

The Lighter Side

Please write your jokes on tissue paper, so the Editor can see through them.

Amy—"The man I will marry must be both brave and brainy."

John—"Well, can't I claim both?"

Amy—"You are brave because you saved my life; but that doesn't signify you are brainy."

John—"Yes, it does. I tipped the boat over."

Marian—"Sydney and Mabel are not on speaking terms."

Chief—"Why, I thought they were engaged."

Marian—"So they are. They sit all the meal hour holding hands."

Dyett—"I am well pleased with myself."

Ike—"It doesn't take much to please you."

Rusty—"I have a soft spot in my heart for you."

Gladys—"Is that so?"

Rusty—"Yes, I am always thinking of you."

Gladys—"I rather think the soft spot is in your head."

Taylor—"I am on the joke committee, and I haven't one joke to send in."

Lucy—"Send yourself."

Teacher—"Mr. Land, why do you misspell so often?"

Land—"I dunno. Perhaps I spend too much time on the miss and not enough on the spell."

Yorke—"Sydney, what is your favorite vegetable?"

Sydney—"Corn(ie)."

Teacher in English—"Mr. Holmes, do you know Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar'?"

John—"Yessum. You see, Tennyson had been thirsty all that day, and, mind you, when he went into the saloon and started across the bar——"

Teacher—"Enough! Enough! Class dismissed."

Williams—"Money talks."

Brooks—"Yes; but I've never heard it say anything but 'good bye.'"

"Beg pardon, sir," remarked Bernard, the waiter, suggestively. "Gentlemen at this table usually—er—remember me, sir."

"I don't wonder," said the customer. "Your face would be hard to forget."

Prof. G. (in Biology)—"There's alcohol in almost everything. There's alcohol in the bread we eat."

Alexander—"Yes, sir; I've seen men get intoxicated by drinking toasts."

Father—"How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir! How is it?"

Alphonso—"Fine, sir—fine!"

"The sentence, 'I *knew* my lesson,' is in the past tense," explained the teacher.

"Now, Albert, what tense would you be using if you said, 'I *know* my lesson'?"

"Oh, that would be pretense," replied Taylor.

Young Society Girl—"Mr. Godden, have you read Dickens' works?"

C. S. G.—"No, I have not."

Y. S. Girl—"Have you read Thackeray's works?"

C. S. G.—"I don't think so."

Y. S. Girl—"Oh, dear! Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

C. S. G.—"I've read 'Romeo.'"

"President bluntly tells Congress that a vote on the submarine question must be taken!"

This head line appeared in a Sunday newspaper.

Bernard A. C. took the paper up, read the head line and asked, "Who is 'President Bluntly'?"

Class History—Continued.

plained why he blew the whistle, the Governor of State C had thrown the foul for the coachers, making the score 1 to 0. The varsity refused to play on account of unfair ruling by the referee. The next day, promptly at 12:30, the substitutes offered to finish the game. The playing was resumed. Each side exhibited wonderful team work. Tree H and "Stump" B starred in guard for us, while Governors A and C on the other side broke up every attempt of Captain P to make a long "non-disavowal" shot. Thus the game continued for about seventy hours. Our men would not play within bounds. Another foul was called. The Governor of State T threw the foul without the ball touching the basket, making the score 2 to 0. This did not discourage our men; it made them fight harder. After thirty-six hours more of hard playing, our captain received the ball in the center of the ring and tossed a satisfactory backboard shot that ran around the ring, hesitated, and dropped through the basket. The referee called the game, to the gratification of all, the score being 2—2 in favor of both sides, with the understanding that the tie is never to be played off.

We emerged from the gymnasium and started rapidly to make up lost time. We had not gone far when Brown and Jones pointed to a rocky slab with the inscription thereon, "ΗΡΟΙΩΜΕΝ"—"He who carries this slab will some day be able to break it open and obtain the jewel that it contains." It was a heavy stone, but we picked it up and brought it to the banks of the "English Jordan," across which can plainly be seen the shining fleece. We who have kept the pace will presently enjoy the prize that ends our labors.

"Blest be the tie that binds."

O. W. WINTERS.