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Lives there a souse with nose so red
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my last, my final beer;
Bartender, take this nickel here."
—Squib

Tell me, pretty maiden,
With eyes of deepest brown,
If I kissed you on the forehead,
Would you call me down?
—Gargoyle

This Isn't Done at Michigan
She:—"I wonder how long it is around a girl's waist."
He:—"Let's get a string and see."
—Gargoyle

Angry Prof.:—"Young man, do you come to this class to sleep?"
Stude:—"Yes, sir. I have to stay up all night studying for it."
—Jack o'Lantern

He:—"How about one little kiss, just—"
She:—"Oh, I don't need any practice."
—Jack o'Lantern

Daughter:—"Yes, mother; Albert did kiss me last night,
But I sure sat on him for it."
—Chaparral

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Something In The Offing

Tom:—"Come along, Dick. There's not much time. We want to be there when she takes off."
Harry:—"What's this—airplane flight?"
Tom:—"No. Bedroom farce."
—Judge

Slowly they moved toward each other.
One as pale as a ghost, the other blushing red. The green beneath them was as soft as felt and they moved noiselessly. The distance grew less. There was a hushed silence. They met. They kissed.
Then—"D—mn it! I'd have made that shot with a little more English on that white ball."
—Pitt Panther

Prof.:—"I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?"
Nearly every student raised his hand.
Prof.:—"Good. You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."
—Pitt Panther

He:—"Won't you go out to supper with me? We will have champagne and—"
She:—"Ah, Champagne. When I think of it I am thrilled. One sip and my heart throbs, one glass and I will let you hold my hand, one pint and you may kiss me, one quart—"
He:—"Damn prohibition anyway."
"Ed Wynn Carnival"
"What's the difference between a ditch digger and a cremator?"
"One earns his living; the other urns his dead." — Yale Record

That Harvard Accent Again
There once was a student a laughin'!
And he laughed till he started a coughin'!
And he laughed and he coughed,
And he coughed and he laughed,
Till they soon bore him off in his coffin. — Yale Record

Customer: — "You've changed your brand of soap, haven't you?"
Barber: — "How'd you guess?"
Customer: — "It tastes different." — Yale Record

"I didn't think Jack was a musician."
"What made you think he was?"
"He told me he had a seat in the orchestra to-night." — Yale Record

High School
Teacher: — "Tom, what's the difference between vision and sight?"
Tom (after hesitation): — "Well, did you see the young women Dick and I were with last night?"
Teacher: — "Well?"
Tom: — "Well?" — The Medley

SELDEN TRUCKS

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THE BEVERAGE
The all-year-round soft drink
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The Demise of a Great Institution
Confessions Of a Modest Member of Course IV

I'm just a rhythmic symphony,
Above the vulgar common life,
A rhythmic trill in a higher key,
I've taken Art as legal wife.
The Classic skill or Art Nouveau,
Will make my soul emote alike,
Pre-Raphaelites, Chevannes, Corot,
Picasso, Ansfeld or Van Dyke
In dead civilization's spell,
The alluring Past, has caught my heart.
In Gothic crips, where monks did dwell,
A Doric base, an 'egg and dart,'
Egyptian caps or Byzantine,
Pompeyan, Roman, Renaissance,
In dust of Cras, that have been,
There lies the spirit of Romance.
But, give me a smack of wild batique,
A Pallet, paints, a camel brush,
A model draped in a cloak antique,
The world then fades in breathless hush,
My exalted fancy, a building dreams,
Creative flame, IGNITES my soul,
To guide my hand a Spirit seems,
I, scribble frantic with charcoal... The building's done. I've made a name
I'll have my seat, among the elect
I'm blessed with Genius and with fame
That's why 'T' am an ARCHITECT.

Heat

Prof.:—"If a ton of coal comes to fifteen dollars,
how much will a half a ton come to?"
Voice (very weak).—"Ashes."

The End of the Line

A big fat woman and a little thin man were riding on the step of a crowded Dudley Street car. 'Twas a slippery day and Massachusetts Avenue was sheeted with ice. The car jumped over a street crossing and the fat lady fell on the little man—both went sliding down the street. At last the curbstone halted their rapid progress, and a wee small voice from the bottom called out: "Excuse me, madam, but you'll have to get off and walk now, this is as far as I go."

