

HUMOR



It was on the way home from one of those memorable "Armour" dances, and they were standing on the "L" platform waiting for an Evanston train. Eventually one came along in which standing room was at a decidedly high premium, as it usually is.

"Do you think that we can squeeze in this crowded car?" asked the polite but timid Ralph Earl to his fair feminine friend.

"Maybe, Ralph," replied the 'sweet young thing,' "but don't you think we had better wait until we get home?"

THE MADNESS OF "HAMLET"

Prof. Smart, at a dinner in Oak Park, contributed a story touching the old question of the sanity of "Hamlet."

"One morning in the West," he said, "I met an old scholar of mine from Armour, and in the course of the conversation I asked him where he had been the night before."

"'I went,' my young friend replied, 'to see So-and-So's "Hamlet.'"

"Did you?" said I. "Tell me, do you think 'Hamlet' was mad?"

"'I certainly do,' said he. 'There wasn't a hundred dollars in the house.'"

"LUCK"

Dean Monin's definition of luck is this: Luck is "Getting up at six o'clock in——" and so on. We all know the rest, so it will not be repeated here.

A much more popular definition is this: "Luck is having nothing but a fork when there is nothing but soup to be eaten."

Which reminds us, the president of this Junior class is also the humor editor of this edition. Aren't some people good in all kinds of places, though?

Prof. Finnegan, while lecturing on daily water-load curves, spoke of the peak on Monday, due to the so-called wash-day.

Roberts expostulated, "How about the little old peak on Saturday night?"