

**A TITILLATING  
TALE OF LOVE  
ILLUSTRATED**

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PARIS**

For a moment she rested passively, then was back in stride again. My own orgasm was not slow in coming. It arrived like a cyclonic gust of wind almost without warning. It shook my body in its mighty fury. I sobbed helplessly in its power while the semen flowed out in burning jets that seemed ready to burst my penis like a swollen balloon. It was an explosion, a conflagration, so painful that I sobbed so ecstatically that I could hardly endure it.

For a long time we lay together, too exhausted to move.

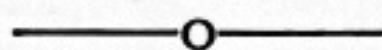
"I didn't mean to let you have it," she told me, "but you got me hot before I realized it."

I fondled her breasts softly. "I won't have to trick you in the future?" I asked.

She laughed throatily. "Any time, any place. And she was good as her promise. For the



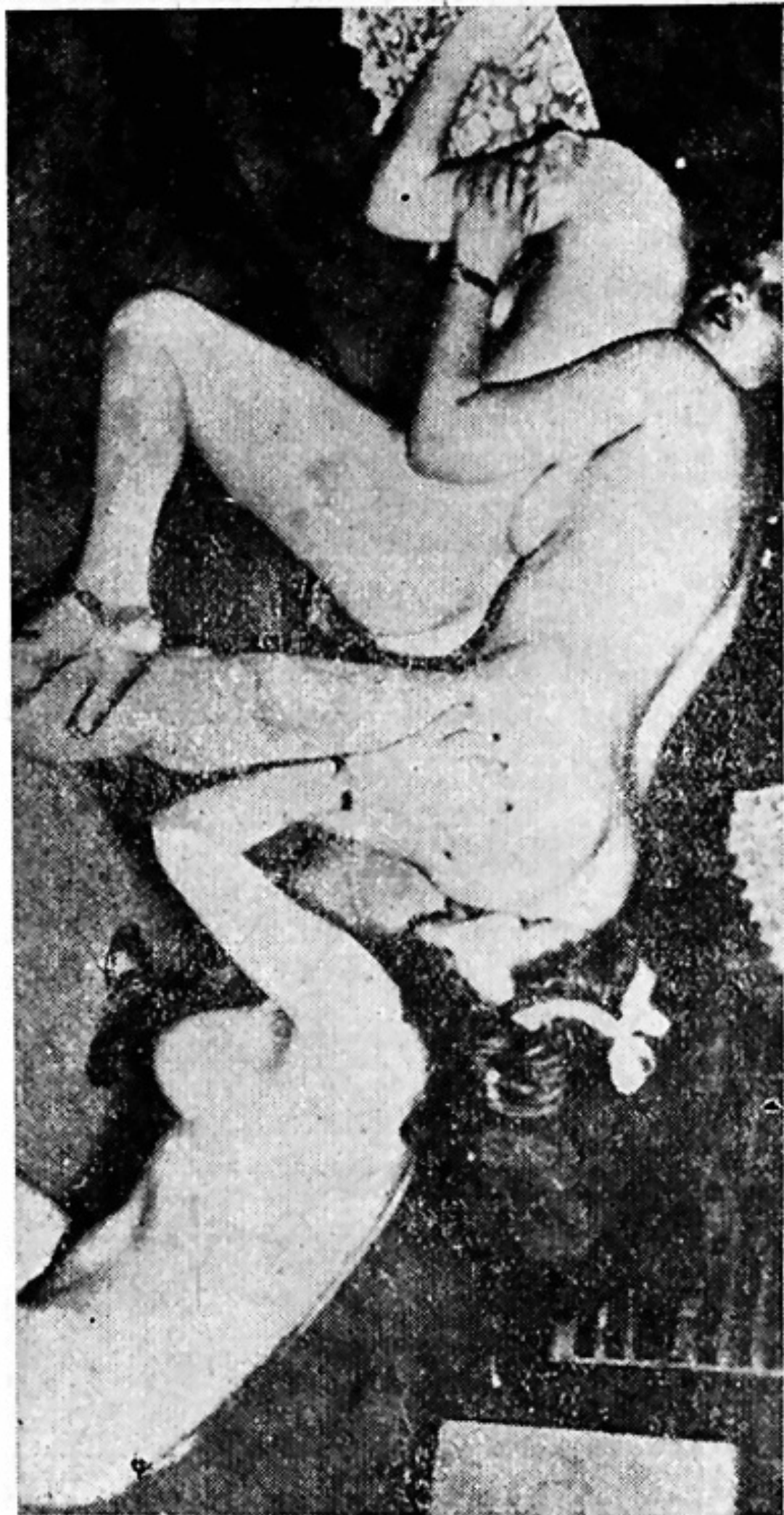
next two years until she left the city, her bottom was always ready to bounce for my pleasure. At my earnest request she discarded bloomers entirely and there were many times when after an evening at the show we had opportunity for but a quick standing screw in the hallway. At such times we were forced to restrain the noise that our pleasure led us to express. But even then her roommates would frequently call out to know what the matter was and we would be forced to break apart with quivering nerves. But our happiest times were in an empty house where the slapping of the bare flesh and the groans of love beat a madder and quicker tempo for our bouncing asses.



