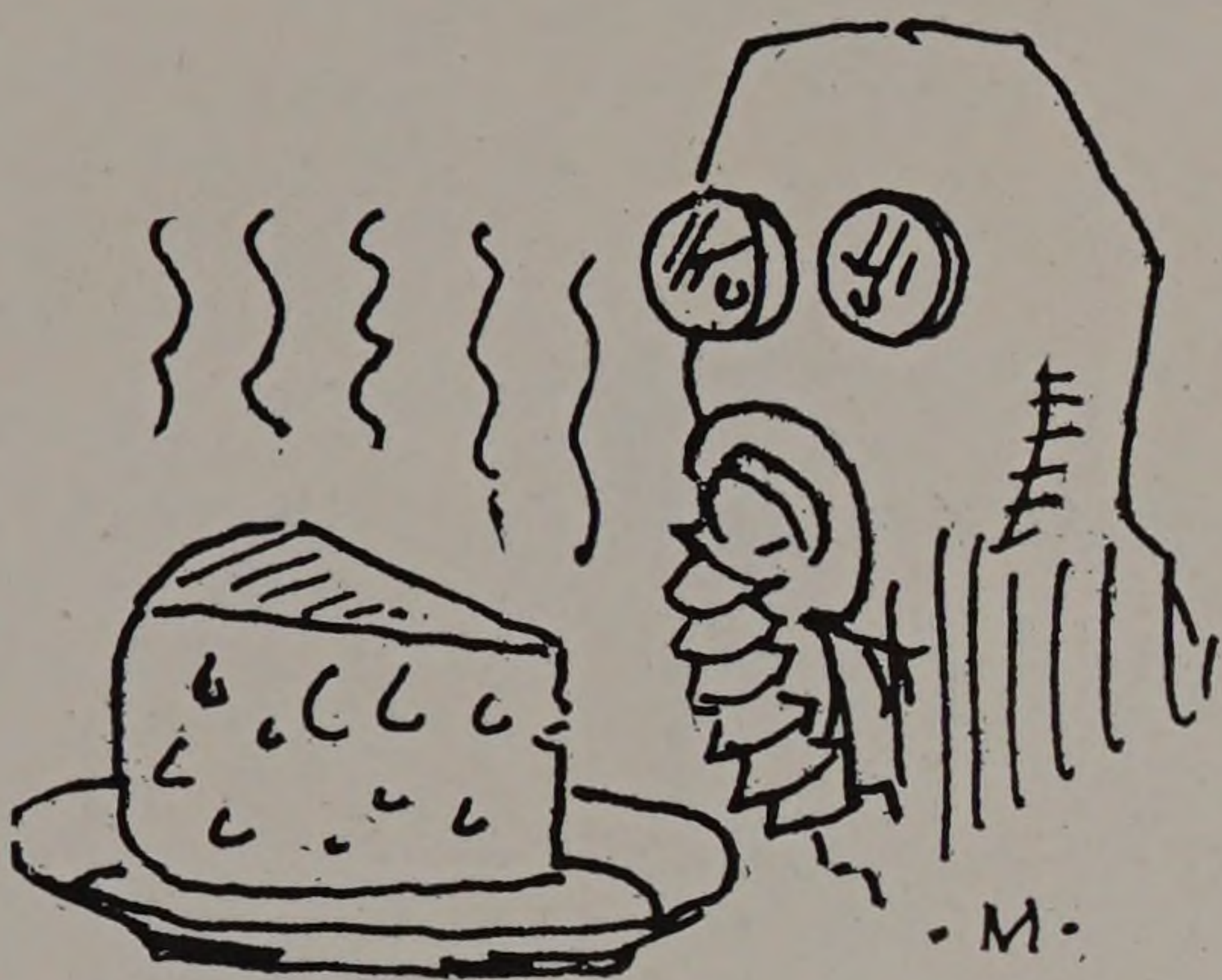


JOKES.

Wood(s) and Stone were standing on the corner of 33rd and State when a good-looking girl passed by.

Wood(s) turned to Stone and Stone turned to Wood(s) and they both turned to rubber.



Christie—"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

Kelly—"That's all right. It needs all the ventilation it can get."

Veit—"Why don't you ever wash your face; it's dirty as can be."

Rudd—"Well, if it ain't clean it ought to be. . I just washed it in the basement toilet room."

Mr. Dean informs us that when steel gets real hot, an addition of tungsten will keep it from losing its temper.

'Nuf sed for steel, but what would you give a baby?

Kelly—"What kind of electricity is in an eel? Is it static?"

Sponholtz—"No, you poor fish, it's eel-lectricity."

You can push a pen but a pencil must be lead.

There will be a meeting of all fellows who never used a pony, in the telephone booth at the corner drug store tomorrow.

Lizzars—"I wonder where these buns came from."

Brooks—"From a-bun-dance, you poor simp."

Skinny Marks—"What makes the Tower of Pisa 'lean'?"

