

ORANGE JAZZ



UNION COLLEGE
 19 MAY 1928
 LIBRARY

TWO-BITS

WEAK-END
 NUMBER

Wayne Bagley

ONE MONTH MORE

*The next month will terminate
another successful college year*

Some students will leave Oregon State never to return. The BOOK STORE cannot leave. It has served many consecutive college generations. As the *students' own store*, it will continue to serve many more. Each year the Book Store has been used more than the last—has served the students better. We shall continue to serve better.

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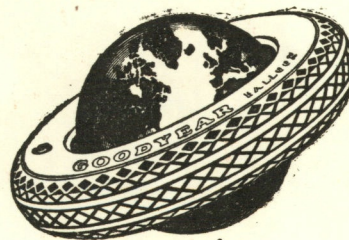
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The Orange Owl

something

Vol. IX Corvallis, Oregon, May 1928 No. 5

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Heard at the Relays

He: "That fellow puts a mean shot, doesn't he?"
 She: "Yeah, and that other guy hurls a mean discus."
 It: "Unhuh, and I jumped a mean broad last night, too."



First Old Maid (as airplane comes into view over horizon):
 "Here comes the mail plane."

Second Also: "How can you tell from this distance?"
 —Gargoyle.



"An ev'ry dam one of you people think I'm drunk, an' it's a lie 'cause I ain't drunk. Yu' think I'm drunk 'cause my collar's unbutton. Hell, you unbutton yer collar ev'ry night 'fore yo' go t' bed, but ain't sayin' yer drunk, is it? Yu shay I'm drunk 'cause I got my eyes shut? How you know I ain't asleep? Always suspectin'. It's people like you 'ats ruinin' this country"
 —Ohio Green Goat.



Boss (to stenographer): "How about going on a business trip with me next week?"

Steno.: "Say, I may be your typewriter, but don't get the idea that I'm portable."
 —Ghost.



These Modern Methods

Doctor: "You don't need any treatment. What you need is a little sun!"

Patient: "Oh, doctor! How horrid!"



Wife: "Where have you been so late?"
 Husband: "Stop me if you've heard this one—" —Chaparral.



Lady: "I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs?"

Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking." —Amherst Lord Jeff.



Judge: "Were you ever in trouble before?"
 Prisoner: "Well, a librarian fined me two cents once."
 —Ollapod.



"What makes the world go round and round, pop?"
 "Oscar, how many times must I tell you to stay out of the cellar?"
 —Bucknell Belle Hop.



—dreadful has happened to Oscar

It's the new plus nines—the angle of the Dunhill—the way he speaks familiarly of Bond Street, *Folies Bergère*, Limehouse.

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Excited Passenger: "The ship is sinking."
 Sailor: "I should worry; it don't belong to me."
 —Ohio State Sun Dial.



Howit Hertz: "Waiter, waiter, there's a button in my salad."
 Waiter: "Must have come off in the dressing."
 —Penn State Froth.

Zoology

Teacher: "Now children, what do the little cows say?"
 Children: "Moo, moo."
 Teacher: "And what do the little puppies say?"
 Children: "Bow, wow."
 Teacher: "Now tell me what the little black crows say."
 The Class: "Gooper feathers are so soft, who cares about that, and what causes that, anyway?"
 —Dirge.



"There must be a slip somewhere," remarked the sweet young thing as she searched through her bureau drawer.
 —Ghost.



He: "If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you."
 She: "Well, I can't keep this expression long."
 —Bison.



Heard in the Bridal Suite

The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.
 "What's the matter, dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.
 "Why, I certainly thought that we were going to get a room all to ourselves."
 —Punch Bowl.



"Darling, I will love you forever."
 "Sounds good, but I gotta be in by 11 o'clock."
 —Texas Ranger.



Different Story

"Ma, baby just dropped a penny down the well!"
 "I'll give him another."
 "Oh, don't bother, he still has it in his hand."
 —Red Cat.



Sweet Young Thing (leaning out of the window):
 "Hey, ice man, do you have the time?"
 Ice Man: "Sure, but who's going to hold the horses?"
 —Burr.



He: "Wonderful night, a beautiful girl, what a combination?"
 She: "Heavens! Is that showing?"
 —Outlaw.




Working Boy: "Don't sob, brother, the wolf was never at your door."
 Athlete: "No, he was in my room and had pups."
 —Flamingo.



"One baby is born in New York every three minutes," says a newspaper. That must be awful tiresome for the baby.
 —Salt Shaker.


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Tonsorial artist: "Business is rotten. If it doesn't pick up soon I'm going to open a butcher shop."

Voice from barber chair: "And will you close this one?"
—Ghost.



He: "Did you ever try my chicken liquor?"

She: "No! What's it like?"

He: "One drink and you lay." —Ames Green Gander.



Old Lady: "Where did you get all those nickles, sonnie?"

Sonnie: "Down at the church."

Old Lady: "Did you steal them, you naughty boy?"

Sonnie: "Oh, no, the minister said this money is all for the heathens. Me and pa is atheists, so I took a handful."

Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.



Corpuscle: You have deceived me—you have colored blood

Haemoglobin: What did you think I'm full of, embalming fluid?
--Purple Parrot.



Kids Cry for It

"Tommy, you're too old to cry."

"Yeah, and I'm too young to have what I'm crying for."
—Red Cat.



"Oh, please, help me find my husband! I've lost him in the crowd."

"How will I know him?"

"He has a mermaid tatoood on his stomach."

—Texas Ranger.



Guide (at Mt. Vernon): "This is the skull of George Washington, Father of our Country."

Tourist: "And what is the little skull by his side?"

Guide: "Oh, that's the skull of George Washington when he was a boy."
—Flamingo.



Man (to telephone central): "Gimme the Zoo."

Operator: "The lion is busy."
—Ghost.

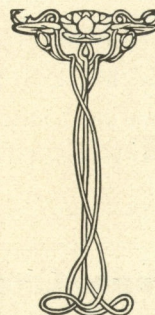
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Traffic Cop: "What's your name?"

Truck Driver: "It's on the wagon."

Traffic Cop: "It's obliterated."

Truck Driver: "Yer a liar! It's O'Brien."

—Burr.



Janitor: "Has you changed your job again? Ah ain't seen you for a week."

Pullman Porter: "In dis last week, Ah has had de sole charge of twelve berths."

Janitor: "Lawd, Sam, Ah didn't know you all could doctor."

—Buccaneer.



Fond Papa: "Just think, sonny, if you were down in Hawaii, Santy Claus couldn't come and leave nice presents for you."

Modern Kid: "But pa, who in hell would care when those grass-skirted South Sea bims are around?"

—Punch Bowl.



Jack: "Do you object to petting?"

Jenny: "That's one thing I have never done."

Jack: "What, you have never petted?"

Jenny: "No, objected."

—Ghost.



A gentleman is a guy who can talk to a chorus girl in her "costume" and say what he thinks.

—Ghost.

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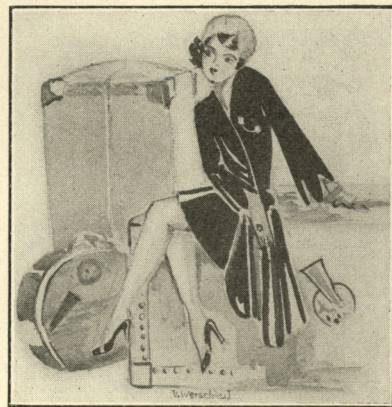
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ORANGE "OWL"

And then there's the poor Scotchman who went crazy trying to invent a flexible glass so he could turn a bottle inside out and lick the inside.



