

your home. But one day, inspired by the beauty of a fair damsel, he joined the ranks as a professional motorcyclist, and in the course of time became so fast that he passed old Father Time himself, and divorced his wife before he married her.

Then in a cloud of dust, flying wheels and garments he suddenly came to a halt when the front axle broke. Carried away and forgotten he ruled supreme in six feet of sod.

A. P., '23.

RISIBLE RUBBISH

Hicky (trying to think of an excuse for not dancing): I can't; I'm sick.

Chief (also racking his brains): If he's sick, then I need a doctor.

Mersereau: I've got a terrible cold in my head.

Walker: That's natural; there's nothing else there.

Babbitt: What did you get for that physics problem?

Chestnut (deep in thought): 452—31.

Cato (after coughing for 5 minutes): By the hold old Sainty Anna!

Chalmers (hearing the expression): By the Oleo Margerine.

Mr. Chapman (giving notes on hydrogen): It is colorless, odorless, tasteless—

Archie: Useless!

Miss Clarke (speaking of Egyptian tomb): They opened a second door and found—Risteen!

Dutchy: Oh, I've known Hornet since I was knee high to a grasshopper.

Miss Clarke: Howie, I think you'd better join the circus.