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THESE MODERN HISTORIANS
Diogenes crossed the Delaware and held his lantern up to George Washington.
"Let's have a look at your pheenology. Are you he who cannot tell a lie?
"Lafayette, we are here," quoth George. "Just wait'll I cut down this forbidden fruit tree.
At the first stroke of his little hat chet, an apple fell on Sir Isaac Newton's head.
"Steady William!" Sir Isaac said nervously, as Tell drew back his string. Twang-William Tell shot the apple off clean and did not so much as graze a hair. Then Sir Isaac took of the fruit and did eat and took of the fruit and did eat and
gave also of it to Adam. When Adam tasted it he was immediately overcome with a knowledge of evil.
"The law of gravitation is!" he cried.
"What do you mean by that?" Ponce de Leon wanted to know.
"Everything that goes up is bound to come down."
"Fountains?" Ponce quaver
"Wountains?" Ponce qua,
"Then I I must keep on looking Then I must keep on looking." Ponce built a bridge
in thirteen chapters.
thirteen chapters.
The next day a whale lifted its The next day a whale lifted its
head from the water and opened its mouth.

"I'm about to be swallowed," observed Ponce, "but I like not the slippery look of that tongue."
Sir Walter Raleigh was standing by and with a gallant gesture he took off his coat, spread it over the offending tongue, and Porice de Leon walked down the whale's throat, perfectly dry. The whale closed its mouth and swam to Troy. The Trojans saw the whale and thinking it was a gift from the gods, they brought it into the city with much rejoicing. That night while they slept Ponce, having been in its belly three days, stole forth and decided to overthrow Troy.
"What shall I report you as having said on this historic occasion?" asked a reporter.
"Make it veni, vidi, vici." Just then Troy tripped and fell."-Ex.
Fair One: Haven't we met somewhere before?
Cadet: I don't know, but you certainly taste familiar.

He: "There seems to be something wrong with the motor.
G. O. T. M. (Girl of the Moment): "Don't be foolish; wait until we get off the main road."

Girls who paint their lips only take advantage of the age-old curiosity of the human race to feel wet paint.

She-"'S'matter, don't you like my company?"
He-"Where is it?"