Pretty lady, why so solemn?
Why so sad and steeped in gloom?
Why so pale and wan and tender?
Why so sure it is your doom
That awaits you on your coming
'Hind the closed door of that room?
Oh, kind sir, I thank you deeply
For your interest in my fate
Sad it is, that in that chamber
Council on my judgment sate;
Yea, it is the house committee
And I'm fifteen minutes late.



If someone offers you a pack of Camels, be nonchalant and light in.



"I went to Eugene last night to see my girl."
"How did you get over?"
"Terrible."



Man in car: "Pardon me, miss, would you like a ride?"

Sweet girl: "Are you going north?"
Autoist: "Yes, I'm going in that direction, cutie."
Pedestrian: "Then give my regards to the Eskimos."



"What kind of a girl is she?"
"She's one of those orange girls."
"What do you mean, orange girl?"
"Orange you gonna buy me this, and orange you gonna buy me that."

First Suffragette: "We've got to have the men's votes."

Second Ditto: "But how are we going to get them?"

First: "Either through our organizations or our combinations."



Many a man has to get down and scratch because some girl is bugs over him.



Corporal: "The only woman handed me the gate."
Captain: "Cheer up, buddy, what's one in this day and age. Why, women are just like street cars—one by every five minutes and the later they come the faster they are."

Corporal: "Yeah, but they all cost more than a street car and you never know where you're going to get off at."



"Did you hear about Julia?"

"No, let's have it."

"She's been reducing for two years, and yesterday Jones' Newfoundland dog tried to bury her."



Blessings on you, little girl,
With your hair all out of curl;
Lips so red, but redder yet
Pressed by men you'll soon forget.
Do not fear the censor's tread,
Nor let him bow your shaggy head,
For we love flowers, and who has heard
Of flowers grown on an iceberg?



Our idea of a student with plenty of class is the special who wears a rook lid, a sophomore sweater, junior cords and a senior moustache.

The Burning Confessions of Past Orange Owl Editors

I Killed Dean Peavy *Regal Retrospection* *In Delirium Tremens*

By George P. Couper, editor, '23-'24.

John Tubby Hanlon, editor, '26

By Dallas Moore, '27

San Quentin Prison,
May 19, 1928.

As through these bars I sadly peer,
And watch the gray mists whisk
away
The light, and all is still. And I
On this week's morn must take my
'bode
In dungeon worse by far than this
foul place,
For I have been committed to an
asylum.

With this little prelude, which I
have found time to write evenings
after laboring in the prison nutmeg
factory from dawn to dusk—you
know, of course, that San Quentin is
the original home of the wooden nut-
meg, I suppose I must explain why
I, once carefree and lithesome—or
blithesome—am singing "The Stripes
and Bars Forever."

I'll tell you why. I KILLED
DEAN PEAVY.

I know some of you will laugh
at this, and tap your heads in de-
rision, and say I am a NUT, but it
is a fact. I KILLED DEAN
PEAVY. You think you see Dean
Peavy amongst you today but you
don't. What you see is DEAN
PEAVY'S GHOST.

It is a long story—too long, per-
haps to tell—but I must tell, for on
this week's morn, I will be taken to
an asylum, and I can't write letters
from there—I MUST TELL. It was
in the spring of the year of 1924—
may the Lord remember that year
as the blackest in history.

In the central quadrangle, near
the bandstand, a group of boys
lounged in the grass. Few of you
will remember their faces, some of
you may remember their names.
There was Lindsay Spight, our de-
vout chaplain and so-called business

(Continued on page twenty)

1.

Once upon a time I went to a
Hammer and Coffin meeting with
a sore tooth. I returned home with
the same sore tooth and the editor-
ship of the Orange Owl.

The sore tooth was an omen of
what was to follow.

2.

Within the shadow of gradua-
tion I wonder how I survived it all.

The time that "Shorty" Harrison
tried to hit me with the silver ham-
mer . . . the time when in company
with Rod MacMillan, Kenneth Low-
ell and Delbert Snider, I was locked
in a clothes closet—and suffocated,
died . . . the collegiate contest . . .
the initiation of Dinty Moore . . .
the last time I tried to conduct a
Hammer and Coffin meeting. . . .

3.

Startling clear in my memory is
Jimmy Bird. Good, old, organizing
Jimmy.

Jimmy who literally punched the
campus until it howled in wanton
Volstead glee.

Jimmy who organized all the
sorority pledges into an organization
alleged to be the circulation staff.

Jimmy who picked his circulation
staff as a connoisseur picked flowers.

4.

Once I thought the Orange Owl
office ideal for a rendezvous. The
Owl office was located in the Com-
merce shack next to Professor
Reed's office and joined with it
by an interconnecting door—that
seemed to be permanently locked.

But one day the door opened—
from the other side.

The Owl office has been changed.

5.

A letter from the chairman of the
Publications committee. Something

(Continued on page eighteen)

There is only one event in my
life that I may confess. All the oth-
ers have been blazoned on headlines,
on billboards ("Lucky strikes have
in no way injured my golden voice,
for I do not smoke them."—Dinty
Moore) bandied about by gibbering
tongues. Neigh (nay). No moment
of my glittering life has been with-
held from my avid public, save one.
And that never saw the light of day
until this instant.

Because, perhaps it never really
happened; that is, I am not sure that
it actually occurred—it was so far
away and so long ago that it may
have been but a product of my fancy.
Probably that is why it still remains
a secret—until now.

It was in the south seas, or was
it. Who knows? At any rate there
were tropical animals in it, and
romantic peoples. Yes, there were a
lot of animals in it; silver winged
sloths, amphibean elephants with
iridescent eyes, and the ring-tailed
swan with four legs and ears with
which it flew.

They were all there; the animals
of Noah, and more! Lots more
coming at me and frightening me
half out of my simple wits. On and
on they came, ignoring my sensitive
nature.

Crying aloud, I fell sobbing and
trembling into the arms of a beauti-
ful tropical girl; one of the amber
kind with a grass necklace slipped
down around her hips. They say
there aren't any more like her in the
South seas, but this wasn't in the
South seas; it might have been in a
musical comedy. Come to think of
it now, her make-up DOES seem to
have rubbed off a little. I remember
the little gilded boy in the story who
had died because he had too much
make-up on. And I didn't want this
(Continued on page eighteen)

An Essay on Women

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, and two feet, and some of them have two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at the same time. They are like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, men may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicions. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known. It requires science, common sense, faith, hope, and charity, especially charity. It is a psychological marvel that a soft, tender, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-bearded, tobacco and bay rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter him, it frightens him to death, and if you don't it bores him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him, and if you agree with him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors and rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out, and if you wear a brown toque and a tailor-made suit he takes you out and stares at startling hats all evening. If you join him in his gaieties and approve of his smoking he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his smoking and urge him to give up his gaieties, he swears you are driving him mad. If you are a clinging vine he doubts whether you have a brain, and if you are an advanced and independent young woman he doubts whether you have a heart.

