

THE GIVE AWAY.

There was once a politician, and he smartly gained permission to deliver campaign-speeches at the fun-fairs on the beaches. 'Midst the hoopla and carousal he would skite, yell and bamboozle. In regard to the election his tall stories were perfection. But one night this awful grafter kept the crowds in roars of laughter. As he didn't know the reason he was angry at such treason. And a red light kept on winking; he kept talking; it kept blinking. (For he'd stood on the connector of a blasted Lie-Detector.)

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A man who had lost his job soon after war began went to see a friend who had obtained a post in a much-criticised Ministry. His friend was sympathetic and said: "I think I can fix you up with a job here."

The job-seeker was taken along the corridor and installed in a comfortable office. His friend left him with these words: "Now, don't be surprised at our way of doing things. You'll soon get used to it."

The man settled down in his office read his newspaper from front to back, and solved the crossword puzzle. Then it was time to go home. The same thing happened each day that week.

On Monday of the second week he met his friend, who asked him how he liked the job.

"Fine," he replied, "The office is cosy and warm. I'm quite comfortable, but I don't think they trust me here. Every time I set foot outside the place I'm followed by two young men. They even shadow me when I go to lunch. Am I under suspicion?"

"Not at all," replied his friend. "Those fellows are your secretaries!"

* * *

When German tourists visit a country they go gun-site seeing.

A German family put the following notice in a paper following the death of their grandfather.

"In loving memory of Herman Schmitt, who has gone to a better world."

Next day the Schmitt family were arrested for criticising the Nazi regime.

* * *

WEAKNESS.

"Some women carry their hearts on their sleeves."

Some cardsharps, on the other hand, carry theirs up their sleeves.

* * *



"Crikey! Sarge, ain't there some mistake? I've just had 'em billeted on me!"

"Daily Mirror"

PARADOX.

It's when a wife returns from her holidays to find the front lawn a foot high she realises that Husband hasn't let the grass grow under his feet.

* * *

USELESS.

A girl can't tell by looking at a fellow's petrol ration tickets just how far he's likely to go with her.

WHO'S A LIAR.

The boys were discussing the exploits of their fathers, uncles, etc., during the last war.

"Did I ever tell you how me old man got the V.C.?" asked "Bluey."

"He was a sniper, he was. What he couldn't do with a .303 wasn't anybody's business. You could roll a barrel down a hill and at 500 yards the old man would put a bullet through the bung-hole every times it come round.

"Well, one day there was a Hun attack, and the old boy was the only sniper left, and 300 Fritz's were coming at him.

"He shot and killed 298 of the cows when he found he had only one bullet left with two Huns 300 yards away.

"He thrust the hilt of his bayonet in the ground with the blade facing him and retired 50 yards away. Taking careful aim at the edge of the bayonet he fired his last shot and killed the two Huns at 200 yards.

"You see, when the bullet hit the bayonet it split in half, each half accounting for a man.

* * *

Mussolini is 57. It is to be hoped that there will be no more varieties of him.

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