The salesman let out a sigh of content.

"That's what I call the real stuff."

"Yes," the professor agreed. "Jane certainly had a charm of her own, though I must confess that for a day or so after a bout with her I wasn't much good for anything. However, I insist that in the long screw a little more subtlety is to be desired, and also a good deal more



submissiveness. Fucking Jane was a good deal like being raped by a succubus and while I don't mind being violated occasionally I prefer to have my women less able to knock me off the bed. Now Bella——."

The barber interrupted. "I can see the difference between Miriam and Jane," he admitted, "and I'll grant that you have certainly shown a real difference between two ways of fucking, but I'll be damned if I can see where you'll make any more. One shook her butt in time and one didn't. There aint any third combination."

The professor smiled like a tom cat that has just remembered something.

"Bella," he remarked, "had a very finished technique. Indeed if great art is the concealment of art she had a master to it. Her response was so beguilingly simple that the veriest virgin watching her abed would have offered to outscREW her; so flattering to the man that one always felt that one was overwhelming a shrinking maiden; and yet withal so skillfully done that not until you withdrew did you suddenly realize that every drop of semen every iota of pleasure had been squeezed out



of you."

"Oh, yes, next time I will tell you of the maternal technique of Bella of the Clutching Clitoris."



The barber was in high fettle at the next meeting of the quartette. His plump face was wreathed in smiles and he kept rubbing his hands together with the oily satisfaction of a man who has just turned a good piece of business. When the professor took his accustomed seat he greeted him with almost servile respect. He lost no time in explaining to the group the marvelous success that the professor's advice had brought him.

"Believe me, boys, the professor certainly knows what he's talking about. I never thought that I'd ever have to have science tell me how to lay a woman, but as I always say I'm willing to learn and when they're able to measure the distance to a star I guess it's not so surprising that they can measure the way to a woman's hole. I'm going to get some of those books the professor talks about and when I read them this town better watch out. That's

all I got to say. It better watch out."

"I take it you made the Hensy girl," the salesman said. He tried to make his voice act unimpressed, but in vain. He wasn't bragging about it, but he had had the Hensy girl out a couple of times himself with the same sort of luck that he employer had had. If the professor had diagnosed that case perfectly he, for one, was ready to get some tips of his own.

"I'll say I did," the druggist was pathetically eager to describe his success. "I got her pants torn like the professor advised. And was she mad. I had to promise to pay for a new pair." He snickered. "I don't think I'm going to have to though; she's promised not to wear them any more. I had a hard time getting her to lay down after that, as she sort of suspected something was up. But I did just like the professor said and the minute she got her hand on my prick she sort of went soft like jelly. "Oh, don't make me do it," she sort of moaned. "It's so hard—is it gogin to hurt much?" I pulled up her dress and she arched her back so I could get it over her rump and all the time she was holding on to my prick and saying: "Don't hurt me too much. Put it in me

slow." When I climbed on she guided it herself right through the tear in her pants. "Put it in a little bit at a time," she begged. "Wait, wait, I can't stand any more for a minute, it hurts so. Now give me a little more. Oh God, I want it as much as you do, but it's splitting me open." For a little while she took it little by little though I was wild to drive it clear home. Suddenly she let loose of it and threw her arms around me. "Oh push it clear up me; I don't care how much it hurts, I love it." I needed no second invitation but pushed with all my strength and felt the maidenhead give way. She gave a sort of muffled scream as I rammed it home. "It's killing me," she moaned "and I love it. Break me open but don't take it out." I heard somebody come in the front of the store, but I couldn't have stopped if it had been my wife. A moment later we both came. By the time I got my pants cleaned up the store was empty again. I hope it wasn't anybody who'll be carrying tales."

