

HUMOR

There was a young lady named Bunny
Whose actions were terribly funny;
One time she bet
That the rain wasn't wet,
But she lost every cent of her money.

Another young chicken was Helen,
Her favorite fruit was the melon;
It was all very nice
When she kept them on ice,
But when she did not you could smell em.

She had a young brother called Lew,
Who lived near a wonderful zoo;
He conversed with the bear
And the other brutes there,
Which raised quite a hullabaloo. W.C.W.

There is a fellow named Given
Who ought to be glad he's living.
While at Armour he's been
He has raised three chins
He'll eventually make it seven.

Leo Rosenberg is some boy
They say he's the ladies pride and joy.
A dancer or engineer he'll make,
He is the inventor of "Hello Jake."

There is also a guy named Schmidthy
His collection of hand books is nifty.
With luck, we predict.
If he doesn't get sick,
He'll have read at least half when he's fifty.

Then look at Fat Summerfield—
Cute little fellow,
Plays mandolin, banjo, uke, or cello.
When he's not playing
Or stuffing pie down,
At the front at the Gaiety
He can always be found.

I have traveled all over Chicago-town,
I know it backwards and upside down,
And of all the girls I've ever seen
Venus Vogdes is the village queen.

You've heard of "Matty," the wireless bug,
You can tell him by the radio-look on his mug.
Among other bugs he stands quite high,
If he doesn't, Matty's been tellin' lies.

And Ingraham, the syncopated melody man,
He put the "Jazz" in our famous band.
On that piano stool
He acts just like a fool,
And he's sure to bring the house down with a hand.