

THE PICK-UP

I first spied her as I stood on the corner of Canal and Camp Streets, waiting for a street car. The moment I gazed upon her I didn't care if the car ever came along. She was young, beautiful, had a Marlene Dietrich figure. Her hair was the most golden blond I've ever seen. Her big, wide, chestnut brown eyes had a come-hither look in them that was irresistible. She wore a large furry coat wrapped tightly around her million-dollar figure and she stared over the top of a very large collar.

I hesitated for a moment. My finances were low. If I picked her up, what could I do with only thirty-five cents in my pocket? Again I turned toward her. She had not turned away. I could even catch a faint glimmer of a bewitching smile on her two ruby lips. It was the smile that did it. Unable to resist any longer, I walked toward her. I proffered my entire wealth to the newsboy and picked up the latest edition of "Torrid Tales."
—Urchin

Departing Upperclassman: "Well, so long. I'll see you in H-1."
Frosh: "Yeah, you social climber."

"If I take this castor oil, do you think I'll be well enough to get up in the morning?"

"Yes—long before morning."

—Exchange

42—What was that chorus girl you took to the T. C. U. game singing all the time?

39—In the Suite, by and by.

Dean: "Where did all those empty bottles come from, young man?"

Student: "I don't know, sir; I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

—Sheer

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.

—Panther

Man has his price, woman her figure—but both of them are subject to change with time.

RESEARCH!

Of course you've heard of the girl who went to a genealogist to have her family tree looked up, and he traced a couple of limbs so far she had to slap his face.

—Punch Bowl

A young woman was called out of her bed at five a. m. one morning. The following dialogue ensued:

Voice: "Hello."

Lady: "Hello."

Voice: "How are you?"

Lady: "All right."

Voice: "Sorry. I must have the wrong number."

—The Log

The main trouble with the straight and narrow path is that there is no place to park.

When a girl goes out with a reckless motorist, he goes around the bends with two wheels and the curves with one hand.

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