"I'm glad you found my method satisfactory the professor remarked. "I should warn you however that you'll find the little Hensy girl more than you can handle. The type has dis-



tinct leanings in the direction of nymphomania—she'll wear you out."

A shadow passed over the druggist's face. "I know," he admitted. "Already she keeps me busy. If the store is empty for a minute she has her hand inside of my trousers and is begging for just a quick one. She can't get enough."

"That is the danger with such types," the professor stated. "Now Bella of the Clutching Clitoris was quite the opposite. She was never passionate; she never importuned and she but rarely had an orgasm."

"I know a girl," the barber said, "who never —."

Bella, the professor continued, gave no more maidenhead. But she did it so quietly and unobtrusively that it was not until much later than I learned the truth. At the time I thought her a very experienced though undemonstrative girl. Do you like it? she asked me calmly. I'm afraid I may be a little tight but you can remedy that. She was right but I merely found the firm pressure of her vagina delightful.

I remember it was a moonlight night and

we were lying in the backyard of her rooming house and a stray ray of light fell across her face. Without signs of heat, peaceful and affectionate, she was smiling soberly yet a little mischievously at me. Her body was quiet and unresponsive, but she had flexed her knees so as to allow me a straight drive into her cunt. I drove long clean strokes up her or screwed it around in her until I could feel the hairy roughness of her toit rubbing the base of my penis. She rolled languidly from hip to hip like a becalmed ship moving with the swell, without power of her own.

"You like to press it around and around in me, don't you?" she asked. Her voice was quiet and sweet, she might have been asking a child if he liked sweets. "It's wonderful," I answered. "I've never felt anything so good." My tone was roughened with passion but under perfect control. I felt an unaccustomed urge to talk, to describe my feelings, not the explosive monosyllables that I had felt while fucking Jane, but articulate, descriptive sentences and phrases. The pleasure she was giving me would mount I felt but slowly to its peak; I felt that I could keep it in her for



hours and I experienced a tremendous urge to formulate in words each tingling throb of my flesh.

"Your buttocks shake so sweetly when I screw it in," I told her, "they're so big and firm when I squeeze them."

"If my ass is big," she whispered, "it's because it has grown ripe waiting for you and it quivers to the touch of its master. Your balls beat against my buttocks and my legs open to receive you."

At her words a little shiver of delight ran up and down my spine. It was as if her lips which before had released but the most modest of endearments were in those realistic terms offering up to me a more complete surrender than that of her body; she was presenting her naked spirit for my enjoyment.

"Take out your teats," I begged, and she lifted up the middy blause she was wearing and revealed two large hemispheres of white soft flesh. Supporting myself on my elbows, I squeezed and rolled them with both hands, occasionally bending down and running my tongue over the swollen nipples.

When I did this my cock would slip com-

pletely out of her hole and I gradually began a method of fucking that discovered fitted in perfectly with her passive acceptance. Slipping only the head of my prick between the lips of her cunt, I pushed it rapidly in and out, sometimes drawing it several inches away from her bottom. The tightening grip as I withdrew, the tingling impact as I imperatively pushed in again, the rough caress of her pubic hair, the shivering shock when I occasionally missed the entrance and my penis drove through hair to the anxious hole, all these sensations were concentrated in ecstasy on the tip of my tool. From that focal point little streams of sensuous warmth ran over my entire body, and my hands flattened and squeezed her boobies or fingered her brownish nipples.

Occasionally I would drive it in to the very hilt and wrapping my arms around her would shake my ass with an ever accelerating speed that drove my prick in her like a piston, but with short strokes that moved only a distance so that our bellies pressed together. At these times, a passionate warmth crept over me, heating my blood and beading my forehead with perspiration. I could actually feel my



glands beginning to secrete and an orgasm began to move slowly up toward ejaculation, but at this period I instinctively slowed down and pressing my lips to hers I left it in the tight embrace of her vagina. And as we lay thus quiet I would feel down at the hairy base of my prick a quiet tugging, a sort of sucking sensation, so delicate that I felt it due to my own unconscious twitchings, yet so pleasant that my body at times perked with the reflex that shakes one at an ecstasy too intense for human nerves. Little by little I would withdraw my penis, feeling always that clutching, sucking sensation at the contact of our privies, until with a final touch on the head itself, I made a total withdrawal. After this I would begin the whole cycle again.