Fat Olexey—"I wish I knew, brother."

Prof. Doubt—"Your reports should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant can understand them."

Winter—"Well, Professor, what part of it don't you understand?"

In church:—

Excited lady—"Somebody's occupew-ing my pie."

Fussed Usher—"That's all right lady, just come this way and I'll sew you to a sheet."

"Have an operation?"

"Yes, I just had things squared around a little so a round steak will fit in a square meal."

"Is molasses good for a cough."

"I guess so. It's sold for consump-tion."

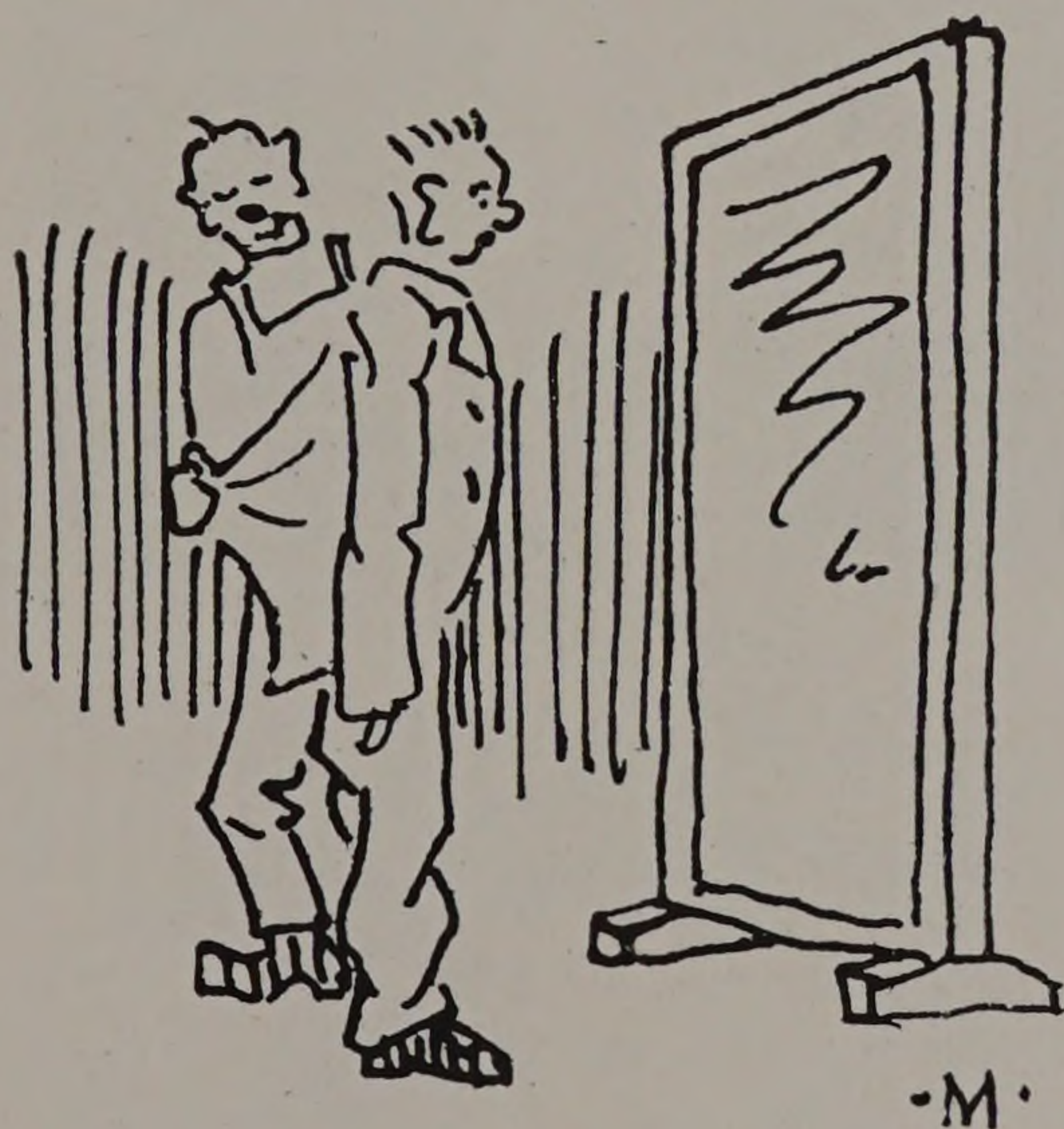
Musical Man.

He's a sharp witted major, acts natu-ral and has two flat feet.

Which Is Correct?

The yolks of eggs is white or the yolks of eggs are white.

We can make cold ice from cold water
and
Raw ice from raw water,
But we cannot make,
Hot ice from hot water.



Since wearing his new suit, Dowse no longer takes his breath in short pants.

Hertwig—"Skinny Marks' folks don't want him any longer."

Quinlar—"Why."

Hertwig—"Because he's long enough."

Two Hundred Seventy-seven