How To Avoid The Horrors Of The Dry Feeling

Get a piquant beauty whose insinuating glances have the stimulus of a Cocktail, a smile sweet as wine and the dainty poise of a well prepared Pousse-Cafe.

Swallow down the idea that you are in love and it will go up to your head. This intoxicating notion will make you reckless. Then drink with her out of the cup of love, and drunk with the joy of being loved, lead her to the Altar. The realization of what you have done will give you the feeling of the day after, and if strong enough, Delirium Tremens.

Ze Applause from ze upstairs—how can I express it—it is ze great inspiration
Hollywood on the Charles

The age of the legitimate stage is over. This is the era of the movie. The silver screen has lured stage celebrities to the land of shadows. Tech alone is behind times, strange to say, altho we pride ourselves on being up-to-the-minute men. The fact is, however, that we have an annual Tech Show performance and not an annual celluloid production.

Tech has unsurpassed facilities for producing Mack Sennet films, full of Tech bathing flappers with blacksmith arms, strolling not along the sandy beaches of the Pacific but along the Esplanade of the Charles, pie-slinging Tech Chaplins, messing up the labs in comedies entitled “A Term’s Pleasure” or “A Dog’s Life.”

The snappy stuff for a Tech movie, however, would be a Doug Fairbanks stunt film. For we have piles of youthful Techites with John Barrymore profiles and Greek God torsos. Just imagine a film of Regeneration with a plot like this:

Doug of Tech is down and out, he does nothing, that is, nothing but lounge about the lobby in a pinch-back, Kennedy cut. (Four more payments and it is all his.)

Dainty Dorothy (Mac O’Daly ’22 Boxing team), the sunshine of the dark lecture room, is cast across his path by the hand of Destiny. (Close up of soulful gaze) “You understand me,” he cries and rushes out to make good. He doesn’t go West. He goes to the labs and works, works, works. She understands him!

2nd Reel. Dorothy is in the Margaret Cheney Room clad in a diaphanous garment that shows a wrestler’s neck. She lifts her eyes from her math book and gazes into space. (Close up showing gigantic tears rolling down smooth-shaven cheeks.) “He needs someone to understand ‘HIM’ she murmurs. (The movie doesn’t register her basso profondo, distinct advantage of the silent drama.)

3rd Reel. Doug is still at the lab. It is three o’clock in spite of which his subconscious mind is working. He feels that SHE is in danger. “Ah the villain,” he cries, tying his lab coat to a gas tap. He hangs from it and with a vigorous impulse swings out

(Continued on page seventeen.)

She:—“Do you know the ’Barber of Seville’?”
He:—“No, Mr. Bush, I shave myself.”

Clever Dog

“My dog can scent a storm a mile off.”
“Then his nose must be somewhat of a storm center.”

Those Frosh Exams

“Noah’s wife was called ‘Joan of Arc.’”
“Water is composed of two gases, oxygen, and cambridgen.”
“Lava is what the barbers put on your faces.”
“A blizzard is the inside of a chicken.”
“Revels are men who fight against their own country.”

The Infernal Triangle.
THINK I'LL RAISE ONE DURING VACATION

OH BOY—IT'S COMING! I'LL SHOW THE BUNCH WHAT A CLASSY EYEBROW IS....

THIS IS WHAT I CALL THE CATS PAJAMAS—ALL IT NEEDED WAS A GOOD START

I WONDER IF ONE WEEK IS LONG ENOUGH....

IT'S A NICE LEAP YEAR PARTY BUT I'LL NOT GO, RATHER THAN SHAVE IT OFF

IT OUGHT TO COME FASTER BUT SOME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY

IF THE FELLAS SAW ME I'D GET THE ROYAL RAZ for THIS HALF BAKED MUSTACHE

AND CLASSES START TOMORROW

OH HELL! WHAT'S THE USE

KIKO
ACK again! Scarcely a fortnight ago the faculty's wonderful one horse shay, which we had pulled up hill and down dale for six long months shared the fate of its famous namesake, and for a week, while the drivers busied themselves repairing it, we ran amuck and lived the lives of lotus eaters. For one whole week all around the Stute was peace and quiet. The Prony brake rested heavily on its arm, the low pressure cylinder lay quietly beside its mate, and the testing machine fasted after its glut of concrete and yellow pine. The chemicals were left to find their own affinities, or to crystallize in an old age of bachelorhood. In 10–250 no one expatiated on whether coughdrops are endo-thermal. The lobby was still as the grave, save for the drowsy murmuring of the elevator, as it slept more deeply than usual. But now, alas! Alack! We are back, except for a few who joined the beckoning throng in the great Valhalla, and we are slowly, sadly, with downcast eyes and leaden steps fastening the harness on our backs for the last hard pull. And as we gather together, and sullenly snap the buckles and adjust the straps, a hollow voice, fraught with despair and laden with anguish, tongues the thought of all,—

