

HUMOR

History Teacher—"Draw a picture of Plymouth Rock."
Frosh—"Hen or rooster?"

Conductor—"Wake up."
Student—"I wasn't sleeping."
Con.—"Not asleep? What were your eyes closed for?"
Stud.—"I don't like to see women standing."

Driver (having killed a lady's pet dog)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."
Madam—"Sir, you flatter yourself."

"Why is a soph's head like a bungalow?"
"That's easy. Because there's no upstairs."

The patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.
"Where are you going?" read Tommy, with no expression.
"Try that again," said the teacher, "read as if you were talking, and notice the mark at the end."
Tommy studied the sentence intently for a minute, and the idea seemed to dawn on him. He read, "Where are you going little buttonhook?"

*Mary had a little lamb
With fleas as black as jet
It followed her to school one day
The kids are scratching yet.*

Are you cold
About to freeze?
Want my coat
Or just the sleeves?

—"Hear about the wooden wedding?"
—"No."
—"Two Poles got married."

*When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail
"Well, I never," was his comment,
"There's a mule who's been in jail."*

There is meter in poetry
And meter in tone
But the meter for me
Is to meet'er alone.

My girl is sure an alchemist
That's why I'm going to drop her
For every time I take her out
My silver turns to copper.

They say that opposites should wed
Too much alike they clash.
And so I'm looking for a girl
Possessed of lots of cash.

They met on the bridge at midnight
But never will meet again:
For one was an eastbound heifer,
The other a westbound train.

—"I went to Smith's funeral yesterday, did you?"
—"No."
—"Well, you didn't miss much, the roads were bumpy all the way."

—"Who will have your wonderful collection of pictures when you die?"
—"My children, if I marry."
—"And if you don't marry?"
—"My grandchildren, I suppose."

*Stop and let the train go by
It hardly takes a minute:
Your car starts off again intact,
And, better still, you're in it.*

—"What is a reverie?"
—"A reverie is like a baseball umpire, but he works in a football game."

That the good die young was
never said of a joke.

Always laugh at professors' jokes
No matter what they be.
Not that they're ever funny,
It's just good policy.

The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are "Here's my favorite joke again."

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