

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass.
Not all the simple minded folks
Are in the freshman class.

—“What is the shape of the earth?”
—“Round.”
—“How do you know?”
—“All right, it's square, then. We won't argue.”

Oily to bed
Oily to rise
Is the fate of a man
When an auto he buys.

“Why is March like a Ford?”
“Dunno, why?”
“Just enough spring in it to make you tired.”

“Going into the discard, eh?” said the shirt sympathetically.
“I'm frayed so,” asserted the soft collar.

In Queen Elizabeth's day they didn't ask “Who was that lady I seen you with last night?” They asked “Who was that knight I seen you with last, lady?”

“Drinking illicit liquor in high society is quite de rigueur”.—Society Note. In most cases, quite de rigor mortis.

Producers have finally succeeded in eliminating the flicker from motion pictures and are already well on their way toward removing the plots.

Amyl: I sent \$2.50 to a concern which advertised an appliance for keeping gas bills down, and got it this morning.

Ethyl: What did they send you?

Amyl: A ten pound paper-weight.

A Columbus, O., woman was recently arrested for getting drunk while celebrating her one hundredth birthday. Most of us will be saved this embarrassing experience.

Housewife: Didn't I tell you to notice when the pudding boiled over?
Hilda: I did. It was six thirty.

Some women remind you of a river—little head but a big mouth.

Hammond: My razor doesn't cut at all.

Meggs: Why, Hammond, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the oilcloth?

Be that as it may, there are auto shows and horse shows, but the pedestrian has no show.

The cow's lament: “I didn't raise my boy to be a shoulder.”

How do you like your electric washer?

Not so good. Every time I got in the thing those paddles knocked me off my feet.

A Spectre to the Good

Assistant: The seance is going pretty good.

Medium: Yes, just a shade more and it'll be a success.

Did you hear about the Scotchman who fried his bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking?

We saw the advertisement about this house being for sale and we've come to see it.

Yes, madam, but after reading the ad writer's description of it we have decided not to sell.

After running three miles, a man jumped from the cliffs near Calais and was picked up two miles out at sea—News Item. This is the first attempt we've heard of to jump the channel.

A Long Felt Want

Inebriate: Ish thish a meat market?
Owner: Yes.

Inebriate: Then meet m' wife at four o'clock for me will yuh?