

PAROXYSMS SPASMS CONVULSIONS

GLOOMY REFLECTIONS.

Did you ever stop to think as the hearse rolls by,
That sooner or later both you and I
Will travel along in the selfsame hack,
With never a worry about coming back?

They'll lift you out and they'll lower you down,
The men with shovels will stand all around;
They'll throw in some dirt and they'll throw in some rocks,
And it will fall with a thump on your old pine box.

The worms crawl out and the worms crawl in,
They'll crawl all over your mouth and chin;
They'll call in their friends and their friends' friends, too,
And you'll look like the devil when they get through.

WHAT IS IT?

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT?

WHAT OF IT?

Any old fish
can
swim
down
stream
But—
stream.
up
swim
to
It takes a *live one*

Herbst: "I don't understand that proof in the book."

Prof. M.: "Well now, everyone watch the board carefully and I'll run through it for you."

Gil.: I don't think Prof. Paul should have given me a zero in that exam."

Bake: "I don't either, but he doesn't give any lower marks than that."

COPIED RIGHT.

The other day my girl
Showed me a picture of
An Arrow Collar man
Kissing
A Harrison Fisher girl.
And down in the corner
It said "COPYRIGHT."
While
I may not be an
Arrow Collar man
I can take a hint.