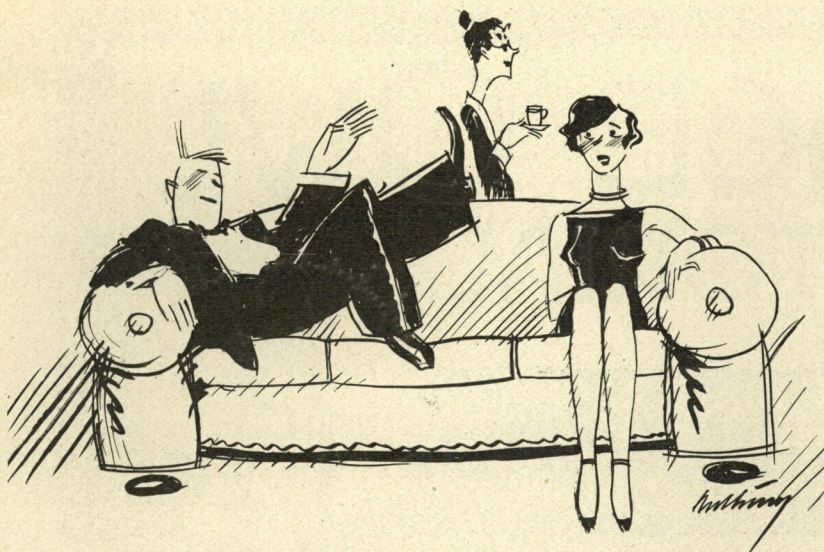
If you are silly, he longs for a brilliant mate, and if you are bright and intelligent he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men he is jealous, and if you are not then he hesitates to marry a wallflower.

But strange as it may seem, they fall every day!

"Only one man ever told me to shut my mouth and got away with it."

"Who's that?"

"My dentist."



He: "I hear that Alice Smith is dead."

She: "Yes, poor girl—she went out on her first date with a man last night, and died this morning of spontaneous combustion."

—Chapparral.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME—FOR COLLEGE

The Rookess from California remembered her two uncles who always wanted to kiss her when they came in from the fields. (Oh, yes, she was a little country girl.) They (the uncles) smelled strongly of seasoned sweat. Their faces were covered with a growth of stubby hair and their breathes reeked of cheap tobacco. Their lips were always moist. Our heroine despised them. She wanted to scream when they kissed her. She imagined she could taste the sour perspiration, the stubby beards, and the bad tobacco all at once. It was an abhorrent mixture which she never forgot and never forgave. Perhaps that was the beginning of her fear of poverty and of what her father called her picinuishness. Perhaps the sweat and the tobacco and the moist lips were really the cause of her finally coming to O. S. C. where her grade averages would not prevent her from becoming a great writer or a famous dietician or something.

To ask a girl nicely for a kiss.

To get the kiss, and let it go at that,

To strike an average point 'tween gloom and bliss,

To not consider any child a brat,

To sip a bit of liquor from a glass

Yet never drain a bottle at your lips;

To never do a thing that's gauche or crass,

To always ride the slower, safer ships,

To read good books, unbiased either way;

To do all these, and more things if you can,

Is more than any man will do today—

Is more than I would ask of any man!

ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



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Corvallis, Oregon, May 1928

No. 5

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of the Oregon State College

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DOGS AND DEMOCRACY

AND then there is that joke about a dog filling an empty place in man. The wisecracker is supposed to come right back and say "sure, hot dogs," which is not a bad joke when you get right down to it. But we couldn't run that joke in this magazine because it has been used too often already. One thing we will say, and that is that it isn't so terribly old as some of the jokes that are turned in to us. It can't possibly be over 10 years old because Hot Dogs haven't been the rage for that long. But Democracy has. It has been in vogue in this country now for about 152 years. Democracy is defined as a government by the people, with the people and for the people, or in similar words. And that is just about as far as it goes. It means Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, too. There is no denying that, but it seems that some of these things are carried a little too far.

Perhaps you are wondering just what Democracy has to do with dogs. It has a lot.

H. L. Mencken pulled a fast one when he said that under Democracy, if you want to know what is right just take a vote on it. Doesn't it seem that that is sort of throwing a blanket over the sagacious teachings of Moses? And you cannot deny that Mencken spoke the truth.

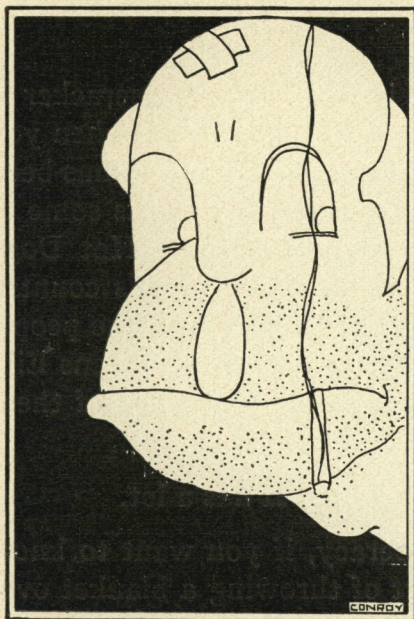
And it means a government by the people, of the people and for the people. True, too true, admitting in the same breath that more than half of the people of voting age aren't capable of running their own private and petty affairs, let alone having a say in so important a thing as the running of a government. Don't take our word for it, just ask any student of National Government.

And now we get down to the dog part. We might be, or try to be, clever, and say that democracy is going to the dogs. But perhaps you would become unduly alarmed, and ask us where we happened to learn so darned much anyway, and just because we are in college that we don't know everything. Admitted, we don't, BUT NEITHER DO WE GO AROUND PRETENDING TO.

But here is what we want to know. Does Democracy embrace dogs? Does Democracy mean that wherever we go, for a stroll on Sunday, to church on Sunday, to a student body meeting or to an entertainment by some nationally known speaker or entertainer, are we to be continually annoyed by the howlings and the cavortings of some fraternity's mutt dog? The time when Dr. Will Durant spoke here, for instance, and some ungainly pooch completely stole the show from the amused philosopher. How many listeners caught the sarcasm of the Dr. when he said it was truly a Democracy when a philosopher spoke to a mixed audience of college students and dogs?

We might light in and harangue college students, but we won't do that. Older people get too much kick out of that for us to steal their thunder. They are the same older people who much prefer to fondle and pet and feed some utterly worthless hound than to care for and feed a baby. But that class of persons will always fondle dogs. A baby might, in two or three years surpass them so far in intelligence that they would be ashamed. People seek their own intellectual level.

But what we want to get at is: Does Democracy mean that we are to accept dogs as our social equals, to share with them our pleasures and our entertainments, and to suffer them to disrupt those entertainments whenever they feel a new flea? If so we heartily object. We admit it reflects the true spirit of Democracy, but there ought to be a law against it.



Guest: "I want a double room."
 Clerk: "With twin beds, sir?"
 Guest: "Well—er—the Siamese type."
 —Chaparral.



Rook: "The inspecting officer asked me a question today that I was able to answer."

Senior: "What was that?"

Rook: "He said 'when was the last time you shined your boots?'"



"'Lo Ed."

"Hi, Joe."

"Where ya goin'?"

"Nuts."

"Whassa matter?"

"Aw, Prof. Baxter gives me a pain."

"Me, too, always tryin' to wisecrack."

"Yeah. A lot he knows about wisecrackin'. It's only about once a week you can pull a laugh out of one."

"He's a filthy minded old codger. He sure pulled a rare one last week."

"You mean the one about condemning the women's building because of the rubber pillars?"

"Yeah. If we pulled one like that we would get thrown out of school."

"That was good. I don't see how

he gets away with it. Must be a slick old devil."

"I hear he is. Has ideas on free love. Hear he was almost kicked off the faculty a few years ago."

"Ya don't say. I never knew that before. I guess he has to go easy now, eh? No wonder some of his jokes are dumb. He always looked like he had something underneath."

"I always felt sorry for him, and I'd like to know him better."

"Me, too. Always did like him. Say, Joe, have him over to the house some night, will ya? Let's ask him over tomorrow."

"All right, I'll ask him. We'll get acquainted with him. He's likely a pretty good old Jo."

Silently I pace the floor
 And with a hunted look,
 For I
 Am a man hunted by men.
 I am cold,
 I am hungry;
 It cannot last much longer for
 already it has stretched into
 eternity.
 Yes, it is best.
 I will end it all
 In the somber silent river.
 In a moment of weakness
 I planted my pin
 On that damned woman—
 But I am broke
 And I have
 No cigars.



