

Raymond the Dean. And Raymond the Dean smiled graciously upon Arch, which made bold Arch but bolder, and he spake unto Raymond the Dean, saying:

"Lo, I have been sent by Gazookus, Professor of Flubdub, and this message sent he also."

And Raymond the Dean read the written words; and the smile lost its graciousness and he let his gaze slowly travel from Archibald's sleek pompadour to the toe of his unpolished boots, and then back to his eyes, which were rapidly losing their bold stare. Then Raymond the Dean spake, witheringly, and with consuming scorn, yet tenderly withal. And Arch wilted, even as doth an uprooted flower under the sun's burning gaze. And he mumbled that he had not done it and that he would never do it again. And he went his way a sadder but wiser Frosh.

"A Prophet is not Without Honor Save in"—Etc.

As the humor editor's brother,
I write this little verse;
I think he's kind o' rotten,—
He couldn't be much worse!
To one who hears it every day,
His wit is hard and dry;
And the funniest thing he ever said
Brought forth a mournful sigh.
I admire you Armour students
But I do not like your taste;
For the space that you've allotted him
To me is just pure waste.
So what you boys should do to him,—
Unless there's something up his sleeve,—
Should far outshine in awfulness,
The massacres at Kiev.
His chances for fame are wobbly,
Like a chicken on a roost;
But I tell just what I think of him,—
'Cause every knock's a boost.

L. S.

Mammes Says "Go as Fas as You Like, You Can't Insult Me!"

He was standing beside Prof. Moreton at one of the basketball games in the gym. During the lull between halves, the Professor turned to him with his characteristic ingenuous smile and asked:

"When you slouch down in your seat as you do in class, Mammes, are you sleeping or just pretending to be asleep?"

A fat man named Hohan McVinner
Was inordinately fond of his dinner.
When begged to reduce,
He replied, "What's the use?"
"I'd have to stop eating to get thinner."