

**THE JOURNAL OF  
SOLOMON SIDESPLITTER:  
A COLLECTION OF  
WITTICISMS**

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The Journal of Solomon Sidesplitter: A Collection of Witticisms by Rufus Clinton Hartranft

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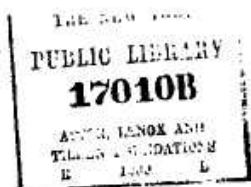
**RUFUS CLINTON HARTRANFT**

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There's **NOTHING** like a **JOKE** **MY** **BOY** -  
to **KILL** the **BLUES** .



“Book-l’arned men seldom know anything but books; and there is onc, that never was printed yet, worth all they’ve got on their shelves, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don’t understand the handwriting, and that book is human natur’.”



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## JOURNAL.



NEW YORK paper remarks that it knows an enterprising individual who intends to open a bank—as soon as he can borrow a crow-bar!

IN'T it wicked to rob a hen roost, Jim?" "That's a great moral question, Sam; we have not time to argue it; hand down another pullet."

A musician, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus: *G Sharp*. A wag of a painter, early one morning, added the following significant words—"Is *A flat*."

An Irishman, who had just landed, said the first bit of *meat* he ever ate in this country was a *roasted potato—boiled* yesterday. "And if you don't believe me, I can show it to you, for I have it in my pocket."

WOMAN

N Y P L

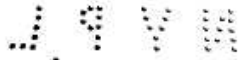
An American paper says, "When you see a gentleman at midnight, sitting on the step, in front of his house, combing his hair with the door-scraper, you may conclude he has been out at an evening party."

An old lady, meeting a teetotaller one day, who argued in favor of abstinence by observing that Adam drank nothing but water, and yet lived to a great age, replied to him that, "If Adam had drunk ale, he might have lived till now, for anything she knew."

A colored gentleman told the convention that he thought the prejudice against his race did not originate in their complexion, black being very popular; otherwise a man would not pay six cents to get his boots blacked, when he could get them whitewashed for half the money.

A New York paper says, "Wine of Four Men" is the name given to a kind of wine made at a place called Witzzenhausen, in Germany. The reason of this name is, that "it takes one to pour it out, one to drink it, and two to hold the man while he swallows it."

A bachelor bagman, in driving one day, came up to a woman carrying a child, who asked, in a polite manner, if he would give her a ride. The bagman agreed to do so, on the condition that no nonsense should be talked by her to her child. The woman promised, but, being comfortably seated, in her happiness forgot the contract, and thus addressed the little one: "Georgie, Porgie, ye are gettin' a fine ridie pidie." The bagman immediately pulled up his horse, and said, "Good woman, you will be so good as to step out of my gig, and give Georgie, Porgie a walkie palkie."





An American paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters *want washing*." We fear that millions of brothers are in the same predicament.

An ingenious down-caster, who has invented a new kind of "Love-letter ink," which has been selling as a sure safeguard against all actions for breaches of the marriage promise, inasmuch as it entirely fades from paper in two months from date, was recently most awfully "done brown" by a brother down-caster, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, giving him therefor his note at ninety days. At the expiration of the time the ink inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

A man in New York turned his son out of doors, lately, because he wouldn't pay him house-rent. "A striking instance," says the *Philadelphia Record*, "of *pay-rental* affection."

A short time ago a shipowner, in getting away a vessel, had considerable trouble with one of his men, named Cain or Kane, who had got rather topheavy on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn for settlement. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, sir," was the reply. "What?" rejoined the merchant, "are you the man who slew his brother?" "No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, giving his trowsers a hitch, with a knowing wink, "I am the man who was slewed."

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time that I have ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

An editor away down east, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it's hard work to keep him from cheating somebody.

"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B—— to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a *married* man." "Of course not, my love; I was not aware who your partner was."

A gentleman, late one evening, met his servant. "Halloo, where are you going to at this time o' night? on no good, I'll warrant." "I was going to look for you, sir."

A native of "down east," describing with characteristic exaggeration the remarkable qualities of guano as a promoter of vegetation, said that soon after planting cucumber seeds the dirt began to fly and the vines came up like a streak, and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him. And on taking out his knife to cut "the darned things," he found a large cucumber going to seed in his pocket!

A Benedict, on being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steamboat boiler exploded, replied "that he was so used to be blown up by his wife that mere steam had no effect on him."

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?" "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature. "Have you," continued the inquisitive lady, "ever read *Ten Thousand a-Year*?" "No, madam; I never read so many novels in all my life."

A miser having threatened to give a poor laborer some blows with a stick: "I don't believe you," says the other, "for you never *give* anything."

A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a young lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of "being insensible to the power of love." "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the *power of attorney*." "Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are *solicitors*."

A judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connections, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a dollar."

"Aw whant to goo to Wilmington and back to see my uncle," said a simple but honest countryman to the clerk in the booking-office of the Pennsylvania railroad. "We don't give *return* tickets," replied the clerk. "Then aw'll none goo," said the countryman, "for aw should na' like to goo fra whoam forever."

A gentleman asked a wag the other day the reason why so many of the tall gentlemen were old bachelors. The reply was that they were obliged to lie cornerwise in bed to keep their feet in, and that a wife would be in the way.

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other; "don't you know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to *do*, but as it is never done I concluded that you must have some other way of passing your time."