

The Funny Man

Among the Authors

"Last But Not Least," by Mugsy.

"Ship-mates," by S. Irving and A. Paquet.

"Styles From Paris," by Minnie.

"The Widow's Mite," by Widow Baldwin.

"Whoopee," by Donald Campbell.

"Trainer's Big and Small," by O. Murphy and J. Coyle.

Prof. in Botany: "Why are you always behind in your Botany studies?"

R.B.: "Well, you told me to pursue them, sir."

Yank: "Say, do you know what your tongue reminds me of?"

Al: "No, I'll bite."

Yank: "Niagara Falls. Always going and nothing can stop it."

Cahill: "Gee it's funny how much baseball you'll forget in a year."

Al: "When did you learn to play, in the Stone Age?"

Prof. in History: "We have completed the Middle Age, now what should be next?"

Cow: "Old age."

Red: "Say, Maggie, were you ever in the cavalry?"

Maggie: "No, by no means."

Red: "Well, where did you get the horse laugh?"

Os: "Did you learn anything besides how to skate this year, John?"

John: "Yeah, I learned that the bigger you are the harder you fall."

Shiny: (telling story) "And I tossed the tiger ten feet away."

Room-mate: "Yeah, and then you fell off your chair."

Just Imagine

A calf with two legs.
 A cow without a tail.
 Turk in a poultry show.
 Raisin as Cinderella.
 Larabee in a baby contest.

Prof. in Philosophy: "Where is perfection found?"
 Red (fervently): "In Kensington."

Doug: "Say, that young Butler should be a good pitcher."

Spoofy: "How come?"

Doug: "Well, he has so many curves."

Doc. Delaney: "So you're sick, eh! and went to see the Prefect of Discipline eh! Well, what foolish thing did he tell you to do?"

Willie D: "He told me to come and see you."

Mugsy Defines Love

A heterogeneous conglomeration of chaotic exuberancies affecting the conventional pulsations of the heart and precipitating multitudinous catastrophic and phenomenal contortions of the cerebral region of the human anatomy.

Chink (tired waiting in barber shop): "Say, do you think I never want a shave?"

Barber (using microscope): "No, never."

Keough: "I was glad to hear MacKinnon's phonograph going this morning."

Rex: "I'll bet it was swell music."

Keough: "No, they were going away with it."

Unconscious (showing his picture): "Did you ever see anything like it before?"

Henri: "Yes, I visited the zoo once."

Prof. in Phil.: "In what grade is the Mallett?"

Sap (reminiscently): "Oh, she left school two years ago."

Prof. in Arithmetic (explaining subtraction): "If you had eight apples and I ate six and Willie D. ate two, what would be left?"

R.B. (sadly): "The cores."

We Wonder:

Why did Jim O'Connor give up French?

Why Keough 'Bubs' his head in class?

Why the Blimp doesn't take off?

Why Shiny uses a Currie comb?

If Sockfoot ever had the gout?

Prof. in History (explaining heroism): "If I fell over the wharf and couldn't swim, and you jumped in to save me, what would you be called?"

Ged.: "I—I—I wouldn't like to say, sir."

Burns: "Oh, an idea just struck me."

Prof. in Chem.: "I hope the damage is not serious."

Yank: "Listen to the threshing machine."

J. O'C.: "That is not a threshing machine, it is the Monk thinking."

Prof. in Physics: "Where are the other nine?"

Chink: "Oh, Frank had to go to town."

Dunn: "We should call Cahil, Jap."

Mac: "Why?"

Dunn: "He's so hard on china."

Monk: "I like pancakes."

Mugsy: "Out of the frying-pan into the friar, as it were."

Prof. in Latin: "Did you ever hear of 'bene'?"

Hughes: "Yes, Shea talks about her in his sleep."

Prof.: "Mr. Roberts, what is a good conductor of electricity?"

Monk (dreamily): "Why-er-er."

Prof.: "Correct, Mr. Roberts."

Songs

"Louise" by James F. MacGregor.

"Me and My Shadow," by Willie D. MacDonald.

"I'm a Little Prairie Flower," by Donald Campbell.

"I Kneel to Thee," by Joe Cahill.

"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" by Lloyd Keough.

Grandma's Corner

Dear Grandma:

I want to get my face lifted, what would you advise me to use?

Yours sincerely,
Goldie.

My dear child:

I would advise you to use sulphuric acid. If this will not do, use some nitro-glycerine. If your case is a very extreme one use TNT. And if this will not lift it, then it's hopeless.

Yours sincerely,
Grandma.

Oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd.

—Milton

They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Framed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

—Byron

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.

—Shenstone

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

—Young