

Humor

Humor has been well defined as "A kindly appreciation of the ludicrous." It is to the mind what play is to the muscles, a relaxation and recreation from the serious business of life. We live under a nervous tension and a good laugh serves to restore us to equilibrium. Humor is the safety valve which prevents too great a strain. It develops the habit of cheerfulness and is a great aid to the digestion. There are no better remedies for pessimism than a sense of humor and a good digestion.

The understanding which reveals to us the absurdities and incongruities of life is not simply for amusement. It helps us to bear with a smile hardships, disappointments, and pain. It relieves the dull monotony of hard labor.

To be born without a sense of humor is to suffer one of the greatest deprivations. The lack of this quality of the mind leads one to take himself and his work too seriously and to miss half the joy of living. A man without an appreciation of the humorous is likely to be a bore to his friends and to himself—almost as much of a bore as the would be humorist who is always pestering his friends with stale wit and whose forced jokes lack the effervescent spontaneity which appeals to a true sense of humor.—G. M. WILCOX.

This is from the Pen of the World's Greatest Smith

Humor is an indefinable, intangible, property that varies with the individual and depends on the point of view. From the point of view of the Armour Junior or Senior, the most uproariously humorous event is to fill the elevator to its capacity with fellow-students at the basement landing and watch the disgusted look on a "Prof." as he stares upward at the elevator passing the first floor without even hesitating. Some students think a "Prof's" idea of humor is to ask questions that the student cannot answer, and that it vanishes if the student reverses the process. Some of the humor dispensed by college comedians is very sad, but it is very profitable, they say. Canned humor is the privilege of the instructor of Freshmen. He can warm over his old chestnuts each year to amuse a fresh lot of victims.

Antidote.

More in sorrow than in anger, we confide these pages to your tender mercies. We have tried to hold the mirror to the lighter side of life at Armour, and, prithee, Gentle Reader, be not wroth with us if you see aught that is familiar in them, or, perchance find your name "taken in vain." For remember, Gentle Reader, that ours is indeed a thankless task at best, and anyway, every knock's a boost. For the benefit of those who find that these soft words do not suffice to turn away the wrath that may be kindled in your bosoms, we desire to state that any warm communications addressed to us will be gratefully received at the North Pole Postoffice by passing explorers. Do not trouble to look for us as we intend to get under the biggest feather bed in the furthest corner of the darkest and remotest attic we can find and will not be out for at least a week after this book appears. Any complaints are respectfully referred to the Committee of Cupids consisting of "Shrimp" Mammes (240 lbs. stripped), "Skinny" Oldenburger and "Li'l Arthuh" Moeller (229 lbs. apiece), and "Babe" Summerfield (342 $\frac{1}{4}$ in his stocking feet) who will guarantee "satisfaction."

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