



## HUMOR

### 1922 Solution on How to Guess Minerals (1st installment)

1. Roll dice to get hardness number.
2. Pick our color of streak from hat.
3. Spit Honest Scrap on specimen or take in room "D"—Evolution of Gas; Carbonate.

Prof. Freud: "This is the methane, ethane, propane series. Where does the series end?"

Voice: "Insane."

Prof. Libby: "Here is the dead center of this engine. Gone but not forgotten."

Prof.: "Miles, will you give the first example of the electric light?"

Miles: "Yes sir; Noah's arc."

Georgevitch: "Are you the young lady who took my order?"

Waitress: "Yes, sir."

G.: "You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?"

Ex: "Why the sad look?"

Wye: "I have just enrolled in a correspondence school as a Frosh, and now I get a letter from the Sophs telling me to haze myself."

### AH, YES—NUT SEASON

The frost is on the pumpkin,  
The corn is on the cob;  
The bath is in the bathtub,  
The door is on the knob.

The Father: "How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, sir?"

Herman: "Great! Great!"

Reimann: "Didn't you swallow some water when you swore?"

Marks: "Nope, the dams kept it out."

McCaffrey: "How did you manage to get by your exams?"

Kelly: "Honor system."

Chaperone at Columbia: "Young man, the lights of this house go out at ten o'clock."

Jack Vaaler: "Oh, that suits me; don't delay on my account."

She: "I'll marry you on one condition."

Wheeler: "That's all right; I entered college on four."

Bradbury: "Set the clock for two, will you?"

Rowe: "You. and who else?"

C. A. Herbst: "Sneagle."

H. W. Herbst: "Snoteagle, snowl."

C. A. H.: "Sneither, snostrich."

Spaid: "Hey, Sandy, it's ten to eight."

Sandy (sleepily): "Wait till the odds get better. Then place it all."

Bursik: "How did you know Broad and Reihmer were following you?"

May: "Because they kept looking around to see if I was coming."

Peat: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Repeat: "The Sophomores at the correspondence school are having a celebration and they're sending the bonfires out by parcel-post, so I'm going to the post office to get mine."

Big—What is a polygon?

Ben—A dead parrot.

Prof. Clifford: "Now, we'll drop this for a few moments and take it up again in a couple of weeks."

