

HUMOR



A LETTER FROM FATHER

My Dear Son,

Your letter inviting your mother and me up to the big game convinces me that the colleges are not deteriorating. It is almost as good as some I wrote to my father thirty years ago. You almost persuade me to come.

In recognition of your talent, I enclose a check to cover the seats you would have to buy. Take the girl from Smith, if she can get away—and I never saw one who couldn't—and have a good time.

It may interest you to know that I have had an encouraging letter from your dean. He says he may let you stay until Christmas. It pleases me to know you are doing so well.

Faithfully,
Father.

STATISTICS

The latest report from Babcock informs us that through diligent research, it is found that fifty percent of our parents have been of the masculine type. No foolin'!

Soph: "Do you like short skirts?"

Frosh: "Why really old man, I don't believe I ever noticed them."

Prof. to young freshman: "Who do you think is the professor of this class?"

Frosh: "You are of course."

Prof: "Then kindly shut up and don't make an ass of yourself."

There is only one better book than this book, and that is John D. Rockefeller's pocket book.

That's not a Standard joke either.

CARELESS JOHN

"Yes," said a woman in the chair car, as the door swung open and wafted her voice into the smoker, "John talks in his sleep every night, and the poor dear is forever calling me by the wrong name!"

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE

The overdressed, prosperous looking man entered the book store briskly and approached a clerk of Jewish extraction.

"Have you got a copy of 'Who's Who, and What's What,' by Jerome?"

"No, sir," promptly responded the clerk, "but we got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got, by Bradstreet!'"

She: "This is the first time I've ever been kissed by a man."

He: "That's sort of a slam on the rest of them isn't it?"

First: "What's the matter with that hen over there?"

Second: "Shell shock, ducks came out of the eggs she was setting on!"

Sophomore: "Professor Freud, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Professor Freud: "Don't mention it. It's a mere trifle."

"My exam marks are turning out like my war record."

"How's that?"

"It seems I'll never get over-C's."

She: "Do you ever crib in exams?"

He: "Not so you could notice it."

O. A. Ciss: "I think ashtreet car hash-just pasht."

Rocken Rie: "What maksh you think sho."

O. A. Ciss: "I can see its traksh."

JUST BEFORE A 1:10

"Doggonit, they think I'm a nut just because I bolt my food."

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS ANYWAY

First: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Second: "No, who teaches it."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Jane: "Is your brother home from college?"

Helen: "I presume so. I haven't seen the car for a week."

THEY SWALLOW MOST OF IT

Helen: How do the players get all that mud off their uniforms?"

Ellen: "Silly; that's what the scrub team is for."