

## NONSENSE AVENUE

*If on this page you see your name  
With scandalous stories blended,  
At Kelly or Doc. Landrigan  
Be not, we pray, offended.*

Lady:—"Little man, does your mother know you smoke?"

Feehan:—"Does your husband know you speak to strange men on the street?"

Monaghan:—"Yes we Grade Eleveners are more advanced than you might think. Why I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."

The Rotund Half of this Dept.:—"If that's the case then I humbly beg your pardon."

"Oh, Dad," sobbed she, "I'm so unhappy. I baked a nice cake for John J, and he threw it at me." "The Brute" exclaimed Dad, "Why he might have killed you."—*Eikon.*

Enid:—"Penny for your thoughts, dear."

Pudge:—"I was just thinking of going."

Dad:—(Roaring from upstairs) "Give him a dollar, Enid."

### IN THE PARLOR IN THE LAMP-LIGHT

I'm about to tell a story,  
And there's no doubt its true  
Its about some girls from Charlottetown,  
And some boys from S. D. U.

It was a night last January,  
The boys were all in town  
When Rita said to Susie,  
Mike and Gus are coming down.

Now Sue was very happy,  
And got in an awful fuss,  
Because to Sue there is no one sweeter,  
Than her darling little Gus.



But then along came Connie,  
Who said to Rit and Sue,  
"If you are having Mike and Gus,  
Then I want Long Tom too.

So the boys were all invited,  
And down they came at eight,  
And were they ever disappointed  
When they saw it growing late.

Rita and Mike were in a corner chair,  
Reading papers, by the way,  
And Connie listened with mouth open,  
To what our Thomas had to say.

Sue and Gus were very quiet,  
And pretended to be shy,  
But when the others were not looking,  
Oh, oh, my, my, my.

Now I suppose the girls will wonder,  
Who put all this in our minds,  
But the next time they have a party,  
I would say "Pull down the blinds."

(Note found under Baseball Representative's door).

Dear Sir:

I was born with a baseball bat in my hands, and I shall die in the same way. I am better than Dimaggio, Lazzeri, and Dizzy Dean and those other hams all together.

I can hit a ball two miles and throw it a mile and a half. I put such speed into my pitching that the ball turns into ashes as it reaches the plate. What about my curve?—Oh boy, I throw the ball towards the right fielder and it never fails to cut the North east corner of home plate. I am so good in pitching a slow ball that the man at bat has to wait until the ninth inning before he can ever try to hit it. I run so fast around the bases that before the ball is past the in-field I am sitting down on the bench thinking about Mary.

I have played for many teams in town but they all had to let me go because I burned up too many balls. I heard that your stock of pitchers is getting low. So if you have enough balls I am your man. I can pack in a good crowd for I am very popular in town, especially with the fair sex.



I am not very interested in the matter of salary. All I require is a plentiful supply of cigarette "makin's" and big meals. That is my weak point—food.

"The man you need,"

He-man Paoli.

R. B.—"I would love to dance on this floor forever."

Miss Wilson:—"Well how about dancing on it for awhile."

Connie:—"Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Long Tom:—"Don't believe they ever did."

Connie:—"Then where did you get the idea."

Snodgrass:—"Will you take a parcel to my sister?"

Katie:—"How big is the parcel?"

The Sheep:—"How big is your sister?"

Eng. Prof:—"What is a nonconformist, Mr. Paoli?"

Paoli (unconsciously):—"Well, By Jove, how shall I put it?"

History Prof:—"Mr. McAree, what is chivalry?"

Fossil:—"Riding on horseback."

Softball Ump:—"One man out."

"Ace" Connolly:—"Must be two, I got one out here."

Prefect:—"Well-I-I O'Hanley, what is the latest from St. Peters?"

O'Hanley:—"I am."

# THE S. D. U. BROADCASTING COMMISSION PRESENTS

## First Corridor Night:

8.00-8.15—The Equestrian Program.....H. Wight

8.15-8.30—St. Dunstan's cheerful little earful.....

.....H. Hennessey

8.30-8.45—Down the Alleys.....F. McAree

8.45-9.00—The Ancient art of Woodcraft.....

.....Peter "Chief" Gill

9.00-10.00—The Hit Parade...Landry's one piece orchestra

This week's hit "When its sheep-shearing time at Mc-Guigans."



## CHALLENGE

I, Joseph "Kid" Francis, Middle Weight champion of San Francisco, the terror of the United States and Canada, foremost pugilist of the Magdalene Islands and Afghanistan and the British Dominions beyond the Seas hereby do challenge Maurice "Dempsey" Smith to a 77 round fistic encounter to be held anywhere, anytime. This challenge may be accepted by phoning. Roy "Juniper" Cairns (Manager).

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Chem. Prof:—"What would you call a cation with a small valence, such as sodium, Mr. Wight?"

The Horse:—"Kriily Kate, Father, I guess it's a kitten-ion."

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Pronko:—"Poor Mac Aree only got thirty in French."

Mahar:—"How's that, Pete?"

Puddin-head:—"Daly got the other seventy."

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Prefect:—(Rapping at door) "What's all the racket—eh!"

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Simpson:—"All right Father, I am just learning to dance."

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Walter Winchell on the Campus

Flash—"What red-headed gentleman did we see sporting a big nose?"

Flash—"What professor did we see trying to catch a train on Sunday?"

Flash—"Who tried to burn the orchard?"

Flash—"What Junior thought he had two partners for the dance but went stag?"

Flash—"What certain long gentleman has a package of letters post-marked Morell, and tied up with a satin string?"

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Notice:—

All students planning on attending the Prom are advised to procure "The Modern Two-Step" by J. O'Brien and P. Wood. Just off the press. Beginners will find this a great help.