



HUMOR

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What crimes are perpetrated in thy name. What monstrosities and atrocities are permitted to masquerade under thy colors. What a cruel path is before you, innocent reader. Take heed before you fall. Take counsel from one who has your welfare at heart. Close this book before you have departed a raving maniac. If you persist and "enter blindly where angels fear to lead," remember that this was not designed with intenton and thought out with premeditation. Remember that we have no purpose in wrecking your mentality, in blighting your mind. In your charity, think of this Effulgence of Influenza, not as a preordained plot toward the destruction of the human intellect, but rather as the raving of a diseased brain, the anguish of a lost soul.

Now that we have satiated custom and satisfied tradition, which has demanded from time immemorial that all humorists must first excuse their humble efforts toward affecting the mildest witticisms, we will now take you into our confidence and tell you that this is the best "Humor Department" ever turned out "back of the yards." You certainly elicit our heartfelt commiseration (how's that?) if you have worried through these hundreds of pages of dull society reports, of homely "frat" houses, of sordid samples of syncopated society, and of unintelligible thesises on the "final solution of the serious scientific problem by the solar sextant method of solidifying soft soap."

Gentle reader—all readers are supposedly gentle, yet sometimes a humor editor comes in contact with the sterner element of the species, particularly during the twenty-four hours following Cycle Day—we continue, gentle reader—you have well earned this treat and we spread it before you with no qualms of conscience, knowing full well that anyone who has followed this far deserves all that's coming to him (and he'll get it) with our impalpable disserations, and hope that you will absolve our chimerical ratiocinations.