

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch, watching her mother smoke a cigarette. Her nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

—Virginia Spectator

Mr. Cohen: "Ikey, stop putting your finger to your nose."

Ikey: "Aw, fader, can't I have some fun on my own hook?"

—Pell-Mell

The demure young bride, her face a mask of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large child-like eyes to the old minister and said, "That's a hell of a place to put a fly."

—Ram Bulles

She: "What wonderfully developed arms you have."

He: "Yes, I'm a football player. By the way, were you ever on a track team?"

—Virginia Spectator

Spouse—John, what time is it?

Souse—I can't tell. There's two hands on this damn watch an' I don't know wish one to believe.

—Rice Owl

The kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, it is absolute bliss for two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it.

It is the baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask.

To the young girl it is the symbol of faith, to the married woman, hope to the old maid, charity.

Covered Wagon

A man in the Terrell insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visiting Texas U. man approached, and wishing to be jolly, remarked, "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

Broadly speaking, a zipper is a contraption on which both sides are held apart separately at once, almost in the same fashion as they are held together jointly by that which runs in between and hooks them up to one another at the same time.

The importance of the zipper in the daily life of the modern college girl is very great. Why, all over the campus girls are running to their first-hour classes held together by nothing but a cup of coffee and a zipper on the side.

—Lyre

The street car stopped at the intersection.

"All aboard," yelled the conductor from the front of the car.

"Wait!" cried a feminine voice. "Wait until I get my clothes on."

The naked girl came down the aisle. We had all expected a negress with a bundle of laundry.

"Did you ever sell brushes?"

"No, why?"

"Well, you better get one and start selling. That's my husband at the front door."

"Tight, why she's so tight that she buys cups that are tough on the bottom so that when you put your spoon in the cup you'll think there is sugar in it."

Making love is like making pie. All you need is a little crust and a lot of applesauce.

—Humbug,

Justice: Where they lock up the witnesses and let the prisoner out on bail.

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