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W W W

Too Much So:—“I haven’t seen your son for several years. He seemed then quite a promising lad.”

“That’s the proper adjective; he’s been sued twice for breach of promise.” —Boston Transcript

First Gurgle:—“Did you notice that good-looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Orpheum?”

Second Gurgle:—“Oh, the handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, and wore his hair pompadour? No, why?” —Lampoon

Ann:—“I don’t believe in kissing a man unless I’m engaged to him.”

Fan:—“Why, dear, what a quantity of rings you must have.” —Jack o’Lantern

Mabel:—“I want to marry a man with brains.”

Sabel:—“I know, dear, but I believe one should marry within one’s own circle.” —Jack o’Lantern

It Happens in the Best of Comics

Fresh:—“I know more about this joke game than the editor does.”

Sopk:—“That’s possible.”

Fresh:—“Sure; he thought the stuff I submitted was original.” —Chaparral

College and “Prep” School Men

Clothing for Personality

Leather Garments,
Golf Suits, Sport Coats,
Englishmade Overcoats,
Exclusive Models in Suits,
Overcoats and Ulsters,
Haberdashery, Hats.

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400 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
“The Old House with The Young Spirit”
Quite the Smart Thing to do this Season
— to be “among those present” at the

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of the

BRUNSWICK ORCHESTRA

Under personal direction of MR. LEO REISMAN

In the Egyptian Room of the

Hotel Brunswick

Boylston Street, at Copley Square

During the concert there will be served

SPECIAL DINNER $2.50 PER PERSON

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Dinner and Supper with Continuous Dancing in Egyptian Room, 6 to 12.30
Clothing Ready Made or to Measure for Spring

Evening Clothes, Cutaways, Sack Suits
Sporting Clothes and Light-weight Overcoats
English and Domestic Hats and Furnishings
Boots and Shoes for Dress, Street and Outdoor Sport
Trunks, Bags & Leather Goods

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Cats are harmless little things;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
When a cat at midnight sings.

—Pitt Panther

Sad But True

Buddie: "Have you stopped smoking?"
Ferdie: "Yep, sworn off."
Buddie: "Why?"
Ferdie: "It's getting to be so darned effeminate."

—Pitt Panther

'22: "There is a use for everything in this world."
'23: "Is that right? Then tell me the use of a jealous wife."
'22: "Certainly. If there were no jealous wives, how do you suppose homely stenographers would get jobs?"

—Lehigh Burr

Give them a Chance

He: "Why do women speak less in February than any other month?"
She: "Why?"
He: "Because it hasn't so many days."

—Pitt Panther

Old Stuff

Pat: "I am king in my house now."
Mike: "Sure, don't I know you are. I was there when your wife crowned you."

—Lehigh Burr

Diner: "I would like a couple dollars' worth of food."
Waiter (sarcastically): "You said a mouthful."

—Pitt Panther

Bright Son: "Father, I shall have to get some new books this fall?"
Father: "Great Gosh, Son; That's just what you said last year."

—Pitt Panther

Quite True

"Hi, gimme a handful of waste!" I howled.
(I was under the auto to grease it.)
But Jim had an armful of waist in the car
And wasn't disposed to release it.

—Punch Bowl

HIGGINS'

Are the FINEST and BEST GOODS of their KIND

Are the FINEST and BEST GOODS of their KIND

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive
and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the
"Higgins' Inks and Adhesives." They will be a revelation to
you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up and withal so efficient.

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Branches: Chicago, London
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THE BEVERAGE
The all-year-round soft drink
Satisfies the national demand for a wholesome, pure and appetizing beverage—at the soda fountain or with your meals.
Bevo will more than satisfy your thirst.
ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS
It must be
Ice Cold
"So your father left you all this land, Harold? What are you going to do with it?"
"Raise Hops, Mabel, hops."
Femininity

