

*Shorty Meant Well, Anyway.*

A senior was telling his troubles to Shorty in the cloakroom.

"I think I flunked in about everything."

Shorty—Get out. I'll bet you got an A in everything but Trigonometry.

*Probably Had a Family of His Own to Support.*

The cashier shoved out some considerably soiled bills to the man who was cashing a check.

"Look here," the man indignantly protested, "I won't take that. I want clean money."

"That money is good," said the cashier, "what's the matter with it?"

"It's just swarming with microbes," was the reply, "and I'm not going to have microbes living on my money! No sirree!"



*We Don't Care if He Does Flunk Us.*

As goat-getters, a good many of our professors have international reputations, but we have to hand the palm to our own Prof. Moreton as the chief angora-coraller of them all. His methods are simple but effective. Without batting a lash, he gazes serenely through our bluffs with a look that gives the unfortunate student a September Morn feeling and makes him want to run and hide. But he is held by that inexorable gaze and all he can do is flounder and writhe in helpless agony until his tormentor tires of the sport.

"Senate passes bill creating six Vice-Admirals." — Newspaper headline. Have we sunk to "legalized vice" at last?

There was a young lady named Mosure,  
Who always maintained her composure.

But she slipped on a peel,  
Gave a short little squeal,  
And the rest was an awful exposure.

She asked me to fly and I flew,  
She asked me to lie and I lew,  
I'll allow her to task me  
But if she should ask me  
To die, I'll be durned if I dew!

