

Englishman (eating a fish cake for the first time)—I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit.

—The Log.

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BRYAN, TEXAS

Of Course

Lui—You have a beautiful form.

Elle—I've been told that before.

Lui—Yes, I suppose others feel about it the same as I do.

—Buccaneer.

Have a sip?

Sir, I'm a Kappa Sig.

Pardon me, take the jug.

—Blue Bucket.

Irate Dean—Young man, I understand you have been indiscreet with several young ladies.

Student—No sir, in de house.

—Whirlwind.

We wish to extend to you A Merry Christmas  
and A Happy New Year

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But Still I Love Her

She goes to dances,  
Stays out late.

Every night she  
Has a date:

She powders up and  
Uses paint

That makes her look like  
What she ain't;

She smokes tobacco,  
Pinches snuff;

Makes 'em like it,  
Treats 'em rough;

She wears short dresses,  
Rolls her own;

She tries so hard to  
Act high-tone;

She's quite the berries,  
Looks so neat;

Wears a Four on her  
Size Five feet;

She's full of wise cracks,  
Full of pep,

And Boy—you ought to  
See her step;

She strums a "uke" and  
Likes to chat;

She's had more beaux than  
Cleopat;

She speaks three tongues and  
Speaks 'em plain,

English, Slang, an  
Old Profane;

She likes the moonshine,  
Drinks a lot;

She pays a dollar  
For a shot;

Was pinched for speeding,  
Broke the law;

But Still I Love Her—  
My—Grandma.

—Rammer-Jammer.

They were on their honeymoon. The bride cuddled a wee bit closer, and sweetly whispered, "Herbert, darling, have all your bachelor friends congratulated you?" "Some," he freely admitted, "but seventeen of them thanked me."

—Skipper.