Ah! that word Feminine! The joys, the dreams and the fascinations that it brings. We have but to shut our eyes, and under its spell of magic there come flitting visions—lovely girls; girls that we have known and girls that no mortal man may ever know. Into our daydream they come, each one stopping before us for a brief moment, teasing, and then hurrying on to join the vague haze in the background of our mind, each one replaced by another, and each one, to our willing imagination, more lovely than the ones that came before it. Dancing girls, tennis girls, golf girls, according to our tastes they come to us, each perfect, and none attainable. Was there ever anything so wonderful as these girls who come to haunt our daylight reverie? But look! What is that? Something seems to be forming in the foreground; all those others fade before this new creature of our fancy which is slowly taking on definite shape where they stood! Ah, this is the one that you have waited for thru so long a time; surely this one will be more lovely than all the rest. Ah! there it is, nearly clear,—a glimpse of brown hair, dark eyes,—could anything be more alluringly attractive? But what is that gray garment that she is wearing, and why does she bring with her the ill-reputed odor of hydrogen-sulphide? Look again at her! Oh,—! For a solid year you worked across the desk in Chem Lab from this cross-eyed monstrosity!

Barber-ous

Deep gloom and difficulty, the experiment required mineral wool. He scratched his head and muttered: "What the h—is mineral wool?" Then the idea dawned. He set out to shear a hydraulic ram.

Philosophy

Woman may be called the weaker vessel but we've seen some regular dreadnaughts.

Many a man when he's courting tells the object of his heart that he is unworthy and spends the rest of his life proving it.

"Social Butterflies" is distinctly a misnomer. When one thinks of the way women go through clothes, "moths" would be more appropriate.

What good doctors know would fill an encyclopedia; but what bad ones do not know has filled the cemeteries.

En Route

Lady:—"Please, sir, lend me your skidooly."
Stude:—"My what, madam?"
Lady:—"Your skidooly, sir."
Stude:—"Spell it madam."
Lady:—"S-C-H-E-D-U-L-E."

Modern Longfellow

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was bad enough—and
When she was bad (well, she wasn't exactly horrid).

There's a pretty girl.
Darn right. I wish she'd fall down so I could pick her up.
A Finished Product

I have a girl so very fair,
That poets rave, and walk on air,
And artists dream of angels pure,
Then paint this lassie, so demure.
Oh, how I love her! Is that why
With kisses she is not too shy;
And gives them with a dainty grace
Which quite becomes her angel face?
I wonder at her perfect kiss
Which gives to me enraptured bliss.
Is it of father's kisses born,
Or even those that brothers scorn
Her execution so refined?
This question oft disturbs my mind.
The innocence of brother's kiss
Would not produce technique like this.
So when I steal a sweet goodnight,
And musing of it take to flight,
I ponder, thinking most aloud
How many more are in the crowd.

Just for a change here's a little summer stuff.
Scene: any camp anywhere.
Where do you bathe?
In the spring,
I didn't ask you when, I asked you where.

APPLIED THEOLOGY

One of the Freshman Drawing instructors has discovered that just as handwriting is said to give a clue to character, so a drawing may give a clue to the religion of the draftsman. He classifies the drawings he inspects, thus:

The Episcopal Drawing:—"We have done the things we ought not to have done and left undone the things we ought to have done."

The Baptist Drawing:—"Watery and sloppy."

The Congregational Drawing:—No uniformity. Every drawing different.

The Catholic Drawing:—Sticks close to the rules and usages learned from his first instructor: refuses absolutely to be influenced by any subsequent, conflicting teaching.

The Unitarian Drawing:—The rules are apparently made to suit the desires of the draftsman and are exceedingly broad and liberal, sometimes shockingly so.

The Methodist Drawing:—Very methodical and prim, with positive assurance of its acceptance.

The Jewish Drawing:—Done as Father did when he was a student, using Father's instruments so carefully preserved, and Father's methods. "Why?" "I don't know. Father taught me to do it that way."

The Christian Science Drawing:—The results are there and are correct. The processes exist in the mind of the draftsman only, there is no clue to them on the paper.

The Presbyterian Drawing:—No mistakes are remedied, no blot is erased, they must all have been fore-ordained, so why change them.

The New Thot Drawing:—Unique and novel in its symbols and execution. Can be understood only by its draftsman.

The Atheist Drawing:—Ignores all rules, satisfies no one but the draftsman, and must inevitably be rejected.

