

Shorty says gentlemen may prefer blondes, but he thinks the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.

—Log

Minister—Harold, my boy, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Harold—I'm going to be a sailor, but my kid brother's just going to be an ordinary father.

—Punch Bowl

Have you ever been out with a gal that—
Can roll the eye, and eye the roll—

Give you one of those com-get-me, love-me, carry-me-off-with-you looks and then says she isn't that kind of a girl?

—Punch Bowl

"Nice pair of pants you've got on. Get them for Christmas?"

"No; bought them."

"Does your wife choose your clothes?"

"No, she only picks the pockets."



Charlie Campus: Would you be interested in joining a fraternity?

Freddie the Freshman: No thanks, I've got some clothes of my own.

T'was a Balmy Autumn's E'en---Yes

BY T. M. BROWN

Scene: Man's front porch.

Time: A crisp November morn.

Characters: Lupot; man.

(Enter Lupot with light of conquest in his eyes and handful of nickles in his hand.)

Lupot: Morning sir. Lovely morning, absolutely beautiful morning, colossal morning, and nice weather we're having, eh? I've come to you, just as I've visited the many down-trodden people all over the countries of both America's, my man, to right a great wrong. A wrong that was done by my grandfather, sir, and one that I'm justly ashamed of. You don't mind, sir, if I don't look you straight in the eye until I've atoned for this injustice that's been done. My faultless conscience will not let me.

It was this way: My grandpap was a forty-niner, one of the old prospectors of California. He was looking for silver, and one day he and his pard hit a load, out there in the wilderness of nature. But there wasn't much of it around, you see, and they wouldn't have much profit out of their find. But there was an awful lot of nickel laying around in boulder chunks. Alas! his pard was crooked.

"Why not," says the devil's own product, "send in a silver sample and claim all this nickle-infested land? We can sell it, and be out of the way by the time they catch on."

And my poor old grandpap was only human, I guess. Who knows but you and I might do the same thing in those circumstances, who knows? Well, they sold their claim, and laid low. But there was no use in hiding, for the hoax was such a diabolical one that it was never discovered. They mined the nickel, thinking it was silver, and minted it.

So, you see, the dimes and quarters you have in your pocket are not silver, as you think, but nickel. And the nickel in your pockets are not nickel, but silver! Because later on grandpap repented, struck oil, and sold silver as nickel to atone for his sin. But it was not enough. A great maladjustment had been foisted on the people. A terrible calamity that would upset the currency system were it detected.

And so I am going around, trading the silver in nickels for the nickel in silver dimes and quarters, trying to atone for that great injustice done to our patriotic people. Gradually I am collecting all silver mon-

(Continued on Page 22)