

HUMOR

SOPHOMORE CLASS HUMOR

Why are Armour Institute students like "Old English and Scottish Ballads?"

Because some have "Cyclical Tendencies" while others have not.

Dr. Scherger: "The winged bull had the head of a man, the wings of an eagle, and the body of a bull."

Student: "Mostly bull, eh!"

Physics Exam.: "What is absolute zero?"

Hullinger: "Where PV equals a constant."

Vogdes: "Well, Royce, how did you like Prof. Leigh's joke this morning?"

Royce: "Say, are we supposed to be taking Calculus or a course in joke writing? I don't see what those jokes have to do with Calculus."

Vogdes: "Why, isn't Calculus a study of limits and infinitesimals?"

Royce: "Sure."

Vogdes: "Well, aren't Leigh's jokes the limit?"



ANY SOPHOMORE . TRYING TO  
GET BY ST. PETER

THE PNEUMOGASTRIC KID

"William," said his father, "pull down your trouser legs; you're a big boy now and I am going to send you to college."

"To college, father?" gittered William.

(Try that on your gritter.)

"Yes, my son, to college. You'll be a curly wolf there. You have inherited all your father's good looks, so the co-eds will probably run you to death. And you have no musical talent, so you'll make the glee club. And you're no good at football, so you'll not be protested for professionalism if you should make the varsity. Go pack your sport shirt and mandolin and toothpick and beat it for the knowledge factory I have selected for thee."

Twenty-four hours later William Gazonk enrolled at Oskiwowwow U. And thirty-six hours later (two nights and a day, or two days and a night—take your choice) he met Professor Swank of the Department of Applied Phisology. This was the turning point of his whole life.

(If the compositor will kindly drop a few Elinor Glyn asterisks here we'll pass on to the next chapter.)

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(Thank you.)

"We are considering the pneumogastric nerve in the lesson to-day," opened Professor Swank. "It extends along the inferior maxillary and is continuous to the whichit barely removed from the whatsit—Denny Morrison, I'm sorry we're keeping you up—and has two or three major functions—Harry Hebner, don't punch holes in the window pane with your pencil. Pencils cost money, and you are annoying Denny Morrison, who is trying to sleep. A slight pressure on the proper part of this nerve will cause the victim to lose consciousness—of course, if you'd rather discuss the Junior Prom, Mike Boyle, I'll let you have the floor—I repeat, if this nerve is struck violently or steady pressure is brought to bear upon it, the effect is very much like that of an anesthetic. The secret of the pneumogastric nerve is not known except to a very few—I'll be finished in a minute, Mr. Lynch, when you can practice your football formations without interruption. Now, Mr. William Gazonk, will you tell the class what the pneumogastric nerve is?"

"The pneumogastric nerve is a nerve in the jaw which won't stand being pounded. If it is walloped, its owner kisses the sawdust—good night—good bye—good luck—"

"Correct, if inelegantly phrased. Class is dismissed."

(A few more stars, operator, please—thank you.)