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"
GENTLEMEN, we have with us today, the Architects! The advent of our fellow students from Rogers into the limelight should be highly profitable to them and to us, for to most of the Tech men of the present generation the romantic atmosphere of Rogers is unknown. It will do most of us grinds a world of good if we soak up a little of the Course IV spirit of comradeship and originality. The outsider is always impressed, first with the way these Bohemians stick together, and secondly with the way in which they allow the romantic and imaginative parts of their minds to have full play.

The creators of Doc Bush and his famous line of Hunyon must be credited with imaginative minds. Wicker finger bowls and soluble socks have no value as practical products, but as a means of quickening wits which have been dulled by the absorption of too much calculus of Thermo they have no equal.

The great advances in science and technology have been made by men who have been quick to apply their originality to their work. Let's all try to get that Course IV spirit.

The proverbial church mouse has nothing on the Walker Memorial mouse in the matter of avoirdupois. Hence Phosphorus is forced to indulge in continuous nocturnal perambulations in pursuit of the nitrogenous portion of his well-balanced diet. He told me today that while he was wandering around our student recreation center some weeks ago, he spotted one of his old friends of the rodent species showing unmistakable symptoms of having had a square meal. This was an unusual state of affairs, as you may well guess that in order to remain among the living friends of our well-known cat, the mice must confine themselves to a strictly training table diet.

Having finished his own immediate banquets, Phosphorus set out to find the other banquet which he was sure must be in progress somewhere in the building. He pussy-footed himself into the Senior banquet just in time to hear Norry Abbott reading some very important telegrams in regard to Senior employment. All of them seemed to indicate that the market price of sheepskins will take a drop about June 11. The way in which these telegrams were received showed plainly that the Seniors appreciate the fact that the great business world will be waiting for them with an ax when they start out.

Phosphorus told me confidentially that he was pleased to hear about the Stute much comment about the relative merits of ditch digging as a remunerative profession as compared to engineering. He thinks that it is a good thing for Seniors who are called upon to decide what positions they will accept to bear well in mind that strong arm labor rates five dollars per day at present. An appreciation of this fact will restrain many from being too anxious to accept the first thing which hits their fancy no matter what its cash accomplishment may be. The lure of the pick handle at one hundred and twenty a month should be more rosy than that of the test tubes at one hundred per. In both cases one starts at the bottom.

Which reminds Phosphorus that while recently reading the report of the American Chemical Society on the relation of the engineer to his employer, he was impressed with a statement therein to the effect that the whole profession of engineering, and in particular the chemical branch, is handicapped and held down to a lower level because of the fact that the young graduate engineer has too great a tendency to underrate the value of his services, and is willing to start in the game with that large handicap which is so admirably called "the bottom."

For after all, the most of them start in at the bottom of the wage scale only. The employer expects top service at bottom prices. The young engineer is expected to give the best that is in him continuously, at bargain rates, as his punishment for not belonging to a union which will force him to withhold the supply of his services until the demand for them becomes so pressing that the sky is the limit when the so-called collective bargaining is done, in which the organized bunch is always the one which does the collecting.
Insomnia Cured

Course IV Man writes:

"I recommend this prescription; it relieved me, and I heartily advise anyone suffering as I did, to use it. For years and years the pleasure of sound sleep was denied to me by Nature. I was examined by doctors that used all kinds of Alopatic, Homeopathic and even absent treatments. I underwent expensive travels to place myself in the hands of famed specialists, but it was all in vain. I tried Opium, Morphine, Ether and Chloroform, but drugs had no effect on me. I remained cool and bleary-eyed, to my great dispair.

