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**JOKES**  
Some men are born insane. Some men achieve insanity. Some men roam with an amateur saxophone player.  
Sunday School Teacher: "Now each pupil will quote a Bible verse as he drops in his pennies."  
Junior (after some desperate thinking): "A fool and his money are soon parted."—*Queen's Maize.*  
No matter if you are carrying five courses, you have ample opportunity to cultivate courtesy without distracting your mind from the love of love.—*Shreveport Hi-Life.*  
An old Chinaman, delivering lumber dry in a far north lumber camp, heard a noise and espied a huge bear sniffing his tracks in the snow.  
"Huh," he gasped, "you like my tracks? Me make some more."  
"Now why," remarked the little dog, in speaking to the tree, "would you say the heart of you is like the tail of me?"  
The tree gave the conundrum up; The pup with wisdom dark  
And explained the matter, saying, "It is Farthest from the bark."  
—*Selected.*  
Father (sternly): "Son, what does this 60 mean on your report card?"  
Son (in innocent tones): "Don't know, Dad, unless that was the temperature of the room."  
—*Technique.*  
"Aren't you pretty young for a college man?"  
"I ain't no college man; these are Dad's pants."

**THE LANDING OF THE ARK**

*Editor's Note—In a recent trip to Europe, Madame Margaret Parker, a renowned Junior of Salem College, met personally the reporter who interviews Mr. Noah. The manuscript for the following play was given to Madame Parker by the author himself.*

Characters:  
Noah  
Mrs. Noah  
Newspaper Reporter  
Time: Feeding time for the animals.  
Place: Mount Ararat.  
Act I. Scene 1.  
Mrs. Noah (looking out of window): Noah! Who is that man down there?  
Noah (voice sounding far within): What man? Where?  
Mrs. Noah: Down here on the side of the mountain. He's coming on up now.  
Noah: Well, for heaven's sake keep him away from me! I haven't time to fool with anybody at present. He probably wants to buy some sort of an animal and I can't spare a single one.  
(All is quiet for a few minutes. Knock at door.)  
Mrs. Noah (opening door): Good evening.  
Man: I am a reporter for the "New York Journal" and would like very much to speak to either Mr. or Mrs. Noah.  
Mrs. Noah: You are at present talking to Mrs. Noah and Mr. Noah very busy. What do you want to know?  
Reporter (tipping hat): Beg pardon. Now Mrs. Noah will you please tell me the exact time you landed.  
Mrs. Noah: Well, correctly speaking, it was about this same time last—  
Voice (from within): Say, woman! Have you got that front door open. There's a draft in here from somewhere and it has blown one of the fleas away! I'll be dogged if I can find it!  
Mrs. Noah (pretending not to hear)—about this time last week. We had a very pleasant but rather damp trip and my son Shem ruined the only palm beach suit he has. You see clothes—  
Reporter: Beg pardon, Mrs. Noah, but would you please tell me something of the trip. Did the animals—  
Mrs. Noah: Don't mention animals to me! The disgusting thing, make me sick. If you want to talk animals you see my husband.  
Reporter: Just the thing, Mrs. Noah! Would you call him, please?  
Mrs. Noah: No, I can't! He's busy feeding and can't be both bred. (Terrible racket within. All kinds of noises. Above it all is heard Noah's voice.)  
Noah: There's that peaky mule loose again! Shem, come here and help me catch him! Ham, you go and ask your mother if she expects you to milk before night. I haven't found that flea yet! Where on earth is that draft coming from? (Noah appears in terrible rage.)  
Noah: Woman, I asked you an hour ago if you had that door open!

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Stude: "I want to ask you a question about a tragedy."  
Prof.: "All right."  
Stude: "It's about my grade."  
—*Selected.*

"Now I'll drive the car," said the old lady as she climbed into the back seat.  
Spare: "Dear, why did you fall for me?"  
Tire: "Well, your line was just low enough to trip on."  
—*Technique.*

He cleaned up a big fortune in crooked dough. No, you're wrong, he was a pretzel manufacturer.

"Lux against us," said the Gold Dust Twins to Grandma Washing Powder.

My mother's brother's father's cow's brother was an ox.

Dumb: "Have you read the new Corn Flake story?"  
Bell: "No; is it a short story?"  
Slier: "No."  
Dumb: "It's a cereal."  
—*Davidsonian.*

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head.  
And settled down to drill.  
He drilled away for half a day  
Then finally broke his bill.

He: "Please."  
She: "No."  
He: "Oh, please!"  
She: "No."  
He: "Oh, please do."  
She: "Positively no!"  
He: "Oh, please, just this time!"  
She: "I said no."  
He: "Oh, Ma, all the boys are going barefooted."  
—*Florida Flambeau.*