

A TALE OF WHOA!

"Hello."
"Hello."
"I'm Bob—I guess Don told you."
"Yes."
"Like to walk?"
"Where?"
"Oh, anyplace."
"All right."
"Sit?"
"Unhuh."
"Moon."
"Pretty."
"Night."
"Dark."
"Cold?"
"No."
"No??"
"No!"
"Romance."
"Hmmm."
"Love."
"Huh!"
"Hands cold?"
"No!"
"Late!"
"Yes!"
"Fine time."
"I'll bet."
"Good night."
"Good night."
Slam!!
"Wait'll I get hold of Don."

Scene: The backwoods of Tennessee. Two backwoodsmen knock on door of cabin.

1st. Illiterate: "Howdy, Joe, me and Ed just found the body of a dead man over there in the holler and we thought maybe it was you."

2nd. Tennessean: "What'd he look like?"

1st.: "He was about your build, and—"

2nd.: "Did he have on a flannel shirt?"

1st.: "Yup."

2nd.: "With red and white checks?"

1st.: "No, it was plain grey."

2nd., closing the door: "Nope, it wasn't me."

The pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in scorn.

"Yes, your honor," was the response. "I voted for you at the last election."

TO DO OR NOT TO DO

"Should I, or should I not?"—that was the question. If I decided I should not, I would retain the right to continue in the security I enjoyed; if I decided I should, I would aspire to the heights of illegitimate pleasure. On the one hand, I would retain my social status; on the other, I would relinquish it for a few moments of ecstasy. Was it worth it? I thought of my Mother who had nurtured me, had sat by me in sickness and comforted me in my sorrow. I thought of my Father who could not conceal the twinkle in his eye at my slightest achievement. If I should slip, would it be more than they could bear?

My better judgment told me there was only one course. If I chose the path of virtue, I could retain my birthright; I could continue to be the son of my parents. If I chose the other course, my short lived enjoyment would be followed by eternal misery. There would be no escaping the end. Perhaps even now I had committed the sin in thinking of it. Could I even look my fellow men in the eye, after my mind had been diseased with such dastardly urges? Perhaps I had already fallen and might as well gain the pleasure of actually consummating the deed. And then, again, perhaps I would only be the stronger because I had met and conquered the problem. There was no question; I would do right.

This my better judgment decreed, but all the while my cruel lusts cried out for manifestation. They became stronger and stronger; and then, when they almost had me in their power, my better judgment exerted itself. And so the conflict continued until my soul cried out in anguish.

Always the question obsessed me, "Should I or should I not put a mouse in Grandma's bed?"

—Blue Bucket

Never worry about the walls having ears, because the walls are plastered and wouldn't hear straight anyway.
—Exchange

1st She—"First it was love. He fascinated me—and I kissed him."

2nd She—"Yeh, I know, and then he began to un fascinate you—and you slapped him."

"What did your wife say when you came in drunk last night?"

"Nothing. And I was going to have those front teeth pulled anyhow."
—Exchange

The drunk tottered along the curb. Several times he slipped off into the gutter. Each time he clambered on the sidewalk again.

"Long stairway," he muttered.

"Do you turn left here?"

"Right."

"Right?"

"Right."

"Right."

"You turned right."

"You said right."

"I said left."

"I said right when you said right."

"No, I said right when you said left."

"Yes, but I said right when you said right when I said left."

"I know, but I said right when you said right—Oh, hell, move over and let me drive."
—Columns

Beards

"I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

"I had a face like your'n once. And when I realized that I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard to cover it."
—Punch Bowl

"That actor is as clumsy as a cow."
"Yeah; he ought to be in a stock company."

THE BATTALION