

Diplomas

I intend to say a few words on a subject of greatest interest to all of you, viz-Diplomas. The diploma is a mysterious bird, found in almost all parts of the world where young people are tolerated. It is generally seen in college yards during the month of June, and large bodies of students engage in the exciting pastime of chasing it. However it is a very wary bird, and only after years of practice and study can it be safely bagged. When a student has bagged a diploma he is likely to become rather vain, and that reminds me of an incident that occurred to a friend of mine. After a number of years spent in pursuing a diploma in the midst of dark class rooms, over deserted campuses, and among wild tribes of college frats and societies, he finally brought one to earth with a seventy five average gun. Proud of his conquest he carried his quarry to a friend, the president of a bank. "Behold my diploma," he cried, "resign forthwith that I may take your place." The president spent several moments in admiring the beautiful scroll work, for he had never received a diploma himself, and then read the signatures that certified to Willie's having scaled the college walls. At last he said, "Now Willie, if you promise to be good and forget you have a diploma I'll let you work in my bank for \$10 per."



The lesson of all this is that a diploma is a certificate to prove that the recipient is now competent to go out in the world and learn something.

That's Us-Like all his Kind

"Let me see," said the editor to a new acquisition, a graduate of the college of journalism. "I hardly know what to put you at."

"Until you decide," replied the grad., "I'll sit down and write a few leading editorials."

NOT ENOUGH

He: I'd like to propose a little toast.

She: Nothin' doin', kid! I want a regular meal.