

Stranger at Armour—"Beg pardon, could you tell me where I could find some one in authority?"

Homer Anderson—"What can I do for you?"

History Student—"I want the life of J. Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

Prof.—"Pick up those 'two-bits' on the floor." Everybody leaned forward and saw two matches on the floor.

Its easy enough to look pleasant,
When life goes along like a song,
But the feller worth while is the man with a smile,
When the stuff in our jokes ain't strong.

There was a man in our school
And he was wondrous wise.
He drew a pony on his cuff
Of much diminished size,
But when he felt a little bored,
And yawned with arms extended,
That wise man gave himself away,
And straightway was suspended.

"Tell me," said the lady to the hero, "were you cool in battle?"
"Cool," said the truthful veteran, "why I fairly shivered."

Oh, where, oh, where, has your little "A" gone?
Oh, where, oh, where, can it "B"?
Wherever it is, you surely should "C"
That it never turns into a "D."

Not all fellows are homeless, but some are home less than others.

Tourist—"The volcano reminds me of Hades."

Native—"Gosh, how these Americans travel."

First Freshman—"I just got a zero."

Second Freshman—"That's nothing."

First Freshman—"I know it."

Prof.—"What are you doing? Learning anything?"

Student—"No Sir. Listening to you."