

Banker (telephoning): "Mr. Cohen, do you know that your bank account is overdrawn \$17?"

Mr. Cohen: "Say, Mr. Banker, look up a month ago. How did I stand then? I'll hold the phone."

Banker (returning to the telephone): "You had a balance of \$440."

Mr. Cohen: "Vell, did I call you up?"

—Malteaser

First: Yes, I guess everyone has different desires. Some thirst after knowledge and some after music and others after still other things.

Second: Well, I can tell you one thing that everybody thirsts after.

First: What's that?

Second: Salted peanuts and pretzels.

—Punch Bowl

First D. K. E.: What's the name of the man we just pledged?

2nd D. K. E.: Gallen.

1st D. K. E.: His name, I said, not his capacity.

—Lyre



She: "Don't you love driving on a moonlight night like this?"

He: "Yeah, but I though I'd wait until we got further out in the country."

Frosh: "May I have an ROTC uniform?"

Sergeant: "How do you want it—too large or too small?"

"How do you know it was a stork and not an angel that brought your little brother?"

Well, I heard Daddy complaining about the size of the bill, and angels don't have bills!"

Yes, sir! There were men in those days. Caesar's legionaires used to perform their best fighting during a cloud-burst, used to make their longest marches on empty stomachs, and when sick would throw up fortifications.

—Malteaser

Smith: "The street car service was terrible last night."

Smyth: "Couldn't you get a seat?"

Smith: "Yes I could, but my wife had to stand up all the way home."

AN URGENT CASE

Among the humorous letters received at Washington during the war was the following:

"Mr. Headquarters"

"U. S. Army"

"DEAR Mr. Headquarters":

"My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him sense he was gone. Please send me elopement as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support and I kneed it every day to buy good and keep us enclosed. I am a poor woman and all I habe is at the front.

Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them as my mother has been in bed thirteen years with one doctor and she won't take another.

My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to gat?

Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Wilson and get no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write Uncle Sac about you and him.

Yours very truly,

"Mrs. Paul Quinn"

P. S. My husband says he sets in the Y. M. C. A. every nite with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there.

—Malteaser