

*The Spaghetified Ether. Nichols on the Character of the Ether.*

"The old idea of a continuous ether pervading all space is no longer generally accepted. The modern theory is that the ether consists of a jumble of squirming tubes like spaghetti."

The only fly in the ointment at the A. I. E. E. banquet where the above was sprung was a strange and irresistible desire to leave the room in the middle of an hour the next day. Some of the victims blamed it on the indigestibility of Nichols "ethereal spaghetti."

*Just Hash.*

The boy stood on the burning deck  
His fleece was white as snow,  
He stuck a feather in his hat,  
Jo Anderson my Jo.  
"Come back, Come back" he cried in grief,  
From India's coral strands.  
The frost is on the pumpkin  
And the village smithy stands.  
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon  
Across the sands of Dee,  
Can you forget that night in June?  
My country 'tis of thee.

Madame Hoity-Toity—Quick! Call a doctor! My Fido has bitten a man!  
The Victim—That's all right, madame, it's nothing serious.  
Madame H.-H.—Nothing serious! Why Fido is on a strict vegetarian diet.

*Oh, Mr. Stepanek, How Could You?*

Prof. Perry—Step, have you negative or positive lap on your diagram?  
Step—I get positive lap.  
Prof. Perry—The rest of the fellows get negative; how do you account for that?  
Step—Why, I drew mine with my left hand.



A PALEOLITHIC PURSUIT