HUMOR

The missionary, brave but wary, Faced the Zulu group. Cut off his head, the chieftain said, And we'll have noodle soup.

I wish, Matilda, you would agree not to talk when I am driving in traffic.

We can discuss that as we go along, Adolphus.

Some men are like telescopes: you draw them out, see through them and then shut them up.

Young Knut: I say, waitah, nevah bring me steak like that again.

Waiter: Why not, sir?

Y. K.: It simply isn't done, old thing!

An East Indian ruler with twelve wives has named them after the months in the year. So's his old al-manac!

Cannibal Prince (rushing to feast): Am I late to dinner?

Cannibal King: Yes, everybody's eaten.

Skating on the ice one day Went little Nellie Blanding, Her feet flew up, her head went down, And she fell notwithstanding.

You say he killed himself. What was the motive?

Witness: I don't know, sir; he just jumped in front of the train.

Coroner: Aha, a loco motive.

The fish market is the only real five and ten scent store. At that, the fish are Woolworth the price.

Landlady: Isn't this good chicken? Boarder: It may have been morally, but physically it's a wreck.

gambler. "That ain't the card I dealt you."

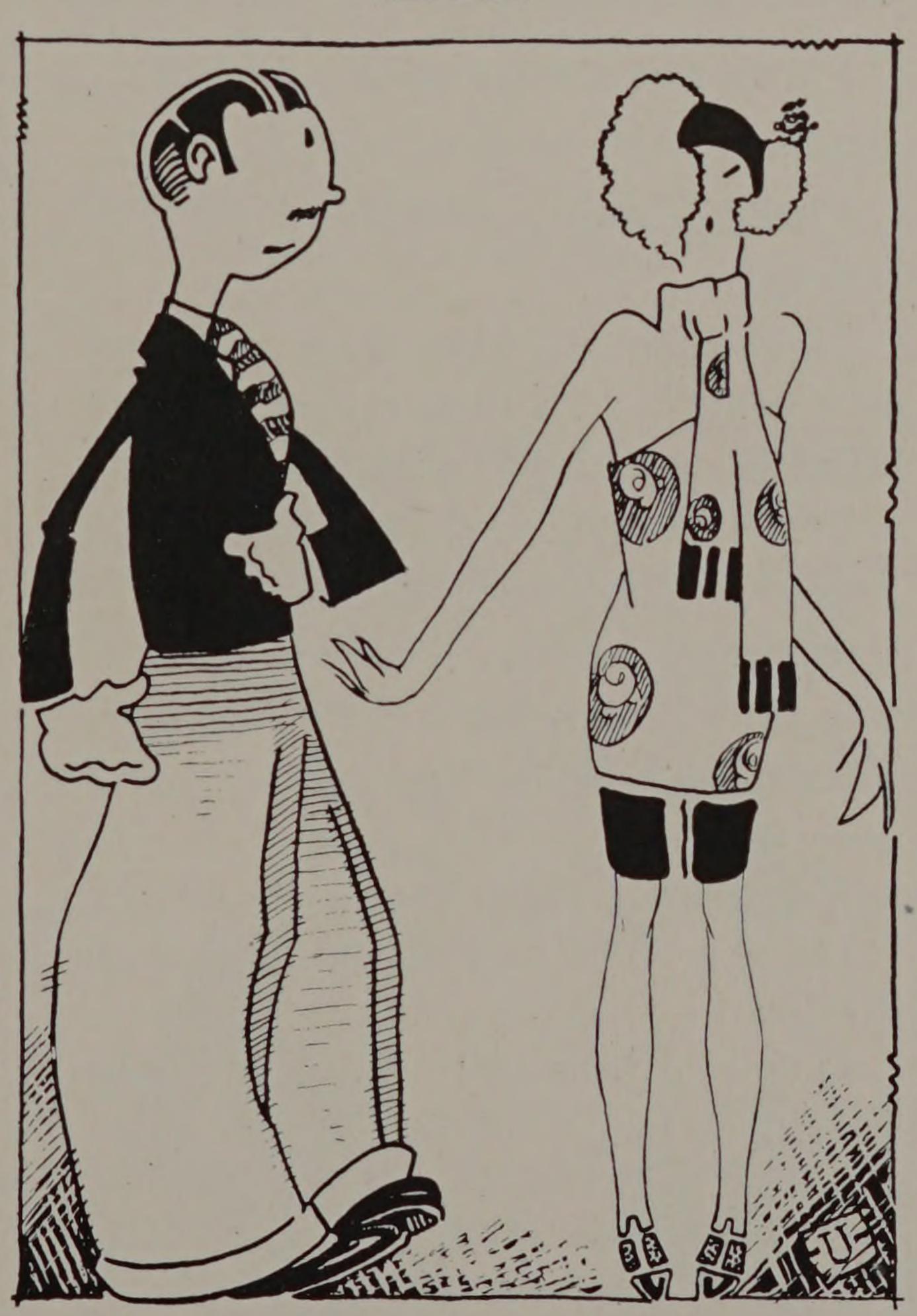
Office Boy-"Some disappointed young man wants to know how to get over cold feet."

Editor—"Tell him to soak them overnight in gasoline, and massage gently in the morning with a lighted match."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder where you are; High above I see you shine, But according to Einstein You are not where you pretend, You're hiding just around the bend; And in your sweet, seducive way Have been leading men astray All these years. O little star Don't you know how bad you are?

Young woman — "What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?"

Floor walker—"Tastes differ, but I prefer a white one."



Co-eddy: Hey, Constance, will "This game is crooked," yelled the you go for a ride with me tonight? Co-ed: Sure, if you'll let your Constance be your guide.

Two Hundred Thirty-five