"I had given up all hopes of recovery, when I happened to attend a lecture in 10–250 and EUREKA!!! Two seconds after the lecture started I was asleep and snoring. I had to be carried home by my friends, and ever since, I am no longer bothered by insomnia. Whenever I want to go to sleep, all I do is to think of that one lecture. I find it most effective and recommend it highly to my friends."

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Michael Angelo Da Vinci.

Revised Nursery Rhymes

A little co-ed,
She lost her head,
And couldn’t tell where to recover it;
Leave her alone
And no one will ever discover it.

Old Father Hubbard,
He went to the cupboard,
To get for himself a drink;
But when he got there,
The cupboard was bare,
There wasn’t even a wink.

There was an old Prof., who lived in a shoe,
He had so many students, he didn’t know what to do;
He gave them some quizzes—but they didn’t do well,
So he scolded them soundly and gave them ‘extra work’.

Hy-drawlic-drawlic, the Prof. has the colic,
The Student jumped over his bean;
The Janitor laughed to see such sport,
The Co-ed ran away with the Dean.

To H— with Architecture
The Princess Is Sad

Why is the Princess sad, why is the Princess pale,
Why is the Princess languid, why does the Princess wail,
Why does her bosom heave, under the rich brocade
Of her bodice gem-studded with beryls and jade.
If the tale of her sorrows, thou art eager to hear,
Then to a troubadour, lend a sympathetic ear.

"The Princess came from dinner, egg dripping down
her chin,
She spilled her milk and coffee, and got soaked to the
skin.
The Princess has been naughty, the Princess has been
bad,
The Princess stuck her tongue out at her aged royal
Dad.
The Princess met her aunt, called her an old maid fool,
She led her to the garden, and shoved her in the pool.
The Mother Queen got sore, on seeing such a prank,
Took her across her knee: she got a royal spank . . . ."

That's why the Princess sobs, that's why the Princess
sighs,
And with a trembling hand, brushes the tears from her
eyes,
That's why the Princess is pale, that's why the
Princess is sad,
That's why the Princess wails, now isn't that too
bad . . . . . ?

"After he proposed to you, did you tell him to see
me?"
"Yes, Father, he said that he had seen you several
times, but he still wanted to marry me."

A Few Of 'Em

There's the girl who is sweet,
And the girl who's discreet,
And the girl who is studious-wise;
There's the girl who is staid,
And the girl who's afraid,
And the girl with the won't-you-please eyes.
There's the girl who can paint,
And the girl who will faint,
Should the opportune moment arise;
There's the girl who's a breeze,
But beside all of these
There's the girl who—well, doggonit, you know, but
you can't describe 'er.

Prof.:—"If I put in one drop too much of this
Solution I'll be blown thru the roof. Now follow me
closely please."

I used to sit upon his lap,
As happy as could be,
But now I get so seasick,
He's got water on the knee.
CATALOGUE OF THE NEO-MODERNIST EXHIBIT
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

34 “Diving Nigger” Loaned by the Metropolitan Museum
28 “The Iffness of Was” Early work of Al Bivalve, well-known East Boston oyster-opener
2 “The Shimmy Shake” By Waver J. Palsey, Paris Prize
4 “Madagascar Sunset” By Doctor Julian Dinkle, late of the O. K. Waffle Parlor, Hanover Street. (We never Sleep.)
11 “Daffydidil at Sunrise” Winner of the Amelia Pinkham Prize, 1902
23 “The Dance” By Rabid B. Raven, A. I. A.
19 “Fried Eggplant” By Houdini-Kush, the famous Hindu Neo-Cubist
99 “Lady at Bath” By Jack T. Peeper, R. A.
27 “Portrait of My Friend Doctor Long-Song” By Houdini-Kush
6 “Very Still Life” Last work of Cuthbert Fish, noted Vorticist and Free Love exponent
59 “Brothers” By Vodka Osk Plmsky, the noted Frenchman
13 “Meloncholic Duck” By Sigmd Yonki, well-known embalmer’s assistant of Lynn
7+ “Spring” Idyllic conception of Miss Gerta Gefilla, late of Rage and Claws Candy Factory

Fare Well
When trolley fares were doubled
I thought it rather rough,
But now I hand two nickels out
And say “that’s fare enough.”

