

Jew (buying R R ticket)—
What time does the train leave?

Ticket Agent—Five forty-five
this afternoon.

Jew—Make it five-thirty and
I'll take it.

'34

As the hen says to the roos-
ter, "I'll be layin' for you, big
boy."

'34

Young people used to burn the
mid-night oil; now it's the mid-
night gasoline.

'34

She was only a baseball pitch-
er's daughter but oh, how she
could throw it to you.

—Skipper.

Visitor—Your baby is the sub-
ject of much comment.

Mother—Yes, but just now I
think that we should change the
subject.

'34

We had to get rid of our po-
lice dog because she littered up
the place.

'34

Her old man was a wrestler
—and boy, she knew her holds.

'34

Poor boy, I hope he went into
marriage with his eyes open.

He certainly did. He never took
his eyes off the gun.

Kadet—Dad, you're a lucky
man.

Father—How's that?

Kadet—You won't have to buy
me any school books this year.
I've been left in the same class.

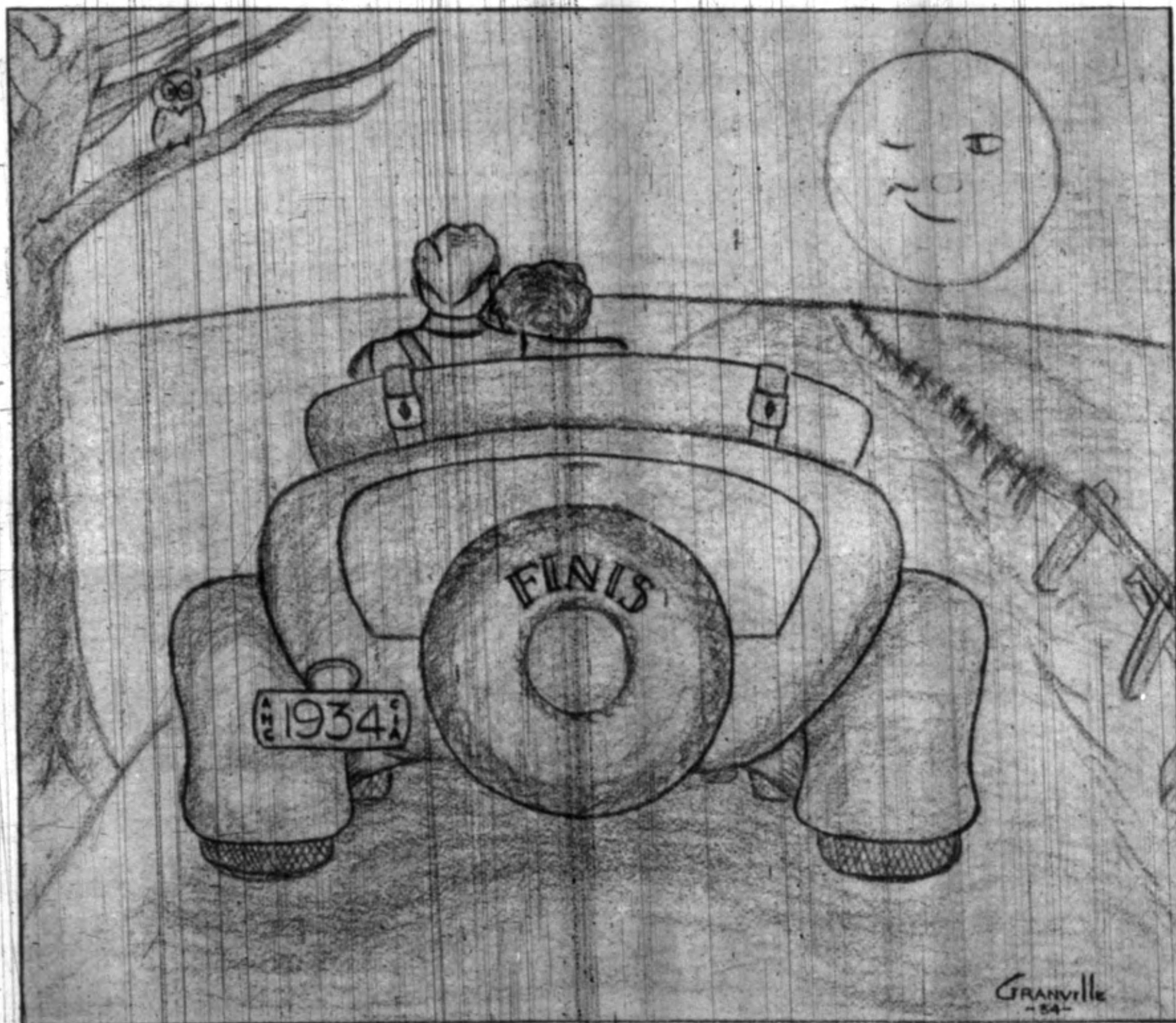
'34

She was only a plumber's
daughter—but, Gee, what fix-
tures.

'34

Youth—After we are married,
dear, I'm afraid you are going
to find out that I am not as rich
as you think I am.

The Girl—That's all right. You
are going to find out that I'm
not really as beautiful as you
think I am.



GRANVILLE
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