

"That will be enough out of you," said the milkmaid as she moved to the next cow.

—Yellow Jacket.

'34

Boy Friend—The happiest moments of my life are when I have my arms around you.

Girl Friend—I have heard other fellows say that they feel the same way.

'34

"Say, big boy," queried the Dizzy Blonde, as the music stopped, "how does the orchestra know when all the couples have finished?"

—The Lehigh Burr.

'34

"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl, as she danced out on the stage.

—Washington Ghost.

'34

Blonde—You can get almost anything from kissing.

Brunette—Yes—diamonds, fur coats, and cars.

'34

Simp—Gwendolyn doesn't go out with Jack any more.

Blimp—How come?

Simp—Yeah, he confessed that his intentions were perfectly honorable.

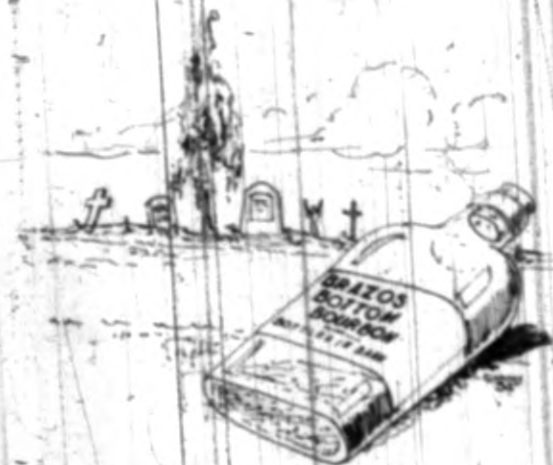
—Mercury.

'34

Medico—Well, Gilch, how's your neck?

Gilch (absently)—She's a beauty, sir.

—Pointer.



Taken For A Ride.

Girls like their Aggies to be gentle but not necessarily gentlemen.

'34

She—So you don't think that I look so good in this bathing suit?

Life Guard—No, but outside of that you wouldn't look so bad.

'34

A group of tourists were looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full eruption.

"Ain't this just like hell?" ejaculated a Yank.

"Ah, zese Americans," exclaimed a Frenchman, "where have zey not been?"

'34

We wonder if these fellows who take the pictures for these art magazines get a salary, too.

—Sniper.

'34

Doctor—Let me feel your pulse?

Fanny—Oh, Doctor, that's the way they all start.

—Kitty-Kat.

He—Were you girls lucky at poker last night?

Them—Yes, we showed them something.

—Rice Owl.

'34

John—Say oid man, do you keep a maid.

Bill—Yes, but don't let Mable know it.

'34

Feminine—I know every couple doesn't pet in parked cars.

Masculine—Of course not, the woods are full of them.

'34

She—Isn't it queer Ted, when the life guard has a day off he goes in swimming?

He—Well, dearest, what do sailors do when they get a shore leave?

She—Now, Ted, don't be vulgar.

'34

Dizzy—How was the corps dance last nite?

Dopey—I can't remember.

Dizzy—A real dance! I knew I should have gone.