

TIME TU LAF

Hazel—"So you've given up the idea of taking singing lessons?"

Roscoe—"I found out it would take me three months to sing as well as I thought I sang already."

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Cloyd—"What! Two dollars for a seat to see this, 'Hero of Dead Gulch' show?"

Box Office man—"Yes, sir. that the price."

Cloyd—"Well young man, all I can say is that all stage robbers are not operating in the West."

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Dave—"You know, I've dreamed twice lately that I have been at work, and if it happens again I shall buy a dream book to see if it means anything!"

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Astronomer—"Nothing has ever been found on Venus."

Artist—"No, nothing"— Harvard Tampuson."

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Miss Cloud—"Pat, tell me what you know about the Caucasian Race."

Pat—"I wasn't there; I went to the baseball game."

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Mr. W. Moffitt—"Why won't you be engaged to me?"

Miss Ware—"Now, Will, the silly season hasn't gotten in full swing yet!"

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Mr. Stokes—"Who's there?"

Burglar—"Lie still and keep quiet; I'm looking for money."

Mr. Stokes—"Wait, and I'll get up and look with you."

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Bob—"What are you playing now, Miss Greenfield?"

Miss Greenfield—"Bethoven's Ninth Symphony!"

Bob—"What! Have I missed the other eight?"

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Grace—"She is simply crazy over Edgar Allen Poe."

Florence—"And he won't have a thing to do with her?"

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Judge—"You have been guilty of stealing chickens. Which do you want ten days or ten dollars?"

Ham—"I'll take the money."

Louise—"Helen got that dress for half price at a sale."

Nona—"Well, after all it's only half a dress."

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Lyda Lee—"Are you a mind reader?"

T. J.—"Yes."

Lyda Lee—"Can you read my mind?"

L. J.—"Yes."

Lyda Lee—"Well, why don't you go there?"

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Charlie—"A dog will never go mad if you give him plenty to drink."

Kenneth—"That's nothing; a lot of men wouldn't either."

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Joe—"Excuse me, Nat, but could you oblige me with a match?"

Nat—"Yes, but I'll be lighting my own pipe in five minutes, if you can wait that long."

THE END OF OUR SENIOR YEAR
(The End of a Perfect Day)

When we come to the end of our senior year,

And we sit all alone in our room;
While the old school-bell rings loud and clear,

It reminds us of joys and gloom.
Well this is the end of our senior year,

Near the end of our worries, too;
For then we'll be gay, the livelong day,

With all that is good and true.

Now we come to the end of our senior year,

And we think of the coming day;
There are tears in our eyes as we say good-bye,

And we wish we could always say:
Well this is the end of our senior year.

Near the end of our worries too.
For then we'll be gay, the live long day,

With all that is good and true.

LEX-O-LIGHTS

We see now where Dick Walser gets his figures for his geometry pasters—Just look at his socks.

Mr. Estes said he was going to make a rough spark.

Mr. Hunt said Elizabeth ran all throughout the story. Where was she going?

You don't put ether in a car because it might put it to sleep.

Talk has already begun of the final examination in June. Why must we begin to cross our bridges so long before we get to them?

The Seniors would be very glad to get rid of all Geometry books, compasses and protractors—They hope they are not going to use them any more.

Mr. Hunt would like to have someone to ask English questions after Margaret and Stephanie have missed them.

We wouldn't be surprised to see part of the building disappear some day—at the rate things are disappearing now.

An "Auburn" Society has been formed but the members are afraid they won't be able to live up to the motto.

The Triangular debate seem to be almost a triangle in the High School—if more students lon't go out.

Although we pity anyone who failed on exams, the rest of the high school appreciated the fact that some of the Seniors had to take their examination over.

What was wrong with the fire horn?

PEACE

The battle between the Juniors and Seniors seems to have subsided and peace is restored once more.

DRINK
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES