RONTBASEMENT



The Old Army Game

The Urban Naivete

A city boy and girl (recently married) were trying out their new roadster (little down...plenty more) one Sunday. They had left their little downtown apartment early that morning, had had a picnic in some farmer's pasture at noon, and now were returning sorrowfully (two wee children, as it were) to their city nest.

A few miles from town they passed a wheat field, where some enterprising agrarianist, fearing a rain the next day, had violated the Sabbath and had spent the whole day (with several hands) shocking his grain. It lay in golden mounds all over the country side. The little girl was moved by the wondrous beauty of the scene.

"Oh, Jack, look at the cute little haystacks."

The young husband took offenze at his wife's display of ignorance.

"Darling: Those are not haystacks - - - they are rabbits' nests."

"Oh, but that can't be, Jack. There was only one when we drove by this morning." "Well - - - -."

Punster—Have you heard the locksmith's song? Victim—No; I'll bet it's a peep! Punster—Latch keys and make up.

-Sundial

