



Louise was lonesome and bored to death,
Till a kind friend whispered: "It's your breath!"
The boys rushed in when she took the hint,
And sweetened her breath with Pep-O-Mint!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let refreshing Life
Savers sweeten your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers For the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

This Month's Winning Joke

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer, so he asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore so. The conductor naively answered, "Oh, his father is to be hung tomorrow, and I'm just kidding him a little about it."

Submitted by A. P. Bolding,
General Delivery.

Phi: Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?
Bete: No, that's the perfume she uses.

"We're always glad to meet a skirt on a cold day," said the knees as they tipped their caps.

We'll have to rehearse that, said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

—Urchin

Stranger at hick town store:

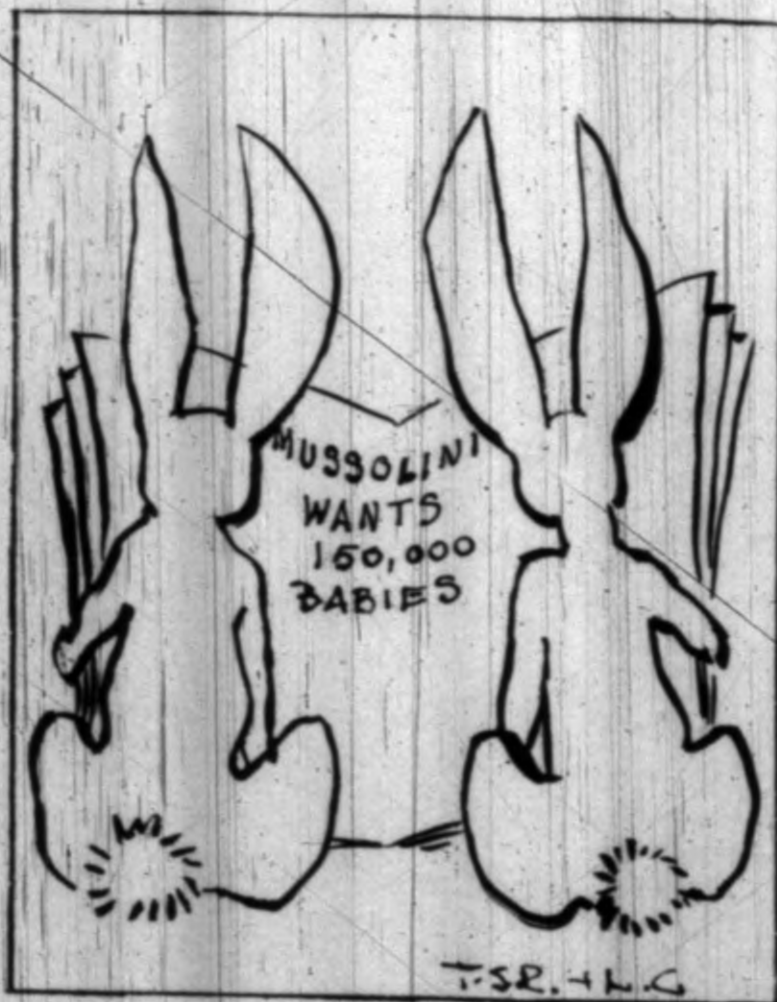
"Who's that close-mouthed fellow over there in the corner? He hasn't spoken a word in the last fifteen minutes."

Village loafer — "Him? That's Jim Towsley. He ain't close-mouthed — he's jess waitin' for the store-keeper to bring back the spittoon."

His entry was successful. He had sneaked upstairs, patched up the scars of battle with adhesive tape, and gone to bed. In the morning, however, his brothers accused him.

"Me drunk?" said Ingleson, "of course not."

"Then how did all the adhesive tape get on the mirror here?"



THE BATTALION