

The Funny Man

Forget there is a depression
Snap out of it and smile
Leave to the world its oppression
As you gaze on these lines awhile.

Mugsy: "I can't see anything to laugh at."

Calf: "Of course not, you can't see your own facial expressions."

Prof. in Philosophy: "Domina Vidua, faveas nobis dare alicujus in potentia."

Domina Vidua: "The Chink's moustache."

Prof: "Utique. Bonum exemplum."

Prof. in History: "Who was the first man to navigate the globe?"

Vulture: "Jim Lynch."

Prof: "Why?"

Vulture: "Because he's a 'Drake' "

Among the Authors

The Missing Seat by K. Kennedy.

Under the Shadow of the Dormitory by Jiggs McQuaid

That Sleigh Ride by A. Paquet.

Insomnia by R. V. W. Horgan.

Doug: "Gee, I froze my ears."

Spoofy: "No wonder! They're so close to a vacuum."

Tidy: "How long is a chain?"

R. B.: "Sixty-six feet."

Tidy: "I was just wondering, because I'm getting one for Simpson's watch."

G. (Mouse) Sullivan: (In restaurant) "Waiter, use your own judgment, I don't know what I want.

The waiter brought him a piece of cheese.

Turk's Lament

For beauty I am not a star
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front that I jarr.

Unconscious: "I'm going to see your sister Thursday, Jim."

Jim: "She's expecting you."

Unconscious: "Why, how did you know?"

Jim: "Because she's gone away."

Prof. in English: "What's the meaning of 'esteemed,' Mr. Burns?"

Tidy: "Give it in a sentence, please."

Prof. "Well, ah, 'He is an esteemed man.'"

Tidy: "Why, er! a man who is overheated."

Stork: "I notice Dunn is failin' more each day."

Bull: "Sure, Dunn and failin (Phelan) go well together."

"Will you love me always?" she said.

"I can't say; but I love you for the present," replied Trites as he slowly munched her peanuts.

Prof: "What does 'belle' mean?"

Gaudet: (Dreaming) "Oh, she means the world to me."

Regis' Soliloquy

"Her eyes were black as jet,
That charming 'Babe' I knew,
I kissed her, and her father came;
Now mine are jet black too."

Doug: "You had better keep your eyes open in the theatre to-day."

Spoofy: "Why?"

Doug: "You won't see the show if you don't."

Prof. in Chemistry: "What does KI plus 2S mean, Mr. MacKinnon?"

Minnie: "It means 'Kiss' sir."

MacAulay: "What part of 'The Tale of Two Cities' appealed to you most?"

Grandma: "The knitting scene."

Songs

Climbing Up the Golden Stairs, Chorus by students of Fourth Corridor.

Sweet Sixteen by John Kelly.

Around the Corner, by Serj. Maj. Duffy.

Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone, by Squeers.

Just a Gigolo, by Monk Roberts.

Where Is My Wandering Judas To-night? by Bona.

I Cut Down the Old Pine Tree, by Lumber Joe Trainor.

My Little Yella Cinderella, by Chink MacMillan.

When You and I were Young, Maggie, by Jiggs McQuaid.

J. Trainor (Reading paper): "Say, I didn't know that Reg. McKenna was lost."

Squeers: "Why, what made you think that?"

Lumber Joe: "Well, I've just read here, 'Found Unconscious.'"

Bandy: "Say, are you trying to make a monkey out of me?"

Calf: "No, Nature got ahead of me."

Hollis: "Give me a smoke, Jiggs."

Jiggs: "Can't do it, this butt is all that is between me and suicide."

O'Connor: "By all means, give it to him, Jiggs."

We Wonder:

Who is the Ferret?

Why Turk is called Metropolitan.

Where is J. O'Connor learning French?

When will the Monk over-sleep?

Why is Doug MacDonald so BOYCEterous?

What Chink uses on his moustache?

Willie D: "I have you to thank for all I know."

Prof. Rip: "Oh, don't mention such a trifle."

Coyle: "My family tree is very remarkable."

Maggie: "It must be the nut-bearing variety."

Moses Peters: "If it were not for you, your family tree would die."

Duffy: "How's that?"

Mosey: "'Cause you're the SAP."

Hector (one-thirty a.m.): "I'm the cream in your coffee."

Irate father (upstairs): "Bert, throw that sour cream out."

Jiggs: "Did you see Leona to-day?"

Old Man: "Yes."

Jiggs: "I bet she said some nice things."

Old Man: "Yes, about Paquet."

Grandma's Fairy Tale

Once upon a time the Vulture, in search of a Pigeon, saw through a Chink in the wall, a man who was Unconscious. He was an elongated piece of humanity, attired in plus fours, whose ample dimensions would have encased the generous corporation of Falstaff. His coat lapel was adorned with a Little Flower, and a Pigeon was perched on his manly chin, gazing at the extensive opening under his nose. The Vulture flew in through the window. "What is it?" said he to the Pigeon. "Ferret out for yourself," said the latter. "So's your Old Man," said the Vulture, "I'll ask Grandpa." "If we don't get help," said the Pigeon, "someone will be a Widow. We must get Doc Delaney." "Here comes the Bunny," said the Vulture, "send him." "Hey, Bunny, Rip over to Squeer's and get the Doc." Way scooted the Bunny knocking over the Tub in his haste. As he reached the gate, Squeer's Watch-dog began to bark. A kind old Lumberjack, however, chased the Dog away. "I hope this Doc is not a Quack," thought the Bunny, as he knocked at the door. Maggie, the Doc's servant appeared, whistling Turkey in the straw, to the great edification of a Red Rooster who was crowing in the yard. "Hippo" said Maggie, "Pardon me, I got the hiccoughs." "I want the Doc," said Bunny. The Doc came Bona fide and hastened with the Bunny. When they arrived, the man was still Un-

conscious. After a hasty examination the Doc perceived that the man had indigestion from eating a tough old Cow. "By Judas, he should stick to Calf," said the Doc, "He had enough corn beef in him to do Jiggs." Just then a Red Rooster appeared on the scene, at the sight of whom the whole company fled, leaving the man still Unconscious.

A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent.

—Montgomery

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—fail.

—Macaulay

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring:
Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

—Pope

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

—Watts

