

STATIONERS and
JEWELERS

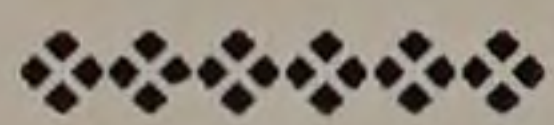
IDEAS, SERVICE
and QUALITY

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

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LEHIGH AVENUE AND 17th STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Little Paul swat the mule with a maul
While stealing with stealth past his
stall.
The mule put his heels where Paul put
his meals
And so far as we know that is all.

"Fare, Please."

A street car is just like a woman,
I think that you'll find me not wrong,
Just let one go by and you will find out
There'll soon be another along.

In the wee small hours of the morning,
When midnight long has been past,
There are not so many running around,
Oh no, but they go twice as fast!

Tragic Drama.

They met on the bridge at midnight,
They will never meet again,
For one was an east-bound heifer
The other a west-bound train.

Prof: Wilcox: "Name one important
thing we did not have 100 years ago."
Friedman: "Me."

Insult to Injury.

Rastus stumbled down the sunny
street, his head sunk forward, his at-
titude woeful and emitting huge gobs
of sorrow.

Cashus met him at the corner and
stopped him.

"Whut-all ails yuh, Rastus?" he
asked, noting the woe. "You-all looks
pow'ful sick."

"Ah is, man," replied Rastus. "Ah
is. Ah's gwine get a divorce from
Dulce."

"Whut? Divorce yuh wife? How
come? Whut-all did she do?"

"'Nough. Last night Ah come home
and Ah found 'nother man sittin' in my
parlor, a-huggin' an' kissin' her."

"My gracious. That's suah pow'ful
bad."

"That weren't so terrible," complained
Rastus. "Ah could've stood fo' that,
but she 'sulted me."

"How come?"

"Why, she looks at me an' smiles an'
says, 'Pull up a chair, nigger, an' learn
somethin'.'"