

**A PURGE AVERTED.**

The Nazi leaders were playing a small game of bridge in Herr Hitler's mountain retreat.

"Three diamonds," said General Goering.

"No bid," said Dr. Goebbels.

"Five diamonds," said Herr von Ribbentrop.

"One club," said Herr Hitler.

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

\* \* \*

The romance-loving young officer pressed the girl close to his palpitating chest.

"Look into my eyes, honey," he breathed, "and tell me what you see there."

The girl gazed into the young man's eyes. She sighed deeply.

"I see the most beautiful things," she murmured. "You and I. A wedding ring. A preacher. A quiet honeymoon—and then a cottage and two happy persons growing old together gracefully."

The young man jumped up and reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?" cried the startled blonde.

"To the chemist's—to get you an eyewash!"

\* \* \*

Cost of living is becoming a soar point with housewives.

**THE REAL TROUBLE.**

M.O.: After a careful examination I find your trouble is the stomach.

Recruit: No doctor. I think it is the liver.

M.O.: How do you know?

Recruit: Because I had a large piece of liver for breakfast yesterday.

\* \* \*

"And when were you born?" asked the sergeant, taking the particulars of the recruit.

"December, 1917," answered the recruit.

"Ah," mused the sergeant, "I well remember that winter. It was bitterly cold."

"Cold," echoed the recruit. "I'll say it was cold. I was brought by a penguin—the stork couldn't make it."

\* \* \*

A maiden lady lived in a small house in the country with one maid. One morning the bell rang. The maid admitted the visitor, an evacuee officer, then rushed upstairs.

"Please, mum," she blurted out breathlessly, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs!"

**POLAND STARTED THE WAR.**

The Gentle Nazi sat and smiled, As harmless as a little child— A child that puts a lighted match Beneath its old grandmother's thatch.

And, as the gentle Nazi smiled, He fed a little Polish child With milk and honey from a jar; Which shows how gentle Nazis are.

And as the Nazi turned his eyes Unto the everlasting skies, That baby hit him on the head— At least, that's what the Nazi said.

\* \* \*

**SURPRISE FOR FATHER.**

"Somewhere in Egypt," Bill and Tom were eagerly reading letters from home. Suddenly Bill gave a shout.

"Strike me pink!" he exclaimed. "my son's got three feet."

"Chuck it!" retorted Tom. "Tain't possible."

"'Strue!" said Bill. "See what my missus says 'ere."

He handed the letter to Tom, who read:

"You won't know little Johnny now. He's grown another foot."

\* \* \*

Hitler is arranging to sell 14 old masters in the United States. Mussolini, however, will not be included in the batch.

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