



H U M O R

I remember, I remember  
When bustles were in style;  
When men dyed their mustaches,  
And greased their hair with "ile."

I remember mohair sofas,  
And flowers made of wax,  
And tables topped with marble,  
And rakish two-wheeled hacks.

I remember those plush albums  
That, when brought into play,  
Were better than a bailiff  
To drive ones' guests away.

And I remember, further—  
Listen, this is a treat—  
When the humor of this Cycle  
Was impossible to beat.

Schulze: "We were out in the machine yesterday."

Burns: "Yes?"

Schulze: "Came to a wide stream we could not ford."

Burns: "No bridge?"

Schulze: "No."

Burns: "Well, what did you do?"

Schulze: "Just sat there and thought it over."

Goorskey: "Good news, Mease, we aren't going to have chem. breakage bills any longer."

Mease: "Why not?"

Goorskey: "Because they're long enough now."

Simpson: "I think I'm quite a musician."

Mouat: "You ought to be with Wagner."

Simpson: "Why, he's dead."

Mouat: "I know it."

Evans: "I am going to have a swell feed in the room tonight."

———: "I'll be there."

Evans: "All right; loan me a quarter to buy some cookies. You get some milk and cheese and we'll have a rarebit."