ON JOKING

Composing jokes for publication
Is no joke or snap vocation,
Ye Ed. raves with supplication,
"Make it snappy," (first prostration).
So we burn that hackneyed in oil
So we hold our breath and dig, toil.
    (Prostration number two)
"Copy ready?" Oh that soul knell,
Trinkel, tinkle, sadsome toll-bell
Shoot the luck! (and now one more spell).
So we hie us to the newsboy,
And icy hands with coppers new, toy,
Siddle up, and with a look coy,
Buy a "Journal" full of old joy.
    (Fit Four)
Then we hie us up still higher,
To ye Ed. "Oh sinful buyer,
Do you think his brains of wire
That he sees not?" (Fifth Expire)
Jokes look simple, but they're not
A minute's thought and hasty jot,
They help you going, a trot,
We guess we know, 'twas once our lot,
    (But now, sixth and final expiration.)

Prof. Phillips—"Hammerman, are you real busy?"
Ham.—"Yes, sir, very."
Phil.—"You don't look it. What are you doing?"
Ham.—"I'm trying to make a discovery."
Phil.—"What is it?"
Ham.—"How long a fellow can rest before you notice him."

Prof. Lee—"Hall, what is force equal to in a mechanical equation?"
Hall—"I don't know."
Lee—"Tell him, Chapin."
Chapin—"It's Mass times Acceleration."
Lee—"Yes, M times A, M-A, ma. The force that ought to have gotten after some of you fellows a long time ago."

Wells, after bumping Grammas with the door:
"I beg your pardon, Grammas, I hope I didn't hurt you."
Grammas: "No, No, really, I'm sorry."