

# 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.

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