

Old Man.—“I hear you have a new brother at your house.”

Little Boy—“Yes, the milkman brought him.”

O. M.—“The milkman?”

Little Boy—“Why, sure, didn’t yer see on his cart ‘Families delivered daily?’ ”

Mr. Page (reading Lat. trans. and looking at Cr-o-e)—“She was in arms.” Whose arms?

Irate Wife—“For goodness sakes come to bed. It’s three o’clock.”

Hubby—“Just a minute I’m listening to a bedtime story for flappers.”

Editor—“What did the brilliant author say when you reviewed him?”

Reporter—“Nothing.”

Editor—“Yes, yes, I know, but how many columns of it?”

Mr. Miller (writing “Ba S04” on board)—“Now what is unbalanced?”

Voice from back of room—“Put in ‘O’ and you have formula for Baby’s Own Soap.”

Mr. Brewer—“What kind of an angle is it?”

Miss H.—“Internal.”

ECONOMY

Wife—“The dressmaker said she couldn’t make my gown for less than a hundred dollars.”

Hub.—“Why didn’t you consult me then?”

Wife—“I didn’t want to spend the nickle telephoning, dear.”

“Dear John,” she wrote from her seaside resort, “I am enclosing the hotel bill.”

“Dear Mary,” he replied, “I enclose check to cover bill, but please do not buy any more at that price. They are cheating you.”

Mr. Miller—“A large volume can often be compressed into a small space. Give me an example.”

Dumb-bell—“A fat person in a tight corner.”

We hereby ask on behalf of many members of A2 that a fire drill will be held every afternoon, shortly after 3.30 a.m., to enable all who wish to view the passing Normal Students.

“I understand your cook has left.”

“Yes,” answered the housewife, who was taking account of the broken china, “but not much.”