



Whither away, my pretty maid?  
Wither away yourself, I'm off to the zoo to buy some Christmas seals.

Dumb—Why does Santa Claus wear red pants?

Dumber (blushing) — I'm afraid to say.

Dumb—Now get your mind out of the gutter. He wears 'em to match his coat.

Our railroad is so well arranged that an accident is impossible.

Must be up-to-date!

Naw, just one train runs on it.

Say, are you Santa Claus?

No, why?

Then leave my stocking alone.

A Scotchman asked the Western Union operator if there was any charge for the signature.

"No," replied the operator.

"Well, believe it or not, I'm an old Indian chief and my name is Chief 'Delayed, will arrive Wednesday,'" replied the Scotchman.

—Yellow Jacket.

College Comic Editor—Where did you steal this joke?

Contributor—From Life, and they'll never know it either, for it came from a 1912 edition.

C. C. E.—It must have.

Sweet Young Thing—Oh hello there cousin.

Figure in Khaki—Hello, baby, but say, where do you get that "cuz" stuff?

S. Y. T.—Why, didn't sister just say that you were one of Uncle Sam's boys?

Absent-minded sales girl (as date kisses her goodnight)—Will that be all?

Yes, girls, the honeymoon is over when the husband chucks you under the bed instead of the chin.

She—What happens to Mormons when they leave the faith?

He—They come East and turn icemen.

—Belle Hop.

Pete—Come on, Baby, let's get like a coal mine.

Repeat—How's 'at?

Pete—Oh, just kinda hot, low down, and dirty.

The Old Maid—Has the canary had its bath yet?

The Maid—Yes, he has Ma'm. You can come in now.

—Skipper.