McROOK'S FIRST READER

(Apologies to H. I. Phillips)

There should be a picture of the commerce-building here but it burned up. The picture we mean.

Lesson I.

See this picture.

Q. Yes, what is it a picture of?

A. It is a picture of a building.

Lesson II.

Q. Where is the building located?

A. In Corvallis, Oregon.

Q. In Corvallis?

A. Yes, in Corvallis.

Q. What building is it?

A. It is the Commerce building on the OSC campus.

Q. The OSC campus?

A. Yes.

Oh.

Lesson III.

See the large black mass back of the commerce building.

Q. Yes, is it a cloud?

A. No.

Q. What is it then?

A. Smoke.

Q. Where is the fire department?

A. Downtown in the city hall where it belongs.

Q. Why isn't it at the commerce building?

A. Because the commerce building is not on fire.

Q. It looks like it is.

A. It isn't though.

Lesson IV.

(Notice that each lesson is more difficult than the one before.)

The smoke goes up in the air.

Q. Yes, I see. Is it coal smoke?

A. No.

Q. What kind of smoke is it then?

A. Cigarette smoke.

Q. Oh. Where does it come from?

A. It comes from commerce students who go off the campus to smoke between classes. There is a tradition against smoking on the campus.

Q. I see, but why do the students want to smoke in the first place?

A. This is the end of the lesson. Please don't ask any more questions.

Nursery Rhymes for the College Grownups

Little Bo Peep
Lost so much sleep
That she sleeps thru most of her
classes.
But her grades they are fine
For she has a strong line
That intercepts all the instructor's
passes.

* * *

Hi-diddle-diddle
Rolls-Royce in the middle
Wouldn't let anyone pass.
When a broken down Ford
Hooked his running board,
And the driver thumbed his nose.
At the chauffeur.

* * *

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet
Eating her curd and whey.
But the things that she downed
Made her so big around
That she kept all the boys away.

* * *

Mary had a little lamp,
She had it trained, no doubt,
And every time that Johnny called
The little lamp went out.

* * *

I had a little kitten,
I named the darling Pat,
But when my kitten grew up big
It wasn't that sort of a cat.

What are little boys
Made with, made with,
What are little boys
Made with?
The rolling of eyes
And the telling of lies—
That's what little boys
Are made with.

What are little girls
Made with, made with,
What are little girls
Made with?
A car made of tin
And a bottle of gin
That's what little girls
Are made with.

* * *

In my army uniform,
Drilling in the sun,
Hat askew upon my head,
Legging half undone.
Coat unbuttoned at the top,
Sleeves three inches long.
Pants that bag at both the knees,
And somehow hang all wrong;
Muddy shoes from last week's drill,
Too big for my feet—
I'm the colonel's pride and joy;
Don't you think I'm sweet?

* * *

I'd like to be a soldier,
And with the soldiers drill,
But I can think of better ways
My extra time to kill.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your new car run?
With gas and supplies
From the Sigma Chi's
And tires from most anyone.

* * *

There was a young lady from Hyde,
Of eating green apples she died.
Within the lamented,
They quickly fermented,
And made cider inside her inside.

* * *

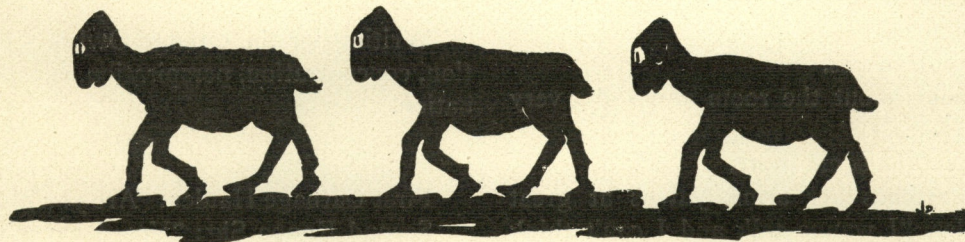
Sing a song of six pence
Bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty college boys
Pickled to the eye.
When their eyes are opened
The birds will cease to sing,
And their heads, oh boy!
Their heads will ache like every-
thing.

* * *

Mary's lamb a little had;
He followed her to school.
But her lamb he didn't have it long
For Mary wasn't cool.

* * *

A bad, bad man, is Santa Claus,
With his actions droll and shocking,
He's the only man
Who can get his hand
In everybody's stocking.



Remarks Heard During an Alfalfa Damma Row Pledge Week

(A one-act play—By Vandivier)

The radio is shrilling a female solo. The heroine is lying on the davenport in a disheveled condition. The other heroine is lying on the floor. (There is no hero. Please don't stop reading just because there is no hero. It's all right. Honest.)

First heroine stirs slightly and murmurs, "Who'd want to drink out of an old oaken bucket."

Second heroine stirs even more slightly and whispers, "What bucket?"

First heroine sits up with great effort and gazes blearily about. "Why, that bucket that old hen is screaming about, of course. What bucket d'ya spose? You drunk or something?"

Second heroine relaxes in order to register relief. She also executes a deep sigh and breathes very deliberately. She vouchsafes no reply except a feebly explosive, "Oh, that bucket!"

First heroine stares dully at second heroine who is apparently much hors de combat or something like that. "Well, I hope that woman don't sing any more." Then after a slight pause during which she stares at the second heroine, "I can't think of anything worse to sing."

The second heroine here begins to snore.

"What, you gone to sleep?" moans the first heroine piteously. "I don't wanta go to sleep! I wanna raise cane."

The first heroine ceases speaking suddenly and gazes pensively at the second heroine for about twenty-five minutes. After a time the same heroine smiles and chuckles to herself (or the audience, as you will) "Everything's so funny!"

Second scene of Act I.

The second heroine is still fast asleep. The first heroine is attempting to awaken the sleeper by shaking her clumsily. "Hey! Wake up! I wanna tell you how sentimental I am. Did you know that your little roommate was sentimental? Well, she is. Hey, wake up! I—" pause and another spell of gazing at sleeping female—"why won't you wake up?"

The second heroine turns over and grunts.

The first heroine puts her ear near the lips of the second heroine. "What did you say, dear? Won't you tell your little roomy what you said? Aw, come on and tell me, why doncha?"

The second heroine snores.

First heroine looks about the room and sighs very deeply. (Note: VERY.)

Second heroine snores some more.

First heroine stretches her arms, yawns at great length, and mumbles, "I wanna talk and I can't think

of anything to say." She grabs the arm of the second heroine who is snoring still more loudly. "Hey, I wanna talk and I can't think of anything to say."

Second heroine grunts.

First heroine gazes at second heroine dully. (This can go on until the audience gets tired.)

Third scene of Act I.

The second heroine is still snoring. The first heroine is stretched out on the floor beside the second heroine. Soon she also snores.

* * *

Both heroines are still snoring. The first heroine coughs. Both of them cough. Both of them resume snoring.

Curtain.

END OF PLAY.

* Asterisks denote passage of time.



Well, Aren't They?

Mrs.: "What's your idea of an ideal husband?"

Miss: "He must be a wooden shoe man."

Mrs.: "I don't believe I understand."

Miss: "Wouldn't you like this, and wouldn't you like that."



Rook (to new salesgirl): "Where can I find silk lingerie?"

Salesgirl: "Search me."



Abe, to John D. Rockefeller: "John, have you really given money away?"

John D.: "Oh yes, lots of dimes."



It isn't the weather that drives us nuts, it's the sudden changes in it.



