

A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
Grant no other sailor take
My shoes and socks before I wake.

Please, Lord, guard me in my slumber;
Keep my hammock on it's number.
May no clews or lashes break
And smash my nut before I wake.

Keep me safely in Thy sight;
Grant no fire drills here tonight.
And in the morning let me wake
'Mid haunting smells of sirloin steak.

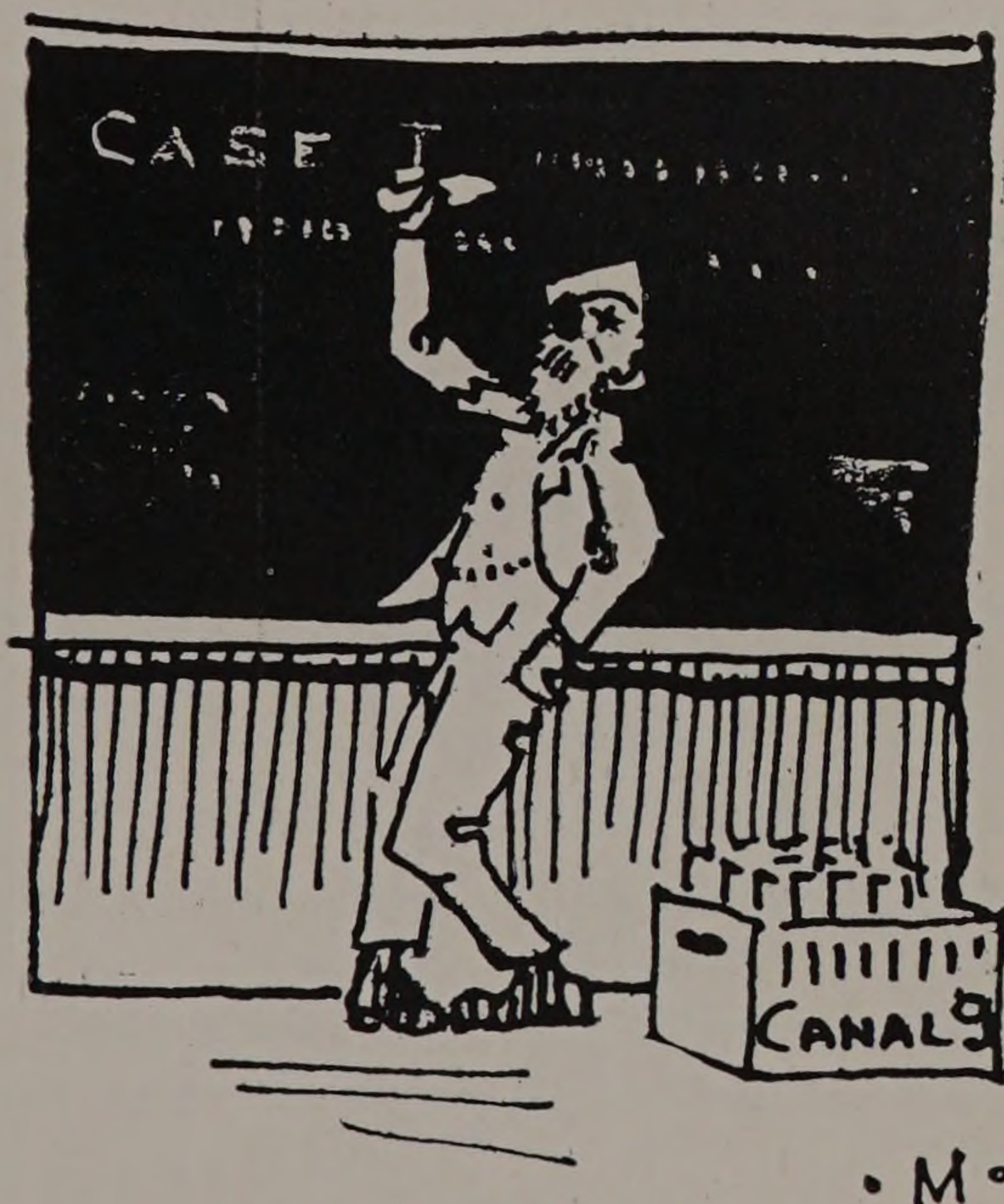
Lord, protect me in my dreams;
Make things better than they seem.
Grant four years may quickly fly,
And all hardships pass me by.

Oh! that billowy feather bed
Where I long to rest my head
Far from all the hellish scenes
And the smell of half-baked beans.

Take me back to solid land,
Where they scrub no decks with sand.
Where no demon typhoon blows
And the women wash the clothes.

Lord, Thou knowest all my woes,
Kindly cure my sun-burned nose.
Take me home to a field of clover
And I'll promise I'll not ship-over.

AMEN!



Anti-Prohibition.

Prof. Childs—

"Tomorrow we shall finish the second case. Come prepared."

Prof. Freud—"How do you manage to make so much noise in this laboratory?"

Fishman—"Well, just you try breaking four beakers and a condenser without making any noise."



Nutt—"Do you notice anything funny on my nose?"

Nutt's brother—"Yes, your face."

"Maids are so dishonest nowadays. Mine, suddenly left the other day and took my beautiful pearl necklace.

"That's too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That pretty one I got away with at the department store last spring."

Quick action.

Jack (gallantly)—"Betty dear, anything you say, goes."

Betty (quickly)—"Jack."

Davis—"Did you go through analytics last term?"

Fishman—"Yes, about two months before the final."

Following the line of least resistance is what makes streams and men crooked.

Two Hundred Eighty-one