

Voice from car—Shay, offish-
er, ish thish the way to go to
the fo'ball game?

Badge-bearer—You bet. And
if I wasn't a cop, I'd go that way
too.

—Widow.

Years ago when a girl raised
her skirt six inches it was a sen-
sation, but if the girl of today
raised her skirt that much, it
would be a sensation, too.

—Bison.

Don't you think it's dangerous
for women to go without stock-
ings?

It is when my wife finds them
in my pocket.

—Belle Hop.

While dancing with my girl,
she started to shimmy, saying
she was a little Quaker.

What did you do?
I felt my oats, too.

—Whirlwind.

A traveling man returned
home to find his wife in the arms
of a movie usher.

"How long has this been go-
ing on?" he demanded.

"Just ten minutes," said the
usher, "plenty of room down
front."

—Pup.

The next number will be en-
titled: "I'll See You In My
Dreams—My Wife's Getting Sus-
picious."

—Purple Parrot.

Young man, take your hand
off my daughter's knee.

Excuse me sir, I was just go-
ing to say what a nice joint you
have here.

—Voo Doo.

He—(bitterly bewailing his
vicissitudes) there ain't no jus-
tice.

She—(sweetly regaling her
lassitude) But we don't need one,
dear.

—Jack-O-Lantern.

Mrs. Bunk—I caught your
daughter kissing the iceman this
morning.

Mr. Bunk— Good heavens!
Wasting time on him when we
owe the grocer fifty dollars.

—Skipper.

A night of romance: Just they
two in the cozy roadster—the
night breezes singing melodies
of love—a dark road leading to-
ward the lake—a glance—at her
nod he parked the car in the
shadow. . . What contentment
. . . moonlight . . . whispering
wavelets . . . closer . . . a kiss . . .
another . . . love . . . vows . . .
another . . . plans . . . Paradise . . .

And when he tried to start the
car he found it really was out
of gas.

—Bison.

Come, walk with me. We will
pick violets.

But there are no violets this
time of the year.

Hell, I must have memorized
the wrong lesson.

—Puppet.

My girl dresses in two things
and two of them are shoes.

—Puppet.

I'm getting married.
How careless of you.

—Punch Bowl.

She was not an advertising
man's daughter—but she believ-
ed in display.

—Kitty Kat.

