

A SAMPLE CASE OF HUMOR

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A Sample Case of Humor by Strickland Gillilan

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STRICKLAND GILLILAN

A SAMPLE CASE OF HUMOR

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

**INCLUDING FINNIGIN
INCLUDING YOU AND ME
SUNSHINE AND AWKWARDNESS**

EACH, \$1.00

A SAMPLE CASE OF HUMOR

BY
STRICKLAND GILLILAN
Author of "Including Finnigin," etc.



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TO VINDU
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PREFACE

Now here comes another lecture. I began giving it because I had to have other lectures besides "Sunshine and Awkwardness." I had always, as a mere human, been deeply interested in humor, just as I had always been interested in food and drink. It seemed to me to be one of the chief necessities of life. I noticed others loved it, and believed if I were to talk a wee bit about humor, show some of the different kinds there are, lead the public inside and show it how the wheels go round, said public might be further interested. I did this before an audience, scared to death and with a bunch of notes on the table beside the glass of water, and the audience liked it. This gave me courage and I let the thing grow and grow until it is the size of what follows.

My hope for this book, from the viewpoint

PREFACE

of results, is that it may increase the public's appreciation of humor by increasing its powers of observation in that direction—sort of an every-man-his-own-humorist proposition, you see. There is as much fun in the world for you as there is for me. All you need is eyes to see it, a heart of kindly appreciation, and a mind sufficiently devoid of rheumatism to enable it now and then to jump out of the rut and kick up its supple heels. It is, in other words, in the hope of enabling people to have a lot of cheap and harmless fun, from the eyebrows up, that I have prepared this lecture and put it into book form. It is a new sort of text-book on Humor.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

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Ladies and Gentlemen—My friends, and those
who are better acquainted with me:—

It sometimes happens that when a speaker goes before an audience—and I hope to goodness that this time the speaker may go before the audience does—I say it sometimes happens that when a speaker arises in the presence of an audience before which he has previously appeared in this or some other time on earth, he finds himself in the unfortunate fix of the Missouri farmer who was driving to town through those old-time Missouri roads—that is, he went nearly through them, in places—

TO THE
AMERICAN

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with a wagon-load of apples. I don't know what kind of apples they were. They weren't Ben Davis—they were *apples* of some kind. But any way, as he was driving along trying to guide his steaming team through the least-worst places in this elongated and serpentine mire that was jocosely called a road, a board came loose in the bottom of the wagon-bed, and the apples began rolling out, one at a time, two at a time, peck at a time, till pretty soon there wasn't an apple left. The old man, busy with the team, knew nothing of what was going on back of him. Finally they got into the very worst mudhole yet. It was a bog of blue clay, sticky and bottomless. The horses sank further and further, till they got in clear up to their—alimentary canals. They struggled and bit each other and frothed at the mouth and squealed and laid back their ears, but to no purpose. Then the boss "laid on the bud" awhile to see if that form of moral suasion would help, but it didn't. Finally he