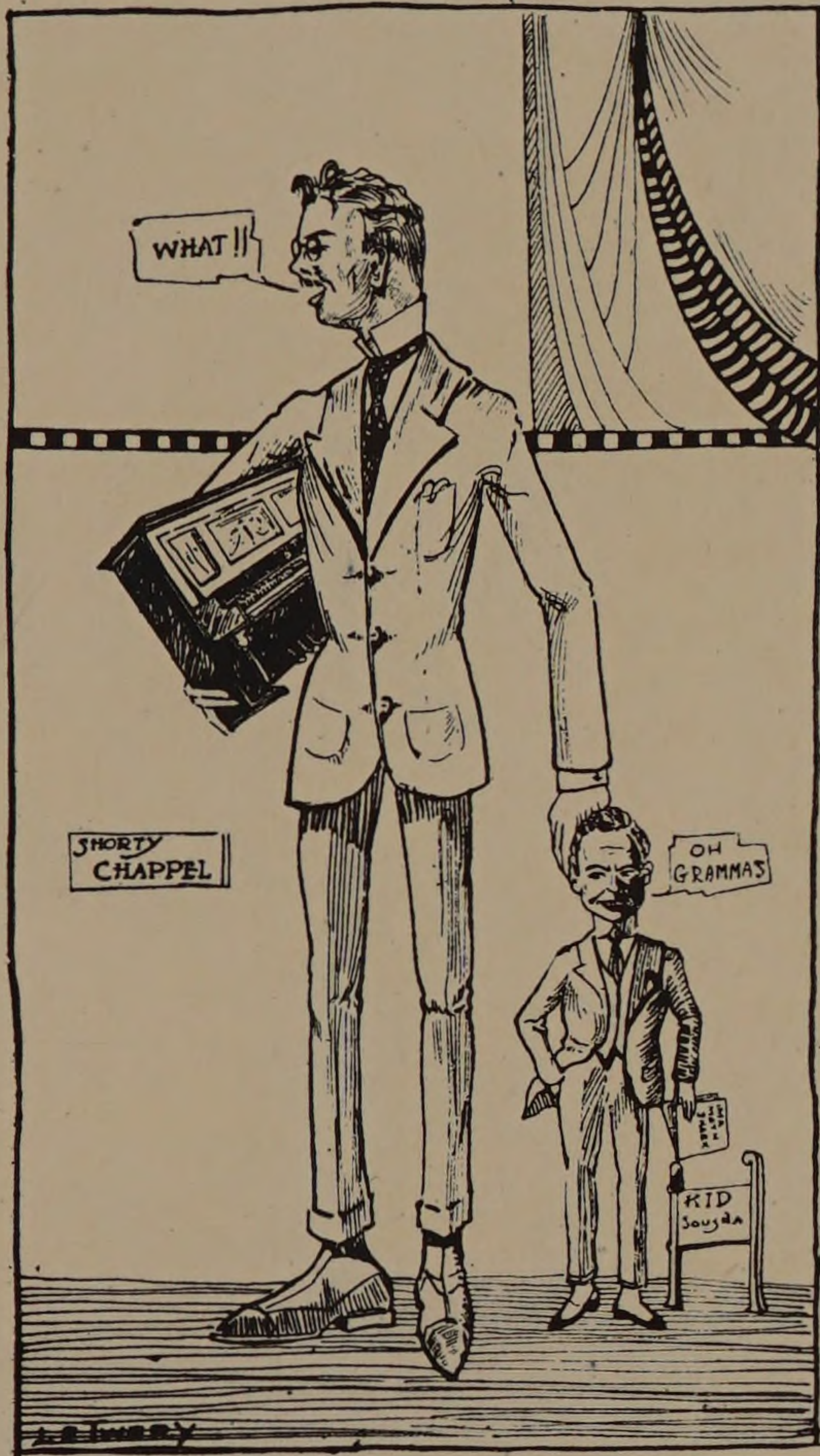


HUMOR

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT



There is a man at Armour with a neck fifty inches long,
 And every note, if he could sing, would sound like half a song.
 I bet his food tastes good to him—like eating in a dream—
 There's a dollar's worth of pleasure in a jitney's worth of cream.
 When something happens far away, he needn't be right in it,
 For he can stretch his rubber neck and see it in a minute.
 But the poor young man has troubles when he goes to see a show—
 He must see it from the gallery, and pay to sit below.

A MOMENT TO REMEMBER

It was the proudest moment of her life.
 Not that she had gone through her exams with great credit, and not because she had been complimented by her instructors for improvement in scholarship. The cause of her pride was far removed from any such thing as a triumph won through attention to her studies.

Nor was she jubilant because of the receipt of money from home.

Nobody, so far as she knew, had ever expressed the opinion that she was the most beautiful girl in the fashionable college for young ladies (name given on request), and she had won no praise for generosity, for graciousness or for exhibiting unusual talent of any kind.

Yet it was the proudest moment of her life.

It was Sunday morning. Nearly 3,000 girls were assembled in chapel, and beside her sat Spike Mellor, whom she had persuaded to attend the services. He had offered fifty-eight excuses, all of which she had considered trivial. He had coaxed and he had begged, but to no purpose. There he sat behind her.

He would have been glad to give his teeth for the privilege of being sixty-eight miles away and safe in the dormitory where he belonged.

Three thousand girls were twisting and stretching their necks because he was where he was. Six thousand eyes were looking holes into his shriveled and despicable soul. He felt himself to be the most abject thing alive.

You have dreamed that disturbing dream in which you find yourself deprived of your clothes and thrust suddenly in front of a vast crowd of people.

You remember the agony of it.

Well, Spike felt just like that.

He was the only male person in the vast auditorium.

And she had him.

It was the proudest moment of her life.