“Turn Back, O Time!”
“Nobody can arrest the flight of time,” said the pompous man.
“Oh, I don’t know,” said the scoffer, “I’ve seen men go into saloons and stop a few minutes.”
The Song of the Hills

The aroma of the sagebrush filled the air as the sun thrust bayonets of light thru rocky gorges, and across gruesome cliffs of the Sierras.

The old mountaineer was roused from his slumber by the ripple and laughter of her song as she deftly wended her way to the crystalline spring below. As he watched her in the descent, he admired the grace of her every movement. Theirs had been a hermit life, and after long years of companionship they had come to understand each other perfectly.

Descending to the spring he embraced her gently, smoothing back her nut brown hair and admiring her docile features. Looking into her soulful brown eyes, he thought: "You are all the world to me." She sighed sonorously and once again her song laughed with the morning. Hee, Haw, Hee, Haw. And her name was Maude.

For What

Her Mother: — "What has a struggling young architect to offer my daughter."

He (hopefully): — "Plans."

4 teen 4 most 4's

1. The 4 points of the Compass.
2. The 4 seasons of the Year.
3. The 4 years at Tech.
4. The 4 in Golf.
5. The 4th dimension.
7. The 4th of July.
8. The 4teenth Amendment.
10. 4 of a Kind.
11. 4 flush.

Back in the Olden Ages
Strange

Absent Minded Prof.:—“Didn’t you have a brother in this course last year?”
Student:—“No, sir, it was I. I’m repeating the course.”
Absent Minded Prof.:—“Extraordinary resemblance though. Positively extraordinary.”

Us Co-eds do have Our Trouble
An icy walk
A flash of hose—
A little squawk,
And down she goes.

A startled look,
A whispered “Damn”
A crumpled book,
A quick exam.

A quick arising
To her feet;
A few more steps,
And then repeat.

Exchange of Compliments
Moses:—“Say look here Rastus—If yo haid was made so as to just exactly fit yo brains —then a peanut shell would look like a panama hat on you.”
Rastus:—“Ho’dat ain’t nothin”—If yo brains wuz ob calico, yo wouldn’t have enuf cloth to make a pair ob pajamas fo a microbe.”

If a woman keeps a secret it’s pretty sure to be with telling effect.

What Must Hot Coffee Be?
Preacher:—“Friends,” he said, “You’ve seen the molten iron running out of a furnace, haven’t you? It comes out sizzling hot and hissing. Well——” (the preacher pointed a long, lean finger at the congregation). “Well,” he continued, “they use that stuff in Hades for ice cream.”
"Take care your ball is not teed too close to sand-box, disc or anything which will give your eye an excuse for wandering from the ball."

—Edward Ray
in Golfer's Magazine

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Heard on Harkness

"Where are the tools?"
"Over there; take your pick."
—Yale Record

Mabel:—"I want to marry a man with brains."
Sabel:—"I know, dear, but I believe one should marry within one's own circle."
—The Medley

Be More Specific, Doctor

"Do you attend a place of worship?" asked the minister beaming upon the smartly-dressed college student.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied our lady killer, "regularly every Wednesday and Sunday night. I'm on my way to see her now."
—The Medley

A certain foolish young Dr.
Had a battery until he hr
The wires were all bare
And when she came there
The pawnbroker's wife, how it shr.
—Brown Jug

1st shade:—"What makes Charon look so tired?"
2nd shade:—"He's been trying to pull up the river."
1st shade:—"Could he do it?"
2nd window curtain:—"Course not, the blame river Styx."
—Brown Jug
'22 (awakening from nap in illustrated art lecture in time to see Venus Medici on screen):—“Good Lord! How much of this have I missed?”
21:—“You haven't missed anything important. We're just getting down to bare facts now.”
—Brown Jug

A Practical Definition
Adkins:—“Well, the world is at last safe for democracy.”
Watkins:—“Just what is democracy, anyway?”
“A democracy is a form of government where one party doesn’t do things as they ought to be done, and the other party tells how much better they would be done if it were in power.”
—Life

Widower:—“And do you think that silk stockings are absolutely essential in the wardrobe of a young woman?”
Governess:—“Most decidedly. That is... up to a certain point!”
—Judge

More Truth Than Poetry
She (playfully):—“Sure you can come up if you promise to behave.”
He:—“How do you know that I’d want to do otherwise?”
—Gargoyle

