

At the Christmas party, Bryce and Betty had been playing one of those old-fashioned games with forfeits, and the girl had been ordered to give the young man ten kisses.

"Let's see," said Betty, pausing for breath, "that's seven isn't it?"

"Only six," corrected Bryce.

"Seven, I think."

"No, six."

"Seven!"

"Six."

"Look here," said Betty wearily, "sooner than have any argument we'd better start all over again."

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Dried meat, dried fruit, dried milk, and now dried eggs (one-seventh in volume) to save shipping space.

Next step, please: Dried stomachs will save space in lifts, trams and trains, and wasteful consumption of clothing fabrics.

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"Mose, why isn't Sam at work this mornnig?"

"Boss, dat man's in de hospital."

"In the hospital!"

"Yassuh. Fo' ten days now he's been sayin' he gonna lick his wife for naggin' and las' night she done overheard him. Dat's all."

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Jones: They tell me that silk stockings were invented in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Smith: Maybe, but they weren't discovered until the twentieth century!

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Italian African troops are re-treating so fast that headquarters are falling back on hindquarters.

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Says Goebbels: "Germany will finish the war this year." More likely the war will finish Germany.

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The Far Eased?

ITALY LOOKS AHEAD.

From neutral sources comes the story of two Italians who met in the street.

"How's business?" asked the first.

Very much better," was the reply.

"Better?" exclaimed the other incredulously.

"Yes, very much better than next year."

They know everything's going to the "D(e)uce."

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"Beg pardon, sir, but what about the overtime?"

—Answers, London

The butler telephoned his master to inform him that his house was on fire. "Great heavens!" cried the voice at the end of the line, "Is my wife safe?" "Yes, sir," replied the butler, "she was among the first to get out." "And the children?" "Yes, sir, all safe," was the reassuring reply. "And what about my mother-in-law?" "That's what I want to speak to you about sir. Your mother-in-law is asleep on the third floor, and, knowing your regard for her comfort, I wasn't sure whether I ought to disturb her or not, sir."

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Lucky for democracy that Churchill and Roosevelt see aye to aye.

The vicar was having a serious chat with one of his flock about her son.

"Tom needs educating, Mrs. Jones," he said: "it is very important. I had to pinch like anything to send my sons to college, but it was worth it."

"Maybe," replied Mrs. Jones, "but my husband's too afraid of the law to do anything like that."

* * *

Visiting her brother in camp, and startled by the unexpected firing of a rifle, she screamed and stepped backwards into the arms of a surprised young man.

"Oh," she apologised, "I beg your pardon. I was frightened by the rifle."

"Not at all," replied the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

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The customer was dissatisfied with the quality of the milk.

"It can't be helped," said the milkman. "It's due to the shortage of grass. Why, the cows are so upset about it that I've seen them crying because they can't do themselves credit."

"Well, perhaps so," said the customer, wearily, "but you might try to prevent them dropping their tears into our bottle."

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A new version of the Trafalgar signal as a Government official of to-day would write it.

"England anticipates that, as regards the current emergency, personnel will face up to the issues and exercise appropriately the functions allocated to their respective occupation-groups.

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Britain's greatest liquid asset: The Channel.

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The murderers' ax-is.