The dressmaker is never what she seems.
Is the frosting on a window a frieze?
There are a great many well-read among the Indians.
Girls are delicate vessels but they require a small fortune every season for new rigging.
PACKARD
"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE."

REVERE
"THE INCOMPARABLE."

STUTZ
"MADE GOOD IN A DAY"

PAIGE
"MOST BEAUTIFUL IN AMERICA"

FORD
?

HAYNES
"AMERICA'S FIRST"
O burst forth now into a eulogy of woman seems somewhat unfitting. The thing has been done to death. Where is the man among us who, if sufficiently urged, will not oblige with a dissertation on the graces and charms of some ONE who is just a little bit better than all the rest of the women in the world. And of course we listen, politely bored, marveling at the ignorance of the man. Naturally, he has not met our Mary or Dorothy. That explains it all. He recreates at Sargent, while we prefer Wellesley, and Bob saves his cash for Smith. But whoever and wherever SHE is there is none like HER in all the world.

Girls, we rise to greet you, and as we stand with heads reverently uncovered, pardon us for asking, “How do you do it?”

Once more we are compelled to call attention to the changes which have been made in the Managing Board and in the Assistants. By looking into the frame above, you will note that several persons have taken a step upward. We wish to call attention also to one addition. E. W. Jackson has been added to the staff of hard working assistant editors. It has been necessary to drop three men from the staff for failure to perform their duty. Anyone wishing to enter competition for these positions should apply at once at the office.
E seize this opportunity to congratulate the management of the Walker Cafeteria on their recent decision to use sugar once more as a means of sweetening desserts.

While Phosphorus was lapping his daily saucer of ice cream, which, by the way, is his favorite form of cream, notwithstanding the fact that it is not cream at all but only closely associated with such, a smile of beatific delight passed over his face. The smile seemed to be more closely related to surprise and amazement.

He was observed to look around dazedly as if to verify the fact that he was eating in the Walker Cafeteria. But, having been convinced that he was, by seeing all the tables being used as coat racks instead of the rooms provided therefor, he attacked the cream with a style only comparable to that of a Course Ten man inhaling or rather absorbing his daily bread.

The conclusion we drew was that he liked it, which is strange, for Phosphorus is not supposed to like anything. The reason for his temporary magnanimity was the reoccurrence of that much-sought-after but hitherto-elusive substance, sugar in Walker food.

Hence we repeat our congratulations and only wish that we could shake the chef by the hand to show our pleasure.

Which reminds us that we have often wondered just who was or is responsible for the flavor and quality of our daily repast. With the quantity and price we have no quarrel. Yet we have no sympathy with the careless spirit who stews quantities of otherwise very good rice into batches of very good library paste and then labels the horrible result "Rice Milanaise," or who mixes prunes with molasses and injects the mucilaginous concoction between drop-forged sheets of a pie crust, and passes the resulting mixture out to the unsuspecting student body.

For such we can wish no more horrible fate than that of being forever compelled to eat nothing but their own meals. Macaroni is macaroni before it is cooked, but after the cooking process it either becomes a tasty dish or "Plaster of Paris Italienne," depending on the culinary skill of the food manipulators.

It is against the editorial policy of this paper to point out an evil without offering a solution. We propose, therefore, that the cooks at Walker be not allowed to go out for lunch.
A LEGENDE

Nowe it soe happenede that in ye dayes whene
John Barleycorne was deade which shoulde not have
beene and ye Kaisere was yet alyve which in soothe
shoulde notte have beene, there was establysshed
among ye peoples one known as a Vampe. Forsooth
it was the custom inne those dayes that ladies sayre
and swagger sayweye did danse together and the mayde
was passyng sayre and guide to luke upon soo that
she was eere amonde those presente. And here
sayrne grewe apace reaching evene unto the halles of
lernyng where manye are theye whiche labore and
fewe are theye whiche lerne. Whereapone theye
whiche laborede desyred to lerne and theye whiche
lerned wiste not that whiche theye missede for thus
hath it euer bee with ye syngle tracke mindes
whiche hath bucolic owneres.