Eyes of Youth
Wood:—“There is no accounting for youthful impulses.”
Park:—“Meaning what, may I inquire?”
“In a movie comedy the other day I saw a big lion chasing one of the slapstick artists—”
“Uh huh—”
“And a little kid in the audience yelled, 'Run, lion, run!'”
—Youngstown Telegram

There Before
She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke:
“You understand, don’t you, Jack, that I've never done a thing like this before?” she asked anxiously.
He, thinking of what has just happened:
“Yes; but what an awful lot of experience you must have inherited from someone.”
—Punch Bowl
Hard to Tell

Mrs. Maloney:—"Appearances are deceitful."
Mrs. Casey:—"They sure are. Whin Oi see the ould man surrounded by a squad of cops nowadays, Oi don't know whither he's got pinched or is going to wurk in some non-union plant.

—Life

Perhaps

"Gertie is thinking up a new costume for the masquerade ball."
"Do you suppose she'll think up any higher than she did for the last one?"

—Lampoon

A Grave Matter

"I'll dig up someone for you to take to the party."
"But I want a live one."

—Widow

Forwardlooker:—"The Senate has a plan to settle labor disputes."
Cynic:—"If labor would devise a plan for settling Senate disputes, we might have peace."

—Life

"What is the greatest pipe course on the campus?"
"Organ."

—Gargoyle

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A Leak In The Register
Meque:—“Can you fix the radiator?”
Antique:—“No, I’m not taking any pipe courses this year.”
—Chaparral

Ring Up Two More
“Sir, did you see a ring lying about here?”
“Er—a finger-ring, Madam?”
“Of course! What do you think it was—a nose-ring?”
—Judge

The honeymoon is over when the bride begins to eat onions.
—Drexford

CLOTHING

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STETSON SHOES
STAR SHIRTS

THE MEN'S STORE
OF NEW ENGLAND

Shuman & Co.
Boston
Shuman Corner
THE SERVICE STORE

Their Nose Knows
Slick:—“How do you get so many girls?”
Slicker:—“Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief.”
—Stanford Chaparral

Sneezenable
A versatile girl from Seaview
Was booked for a speech on “Who’s Who?”
When the time came, behold!
The poor thing had a cold,
So about all she said was, “Ka-choo!”
—Penn State Froth

“Sweetie, please don’t play the Victrola any more.”
“Why, sugarplum, is it too high-toned for you?”
“No, dear, but I do hate to see you put on airs.”
—Punch Bowl

Hardly
Eager Shopper:—“Where are the demonstrations today?”
Salesman:—“No demonstrations on Thursday.”
Eager Shopper:—“Not even a special sale?”
Salesman:—“Special sale in bathtubs—but no demonstrations today.”
—Orange County Herald

“You your wife evidently has a will of her own, old chap.”
“Yes; and I am the sole beneficiary.”
—Blighty (London)
DO YOU KNOW
THAT THE TAVERN LUNCH IS CONSIDERED
THE ONLY REAL PLACE TO EAT?

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Box Office Open 10 A. M.—9 P. M.
Free Auto Parking

Listen, Listen
'22:—"That girl's a miser when she dances."
'23:—"Huh, how's that?"
'22:—"Yeh, pretty close."

—Lampoon

"His Look Drew Audience"
Gilbert Chesterton, the English critic, when driving in an
open car down Oxford Street and Piccadilly, attracted as
much attention, owing to his great size and massive head, as
the king going to open Parliament.
"Why," exclaimed W. W. Ellsworth, the American
publisher, "they all know you."
"Yes," replied Chesterton in a grieved tone, "and if they
don't they ask."

—Argonaut

On Her Looks
"Why don't you send the typewriter back to the business
school if she is so incompetent?"
"To be frank, I don't feel justified. I took a look around
the class and picked her out myself."

—Louisville Courier-Journal

Always Hope
The fashionable physician walked in, in his breezy way,
and nodded smilingly at his patient.
"Well, here I am, Mrs. Adams," he announced. "What
do you think is the matter with you this morning?"
"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable
patient languidly. "What is new?"

—Life

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Said the bridegroom to the gloomy-looking man:
"Well, old man, have you kissed the bride?"
"Not lately," replied the g.l.m., as he passed out into the
starry night.

