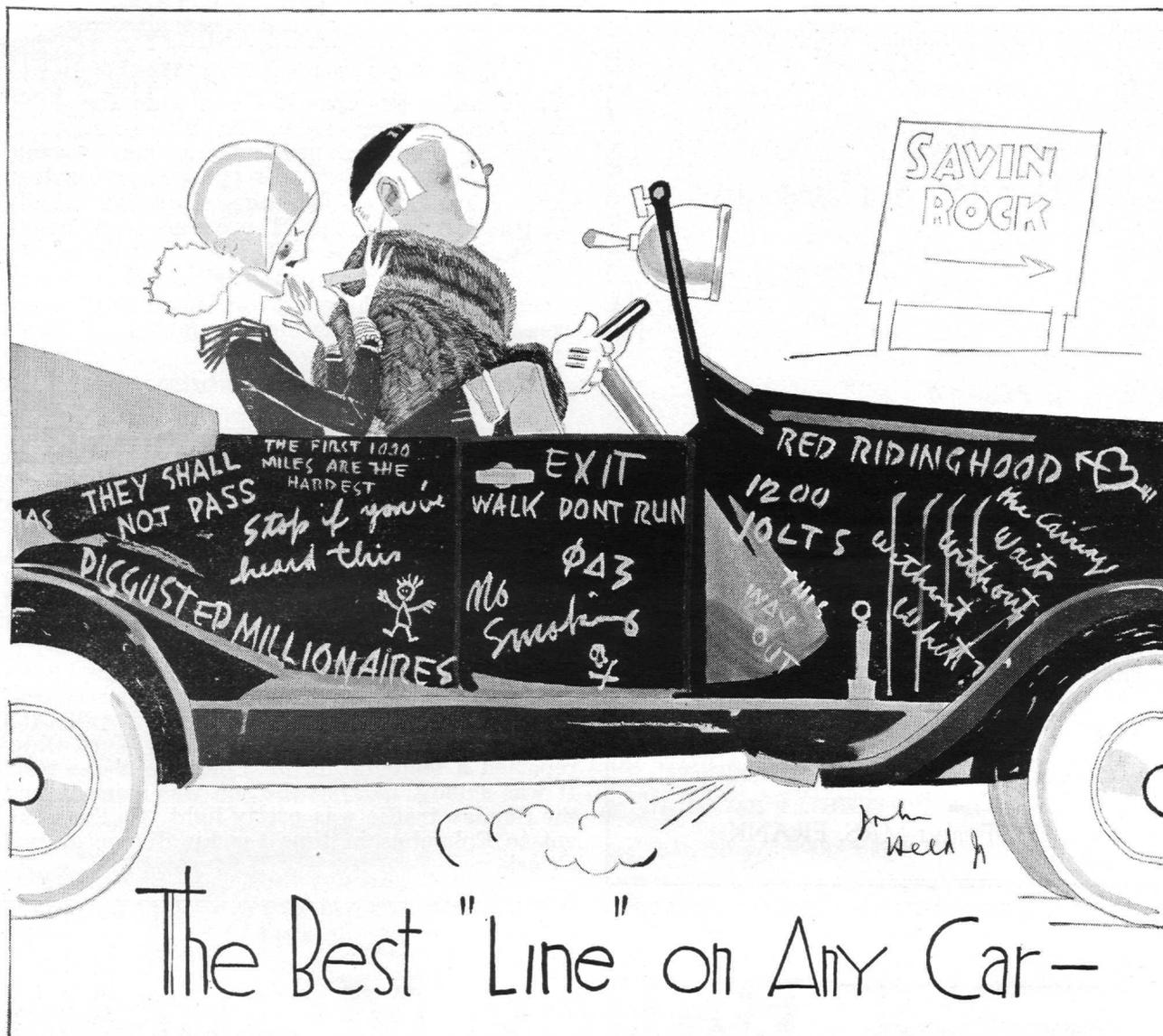
CONTRACT GOLF

A Scotchman was about to start a round of golf and was looking for a caddy. At length he picked out one who seemed to have the qualities he required and asked him:

"Are ye guid at finin' balls?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then find one and we'll begin," commanded the Scot.



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