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Co-Ed.: "You know I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed."

Friend: "I guess you didn't; you weren't there."

Jones: "I hear your wife had an accident with the car."

Smith: "Oh, it was not serious."

Jones: "Anything damaged?"

Smith: "Oh, no; just a little paint scratched off both."

WHEN TWO ADVERTISING MEN DISCUSS THE WEATHER

"Hello! Wilbur F. Schwimpfel, what's your reaction to this little old day?"

"Jefferson B. Hatch, I'm sold on it—completely, absolutely, totally."

"Same here. As I analyze the position the present weather certainly has a big general appeal."

"It sure gets its story across."

"Count me in on that, W. F.; that's my slant on it precisely."

"No need to canvass the situation on a day like this, J. B."

"Sounds like good psychology to me."

"My name's on the dotted line to that, old man. Well, hood-by."

"Good-by."

It's a wonder money doesn't blush when made to talk the way it does by some people.

A certain automobile manufacturer, who advertised that he had put one of his cars together in just seven minutes, was rung up on the phone and asked if it were true.

"Yes," was his answer. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I believe I have that car."

THESE HEADLINES

*AUTOS CRASH; ONE
IS CHARGED WITH
ABUSIVE LANGUAGE*

Father: "Remember, son, beauty is only skin-deep."

Son: "That's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal."

Limb of the Law: "Yer pinched for speeding!"

Sweet, Young Thing: "Why, officer, you can't arrest me. This isn't my car, and I haven't any operator's license."

"What's the excitement in the Congressional Library?"

"Seems a Congressman wandered in."

She (as train toots at grade crossing): "George, you go right ahead. Don't let that big brute bully you."

"Flats is gittin' so small," said Uncle Eben, "dat purty soon dar won't be much left of 'home, sweet home' 'ceptin' de tun."

It was evidently a clear-cut case of desertion. Her lawyer proved that he had deliberately abandoned her some six months before, and gone to live in the Elks' Club. Mere chance had disclosed the miscreant's whereabouts. The jury was primed. Then, by adroit cross-questioning, the defendant's counsel brought out the fact that she had—

—sharpened her eyebrow pencil with his razor

—told her friends how much he was making

—asked him on alternate nights why he didn't live in his old office

—always favored canned soup

—Preempted eight out of the ten hooks in the closet

—played golf (with him)

—insisted on the window-regulating privilege at night

—believed what her mother told her

—suspected his scrawny secretary

and

—invariably left the cap off the tooth-paste tube!

Acquittal, naturally, resulted on the first ballot.

FAMILY FLEES FIRE CAUSED BY FLUE FLAW

"Have you any extravagance?"

"Yes. I wear a tie under my beard."

FOR SALE—Small stock of dry goods and groceries; best location; reason for selling, old age.

Hi: "That's a nasty spill Jim had on the ice."

Lo: "Zat so?"

Hi: "Yep, about a pint."

"I see some one has suggested a statute to the man who invented rubber tires."

"Wonder if a bust wouldn't be more appropriate?"

"They tell me you have a model husband, Mrs. Hicks."

"Yus, sir, but 'e ain't a workin' model."

Sign in a Chicago neighborhood restaurant: "Don't be afraid to ask for credit. Our refusal will be polite."

"Ayy my letters this morning begin with the same word."

"What's that?"

"Unless——"

Mother: "Henry, I wish Muriel would give that young man some encouragement. He'd make a splendid husband."

Father: "Have you tried telling her he's a worthless bounder and that she's never to speak to him again?"

Co-Ed: "Oh, do they wear those track pants right out in the open?"

He-Ed: "Naw, in the seat."