I don't know how long this first fuck lasted, but the moonlight had crept over the bushes and bated us in its soft glow when I ended a sharp bout of belly rubbing and relaxed for what I knew was the culmination. My cheek pressed against her, one hand clutching her damp thigh, I lay quiet, save for spasmodic twitches of ecstasy, and felt the orgasm slowly creep forward, warming and caressing my

penis as it advanced. The soft sucking grew more and more intense; I felt on necessity or even desire to move my body. The most perfect joy was to lie quietly and feel that prehensile cunt slowly sucking out my semen, drawing me to an orgasm with soft damp lips.

"Oh honey," I murmured. "I can feel it coming; in a moment I'll be squirting it in you."

She smiled and stroked my hair. "Fill me as full as you want to," she told me.

For a moment the semen hesitated at the top tip of my prick, then pushing through the opening pumped in her cunt in thick jets of creamy warmth. The orgasm came after without shock; indeed, even while my body pulsed in tempo to the steady pump, I felt a soft lassitude steal over me.

"It's so warm as it squirts in," she said.

I finally withdrew and lay beside her until it was time for her to go in. I begged her to arrange so we could go to her room soon and taking off our clothes make use of a bed. As far as the landlady was concerned, her room had a private entrance but she roomed with her younger sister and it would be necessary to



choose a time when she was out for the evening.

"She's going to the show day after tomorrow. I'll meet you here on the porch at eight," she finally promised.

The intervening time was a difficult one for us. Memories of her soft legs under lifted skirts, her soft sweet boobies kept taunting me and the thought that I was soon to enjoy all this again gave me frequent erections. I was puzzled by the funny sucking sensation and the slow peculiar orgasm I had had. Could it have been the result of some unconscious reflex of my own? I had not read at that time the work of Van der Vell or Kretschmer and so was completely in the dark. I resolved however, that the next bout would give me a chance to solve the mystery.

Eight o'clock found me on the vine covered porch of Bella's rooming house. She was there waiting for me, dressed in a tight fitted black dress, and seizing her in my arms I kissed her avidly, the while I ran my hand over her luscious thighs and hips. I couldn't keep still but kept pressing and rubbing against her as I felt my penis swelling erect.

"Mister Cock is begging for a piece," she laughed as she let her hand rest between my legs for a minute.

"Bella," I pleaded. "Let's go up. I can't wait any longer."

"Sis hasn't left yet," she told me. "We'll have to wait for her. She won't be long."

She drew me down on the porch swing. For a few moments I kissed and petted her. Finally she released herself; unfastening her dress on one side drew out one of her breasts, which hanging in white contrast against her black dress made a pretty picture.

"Maybe this will pacify you till you can get some more," she smiled.

Taking her booby in the left hand she pressed it until the nipple thrust forward invitingly. With her right hand she drew my head down and pressed her teat between my lips. With the fervor of a man dying of thirst I sucked her, pulling and biting the nipple or licking my tongue across it. She laughed throatily and smiled at me with the calm satisfaction of a mother nursing a child. It was obvious that she found it pleasant to have me suck, but that she was not impassioned by it. Her own calm-



ness and pleasure in giving me joy gave a subtle flavor to my enjoyment, touching very strange childhood chords and almost bordering on the incestuous. Occasionally she would push mischievously against my lips, gradually releasing the nipple to which I attempted to hold with hungry lips and inarticulate pleas. Then when my lips were detached from their hold with a smacking sound that made her laugh she would feed me her breast again, smiling at my eagerness.

So engrossed were we with this play that her sister almost caught us as she left. We had barely time to break away as she came out on the porch. Bella was forced to hold her dress across her naked breast. Carrie, her sister, only tossed us a greeting and went scurrying away to keep her appointment.

"Let's go up," I begged when she was out of sight.

"My, but your dick's impatient," she said. All the same she got up and led the way upstairs. As I followed noting the even swing of her buttocks under her dress, I felt so wildly impatient that I was almost tempted to pull her down in the hallway and ease my ardor

then and there.

