

H U M O R

At the Freshman Handshake.

First Newcomer—Where did you say you hailed from?

Second Ditto—I'm from Tennessee.

F. N.—H'm. Let me see. Oh, yes, That's in Kentucky, isn't it?

"I saw a friend of yours this morning."

"Who was it?"

"Hook."

"I don't know Hook."

"You don't! Why, Hook and I (eye) are always together."

I see you are leaving town.

Leaving town? What makes you think that?

Well, your clothes are checked.

Borroughs—Have you read "Freckles?"

Wright—No, mine are brown.

Here's a Deep One.

Student working his way thru school—Physics Lab.—Heat experiments—breaks Beckman thermometer—\$5.00—. See the joke? Neither did the student.

Sad.

"Hear about Thompson?"

"No, what about him?"

"A dog bit him on the foot and died of ptomaine poisoning."

"Who? Thompson?"

"No, the dog."

In Psychology.

Now, let us take the student's brain as a whole. That's what most student's brains are anyway.

In the direction of original productions, this year has brought forth one new excuse: "I was late because I waited for the elevator." (See "Duke" Cooban)

Bready has had some of the Junior Mechanicals "seeing things." They would return to their drawings after stepping out for a few minutes, and find all sorts of imps grimacing at them from dashpots and pistons, and performing acrobatic stunts from connecting rods and cranks.

(Ask Levally or Patterson.)

Discretion is the Better Part of Valor.

Quotem—Only the brave deserve the fair.

Quittem—I always was partial to brunettes.

A girl who lived out at Lucerne,
Had a pa who was crabbed and stern,
He'd startle young men
By appearing at ten
And saying "I move we adjourn."

