

tangled in a chair, fell on his face and just laid there. The saloon was so quiet the breathing of the men was like a windstorm.

At the time all this was happening in the saloon a buckboard pulled up in front of the saloon. The driver was a tall man with the pallor of alkali dust on his solemn face and wearing a black frock coat. The barkeep, a tough man under any other circumstances but these, pointed his finger at the tall man and said, "There's Luke now, the tall one."

Luke walked into the saloon and looked around, started to ask a question, then spotted the redhead. "Well, well, if it ain't little Jimmy Tripp! Where ya been all these years? I'll bet there ain't a soul in town what knows ya. Say, that was too bad about your ole man, but I guess ya can't blame the boys fer gettin' a little het up 'bout the killin' he did." As he said all this Luke was wondering just what the play was. If this young kid was in town to start something he was due for a fall. Jimmy straightened up and looked Luke straight in the eye. "Luke, you're a lying skunk; my father never did shoot anybody and you know it." Luke faintly nodded his head and hell broke loose. One of the men at the faro table, waiting for just such a nod, had gone for his gun. That was his last mistake. Two shots rang out in the saloon and when the smoke cleared, the man at the faro table crumpled and fell on the floor, his half-drawn gun still dangling in his holster. It was remarkable shooting; there were two small black dots on the fellow's forehead, placed side by side. "Go ahead Luke, nod your head again." Luke was definitely not going to nod again. But he was going to see that this kid was taken care of. The three men at the table were ready to shoot at a moment's notice, and that came when Luke went for his guns.

The saloon was a battlefield. Men scattered in every direction. Jimmy with his back to the bar was raking the whole saloon with his left and shooting at Luke with his right. The stinging sensation along his side told him he had been hit and hit bad. A bullet spun him halfway around but he caught on the bar and kept himself from falling. The battle was over. Jimmy had fallen to the floor about half alive. That just a half more than anyone else who had taken part in the gun fight. Luke had been the first down with a bullet drilled neatly through his heart. There were three more lying on the floor—all dead.

The town came alive and rushed to the scene. They picked Jimmy up and took him to the doctor. After he had been patched up a group of the town's men walked in to talk to him. "We don't know who or what you were before you came here 'n' it don't matter none," said the spokesman, "the main thing is that we want you to stay and keep this town clean." Jimmy started to protest, then his eyes found his sister, who was standing in the doorway. "Yes, I think I'll take your offer, but right now I'm a little too heavy to do any cleaning up; wait till the doc gets all this lead out of me 'n' we'll talk business!"

A parrot was sitting on the salon of a luxurious steam watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and made a few fancy motions. At that moment the ship's boiler exploded and sank the ship. About ten minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating about on a piece of driftwood, he was heard to mutter, "Damn clever, Damn clever."

—Pelican

OCTOBER, 1939

Two Minute Story

"Hi ya, Jimmy, right on time I see, maybe a little early. What did you think, that we would go off without paying you?" "No sir, Mr. Towns, I just wanted to see you and mom before you left. I sure hate to see you go." "We'll be back on the 15th, so it won't be long before you'll be seeing us again. By the way, I want you to have a paper here waiting for me when I get back." "Yes sir, you'll have a paper rain or shine."

"Martha, come here, Jimmy wants to say goodbye before we take off." "Hello Jimmy. Frank, you'll have to shut that suitcase. I didn't think you were going to put the our walls in too." "Did Frank pay you Jimmy?" "Well take his too, I am sure you can use it, but don't tell Frank, he thinks we're to thiek anyway." "Well goodbye and be a good boy while we're gone."

"What do you say we pull in here for the night, I am really tired of this wheel." "They have some nice cottages here, that we can sleep in and not have to go into town." "Alright Frank, I'm a bit weary myself."

"Frank, I thought you said you were tired. You've been tossing for the past hour. Aren't you ever going to sleep?" "Martha, I've been thinking. You know Jimmy is a fine boy and I think he deserves more than he is getting out of life. Do you think we could ask him to come and stay with us. I'd like to take care of him like he was my own boy." "Frank I've been wanting to suggest that for the past month. He is such a nice kind and I think he would like to come and live with us." "Alright then, it's settled. As soon as we get back we'll ask him. Now I can really go to sleep."

"Well Martha, here were are again. That two weeks went by like lightning didn't it?" "I think you've been wanting to get back to talk to Jimmy ever since we decided to ask him to stay with us."

"There's the paper, just like he said." "Martha get it while I put up the car." "Well that's that, now to read the daily blah." "Martha, do you mean to say you're so sorry to get back you are crying?" "No Frank, it's here in the paper."

The paper read that Jimmy had been killed yesterday, trying to keep his dog from being run over. The last paragraph said that the last words he uttered were. "The Towns will be back to-morrow, please see that they get the evening paper."

Pi Phi: "I was up every night till four during vacation."

Chi O: "That's nothing. I went to bed with the milkman every morning during mine!"

—Siren

Man (getting a shave): "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

Barber: What is the matter? Something in your throat?

Man: No, I want to see if my neck leaks.

—Duke 'n' Duchess

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

May: "Jack is a changed man since he learned his young wife is going around with another man."

Fay: "Is he losing his head?"

May: "Yes, losing his head of hair."

May: "So Jane thinks she's a perfect thirty-six?"

Fay: "Sure, she thought she was perfect when she was twenty and she'll still be thinking it when she's sixty."