Writing for the Orange Owl is a process of inspiration, concentration, perspiration, exasperation, and damnation.



First Garbage Hauler: "Are you absolutely cleaned?"

Second Kappa Sig: "Yes, I haven't a scent left."

Scottish Rites

Beta: "Where's my shirt I lent you last week?"

Beta: "Your shirt? Oh, your shirt. Why, I left it in your laundry bag."



He: "One swallow doesn't make a summer."

It: "No, but one swallow has made lots of noses bloom."



Slowly he drew away from her. His hand flinched and quivered, then dropped to his side. She wondered. His face flushed, the lips grew tight and pale—then lax. Suddenly he clutched the person with a death grasp. She looked at him with bewilderment—the hour of reckoning. The heavy rhythmic beating of his heart pounded a tattoo on his body walls. His breath came in choking gasps. His eyes bulged. A sweat broke from every pore—colder, colder. Again he relaxed, limp and unbalanced. The color rushed back to his face with a roar. He arose, a towering figure of a man. She drew back in fear—it tore at her life threads. She had never seen a man act so strangely before. Wondering, she remained silent.

"At last, Egad, at last!" he cried. "I have succeeded in yawning with my mouth closed!"



What's sauce for the goose is liquid condiment for the Bostonian.



Prepare a bier
For Billy Bickers;
On drill day he
Appeared in knickers.



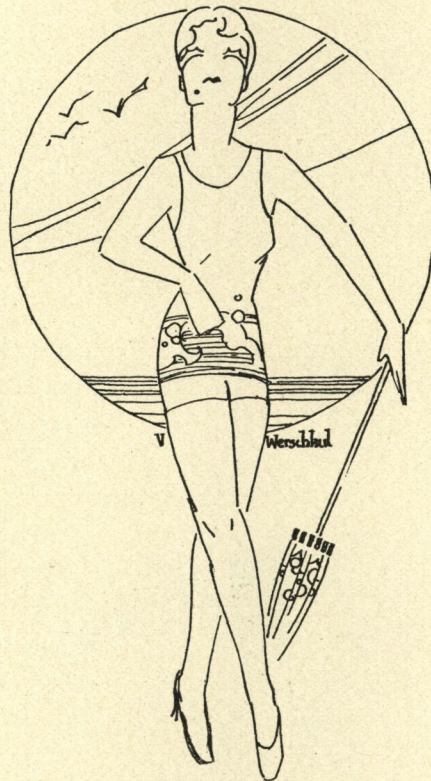
A girl from back East can't understand why a person will take a year to write a novel when he could buy one for a half dollar.

Today's Math Lesson

Given, the line, containing B.V.D.
Locate the line, and tell what day it is.



Divorced are Mr.
And Mrs. Chase.
At the table he sat
In Fido's place.



Forecast for this summer: BARE AND WARMER.



Just because a fellow is the cause of a girl's getting in late, it's no sign he is contributing to her delinquency.



She was only a roundhouse keeper's daughter, but she knew her rounders.



Proof of the fact that babies can talk when very young is that Job cursed the day he was born.

The Popular Military Bawl:
"Squads right, MARCH."



One of the campus actresses was out giving the house poodle his daily exercise when she met her deadliest rival, clad in a new fur coat. The dog began to leap in a friendly fashion around the wearer of the new fur coat and his mistress apologized sweetly:

"Do forgive Fido, he's so keen on rabbing."



She: "How nice you are to your wife, sending her away for a rest."

He: "Yes, and heaven knows I need it."



"What's the matter with you? Anything wrong with your back?"

"No. My wife made this shirt I have on and I have to walk this way to make it fit."



"These Indians have blood curdling yells."

"Yes, they're all college graduates."



"Migosh, I've lost five pounds."
"Didn't you just have your cords washed?"



Cats like to be petted, but why bother with them when there are so many pretty co-eds running around.



Mr. Newlywed: "This blueberry pie tastes queer, dear."

Mrs. N. W.: "Oh, honey, perhaps I put too much bluing in it."



A girl who looks sweet enough to eat usually does.

OH, PROFESSOR!

Another one-act play—By Valdivier.

Professor talking to a student in the Professor's office. The Professor rubs the tips of his fingers together.

The student rubs his toes together.

The Professor looks at the student.

The student looks at his toes.

The Professor leans back in his chair.

The student does not lean back but sits up straightly and nervously.

Professor: "Yes, I'm pretty liberal myself; pretty broad minded, I should say."

Student: "Yes?"

Professor (looking at student to see if the assent was left-handed and failing to find out): "Oh, yes, I—why, I even smoke cigarettes sometimes myself!"

Student (very much impressed): "Is that so?"

Professor: "Oh, yes, I assure you that it is. You might not believe it but it's a fact."

Student: "Well!" (this in a very final tone).

Professor: "I—I—" (The professor looks doubtfully at the student.) "Oh, of course I don't smoke at all heavily. I smoke once or twice in a week. Or—or—" (The student looks unmoved and unimpressed.) "Really I don't suppose I smoke more than once or twice in a month!"

Student: "I see!" The professor draws a long sigh of relief. For a time everything is very still. Even the music in the Ad building is absent—thank God! The student hears the breeze stirring some leaves to rustling faintly. He sighs. The Professor starts as if from deep study.

The Professor, speaking abruptly: "Well, it's a fine day, isn't it?"

Student: "Yes." The student arises and walks out.

Professor (rising too late to bid student good-bye): "Good afternoon, sir."

The student does not hear as he is already walking down the hall.

Curtain.

"Are you an officer?"

"No, I'm in the rank and vile."



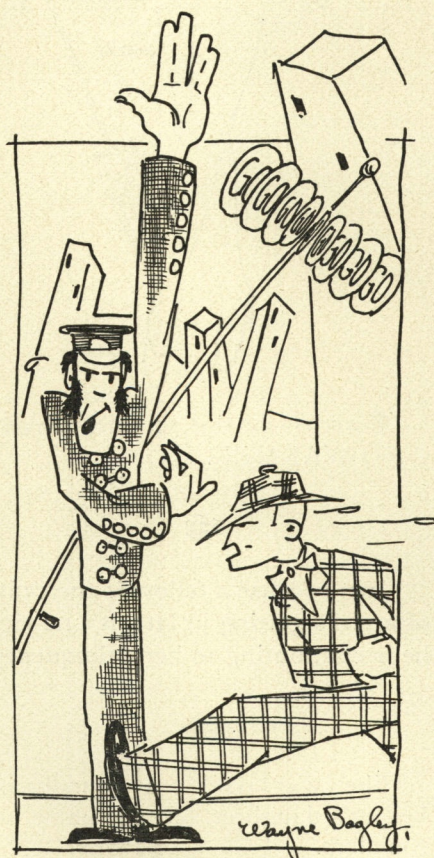
Down at the shore
I know a score
Of girls, of different types—
The debutantes
In sailor pants
Who never pass up snipes.
The little cutes
In bathing suits
Who gambol on the beach,
And ritzy queens
In limousines,
A bit beyond my reach.

I know a score—
Or maybe more—
Of these delightful lasses.
But then, Oh well,
What can you tell
A wife with horn-rimmed glasses.



Wise Cracker: "Be careful, old lady. Don't step on that bug. It might be Lon Chaney."

Old Lady: "Impossible, I am Lon Chaney."



Tourist: "You have lots of pretty girls here, mister. Where'd they all come from?"

Agen Man: "Why, we make 'em here, mister."

WHAT FAMOUS PERSONS
WOULD HAVE SAID
ABOUT MARLBOROS

St. George: "One dragon you're dead."

Columbus: "Egg-zactly what I've been looking for."

Nero: "A maximum of smoke with a minimum of fiddling."

