

LAUGH & THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

BY JOSH WINK.

THE CITY OF "BROTHERLY LOVE."

[Justice Potter, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, decided last week to sustain the decision of the late Judge Arnold, in Common Pleas Court, refusing a charter for the First Church of Christian Scientists in Philadelphia.]

It really is a pity
That the good old Quaker City
Should be getting so conservative in her declining days,
And refuse affiliation
With a young denomination
That is marked for its departure from staid
orthodoxy's ways.

Supreme Justice Potter said he
Couldn't countenance Mother Eddy,
As such would violate the statutes of the
Keystone State;
So the court made no alliance
With the faith of Christian Science—
Which, some other things considered, we are
sorry to relate.

Saintly Philadelphia poses
For what everybody knows is
Supposed to be the only place between here
and above,
And it causes some distraction
Not to reconcile the action
Of Potter with the ethics of that town of
brother love!

A CHANGE.

Doctor—You must have a change, with
complete rest and quiet.

Patient—Oh, Doctor, do you mean to say
that I'll have to be taken away in this con-
dition?

Doctor—No, indeed. I'll have your wife sent
away.

INFANTILE IRRIGATION.

Mamma—Wille, what are you sprinkling
water on the baby's head for?

Wille—To make his hair come up.

A SILENT PARTNER.

Mrs. Gadby—They say she has subdued her
husband beautifully.

Mrs. Glibly—Yes; she won't let him talk
even in his sleep.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

Hiram Haymo—What in tarnation kin you
do up to New York?

Bud Haymo—I guess I kin git a job waterin'
stock on Wall street.

LUCKY DOGS.

Knight—My business has gone to the dogs.

Day—That's nothing, old man. My wife's
affections went to dogs long ago.

OH, SHOO!

His Wife—Do you believe all that talk
about high heels affecting the brain?

Her Husband—I don't know about that,
but I should think they would be an awful
strain on the sole.

HER DADDY'S PRIDE.

Sally Ragpatch—Sue sez in her letter from
college that she wuz first in them thar'
racquets in the field-day work.

Cy Ragpatch—She wouldn't be her daddy's
gal if she wuzn't first to raise a racket
ag'lost field work. Why, she never had to
hit a lick in the field when she was to home,
an', uv course, she hain't a goin' to do it
at no college.

JOSH WINK.