

CORPULENT? WELL, MAYBE!

This one is told on Geymer, our portly young wrestler, who went through this experience recently while waiting for his fairest of the fair. He was sitting in the parlor and a young son of the family was sent to entertain him, by asking some of the most unusual questions, typical of the inquisitive mind of youth.

"And what," was Willie's 198th question, "are houses made of?"

"Houses," replied Geymer, "are made of bricks."

"And what are engines made of?"

"Engines, my little fellow, are made of iron."

"And what is bread made of?"

"Flour." Then as the anticipated light step and soft rustle of his fair one sounded outside, he added, "Now, Willie, I can only answer one more question."

Willie decided that it should be a good one. After a pause he asked, "Well, what are we made of?"

"Dust and earth, my son!" replied Geymer as his fair one entered.

"My word," said Willie, "they must have left a whacking big hole when they took you out!"

SQUARE PLAY

One of our rising young Juniors was asked if he ever took part in any athletic events.

"Some," he replied.

"What part did you take?"

"Mostly I held the stakes."

ATHLETIC

Soph—"There goes the most scientific boxer of our fair city."

Frosh—"I didn't know he was a pugilist."

Soph—"He isn't, he's the undertaker."

A students whose gallantry was in excess of his pecuniary means sought to remedy this defect. To save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers he made arrangements with a gardner to get bouquets from time to time in return for cast-off clothes.

One day he received a bunch of roses which he at once dispatched to his lady love.

In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome he called at the girl's house the same evening and was not a little surprised at the frosty reception.

After a pause the girl remarked, frigidly: "You sent me a note today."

"A note! I? To be sure, I sent you flowers; but—"

"And this note was with the bouquet. Do you mean to deny it?"

And the young man read: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."

A CASE OF AGREEMENT

History Prof. "And when Lord Chesterfield saw that death was near he gathered all his friends around him. But before he died he uttered those last immortal words. Who can tell me what the dying words of Lord Chesterfield were?"

Class (in chorus) "They satisfy."

HE HAD MANNERS

Prof. (in English) "Now boys, which one of you can give me the tenses of the verb to 'knife.'"

Frosh "Knife, fork, and spoon."

Two Hundred Fifty-three