

Joe: "I can't eat this soup."
 Waiter: "Sorry, I'll call the manager."
 Joe (to manager): "This soup, I can't eat it."
 Manager: "I'll take care of it at once. Call the chef."
 Joe (to chef): "I can't eat this soup."
 Chef: "What's the matter with it."
 Joe: "Nothing only I ain't got a spoon."

—Purple Parrott

She: "Is the hot water running?"
 He: "Sure, it has to run to keep warm."

—Cornell Widow

Gal: "If all you wished for came true, what would you wish for?"
 Fella: "Why-er-y, I wouldn't like to say."
 Gal: "Come, come, speak up. I have reasons for suggesting this game."

—Exchange

"What do you boys talk about at the fraternity house?"
 "The same thing you girls do."
 "Why you foul-minded thing."

—Sour Owl

One: "I'm wrestling with my conscience."
 Two: "It ought to be a good featherweight match."

—Sour Owl

"Darling, you're all the world to me."
 "Well, that's no sign that you are going to make any Cooks Tour tonight."

—Burr

Toastmaster, introducing speaker: "I'm sure M. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."

—Burr



"Where's the menu?"
 "First door to the right."

Patient: Doctor, I'm bothered with a queer pain. When I bend forward, stretch out and make a semi-circular movement, a sharp sting comes in my left shoulder.

Doctor: But why make such motions?

Patient: Well, if you know any other way for a man to get on his coat, I wish you'd let me know.

—The Oil Weekly

A negro preacher of the Methodist faith was beseeching his flock to join the army of the Lord. After a prolonged harangue, he was interrupted by a brother that was a stranger to the church.

"I belongs to de army ob de Lawd," he said proudly.

"What denomination is you, brother worshiper?" queried the preacher.

"I is Baptist," was the reply.

"You ain't in the army, my son," said the parson, "you is in de navy."

—Sour Owl

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"
 "Certainly. How else could you see through them?"

—Burr