

STRESSES AND STRAINS

CHAPTER 7

BUSINESS LAW

Kauders: "I saw the doctor you told me to see."

Isenberg: "Did you tell him I sent you?"

Kauders: "Yes, I did."

Isenberg: "What did he say?"

Kauders: "He asked me to pay in advance."

Crane: "If I agree to lend you ten dollars, what security will you give me?"

Vickers: "The word of an honest man."

Crane: "All right, bring him along and I will see what I can do for you."



TRY THIS ON YOUR UKELLLLL.

Dean Monin: "Success has four conditions—"

Voice from the back row: "Tough luck, the office will kick it out of Armour."

Marriage is the only lottery that the law allows.

Some women need sympathy but all they get is some poor symp.

Many a fellow who plans to set the world on fire has to borrow a match to light his pipe.

CHAPTER 8

WAVE MOTION RIPPLES

By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them.

A group of professional men had gathered together in the lobby of a hotel and proceeded to make themselves known to each other.

"My name is Fortesque, said one, extending his hand, "I'm a painter—work in water colors chiefly."

"Indeed," chimed in another, "I'm an artist too, I work in bronze."

"Well, this is fine," a third broke in, "I'm a sculptor—I work in stone."

Then a little quiet fellow who had been inclined to keep apart stepped up, with a dry smile.

"Glad to make the acquaintance of you gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I'm a college professor at Armour—I work in ivory."

Stiehl: "Are you sure this is absolutely original?"

Farrell: "Well, you may find some of the words in the dictionary."

Tourist (gazing at a volcano): "Looks like Hell, doesn't it?"

Native: "Gosh, how these Americans have traveled."

"Why does he sign himself just plain Izzenstein?"

"Maybe he hasn't any Christian name."

Five students were recently expelled from an Ohio college for shaving mustaches from certain freshmen. The question now arises: "How did the Frosh have mustaches at all?"

In former days the only real difference between a college freshman and a Mexican Hairless was in the number of legs.

Prof. Phalen (attempting to be witty in Trig. Class): "Can any of you men tell me where has my polygon?"

Montgomery (in rear): "Up the geometree, sir."

Insulted Maiden: "Oh, sir, catch that man, he tried to kiss me."

Mayo: "That's all right. There'll be another along in a minute."