
 * **THE PRIMROSE PATH** *

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Poised on danger's brink,
 With brow uplift, he coolly stood
 And watched the kitchen sink.

 Women's faults are many,
 Men have only two—
 Everything they say,
 And everything they do.

 If your old lady wants to know the
 height of modesty you can just tell
 him that the styles change too often
 for a proper answer.

 Man proposes
 Woman exposes.

 Visitor—The child looks like his
 father.
 Mother—You have the baby upside
 down.

 Rastus—Gal, did yu get them
 flowers I sen' yu?
 Rastette—Didn't get nothin' else.
 Rastus—Gal, didyu wear them flow-
 ers I sen' yu?
 Rastette—Didn't wear nothin' else.
 Rastus—Then what did yu pin them
 to?

 Say, did ya ever hear the story
 about the elderly lady who died of
 shock after seeing the size of fig
 leaves?—Well we won't tell that
 one anyhow.

 We noticed the following inscrip-
 tion on the side of a can of Flit—
 "This insecticide will not injure
 children or other household pets." We
 can't figure that one out, can you?
 Maybe they meant "petters"?

 A minister of a rural community,
 motoring home one day from a round
 of visits, overtook a girl plodding
 along a country road, carrying a
 heavy basket of provisions.

Recognizing her as a servant em-
 ployed by a farmer living near his
 parsonage, he pulled up and offered
 her a lift. When she came to the lane
 leading to the farm, he stopped to let
 her get down, and she said: "Oh
 thank you, sir."

"Don't mention it," replied the min-
 ister.

The girl blushed prettily, hung her
 head, then looked up archly. "All
 right," she said, "mum's the word."

 It was a clear and frosty night
 When sparkling snow was seen
 Yet all was warm and hearts were
 light
 Inside Jack's limousine.

He was slouching at the wheel,
 And she was by his side
 So close he couldn't help but feel
 For once, that looks had lied.

Yet Jane seemed as serene and cold
 Just like the driven snow,
 In fact the boys, so Jack was told
 Had all pronounced her slow.

He tossed away his cigarette
 He stopped the engine dead
 With thoughts perhaps that Jane
 would pet
 He tilted up her head.

What happened then, he'll always
 keep
 A secret from his brothers

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