King Henry IV: "A Camel, a Camel, my kingdom for a Camel!"

Brutus: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your Marlboros!"

Socrates: "Theyreka."

Lief Ericson: "I'd just as lief not smoke."

Baron Munchausen: "I wouldn't smoke a Marlboro if you gave it to me."

Siki (king's headsman): "A Marlboro between acts always assures accuracy."

Helen of Troy: "My pet cigarette. Not a petter one made."

Jonah's Whale: "I'd hate to give up Marlboros."

King Arthur: "Marlboros have finished up many a merry knight."

Cleopatra: "Pheuw!!!"

I winced as I kissed her
And she wondered why.
I coughed when she told me
That without me she'd die

But how could I tell her
The thoughts that were mine?
For they were un-somber
And far from divine.

Her eyes, they were dreamy,
At a distance, she'd charm,
But her breath, boy, it smelled
Like old man Sutter's barn.



Early to bed and early to rise,
gives us a choice of our roommate's
ties.



Boy—and How!

"I had my palm read this morn-
ing," said the sophomore.
"You ain't got nothing red," re-
plied the freshman who had just
been thru Hell Week.



Adam: "Eve, I've got poison
oak."
Eve: "Well, it serves you right. I
told you not to get your next pair of
pants from those hedges."



"Its harder to support a young wife
than it used to be."

She: "Sir, I've only been kissed
twice this year."

He: "Yes, I know. Once by the
Sigma Nus and once by the S.A.Es."



She: "I had the peachiest dream
last night. I dreamed I was out
riding in Bill's new car."

She: "Oh, thrilling, tell me all
about it."

She: "Nothing doing Grace. I
never walk in my sleep."



She: "Haven't I always been fair
to you?"

He: "Oh, yes, but I want you
fair and warmer."



The Eyes Have It

Our idea of the height of em-
barrassment is two eyes peeking
through the same keyhole.



**THEY WERN'T PLAYING FOR
KEEPS**

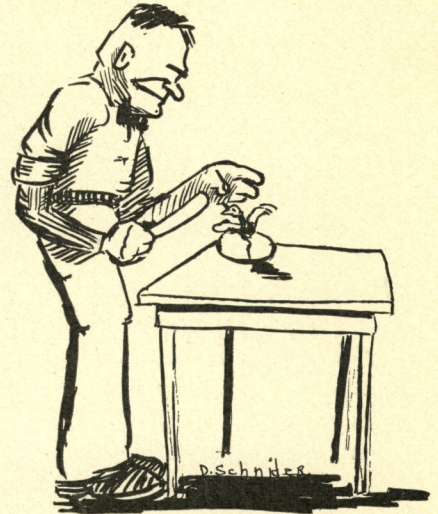
Henrietta was telling her grand-
mother about a strip-poker party
she had been on the night before.

"I simply had the most terrible
luck, grandma," Henrietta was say-
ing. "I lost my shoes and stockings
in the first hand. Then I won my
stockings back, but I soon lost them
again and my dress, too. It just
seemed that luck was against me. I
set out for a couple of hands, but
pretty soon I got a good hand and
bet everything I had on it. Jack
won."

"Why Henrietta," said her grand-
mother, "I think that is perfectly
terrible. Don't you know that is apt
to lead to gambling? Did you have
to pay your bets?"

"Yes, we had to pay every bet we
lost."

"Well now see; what if you had
been playing for money."



"Dis bane my idea of a bum yoke."



Latest Alimony Song

"Do de o do do."



"Has Elsie got money?"
"I'll say. Her father is a big egg
man from Yokohoma."



There's one thing sure, and that
is a back seat driver never strips her
gears in city traffic.



Congress has passed the senate
bill to establish a refuge for wild life
in Utah. Shucks, the Mormons did
that fifty years ago.



"I see H. L. Mencken has writ-
ten another book."

"What? I didn't even know he
had been sick."



"Does this barbecue remind you
of Sunday evening at the Theta
house?"

"Heavens no, does it you?"
"I should say not. This gent
knows how to barbecue."

REGAL RETROSPECTION, BY JOHN HANLON

(Continued from page eight)

wrong with the last issue. Lascivious liquor jokes again. . . . please look into this if slips like these occur again exasperating to find crudities of this kind

Oh, hell!

6.

How many times have I watched her on the campus. Too ethereal for companionship with men. A tender being clothed in filmy white apparel. Fragrant.

One day I read her jokes contributed to the Owl.

They were never printed—of course.

I am no longer fooled by angelic exteriors.

7.

It is all over now. I no longer laugh at jokes.

Last week I made an enemy. A young traveling salesman.

He asked me: "Did you hear the story about the young doctor who went out late at night to answer an emergency call from a young widow and when he got there"

I interrupted and finished, ". . . . the servants were gone, and he was met at the door by the young widow, lightly clothed in negligee"

I had stolen his thunder. Again I was in hot water.

Take home an OREGON STATE pennant or banner for you'll find a good assortment at

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H. A. Stiles, Proprietor

Monroe Street at Twenty-sixth

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"THE LAUNDRY THAT DOES IT BEST"

IN DELIRIUM TREMENS, BY "DINTY" MOORE

(Continued from page eight)

girl to die, for I was lying in her arms, and nobody likes to lie in the arms of a corpse. As she breathed and languorously sighed, her soft skin caressed my hot face. My heart sank, for a red-eyed, long-clawed hippopotamus came toward us. The girl had a date with him. I fled.

My plunging flight led through the rank growth of jungle trails. It led on and on. I came upon an iceberg. The girl was there, too, basking in the breeze, but she was cold to me as the iceberg, for her friend, the hippo, had told her who I was. He had told her everything, even about the Owl Scandal, with a parched tongue.

The girl ignored me by rolling over on her stomach, turning thus her back upon me. Then I came too, and found that I had passed out on a cake of ice at a Hammer and Coffin initiation.

(Note: This is an allegory, and if you want me to tell you just who those monstrous animals were, you must come to me in private, for Dubach, Reed, and Jensen would not care to be mentioned in connection with any of my nightmares in print.)



"I don't like that dirty look you gave me."

"Come now, you've had that for years."

The Arts of the College Freshman

In looking over the Campus for a few years or so, it cannot but be noticed—the prevailing idiosyncracies of these illiterate students. Ask any of them why they came to college. You will receive various replies, but chief among them will be that old chestnut to the effect that they came to receive at the hands of the faculty of the college an education that will fit them to lead useful lives and become respected citizens of this great democracy. Then follow their attitude while in college—even for but a few brief months.

The first thing that will strike your eye among the Frosh is that in spite of the fact that they came to receive an education, they are almost invariably of the opinion that only they know what an education is, or for what they are fitted, and just exactly what they are best prepared to study. These conceited Freshmen who don't even know when they come here the meaning of the names of half the courses given in this large institution! They buck up against a required course. If it does not seem to fall within their immediate group of subjects, they assume that the course will be of no use to them.

Of all the abused words on this campus, it strikes me that that word "cultural" is the most abused and most misused word in the vocabulary of the average student. To them it generally means a word that covers a subject of study that is used merely as a filler for the incomplete curricula, a subject that will add only a few "general" facts to their inactive store of knowledge, a subject which is not commonly known about to any extent, or even possibly a subject the knowledge of which will only give them a few ideas of effeminate matter (if he is a man), or horrible and ugly and disgusting matters (if she is a girl). It does not occur to them that a faculty and an administration that has been making out curricula for generations, in most cases, is evidently better qualified to determine the value of any given course than they are.

