



*Vaudeville*

"Mac, where did ye get such a dhirrty face?"

"Begarry, Oi just washed mesilf in the basement toilet room".

"Can ye till me what the difference is betchune a dead Swede an a dead Oirish-man?"

"No, what's the difference?"

"Will, whin a Swede dies he's dead, but whin an Oirsihman dies they has to shtay up three nogiths to make shure he's dead."

"What is this eefishensy I hear so much about?"

"Eefishency is ut. Will if a geeny bruke his shuvul by leanin' on ut, he wuld be ineefishunt but if he bruk it by shuvellin' dhirt he wuld be eefishunt even tho they had to buy him a new shuvel.

*The Pony*

The pony is my helper; I shall not flunk.

He maketh me to sit quietly in mine own seat.

He leadeth me in the paths of diligent students for my grades sake; he restoreth my confidence.

Yea, though I walk thru the valley of hard exams., I will fear no Prof., for thou art ever in my pocket.

Thou helpst me thru integrations; thou comfortest me; thou preparest a paper before me, in the presence of mine enemy, the Prof.; thou brushest my pompadour with praise; my grades runneth high.

Surely, honor and good grades shall follow me all the days of my college life; for I will ride on the back of my pony forever.

Helen: Why I never could marry that man.

Hazel: Mercy! Why not?

Helen: Why he wears a wig, and then the dear creature took off a rat, some puffs, a coronet, a braid, a pompadour and a switch and sat down to read a novel.