Mr Gray was on holiday in France. He was staying in an expensive hotel but it was not a good hotel. The meals were very small. One day he sat down to dinner. His plate looked wet. He held it up to the waiter and said, "This plate is wet. Please bring me another."
"That's your soup," replied the waiter.

At last the visitor had to say something about the food. "I don't like this apple pie, Mrs Good," he said.
"Oh, don't you?" said the angry landlady. "I was making apple pies before you were born."
"Perhaps this is one of them."

"My boyfriend is wonderful," said Betty.
"He is rather nice, I must say," said Lucy.
"He tells everyone that he is going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world," said Betty.
"I am so sorry," said Lucy. "Perhaps he will change his mind and marry you after all."

He gave her a very nice ring, and she wore it to the office the next day. Nobody noticed it. She moved her hand this way and that way, and still none of the other girls in the office noticed the ring. At last, in the tea break when they were all sitting round, she suddenly stood up.
"It's very hot in here," she said. "I think I'll take off my ring."

On the telephone:
"Doctor, my child has just swallowed my ballpoint pen."
"I'll come at once."
"What can I do until you arrive, doctor?"
"Use a pencil."

Andy Macgregor from Scotland has arrived at New York airport. "How much do you charge to go to the Edison hotel?" he asks a taxi driver.
"Eighteen dollars," replies the driver.
"And how much do you charge for my bag?"
"There is no charge for the baggage."
"All right. Take my bag. I'll walk," says Andy.