



So This Is Life—Keep Your Eyes on Your
Own—Oh, For an Idea!—How's This, Prof?
—Hands Up, You!—They're Only Posing—

WE LAUGHED AT THESE

Slipstick at Its Best (Or Worst)

"Who's that stranger, mother dear?
Look! he knows us—ain't he queer!"
"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;
He's your brother, dearest child."
"He's my brother? Not at all!
Brother died away last fall."
"Brother didn't die, by heck!
Brother went to Armour Tech.
But they closed the school, so he
Has no place to go, you see—
There is no place for him to roam
And so he had to come back home.
Kiss him; he won't bite you child;
All them Armour guys look wild.

Life is real, life is earnest;
Let us strive to do our best;
And departing leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

