

This little section is dedicated to that superman who can both give and take a joke in the most cheerful manner. Those who have been made the object of any of the following puns, or jokes, we ask you to remember this: every knock is a boost, and sarcasm is the voice of the devil. The editor admits all that is implied, and wishes to express appreciation to "College Humor," "The Purple Parrot," "The Literary Digest," and the "Daily News" for some of the ideas gleaned from these publications, which so ably assisted in counterbalancing the enormous help of the student body.

We have tried a new method this year, using only jokes pertaining to college life and the student body rather than the wheezes about the "Two Irishmen," the "Scotch Trait of Anile Miserly Actions" and a host of others, good standbys, some of which contain subtle bits of humor while others contain no humor whatsoever. We have borne in mind just two thoughts: that to be good, jokes must be clean, and, at the same time, clever. This of course relegates anything with a taint of risqueness to the woodpile. If we have failed it is not an indication that this type of section is impossible, but it is a reflection on the humor editor himself whose only defense is that he has done his best, and we pass our experiment on to the humor editor of the 1925 "Cycle." May he profit by our mistakes, and may he help to bring about a larger and better humor section in the future.

I thank you.

Last summer Ye Humor Ed was traveling in the mountains of Tennessee and spent a week-end in a small town inhabited mostly by negroes. His natural curiosity drew him to a little colored parish house where the negro rector was preaching on the horrors of Hell. When he had finished the phrase, "and there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," there was a sudden outburst of emotion in the front pew.

"What's the matter, Myriah?" he asked.

"Dere sah, I'se ain't got no teeth," Myriah replied.

"Teeth will be furnished," said the rector and continued with the service.

TRY THIS ONE ON PROF. PHALEN

Coach—"Why didn't you turn out to track practice yesterday?"

Lusty Lunged Red—"I had a date, sir."

Coach—"Had a date, did you?"

L. L. R.—"Yes, sir, but I didn't break training. A miss is as good as a mile you know!"

Hey—"My boarding house keeper says I'm the idol of her heart."

Dey—"Well, isn't that nice?"

Hey—"Not when she lays burnt offerings before me at meal time."

Prof. (to student entering ten minutes late)—"When were you born?"

Student—"April second."

Prof.—"Late then, too, weren't you?"

CALAMITY; NOT TRAGEDY

"I wish to ask you a question concerning a tragedy."

"Well?"

"What is my grade?"