

**STUNG: BEING A COUPLE OF
HUNDRED OF THE BEST STORIES
EVER TOLD. STOLEN SCISSORED,
SUGGESTED AND BUNCHED
TOGETHER IN ONE BOOK**

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Stung: being a couple of hundred of the best stories ever told. Stolen scissored, suggested and bunched together in one book by Bert Davis

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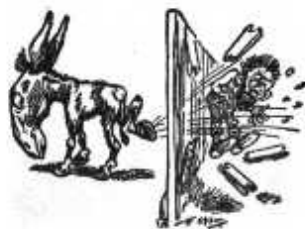
BERT DAVIS

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By **BERT DAVIS**



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STUNG

THE STINGER STUNG.

AN Irishman recently went before a judge to be naturalized.

"Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" the court asked.

"I hov not," said Pat.

"Have you read the Constitution of the United States?"

"I hov not, yer Honor."

The judge looked sternly at the applicant, and asked:

"What have you read?"

Patrick hesitated but the fraction of a second before replying:

"I hov red hairs on me neck, yer Honor."

HE WAS DEAF.

A TRAVELING man after vainly trying to make clear an argument to a fellow-passenger finally yelled, somewhat angrily, "Why, it is as plain as A, B, C."

"That may be," said the other, "but I am D. E. F."

STUNG

A STRANGER HIMSELF.

TWO gentlemen who for several hours one night had been assauging their thirst at a club left together to go home.

As they were meandering down the street laughing and singing, one of them suddenly became serious, and poetically remarked to the other, "She the beu'ful moon."

The other indignantly remarked, "'Taint the moon, 's the sun." The retort came back, "'Taint, 's the moon."

They argued it back and forth for some time and finally decided to leave the decision to the next passerby.

Shortly a figure appeared coming down the sidewalk on a similar zigzag course to that which they had followed. As he came abreast of them they stopped him and lengthily explained the subject under discussion and asked him to decide it for them.

The stranger gazed thoughtfully at the heavens for several minutes and then turning to the two sports he said, "Pardon me, ge'tuen, I really can't tell, I'm a stranger here myself."

A VALUABLE OFFICE BOY

THE employer was bending over a table, looking at the directory. The new office boy slipped up quietly and poked a note into his hand. The surprised employer opened it, and read :

"Honored Sir—Yer pants is ripped."

STUNG

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS

FATHER, you were born in California, you say?"

"Yes, my son."

"And mother was born in New York?"

"Yes."

"And I was born in Indiana?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, father, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together!"



NOT IN THE ARMY, AFTER ALL

A METHODIST negro exhorter shouted :

"Come up en jine de army ob de Lohd."

"Come up en jine de army ob de Lohd."

"Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Chu'ch."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yoh ain't in de army ; yoh's in de navy."



SLIGHT MISTAKE

OH," exclaimed the fair boarder, as a couple of calves scampered across the meadow. "What pretty little cowlets!"

"Yew air mistaken, ma'am," said the old farmer. "Them's bullets."

STUNG

SURE PROOF.

"OFFICER," said the police court judge, "what made you think the prisoner was drunk?"

"Well, your honor, as he was going along the sidewalk he ran plump into a street lamp post. He backed away, replaced his hat on his head, and firmly started forward again, but once more ran into the post. Four times he tried to get by the post, but each time his uncertain steps took him plump into the iron pole. After the fourth attempt and failure to pass the post, he backed off, fell to the pavement, and, clutching his head in his hands, murmured, as one lost to all hope: 'Lost! Lost in an impenetrable forest.'"

"Ten days," said the court.

HIS HORSE'S INTELLIGENCE

A FARMER had a horse he was anxious to sell, and one day while driving with one of his summer boarders the horse stopped so frequently as to lead the boarders to ask:

"What ails your horse that he stops so often? Is he balky?"

"No," replied the farmer, "he's all right. It's simply he's so darned afraid somebody will say 'Whoa,' and he won't hear it, that he stops to listen."

STUNG

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR

AN Irishman, upon arriving in America, was asked his name at Ellis Island. He gave it.

"Speak louder," said the officer.

He repeated it.

"Louder," again said the officer; "why, man, your voice is as soft as a woman's!"

"Well," said Pat, "that might be. Me mother was a woman."

NOT AUNTY — UNCLE

DRUGGIST (to the little girl): "Did you say pills, miss?"

Little Girl: "Yes, sir, please."

Druggist: "Antibilious?"

Little Girl: "No, sir, but uncle is."

BRIDGET'S REPLY

THE story is told of a well-known man, who, not finding his wife, went into the kitchen where the laundress was busy with the family linen, and inquired: "Bridget, do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts?" "Yis, sor," replied Bridget, "I put them in the wash."