The combination bedroom and living room which she shared with her sister was plainly furnished with a table, a few chairs and a huge double bed. But what drew my immediate attention was a tall pier glass set in one wall and reflecting the whole side of the room. As I took Bella in my arms, I noticed that she was presented full length in the mirror to which her back was turned and a new plan of action occurred to me.

Palming her buttocks, I began to gather up her dress in my hands and gradually reveal the charms that lay under it. Firm, well turned calves gave way to silk covered knee hollows, and then above her round garters appeared the first glimpse of flesh, swelling out ripely above her stockings. I lifted her skirt gradually so that I might savor completely the tantalizing contrast between the black silk and the slowly growing expanse of rounded thighs.

I wish to impress upon your attention, gentlemen, the fact that her dress was black. The matter of color as an aphrodisiac is an important, but almost unexplored field. I have my-



self conducted a series of experiments which I hope some day to incorporate in a monograph on the Passion Coefficient of Color. Using a tumescenceograph, an instrument I invented to measure the relative strength of an erection I tested both on myself and on others the heat creating power of different colored dresses when the girls wearing them revealed their thighs beneath. I found that the same girl who had evoked but a slight reaction when she showed her legs against the background of a white dress provoked a passionate erection when she coyly lifted the hem of a red dress. Indeed a white dress on a beautiful chorus girl had to be lifted ten inches to secure the same effect that a poorly figured girl could secure with two inches of a red material. As for the black—I was never able to get my instrument to measure the erection caused by the contrast with a luscious pair of legs and I finally had to abandon all experiments with black velvet, owing to the tendency of the male subjects to throw over the instruments and mount the ladies on the laboratory floor.

And so, gentlemen, I call your attention to the fact that Bella was wearing a black velvet

dress.

Her legs were pressed together, but this but served to accentuate the curve of her thighs. At last I had pulled her dress so high that I was able to take in my hands the hem which now was touching that place where the butts suddenly swell out. Resting my head on her shoulder, I feasted my eyes on the reflection of her naked legs and teased myself with the thought of what was yet to come. At last I began to slip the black velvet up over her hips, which revealed themselves with the same full firmness with which her breasts slipped out. Her buttocks were large and soft and in her present position slightly pendulant and pressed together. I hurriedly folded her dress under on itself so my hands were free to clutch and caress the treasures presented to me. My fingers sank into the soft flesh and my palms rubbed against the cheeks of her fanny. The sight of her bottom rolling and quivering under my touch increased my passion. Clutching both cheeks I pulled them up until her thighs ran flatly into them, then shook them so violently up and down until the mirror showed them shaking like the teats of a hula dancer.



Next I forced them apart like two un-nippled boobies with the slit of her ass gaping open.

The sight of this caused me to begin pushing and rubbing my prick against her belly and she, realizing how busy my own hands were, quickly released it from its confinement and lifting the front of her dress let it press against her belly. But by now my passion could be satisfied with nothing less than entry, while I was determined not to give up the pleasure that the sight of her ass was giving me.

"Put it in, honey," I gasped.

She spread out her legs and squatted down a little, thus opening her cunt.

"You'll have to get down lower," she told me, and I accordingly flexed my knees. She rubbed the head back and forth in her slit for a moment then pressed it in the hole. I shoved upward and my cock began to drive home. Unable to stand upright I was forced to throw a good deal of my weight on her and we staggered a moment or two while she got more firmly set. This necessitated her spreading her legs still further open and squatting lower. Pulled wide apart by this position, her buttocks became taut and firm, the overhand

on her thighs flattened out and her bent spread legs swept down into her stockings in a curve. If you have never seen a woman with nice legs and a large bottom squatted down to receive a penis in this manner you have no conception of the beauty of the female ass. I have never understood why the renaissance painters who so appreciated the feminine bottom in repose, never painted a Venus in this position.

The effect on me was so intense that I folded my hands around her waist to avoid interfering with a complete surveyal of the reflection and plunged my prick into her with mounting fury. At last, not because I was tired of the sight, but through a desire to plumb still further treasures, I begged her to join in and add her motions to my own.

"You're wanting to watch my ass and see it shake in the mirror," she said, and laughed at my dismay, for I had not thought she realized that I was watching her behind. "Don't worry," she reassured me, "if it gives you pleasure to have me shake it, here goes."