But wythe one lernere in truthe the mattere was
of no luyge charactere. He, an artiste of no mane
repute at polyphasery, one whiche did oftene burne ye
nocturnale luminante, indeed became faste chayned
unto the wheelles of her chariotte for it soo happened
that evene as this Vampe was guide to luke-upon soo
also was she understandyngy—yea of understandyng
whiche passethe all knowledge greater evene thane the
understandyng of a huntere for liquore. And ye
lerner, though oleaginouse, was in greate neede of
understandyng for was not it he upon whom the
wrae of those above had beene vysyted at the
joustes of Yuletide-upon him whoe verily worked
wythe greate labore and yet was not understood?

But ye Vampe was not wythout motyve for this verye lerner
was one of wealtthe and rank,
and no manne manne to luke
upon thoughge in speche some-
whate uncouth, beinge of wealth
in that his sire in his daye had
cleaned many streetes and shov-
elde muche that he myght
attaine wealth ane ranke.
The ladde wiste not this whiche I tell
you soo welle had the womane
workeede and lede him to believe,
such was his ignorance, that,
for her, his charme was irresyst-
able. For in his vanity, he
sawe his owne fayce adorned
withe Charley Chaplin fringe
and his spare frayne a thinge of
beautye and a joye forevere.

Nowe therefore in the monthe
of Maye did this woman take
untoherself this manne, thoughge
ye lerner woulde have it that
he tooke untoe himselfe this
woman for he wiste not that she
was a Vampe being a manne
of letteres ane not one of socyale
attayments. Nowe therefore
attende alle ye thate ye maye
profite bye this manne's saddle
faile and that ye maye not be
enmeshede in ye Vampe's subtle
nette.

1922:—"This controls the emergency brake. It is put to use very
quickly in case of an emergency."
Fair One:—"I see, something like a kimona."

Moral—Ye Grinde oftene
findethe himselfe grounde.
OH, HOW WE CRAVE IT!

Nietzsche is said to have observed, "Two things are wanted by the true man: danger and play. Therefore he seeks the Woman as the most dangerous toy."

Nietzsche's philosophy was for the most part ahead of the times by a score of years. But being a minister's son and being favored by the gods to such an extent as to be allowed to think, eat and drink in a wet country, the possibility of a "Pussyfoot" reign in any of the so-called civilized nations was out of the range of his imagination. Had he lived to see our United States in its new Sahara desert costume he might have changed the above epigram to read,

"Two things are wanted by the true man: danger and play. Therefore he seeks the "Home brew" as the most dangerous and perhaps most wood-alcoholic toy."

Almost

He:—"There stands the parson's house."
She:—"Yes, yes, go on."

He (with trembling hand pointed):—"And there is where it used to stand."

Ennui d'Attente

(A Revery in Vers Libre)

'Tis eventide
The reflections of myriad twinkling lights
Glimmer and dance
In the dark waters of the Charles
The black shadow of a massive building
Oppresses me
Like some dense, inevitable fog.
It seems to hold me in its grasp;
I gaze appealingly into the distance
Up the long avenue of glowing arcs,
Longing for means of escape
Will it never come?
I have waited since nine o'clock
For the Mass. Avenue
Trolley.
Wherein hell
Is it?
The way a Co-ed feels her first day at Tech.

She Shook Him
or
The Syncopated Story of a Shattered Symphony

She nestled in his arms, and it seemed as though the whole world and Cambridge paused in their dizzy, desperate, dashing course to keep silence before these two as they sat on Harvard bridge and dangled their feet over the side. The Dudley Street car sped softly, oh, so softly, silently, soundlessly by. The waters of the Charles splashed gently against the abutments with a low, lazy, lapping sound, as though someone below were pouring liquid from a bottle. The stars winked at each other with a knowing wink and went over to the Coop to watch Ed. Noyes load his profits in a moving van.

"Rudolph."
"Dearest."
Pulsing with passion, thrilling with throbs, vibrating with vim, they whispered each to each as though the mighty barrier that bords the domain of dreams had oped its golden portals to their ken.

"Rudolph."
"My own?
"Do you love me?"

With a paroxysm of passion he strained her to him and imbedded his lips in hers. She lay blind, deaf, motionless, inanimate beneath the whirlwind of his caresses.

