



THE POSTMAN

The postman is a funny man
Who never does things right;
The things he brings on time we wish
Had never met our sight.

The bills and such and postal cards
That brings the college seal
Are always brought in perfect time
With sadly misplaced zeal.

But checks from home and notes from
"Her"

Don't come in such a drive,
And though we're sure that they were
sent
They sometimes don't arrive.

NOT CATCHING

"My son is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?" remarked the fond father to the new teacher.

"Well," answered the pedagogue, "your son has been 'exposed' to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it."

He sucked his thumbs in babyhood,
Old ladies kissed him when he smiled;
His gleeful parents gave the good,
Mild name of Eustace to the child.

Bjones: "Why the grouch?"
Besum: "My wife called me a fool."
Bjones: "Cheer up. It may not be true."
Besum: "But it is. She proved it. Went
and dug up a bunch of my old love-letters
and read 'em to me!"