With those words she began to quiver and wiggle her fanny, rolling her buttocks in circles up and down, bending and straightening





her knees and so pressing her butts together or spreading them still further apart and displaying the most intimate charms of her ass. Following these motions her cunt rubbed and shook my cock in a most maddening fashion and I would have found it hard to say whether the twisting pressure on my staff or the **wild** reflection of her twisting, writhing, quivering bottom contributed the most to my joy. At times, throwing her weight largely on one foot she would oscillate but one buttock, while the other, stiff and tight, with a steady highlight on the glistening skin, took the impact of its bouncing mate.

Glancing in her face to see how she was enjoying our fuck I was astonished to find it flushed, her damp lips open and her eyes half closed. The cool sweetness of her previous bout was lost in the sweaty heat of a woman whose every thought is concentrated on the welcome drive of a prick in her itchy cunt. Bella was riding fast for an orgasm.

"Oh, Lee," she murmured, seeing that I had discovered her condition. "It makes me so hot to shake my ass for you. I started because you wanted me to, but now I couldn't stop



for anything. I'm going to blow in a minute and you mustn't come before I do. My hole's burning up."

When she had first taken out my prick she had merely unbuttoned my trousers, but now with trembling fingers she unfastened my belt and underwear and let them fall at my feet, while she seized my own ass in her eager and trembling hands. And then while we staggered and screwed, she squeezed and shook my bottom with even more abandon than I had applied to hers. At last her panting breathing gave warning that she was near an orgasm and I could feel my own rapidly approaching.

"Lee, don't just look at my ass," she begged. "Get your hand on it."

As she said this she seized my hand in one of her own and taking the middle finger pressed it up along the crack between her buttocks until it slid over the purse which was gaping wide as she squatted. Sensing her wish I pushed my finger in the hole and she squealed with the pleasure of this new contact. Now her buttocks drove forward until her cunt was filled, now they swung backwards until my finger had

plumbed the depths of her burning ass hole. It was as if she could not decide which hole she found the most pleasant to have filled. But then at last, with a sudden weakening of her legs, that nearly precipitated us both to the floor, her orgasm swept over her. I gave her both: pressing my prick up her with all my strength, I forced my finger at the same instant up her bottom its entire length. For a moment or two I supported her while she trembled in ecstasy. Then with a premonitory tightening, my cock propelled the first warm jet of love into her ready to it. Neither of us in the throes of culmination were able to support the other's weight, and after a moment's staggering we fell together on the floor where we shortly completed our joys.

"I'd never have come if you hadn't made me shake my bottom for you," she told me as I finally took my prick out of one hole, my finger out of the other.

"Yes," she admitted, with a shiver of reminiscent pleasure. "Aren't you glad I did, then?" I asked. "And we'll do it again whenever you want, but I think I like even better



just to lie still and watch you fuck happily for yourself."

This reminded me of the mysterious sucking which I had resolved to solve. I asked her to explain, but she assured me that she had no idea of the cause of my strange sensation. It was then that she told me the almost unbelievable fact that I had the previous evening taken her maidenhead.

"You mean to say," I gasped in astonishment, "that I am your first lover?"

"More than that," she assured me laughingly. "You are the first man to whom I have given a fuck. Indeed, you are the first man who has had any of my favors."

So exhilarating was this discovery that I felt my power and desire, which I had so recently exhausted, returning again. After shaking out the trousers that were caught around my feet I rolled over and began to press those full breasts which had been saved for me alone.

But Bella at last released herself and getting to her feet quickly stripped off her clothes and stockings while I, nothing loath, quickly followed suit. For a few moments she turned in white ripe nakedness before me, allowing me

to view from all sides the beauties that I had enjoyed and was so soon to taste again, then motioned me to get in bed. Forcing me to lie on my back she knelt beside me.

"Though I was until recently a virgin," she told me, "I have, I think, an instinctive talent for love and I know my own talent. I was intended to be a maternal mistress. To the man I love I want to give and I want my pleasure in the joy of watching him take. Occasionally we shall fuck as we just did, but mostly I prefer to lay quietly and placidly give you my cunt to screw as you wish until I slowly draw out your semen. And now let me hang down my teats to you."