The student comes to college to "get" an education—if he has no respect for the ability of the college to present him with the rudiments of the education, why does he come? Yet when here, he invariably contradicts his own attitude, in coming here by refusing to study a required course which he, in his inconsistency and conceit, thinks will be of no value to him. If he is such a fine authority on what is and is not of value, why does he waste his time and money in coming here? Why doesn't he go to some library and determine for himself the information that will benefit him?

He is willing enough to accept what a college faculty has to say in the classroom, in fact this type of student's knowledge is always entirely dependent on what the professors say in the classroom, for the very

good reason that this type of student's knowledge is so very "superior" that he generally finds it unnecessary to prepare his lessons or study outside of the classroom, and yet he is not willing to take the word of the faculty for what subject matter may benefit him. And still they live! No professor, on record, has ever murdered a student—yet! Every student is a Caesar in his own estimation. Is it any wonder that very frequently the students who really need history the most are those who know so little about it that they don't even realize its value, while certain ones who will never have much real use for it, study it the most. Sic semper, some day students will learn why they came to college.



Prize fighter: "These hard-boiled eggs are hard to beat."

Cook: "Yes, but they're usually yellow inside."



TRAIN TALK

Scene: Pullman car, smoker.

Place: Somewhere.

Time: Any.

First traveling salesman: "Did you hear the story about the French girl who—"

Second traveling salesman: "Be careful, Joe, they's wimmin here."

First: "Why, heck, I was only gonna—"

Second: "That's what I was ex—"

First: "It's hell when gents can't speak freely in a smoking room."

Second: "This country's goin' to the dogs sure."

Fat man across the aisle: "When do we hit John-son's Corners?"

Man with red nose: "We passed it an hour ago. Yuh musta been lookin' out the wrong side of the car."

Flapper with too much rouge: "Say, when do we put on the feed bags? I'm hungrier than a lock-jaw victim with St. Vitus."

Flapper with too much lip stick: "You're not the only one that's starved. If I don't get something to eat soon I'll have no more chance to live than a community chest in Edinburgh."

First salesman: "Gotta match?"

Second: "Yeah. Here's one."

First: "Say, this won't light."

Second: "That's funny. It did a minute ago."

Flapper W. T. M. R.: "Is Portland a clean place?"

Flapper W. T. M. L. S.: "Yeh, if you're not clean when you get there they'll clean you."

I KILLED DEAN PEAVY, BY GEORGE COUPER

(Continued from page eight)

manager. There was Taylor Poore, who thought he could draw. There was Gus Naulty, who attempted to write Naulty verse for the Owl, and "Brodie" Leihy, who fell on his head when a child and was never the same afterwards. There were the two Freddies, Reed and Hodecker, who owned everything in common, including one brain (they have since purchased a spare). Some of our brave band were not present, possibly having been studying, although that is barely within reason. Others of our cohorts were Arnold Collier, "Hod" Lewis, Lloyd Reynolds, Bob Davis, Don Wilson, Dick Kriesel and Ray Price, if I think me right.

The captain of this crew, your humble servant, spoke. It was in a voice so hollow one could have run the Corvallis water supply through it.

"The faculty says we can't have our annual Hammer and Coffin sneak dance tonight. Hammer and Coffin has had a sneak dance every spring since the inception of the order. What shall we do?"

"Fie on the faculty," the band replied as one (I won't say that this was their exact words, and it is all right to tell it, because the members of that band now all have incomes independent of what they received at college).

So Newman hall that night resounded to the joyful shouts of the shrouded host and their lady-loves. Two members of the faculty were present and awake, which is more than can be said of almost any fraternity struggle. It was the most respectable dance ever held in the history of the college. After the dance, we betook ourselves to the cemetery on the river bank, as was our annual custom, and there, among the solitude and grandeur of the tombstones, partook of refreshments. Not a lily-white hand was held, not a cheek was brushed by ardent lips—everything was decorous. I KNOW, for I went throughout the crowd diligently with a flashlight looking for the bozo who put a dish of ice cream on a flat gravestone, where I subsequently sat.

The inevitable happened—somebody told, and we were summarily hauled before the lord high court of the manor—the Student Affairs layout. As I lie here watching the dusk fall over the prison courtyard, I can still see the eyes of "Uncle" Nate Comish boring into me across that table of justice—I can still hear the tense voice of the then assistant dean of women as in crisp phrases, she pictured to the committee the hideous grotesqueries and immoral happenings which never happened.

Of course we were considered guilty until proved innocent, and were urged to make just one brief statement to clear our names, but it was no use. Finally, the meeting was adjourned, and Dean Peavy, he whom I slew, laid a kindly hand on my shoulder.

"Couper, my boy, I believe you meant to do the

right thing," he said softly. "I have determined to make the punishment as light as possible. I will either kick you out of school and strangle your entire family, or suspend Hammer and Coffin for 99 years. I will let you know my decision some time within the next five or ten years."

Oh, the anguish of those next few weeks. It is not necessary to tell you the mental sufferings I experienced. When I sat down to my humble meal, there was the face of the venerable dean smiling at me from my bowl of bean soup. When I attended the local cinema palace, instead of Ben Turpin or Chester Conklin performing on the screen would be Dean Peavy throwing pies at the heavy. At the rat-race, the visage of the dean shone from the polished surface of the brass horn and reflected from the mahogany exterior of the piano. Even canoeing on Mary's river I found the face of the dean beaming up from the murky waters.

Finally I could stand it no longer. Late one Tuesday evening—I well remember the day because I attended classes on Tuesdays, I crept into the dean's home. A shutter pushed aside—a stealthy leap into the carpeted bedroom. There was no sound of a struggle—for I smothered the dean with one of his own forest conservation lectures. When I left that room, there was no sound—even the dean's usual snoring had been stilled forever.

This week's morn they will take me to an asylum—but my soul is quiet and peace is mine, for I have told all. The trial was a mere farce—Roy Hewitt, now deaning at the Willamette university law school defended me, but he did a h—l of a job. The jury recommended life plus 99 years after hearing Hewitt's harangue.

The gay mists whisk away the light
But I will mingle with the other nuts in peace,
When this week's morn they take me hence,
And put me in a 'sylum. Even there,
Perhaps I'll see the face of that kind dean,
As in those hideous days, eternal long,
Before I slew him.



Apologies to Kipling

There are girls you know who wouldn't
And girls you know who would
But the more you know of girls who do
The harder it is to be good.



Yes, times have changed,
Said Farmer Grange,
A most sagacious blighter.
She's an old fashioned girl
If she lights cigarettes
With a match instead of a lighter.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



“Framed in the prodigality of nature” ~

What's the difference if King Richard III did live several centuries ago? Shakespeare wrote his speech and Shakespeare wrote for the ages. Both liked to refresh themselves. Maybe Shakespeare saw the handwriting on the wall—one of those Coca-Cola ads, reading:

Good things from nine sunny climes poured into a single glass.

King Richard III
Act I, Scene 2

*8 million
a day*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

"My pen is my upkeep."
 "Are you an author?"
 "Gosh, no. I raise hogs."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.



"Whence the black eye?"
 "It's like this—I saw a big poster which read, 'Murderer
 Wanted—'
 "Yes—"
 "So I went in and applied for the job." —Texas Ranger.



Wife: "Ah! Ikey, its' anodder boy."
 Ikey: "Vat luck. Ve won't have to buy another bed."
 —Whirlwind.



"Have you read the new book on college-petting?"
 "No, what is it?"
 "It is called 'The Wanderer of the Waistline.'"
 —Missouri Outlaw.



She: "Oh, I do just love cows, don't you? They're so gentle
 and sweet. Why, even their breath is sweet!"
 He: "But have you noticed how seldom they're asked to
 dance?" —Life.



