

SOME GOOD ONES FROM HERE AND THERE

Squelched

While attending a conference, a speaker began a tirade against universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding for a few minutes, the chairman interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that Mr. X—— is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer, "You can put it that way if you like,"

"Well, all I have to say is that Mr. X—— has much to be thankful for."

This Is not an Extract from a Freshman Theme

"You pour a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old stovelids and things into a furnace, and then you empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and swears. Then you pour it out, and let it cool, and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that bores holes in it. Then you screw it together and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly, and they take it to a drafting room and make a blueprint of it.

"But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound dreadfully, and they tie it to the other thing and you ought to see it go!"—DESCRIPTION OF BUILDING A LOCOMOTIVE FROM "POWER."

Speed Records Broken

Two Irishmen employed on a man-o'-war, finding things a bit slow one morning, decided to liven them up a bit. So Dennis, instructed by Mike, placed himself astride one of the big guns and held a deck-pail over the muzzle.

"Now," said Dennis, "let her go!"

Whereupon Mike touched her off and she went, sure enough—likewise Dennis and the pail. When the officer in charge came running up, he said: "Michael, what has become of your friend?"

"Oh," said Mike, "he just wint after a pail of water."

"I see, but when is he coming back?"

"Well," answered Mike, "I'm sure I can't tell exactly, but if he comes back as quick as he wint, he'll be back yisterday."—PATHFINDER.

Alike After All

A stunning specimen of the Princeton Tiger was fondly holding the hand of the pretty little Vassar lass, and at last he approached the leading subject courageously. "I have carefully studied the matter from the scientific point of view, and am thoroughly convinced that we are fitted for one another."

"Please explain yourself," said she, looking up at him with her large bright eyes.

"It is simply this," he continued, "according to science, which is the only way to approach the subject. You see, you are light and I am dark. You are short and I am tall. You are small and I am large and powerful. You are sprightly, vivacious; I am somewhat sober and phlegmatic. In short, we are opposites, and opposites should marry."

"Yes," she replied; "but there are exceptions to all rules, and I know of one in this case that is sufficient. I cannot marry you."

"In what respect is this exception made?" he demanded excitedly.

"You see," she smiled up at him again, "you are like me in this: I could never earn my own living."

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