

# KIDS WILL BE KIDS



**JOKES, YARNS &  
FUNNY STORIES  
TOLD BY KIDS**

**Collated by  
Ilean Dover**



## DEDICATION

The stories, jokes, yarns and riddles have been taken from the following works...

‘Jokes for all occasions’ - Selected and edited by one of America’s foremost public speakers (1921)

‘Toaster’s Handbook’

Jokes, stories and quotations

Compiled by Peggy Edmund and Harold Workman Williams

(1916)

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### BIRTH

The little girl in the zoölogical park tossed bits of a bun to the stork, which gobbled them greedily, and bobbed its head toward her for more.

"What kind of a bird is it, Mum?" the child asked.

The mother read the sign, and answered that it was a stork.

"O-o-o-h!" the little girl cried, as her eyes rounded. "Of course, it recognised me!"

\*

### CLERGY

The young clergyman making a visit to one of his parish families noticed that the little girl in the family was busy with her art work while checking him out from time to time.

"And what are you doing, Mary?" he asked, with his most engaging smile.

"I'm drawing a picture of you," was the answer.

The clerical visitor sat very still to assist the work of the artist. But, after a while, Mary shook her head in discouragement.

"I don't like it much," she said. "I think I'll put a tail on it, and call it a dog."

\*

### GOD

The little boy was found by his mother with pencil and paper, drawing a picture. When asked what he was doing, he answered promptly, and with considerable pride:

"I'm drawing a picture of God."

"But," gasped the shocked mother, "you can't do that.

No one has seen God.

No one knows what God looks like."

"Well," the little boy replied, "when I get through they will."

\*

### MOSQUITOES

The visiting boy from New York went on and on about the size and fierceness of Maine mosquitoes that his friend became very annoyed.

"Funny!" the boy remarked. "You don't have screens up."

"No," the friend replied; "we're using mouse-traps."

\*

### Sympathetic

Lady: What's the matter with your hand, my little man?

Boy: Sawed the top of my finger off.

Sympathetic Lady: Dear, dear, how did you do that?

Boy: Sawing.

\*

### DENTISTRY

Our young hopeful came running into the house. His suit was dusty, and there was a bump on his small brow. But a gleam was in his eye, and he held out a baby tooth.

"How did you pull it?" demanded his mother.

"Oh," he said bravely, "it was easy enough. I just fell down, and the whole world came up and pushed it out."

\*

