

H U M O R

The Morgue

The contents of the Morgue represent the accumulations of countless aeons of unsolicited literary contributions to the publications of Armour. They were found in the keyless black box that hangs by the elevator on the first floor, and were extracted with the aid of an elementary knowledge of burglary. (Some of the jokes were new when first confided to the secrecy of the box.)

Fresh Thing!

Prof.—Is there anyone here who has not seen a loom?

Student—I haven't, professor.

Prof.—You haven't! Where were you brought up anyway?

Stu.—In an elevator.

(It couldn't have been our elevator because he was only a Soph.)

Poor Trink!

Prof. Campbell (in calculus)—Now what kind of a figure do you get by revolving this curve?

Trinkaus—A doughnut.

Prof. Campbell—"Oh, you've got doughnuts on the brain.

Did You Ever Hear Any of These?

"That makes no ice."

"Go to the head of the class."

"And verce vica, as the old lady says."

"We'll get to that presently, if not sooner."

Yes they're his; the World's Greatest Smith.

Remember When This First Came Out?

The farmer's son came home looking as if a tornado had struck him. His father inquired the cause. The son replied: "It's that durn correspondence school again. I got a letter from the Sophomores tellin' me to haze myself."

The youthful son of an A. I. T. Prof. asked while watching his father preparing cap and gown for President Taft's welcome: "Daddie, is that your bathing suit?"

Prof. Wilcox has a new name for our semi-annual "valentines." Did you get any "lanterns?"

A collection is being made, in the English classes, to purchase a rocking chair for Prof. We are going to get a good one, so save your pennies! (It makes us nervous to see him rocking on two legs of an ordinary chair.)

No Wonder the Prof. Was Peeved

Ward (in Physics recitation)—Dialysis is a method for separating colloids and asteroids.