

A Harvard student who, for obvious reasons, does not care to have his name appear, passed up this one: "A cousin in the western part of the state came to Boston for a visit and dropped off at Cambridge to call on me. He asked if he could share my room with me that night and I told him he could if he came in early enough. He started for a theater and when midnight came without any trace of him, I called in my regular room-mate who had night quarters elsewhere to make room for my cousin. I decided that my relative was going to make a night of it in town. We had hardly got to sleep, however, when he came in, packing a highly flavored breath. We said nothing and he soon climbed into the bed with us. Everything was quiet for a few moments, when suddenly he sat up, put his mouth close up to my ear and whispered, "Jim, there are six feet in this bed!" "Forget it," I said, "You're crazy." With that he climbed out, groped his way to the foot of the bed and began to paw our feet. "You're right," he said after a minute, "I've counted 'em, and there is only four."

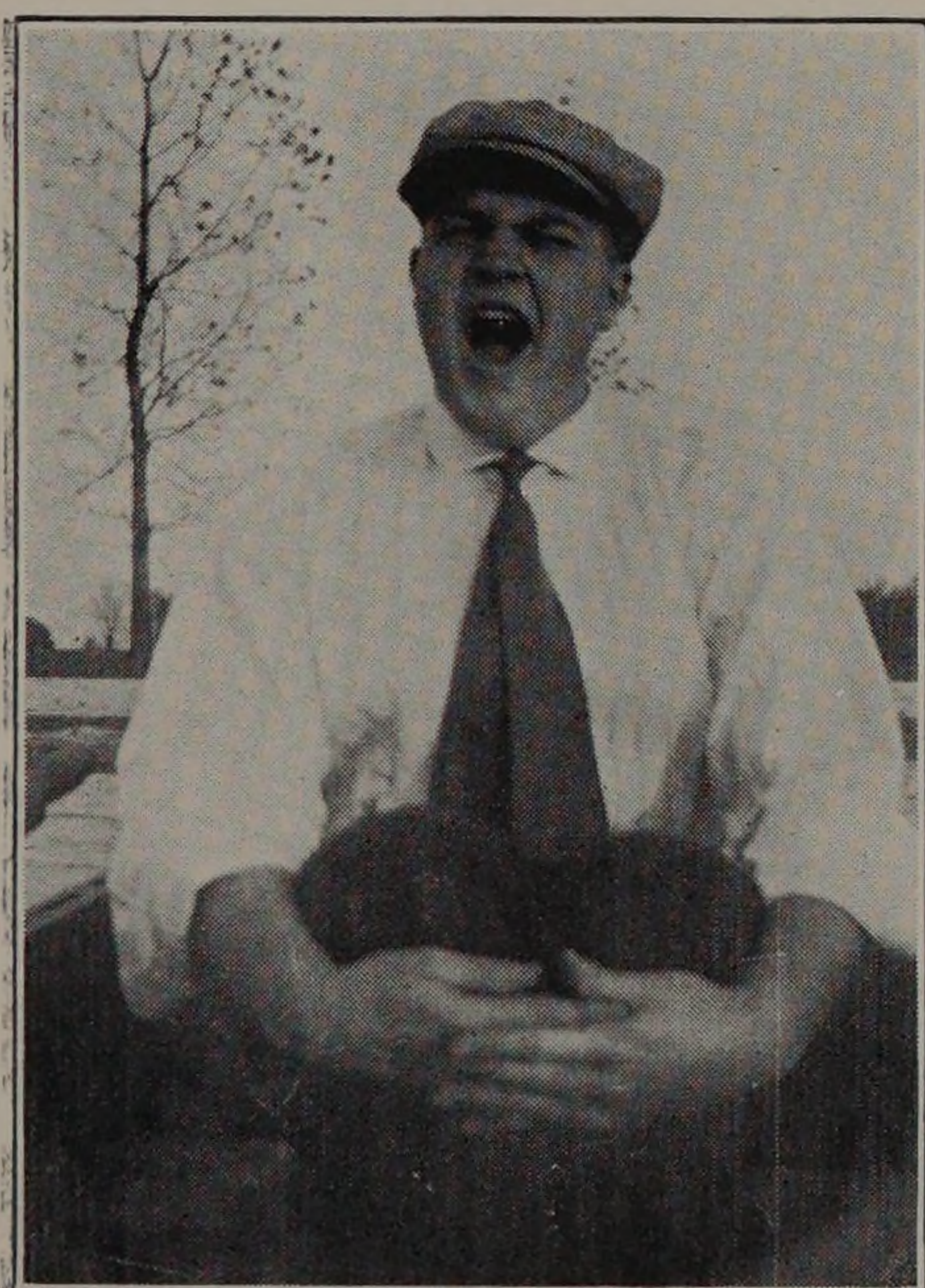


Game
not played
at
Armour

Prof. Pell (to Wright, who had been absent the previous day) :—"Wright, come and write your name on the absence blank.

(Evidently a pun.)

A voice from the rear :—"All right." (Going him one better.)



Oh, What a Night.