Ten reasons why men have failed to make fraternities:

1. Kollege Klothes.
2. Eagerness to take the button.
3. The fish handshake.
4. Sunday School attendance pins.
5. Previous relatives.
6. Separate collars.
7. Halitosis.
8. Mustaches.
9. Semitic noses.
10. Bucolic appearance. Awgwan. —Drexerd.



Johnny was watching a rooster chasing one of the hens.
 "Mother, do you think that hen is running just as fast as
 she can?" —Voo Doo.

"Why was there such a crowd trying to get in?"
 Poster said: "Girls may attend this dance, but no dresses
 are to be worn above the knees." —Buccaneer.



The newlyweds boarded the train on the start of their honey-
 moon. The embarrassed groom tipped the porter to not let out
 that they were just married.

Everything when along fine for an hour, and then laughter
 and pandemonium broke out. The groom called the porter.

"I thought I told you not to tell these people that we were
 just married."

"Wal, suh," replied the porter, "one gen-man ask me if you
 all is jes' married, and I told him no, that you all is jes' chums."
 —Oklahoma Whirlwind.



Child (ending prayer): "And make Ireland independent."
 Mother: "My dear, why ask such an absurd thing in a
 prayer?"

Child: "I put it that way in an exam." —Pitt Panther.



Co-ed (looking at animals in the big tent): "How can you
 tell the tiger from the tigress?"

Trainer: "Well, you see, it's like this: I take a piece of raw
 meat and throw it into the cage. If he picks it up it's the tiger,
 if she picks it up it's the tigress."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



"My girl has on a Western dress tonight."

"Howzat?"

"Wide open spaces." —Ga. Tech Yellow Jacket.



"Yes, I am Scotch, but I was born in this country in order
 to save fare over, and also, that I might be near my mother."

—The Cracker.



"A girl is just like a Ford."

"How's that?"

"Well, when she get's cold you just choke her and she gets
 hot." —The Cracker.



HER CLIMAX OF JOY—

Graduation

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The R.O.T.C. Again

Sargent: "Hey! You can't go in there—that's the colonel's tent!"

Rookie: "Then what they got "Private" over the entrance for?" —Beanpot.



Judge: "You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?"

Driver: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "And what have you to say in your defense?"

Driver: "I didn't know it was loaded."
—Brown Bull.



"Did the usher say anything to you when he threw you out of the show?"

Bruised One: "No, but his gestures were perfect."
—Frivol.



"Black Boy, how did you-all get that soot on youh coat?"

"That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dan-druff."
—Lord Jeff.



A young man bought an ice cream cone, walked outside to eat it, then brought the cone back to the fountain. Handing it to the clerk, he said, "Much obliged for the vase."
—Ranger.



"Who's that?"

"Girl I used to sleep with."

"Shocking! Where?"

"Psych lecture."
—Gargoyle.



"Did you ever see a boy with wonder hands?"

"Yes, wonder where they're going next."
—Yellow Jacket.



Our idea of absent-mindedness is the bride who walks home from a ride with her husband on their wedding night.
—Drexer.



"You brute, where did you kick the dog?"

"Ah, madame, thereby hangs the tail."
—Exchange.



The Artistic Touch

Hamlet: "You have the nicest skin I have ever seen."

Ophelia: "I'm so glad you feel that way about it."
—Puppet.

Too Much

I don't mind washing dishes for you," wailed the hen-pecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby."
—Whirlwind.



Pa: "I know a man who hasn't been away from home a single night in thirty years."

Ma: "That's what I call love."

Pa: "Well, the doctor called it paralysis."
—Punch Bowl.



Maid: "You know that old vase, mum, you said 'ad bin 'anded down from generation to generation?"

Mistress (anxiously): "Yes?"

Maid: "Well this generation has dropped it."
—Passing Show.



Many young men spend a lot of time tinkering with a miss in their motor.

—Reserve Red Cat.



Plumber: "I've come to fix up that old tub in the kitchen."

Pledge: "Oh, Mabel . . . here's the doctor to see the cook."
—Ollapod.



Billie: "Do you believe in a man kissing a girl's hand?"

Tillie: "I think it is entirely out of place."
—Blue Gator.



Adam climbed up an apple tree and called to Eve:

"Eve, do you want an apple?"

"Yes," cried she.

"Well, hold up your apron."

—Wash. and Lee Mink.



"She has quite a large repertoire, don't you think?"

"Yes, and that dress she's got on doesn't help it any."
—Red Cat.



Him: "Do you want to dance?"

Her: "The worst sort of way."

Him: "I'm sorry, but really the chap-erons are awfully strict here."
—West Pointer.

—West Pointer.

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He: "Don't you remember me? I met you last night at Helen's poker party."

She: "Oh, yes, you're the boy who wore the dirty B. V. D.'s."
—Mink.



She: "Gee, Ed, I didn't know you were a chiropractor!"
—Judge.



"When did you first discover that you loved me, sweetheart?"
"It was when I found myself getting angry everytime some-one called you the dumbest thing."
—Drexerd.



Two dear old folks met at a reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man:

"Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes; you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"
—Puppet.

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She: "Yes, I will be yours, on one condition."
He: "That's all right. I entered college with six."

—Drexerd.



Warlike Uncle: "And if you drill religiously every day—who knows—when the next war comes, you may be the unknown soldier!"
—Life.



Captain to Private: "Your name?"
Private: "Jones, sir."
Captain: "Your age?"
Jones: "24."
Captain: "Your rank?"
Jones: "I know it."

—Penn State Froth.



"Har! Har! Look what just blew in from collitch."
Jerry the Thug—"Say, bo, you crack anything more about dis sweater an' I'll crown youse, see?"
—Drexerd.

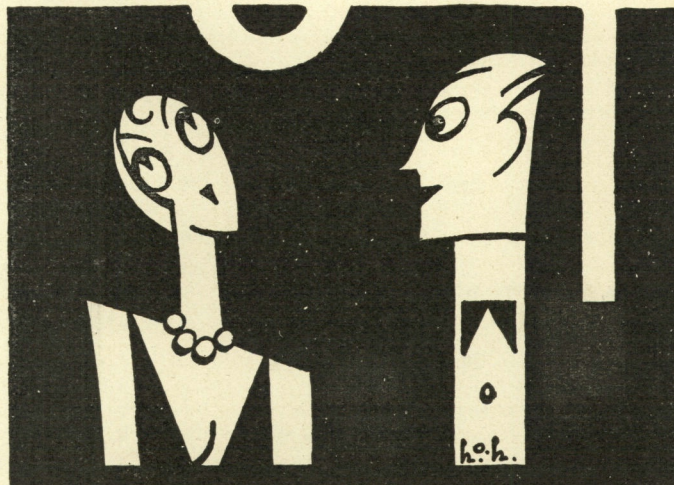


She (coily): "You bad boy! Don't you kiss me again!"
He: "I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin on this party."
—Virginia Reel.



Traveler: "You look familiar."
She: "Well, I might be."

—Cougar's Paw.

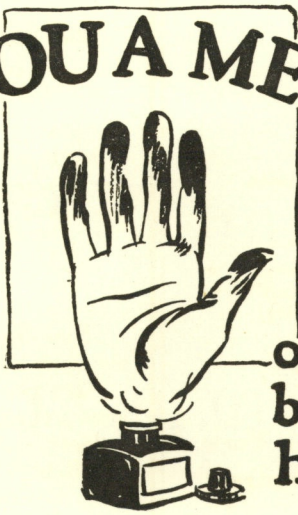


Ad: "A penny for your thoughts."

Alyne: "They're worth a nickel, dear."

Ad: "I get you — Life Savers take your breath away."

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black
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