

HUMOR



Picture of a man calling a bluff.

Phelan Lowe postcards in the following:

Sir:—I bin working three (3) days on a pome . . . and now that the long grind is over, I feel that it was really worth while:

I saw a flivver on a dolly\*—  
It probably had hit a trolley†.  
The little bullies often do\*\*  
Knock poor old trolley cars in two.‡

Asterisk: I mean I *actually* did.

Dagger: This is only conjecture on my part.

Double Asterisk: Ask dad, he knows.

Other do-hickey: This makes the second line seem quite plausible, don't you think? Or do you?

A naturalist recently announced that the pig is a clever actor. Probably they are best in a sausage role.

Two Hundred Thirty-six

—“Will your employer be back after dinner?”

—“No, that's what he went out for.”

*Little grains of sawdust,  
Little bits of wood,  
Treated scientifically  
Makes a breakfast food.*

Be it ever so poor, there's no joke like your own.

—“Do you know,” said the successful merchant, “that I began life as a barefoot boy?”

—“Well,” replied the clerk, “I wasn't born with shoes on either.”

She (playfully)—“Let me chew your gum.”

He—“Which one, upper or lower?”

*A dog's delight is to bark and bite,  
A little bird's to sing,  
But all a Frosh can find to do  
Is to stare at every thing.*

*'Twas the night before pay day  
And all through my jeans  
I was searching in vain  
For the price of some beans.*

*But nothing was doing  
The milled edge had quit  
Not a penny was stirring,  
Not even a jit.*

*Forward, turn forward,  
O time, in your flight,  
Make it tomorrow  
Just for tonight.*

—“Have you seen the last word in books?”

—“No, what is it?”

—“Finis, you fool.”

A young freshman said that his math prof was illiterate. He said “pie are square” instead of “pie is round.”