Stark terror seized him.
"Shimette! Shimette!"
The rosy lips parted and the fragrance as of the Chemical Laboratory at 3 p.m. scented the night air.
"Shimette, my own, do you doubt me?"
Wearily she raised her head.
"I—I do not know. I cannot tel."
"But, love, did I not buy you beans at Walker Memorial today? What greater test of love than that? But try me. Ask of me anything and it shall be done."
She turned her lustrous, lucid, limpid eyes upon him.
"Tell me," she breathed, "why they put the spikes on top of the two flagpoles in the Court?"
A solemn hush. The very wavelets ceased their crowning and the stars stared with a steadfast stillness. The universe stood on tiptoe to catch the whispered answer.
A look of surprise, a moment of thought, consternation and blank despair.
With a gurgling, gasping groan he plunged headlong into the black burbling water of the Charlie. A splash and all was still. She walked home alone.

M. S. D.

"I want to be excused," said the worried looking jury man, addressing the judge. "I owe a man fifty dollars and he is leaving America today for some years, so I must see him at once."
"You are excused," said his worship. "I don't want any one on the jury that can lie like that."

In brief, the drawing above contains a story. See the two hearts and the little cupid with bow drawn and—but that's enough. You have it. Love. The man's determined chin. Her wicked lashes. There is but one conclusion. Good Night!
Spring Fever

A mention of those things forgotten,
Scrap of a lost lofty race;
There once was a beautiful lady,
She lived in a secluded place.

I find, that whereer there’s trouble,
A reason is sure to exist;
Some day the snow from the tropics
Will melt. It’ll never be missed.

We find in the oft scattered traditions
Of all of the Bolshevik tribe,
Some folks like music, but others
Most frequently tend to imbibe.

The truth that is stranger than fiction
Is found at the bed of the sea,
’Tis said that a song bird’s affliction
Is sipping too strongly of tea.

From under the drift in the snow bank,
The rabbits crept out to the spring;
A lady from South Honolulu
Made a dress of a small piece of string.

The lore of the classics is wondrous,
A knowledge few men do possess;
A ship that is lost on the ocean
Is one that is sore in distress.

The journal may oft burst asunder,
They must of necessity be;
Ben Franklin played with the thunder,
To find out what lightning might be.

’Twas still in the marvelous moonlight,
She sat as one in a trance;
The mud that most bothered the soldiers
Is found, so they tell me, in France.

Continued serial stories,
In monthly installments appear;
Prohibition is something adamant
I think they should let us have beer.

The mutton the butcher has sent us,
Is supposed to have come from a ram;
The ocean yields up mighty fish,
But none are as still as the clam.

Some girls will and some girls won’t,
Stay home and do the dishes;
The man who is so seasick,
Is the one who feeds the fishes.

Wool alcohol is responsible
For deaths the country thru-out;
The bird with nerve to submit this “poem”
The editor also threw out.

He:—“You are not interested in my welfare, then?”
She:—“No, but if the two syllables were transposed
I would be not only interested but enthusiastic.”
Seen in the Papers

_Wanted:_—"Burly, beauty-proof individual to read meters in sorority houses. We haven't made a nickle in two years. The Gas Company."

Some men take me to the chorus,
Some men send me flowers;
Some take me on wild parties
That last 'til the wee small hours.

Some men send me Page and Shaw's,
Some men come to call;
But the man I like the best is
One who does them all!

Spring has Come

The trees were rocked by February blasts,
A frozen robin fell;
And murmered as he breathed his last,
"Lykelle, lykelle, lykelle."

Cutie:—"How's Boston this winter?"
Cura:—"Frozen up tight."
Cutie:—"Hump! Must be a nice burg!"
Quality First

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Boston Garter

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to well dressed men the world over. It not only keeps the old friends but makes many, many new ones each season. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

Made by GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
You have no idea how much they are talking about that

**PROM NUMBER** of *VOO DOO*

or how much they will talk about you

if you do not get them a copy.

Will you take the right course and make your life a merry one,
or are you going to buy just one copy, and let your life go

something like THIS——
The fine nutritious coating on the nougats and nuts has the perfect flavor of the cocoa bean and the fillings are made from the choicest creams and nuts.

This is the candy you can give to the children with assurance that it is both wholesome and nutritious. It is the candy to give to your friends when you wish to bring them particular pleasure.

