

HUMOR

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS



We wish to extend our profuse thanks to the elevator boy for reminding us that we nearly overlooked the industrial artists. We don't know whether to use singular or plural here, but we will take a chance with the latter. There is very little known about them, but we imagine that they are rather chummy with the architects.

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The above punctuation marks represent a period of eight days. During this time we tried to find a member of the Industrial Arts course, but the search was fruitless. One might just as well try to find some school spirit at Armour. Doc Gunsaulus must have abolished them along with football and bicycle racing.

A farmer in a chemical laboratory strayed,
 'Tis true but sad to tell—
 He mixed some glycerine with NO₂
 And it blew the J-2-L.

"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said the bystander to Strauch, with the bass drum, as the Armour band ceased to play.

"No," admitted Strauch, the pounder of the drum, "I know I don't; but I drown a heap of bad music."

King: "I intend to get married just as soon as I find one woman who is my exact opposite."

Strauch: "Good. I will introduce you to a handsome, intelligent and rich young lady friend of mine this evening."