As she uttered these last words, she bent over me and slowly oscillated before my approving eyes two large and trembling paps,—her bow shaped breasts hung down in this position like the udder type but larger and more pointed. As I seized one in each hand and squeezed they were flattened out to an astonishing length and when after sucking the nipple for a moment I opened my mouth I was able to press half of her elongated boobie in between my lips while milking the other with



one hand. From time to time she withdrew one breast and smilingly presented the other. At last she drew both of them away and shook them slowly from side to side and merely laughed at my pleas to be allowed to have them. Finally when I was wild with desire she pressed them together with her hands until the flesh flattened down and the brown nipples touched.

"Suck them together," she ordered and I seized both teats in my avid mouth and tugged and sucked with fervor. It is not every woman whose breasts can be handled this way and then generally only when they are hanging down, but I assure you that the sensation is unique if you have never tried it. Your Hensy girl, Henry, was made for such a sucking; do not forget to have her hang them for you.

Finally however, I pressed forward for further joys and remembering the problem I had to solve, I rolled her over on her back and applied my finger to her clit. The abundant brown hair was still damp and heated with her recent orgasm and after tenderly pressing and rubbing the clitoris I slipped a finger in the pink little slit that showed between the curls. Her

vagina was damp and warm and as she spread out her legs and bent her knees I inserted my finger its entire length and began to rub it tenderly in and out, being careful to press the side against the upper angle of Cupid's triangle. I continued this for several minutes, occasionally working it in and out very rapidly or pressing it in a circle against the walls and lips of her cunt. She smiled at me and occasionally gave vent to expressions of delight, but showed no signs of being inflamed by my caresses and her body remained completely quiet.

I was about to abandon my experiment when a sudden little twitch at the base of my finger warned me that I was on the brink of success. I continued to work my finger in her hole and the twitching gradually increased until it assumed the proportions of unmistakable sucking. I stopped moving my finger, merely leaving it inserted and the sucking merely continued its steady tugging. I looked at Bella; she was smiling faintly, mischievously, but without passion. I rested myself on one elbow and bent over her, looking closely where her lips fitted together around my finger. And then

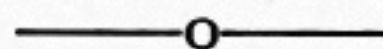


I saw the explanation.

The clitoris and lips of her cunt were in slow rhythmical motion, folding in on themselves with some little force; they would then curl outward softly, the entire motion being quite similar to the mouth movements of a man sucking a pipe. The movement was entirely local, her adjacent belly and thighs being quite motionless, only the curl of her hair nearest her hole nodding slowly, like the nap of a rug whose edge you are pulling.

The explanation of yesterday's fuck and the sight of her beautiful little cunt tugging so solemnly and primly at my hand gave me an indescribable pleasure. Withdrawing my finger I quickly went down on her and spreading her legs farther apart, applied my eager lips to her cunt. The sharp sex odor of her privies, the salty tang of her toot, the rough feel of her hair on my nose and lip and the involuted warm feel of her hole as my tongue forced its eager way in her, set me mad with desire. I sucked and licked her cunt in a wild fury for a few moments until I remembered the cause for my present attack. Thereupon I calmed down a bit and curing and narrowing

my tongue I pressed it as far up her hole as I could. I instantly discovered that my lips had but served to set her clitoris in wilder motion. My tongue was immediately caught in a firm but tender grasp while the opening of her vagina kept folding in on itself with a throbbing steadiness that seemed ready to suck my tongue in to its very roots. The joy was too provocative to be long endured without relief, and feeling my penis tugging and thrusting in uncontrollable heat I finally recognized the necessity of giving it its due. Regretfully withdrawing my tongue from its pleasant harbor, I threw myself upon Bella's waiting belly and quickly driving my prick into her, began another one of those long, ecstatic fucks that was to make her memory a shining brightness in my mind. As before she was completely still, save for her twitching cunt, which finally got softly and fully an orgasm from my resting cock.



The professor dropped a tear in his wine-glass.

"Poor Bella," he sighed, "may she continue



to rest in peace."

"I knew a girl once," the barber said, "who wouldn't move, if you laid her on a hot stove. She was just lazy, though."

"And the woman who won't come," the salesman remarked in disgust.

The professor began to put on his overcoat.

"Gentlemen," he apologized. "I'm afraid I must desert you. My fiancée is expecting me to take her to the Baptist Church Social."

THE END