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At The Bank
Souse (producing roll):—“What (hic) can I get for this?
Teller:—“46%.
Souse (handing over roll):—“Good! Wrap up the whole
works.”

—Pitt Panther

With The Census Taker
Census Taker:—“How old are you, madam?”
Woman:—“I’ve seen thirty summers.”
Census Taker:—“And how many years have you been
blind?”

—Pitt Panther

In The Shipyard
Feminine Visitor (watching the governor’s wife name the
ship):—“My good man, is your baby christened?”
Cautious Riveter:—“No, indeed, Oim afraid the bottle might
hurt his head.”

—Widow

Quick, The Needle!
Sherlock:—“Good God, man! What are you looking for.”
Holmes (searching about the Stutz):—“Can’t you see, fool,
one of the cylinders is missing.”

—Chaparral

Biology Prof.:—“What do you know about cells?”
Stewed:—“Not much, I’ve only been in two.”

—Gargoyle
When You Get Ready

to install that post-war

Wireless Set

Come down and select your apparatus
from our complete and up-to-date stock
of both transmitting and receiving in-
struments.

You Tech men will be able to appreci-
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Sundays from 5.00 to 10.30 P. M. Free Auto Parking
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What Do You Think?

Mother:—“Did that young man kiss you last night?”
Daughter:—“Now, Mother, do you suppose he came out
here all the way to hear me sing?”

—Lehigh Burr

How sweet is booze,
But oh how bitter
To love a drink,
And not to gitter!

—Gargoyle

“Was your husband cool when you told him there was a
burglar in the house?”
“Cool! I should say he was. Why he was so cool that
his teeth chattered.”

—Punch Bowl

Sing a song of sixpence
Pocket full of dough.
Let the co-eds find it out,
See the shekels go.

—Siren

Regarding the Osseous Cubes

Bliss:—“How do you know that he is an osteopath.”
Siss:—“I heard him say that he makes his money rolling
the bones.”

—Chaparral
"That thar hoss of mine won the last derby."
"Why don't you enter him again? I need a new hat."
—Tiger

Queenie:—"Have you ever kissed a girl?"
Óswald:—"Is that an invitation or are you gathering statistics?"
—Widow

Pullman Aristocracy
Eyes:—"For once in my life I had cause to look down at a co-ed on the train the other night."
Wright:—"Quick! don't hesitate."
Eyes:—"I was in an upper berth."
—Chaparral

Quartermaster:—"Aye, aye, sir, we have their fleet bottled up."
Admiral:—"Corking, Corking!"
—The Dirge

"And when I kissed her, I smelled tobacco on her lips."
"You object to kissing a woman who smokes?"
"No, but she doesn't smoke."
—Jack o'Lantern

No Nineteenth Hole!
Mater:—"Why does your father play golf so much?"
Dater:—"Oh, he says it's the only thing left with a stick in it."
—Chaparral

Expensive Tastes
Hula:—"I see that Alice has a new riding habit."
Hooa:—"Oh, you mean with the fellow who has that new Hudson."
—Chaparral

'23:—"I didn't get to drill 'till after roll call today, but I fooled 'em."
'22:—"How?"
'23:—"I slipped into ranks when nobody was looking."
—Cornell Widow
Beside The Still Waters
Retorts:—"There are more than two hundred fellows in
my chemistry class."
Torts:—"What the deuce are they going to do when they
graduate?"
Retorts:—"Well, the country's gone dry."
—Chaparral

Flim:—"Life must be an awful bore to Bill."
Flam:—"Why?"
Flim:—"He's an oil well digger."
—Pitt Panther

What Men Like in Women
1. Looks.
2. Brains.
3. Looks.
5. Looks.
6. Flattery.
7. Looks.
8. Responsiveness.
—Jester

Heave, Too
"Shall I bring you some dinner?" asked the steward of the
ship.
"Yes, you may bring me one on approval," replied the
passenger, as he gazed over the bounding deep. I may not
want to keep it."
—Cornell Widow

Motto for Government Railroad Administration:
"Let the public be jammed!"
—Chaparral

"Liza, what fo 'yo' buy dat udder box of shoe blackin'?"
"Go on, nigga', dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's ma massage
cream."
—Augwan

Obsequious Barber:—"Shave, sir?"
Indignant Freshman:—"Of course I do!"—ever since I
was five years old."
—Yale Record

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"Do you know why a dog has a slit in his tongue?"
"Doggone it, no, why?"
"To keep a crease in his pants."

