Customer: "I want to buy a diamond ring."
Salesman: "Yes, sir. Allow me to show you our combination sets of three pieces—engagement, wedding and teething rings. The very latest thing out, sir."

"A man's home is his castle."
"It is until his wife slams the portcullis."

"Ever since our baby was born my wife has been forced to abandon her vocal lessons."
"I always said children were a blessing."

Card in Florida paper: "Thursday I lost a gold watch I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your lost and found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper."

A logger who was, alcoholically speaking, somewhat oversubscribed, was making his way homeward through a dense patch of brush. Suddenly he heard a rattle at his feet and beheld a rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The logger drew himself up with dignified solemnity and eyed the reptile with lofty contempt.

"Go ahead an' strike," he said scornfully. "Never will ye fin' me better prepared."

"What's your son doing?"
"He's a naval surgeon."

"He yelled, 'Hey, what's coming off here'?" —Denison Flamingo.

Kind Old Lady (to little boy): "And what are you going to do when you grow up, my little man?"

Teacher: "What is your opinion of A. Lincoln?"
High School Student: "It's a good car, but I like a Packard better."

Prof: "Is this perfectly clear now?"
Voice: "Clear as mud."
Prof.: "Well, then, that covers the ground."

Magistrate (to woman involved in matrimonial dispute): "Did you and your husband quarrel on Friday night?"
Wife: "And the next day pay day? Certainly not!"

The tourist rushed into the village shop.
"I want a quart of oil, some petrol, a couple of spark plugs, a five-gallon can, and four pie tins."
"All right," replied the enterprising clerk, "and you can assemble 'er in the back room if you want to."

Street-Car Conductor: "How old are you, little girl?"
Little Girl: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

A little girl whose name was Hallwell was spending the night with the Cabots. She knelt at Mrs. Cabot's knee to say her evening prayer.

"Our Father who art in heaven," began the little one devoutly, "Cabot be Thy name."
"What? Why, that is not right, dear!" said the startled lady.

"Oh," said the child, "of course at home I say, 'Hallwell be Thy name,' but here I thought it would be more polite to say 'Cabot.'" —Boston Transcript.