—Wampus

GRiffin

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FOR YOUNG MEN and WOMEN

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It was near the end of the scene. The girl was starving.
"Bread," she cried as she sank to the floor, "Give me Bread!"
And just then the curtain came down with a roll.
—"Ed Wynn Carnival"

She:—"I appreciate the compliment, but I'm afraid I
could never make you happy."
He:—"Oh, yes, you could. You don't know how easily
pleased I am."

—Orange Peel

"You mind your feet if you want to learn the new dances."
"Never mind the footwork, Professor, just teach me the
holds."

—Orange Peel

A Bargain?

As the man and the maid strolled through the picture
gallery the woman stopped before one exhibit.
"Oh, how sweet!" she breathed.
"I wonder what it means?" questioned the young fellow,
as he eyed the pictured pair who clung together in an attitude
of love and longing.
"Oh, Charlie, don't you see?" the girl chided tenderly.
"He has just asked her to marry him and she has consented.
It's lovely! What does the artist call the picture?"
The young man leaned nearer and eyed a little label on
the frame.
"I see!" he cried. "It's printed on this card here—"Sold!"

—Houston Post
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Farewell
(With Apologies)
John Barleycorn my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
We led a merry life, John,
As through the rye we went.
But now you're up the spoot, John,
They've got you on the go;
But make your parting long drawn oot,
John Barleycorn, my jo.

John Barleycorn my jo, John,
We went the pace thegither,
And mony a canty bout, John,
We've had with one anither:
Now we maun part for good, John,
But hist before you go,
My cellar's good for many months,
John Barleycorn my jo.

—Wilmington, Del. Morning News

A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned; so what could they do?
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue. —Orange Peel

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3 pair for $1.00

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What She Needed
The literary society was meeting in Odd Fellows Hall. The Rev. Josiah Dodson presided. James Bolivar McHenry, the noted orator from the adjoining county, was speaking on "The Peace Table" and the audience was rapt in respectful attention.

"And that was what they conceded," he concluded. I ask you, fellow citizens, what does this nation need? What is her necessity, as she leaves the Far Western shore and steps proudly across the Pacific, and in the eyes of the world lays the hand of Democracy upon the brow of the Orient? What, I repeat, does she need?"

"Rubber boots!" hiccupped the town souse.

—San Francisco Chronicle

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We know we have the best Tire built. We want you to know it and get the service you pay for.
Ask the man who uses them if he would change to any other.
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Which War?
Customer:—“How does it happen that you can sell duck for fifty cents a plate?”
Waiter:—“That’s easy. We bought it before the war.”
—Dirge

She:—“What would you do if you were in my shoes?”
He:—“Get a pair about four sizes larger.”
—Awgwan

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A Gay Deceiver

John:—“You work hard. How many hods of mortar have you carried up that ladder to-day?”

Bill:—“Hush, man. I’m foolin’ the boss. I’ve carried this same hodful up an’ down all day, and he thinks I’ve been workin’.”

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

As You Were

Sweet Sixteen (to mother):—“I have worn short skirts all my life, and I am not going to wear them any longer.”
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

Perversity

Young Man:—“Please come out in the garden with me.”
Fair Co-ed:—“Oh, no. I mustn’t go out without a chaperone.”
Young Man:—“But we don’t need one.”
Fair Co-ed:—“Then I don’t want to go.”
—St. Augustine Record

 Couldn’t Fool The Sentinel

Sentinel:—“Halt! Who goes there?”
Voice:—“Private Smith.”
Sentinel:—“You can’t get away with that because I’m Private Smith.”
—Judge

Editor:—“Say, Noah sprang this joke in the Ark.”
Contrib:—“Yes, but there aren’t very many of us left who remember it.”
—Jack o’Lantern
SIMPLEX STEEL TAPED CABLES

Hundreds of towns and cities today use SIMPLEX Steel Taped Cables to distribute current for street lighting. Satisfactory service is assured because the cables are designed for just this type of underground distribution.

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At first the field of its utilization was limited by the distance electricity could be transported. But soon research and engineering skill pointed the way to larger and better electrical apparatus necessary for high-voltage transmission. Then ingenious devices were invented to insure protection against lightning, short-circuits, etc., which cause damage and interrupt the service. And now all over the country a network of wires begins to appear, carrying the magic power.

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The old mill wheel of yesterday has gone. Today the forces of immense volumes of water are harnessed and sent miles away to supply the needs of industry and business and the comforts of the home.
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