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His feet were full of blisters;
He tore his pants on a rusty nail,
And now he wears his—uncle's.

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How many Carbon Atoms?
She:—"Is it true that an intoxicated person sees double?"
He:—"Not any more. I took a drink the other day and
was blind for a week."
—Widow

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Tell Me, Angel Eyes
Little girl with golden hair,
Ruby lips and arching eyes,
Little girl, I'll say you're there,
But I long to know the whys.

If the price of rouge should rise,
If peroxide took a jump,
Tell me, tell me, angel eyes,
Would your beauty take a slump.
—Jack o'Lantern

Aristocrats
Ex.—“She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.”
Wy. (gazing toward the lady):—“Must have been a table-spoon.”
—Chaparral

He put his arm around her waist,
She said not gently, “Sir,”
And as he let it gently fall,
She whispered, “As you were.”
—The Drexel

Difference of Opinion
Girl (watching an aeronaut):—“Oh, I'd hate to be coming down with that parachute.”
Mere man;—“I'd hate to be coming down without it.”
—Chaparral

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“My father weighed only four pounds when he was born.”
“Good heavens, did he live?”

———Lampoon

Tell us not so
In his poem the “Vampire” Kipling wrote, “even as you and I.” There is nothing even about it. The odds are all in favor of the vamp.

———Lehigh Burr

No Sense in being Unreasonable
Teacher: “What right have you to swear before me?”
Pupil: “How did I know that you wanted to swear first?”
———Helios

Mabel placed the sweet-scented flower in his buttonhole—but—
Dorothy (wise girl) placed the sweet-scented flour on his shoulder.

———Sun Dodger

The reason an engaged girl knows that two can live as cheaply as one is because all the furniture they need before marriage is one chair.

———Omaha Bee

Finally Successful
Bride: “I shall always remember the way you kissed me the first time.”
Groom: “Yes, that was one of the best systems I ever tried.”

———Cornell Widow

Beautiful Dreams
Jack: “And she was as beautiful as Venus de Milo; she had the best disposition imaginable; she was economical yet knew just how to spend money; she had all history beaten for cooking; no danger from the mother-in-law because her parents were dead; she had money galore and she loved me better than life itself.”
Mack (aside to Bill): “Who’s he talking about, his wife?”
Bill: “Hell, no, that’s just a wild dream he had.”
———Sun Dodger

Tourist (gazing at a volcano): “Looks like hell, doesn’t it?”
Native: “How these Americans have travelled.”

———Lampoon

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How They Do Run On

Mrs. Gable:—"Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night."
Mr. G. (meekly):—"Pardon me, my dear, for interrupting you."
—Gargoyle

"Don't you think Dorothy Dalton has wonderful eyes?"
"Really I can't say. I've only seen her as 'Aphrodite'!"
—Jack o'Lantern

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He Saw Red

Jack:—"Girls are prettier than men."
Jean:—"Why—naturally."
Jack:—"No—artificially."
—Cornell Widow

Doris:—"Why do you say he is loud-mouthed?"
Gladys:—"I have kissed him, my dear."

Tailor:—"Do you want a cuff on the trousers?"
Customer:—"Do you want a slap on the mouth?"
—Lampoon

Fast or Fat

Marma:—"That girl is awfully fast."
Duke:—"Do you think so?"
Marma:—"Yes, she covered five laps last night."
—Cornell Widow

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"
"Sure. That's where I met him."
—Lampoon

"Would you like to take a walk with me?"
"But I don't know you—"
"Ah, but what you don't know won't hurt you."
—Tiger
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Mixed

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"Was there a mixed audience?"
"Mixed? I should say there was. No one understood a word he said."

—Yale Record

Paying Teller:—"How will you have it?"
Laborer:—"Gimme fifty tens an' the balance in fives. I got to do a little shopin'."

—Judge

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