

## WRONG NUMBER

A coy young maiden walked into a doctor's office, went over to the middle-aged man, explained her troubles and asked him to examine her shoulder. He responded agreeably and began to examine her thoroughly. It was not long until the blushing young maiden looked down and said, "But doctor, that isn't my shoulder you're examining."

"That's all right," he replied, "I'm not the doctor."

—Lyre

Wife—"Darling, I want twenty dollars for a new dress."

Sleepy Husband—"Aw right, but let's finish this dictation first."

—Kitty Kat

"I think you are a pain in the neck."

"Well, thanks for moving me up."

—Showme

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, they brought me two more."

—Aggievator

She: "But it says no parking here."

He: "Well,—I'm willing to go as far as you say."

—Voo Doo

"Oh, don't get up Mrs. Van Asterbilt, I only want to shave."

—Rammer-Jammer



A statistical report shows that for every four men more than 85 years old, there are seven women. But it's too late then.

## A FAIRY STORY

We hear a new version of the king that had the three beautiful daughters. One day a young prince from a neighboring realm came to court the three daughters, and find which of them he would marry. He courted the first daughter, but alas, she was too fat. Then he courted the second daughter, but all for naught, she was too thin. Finally he wooed the third daughter, but no, she was too tall. So he married the king, because after all, this is a fairy story.

—Exchange

He: "Can you take it?"

Stenographer: "Sure, 90 words a minute."

—Voo Doo

1st. Customer—Pie me, fella.

2nd. Customer—Hamburger me.

1st. Customer—Coffee me.

2nd. Customer—Why er-a I'll have a glass of milk.

—Lyre

Artist: Are you a college woman, young lady?

Model: Yes, sir.

Artist: Then you won't do. I want to paint a picture of the Virgin Mary.

—Kitty Kat

"Did Fannie Hurst write 'Back Street'?"

"Whose Fannie Hurts?"

He: "I like to take experienced girls home."

She: "I'm not experienced."

He: "Well, you're not home yet, either."

—Rammer-Jammer

Man (in department store): "I want to buy a brassiere for my better half."

Sales Girl: "Yes sir; now do you want something for the other half?"

—Voo Doo

Wanted: Burly beauty-proof individual to read meters in sorority houses. We haven't made a nickel in two years.—The Gas Co.

—Yowl