

TWO FINGERS

My tYpust is on her vacation,
My trpist's awau fpr a week,
My trpuut us in her vacarion
wgile these damb keys pley hude
and seej.

Bren Buck bting bzck
Oy, brung becj mub Onnie to me
ti me;
B8&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz,
Aj, brong brsk m— belnio-Imx.
o helk.
dabit-dabit-dabit-dabit &x**?!*
—Exchange

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



**Wyatt's Flower
Shop**

**We Deliver
Phone Bryan 93**

Dictated But Not Read

"Now, Miss Blog," boomed Jasper
W. Whurtle, of Whurtle Whirlwind
Laundry Co., to his new stenographer,
"I want you to understand that when
you write a letter I want it written
as dictated and not the way you might
be used to writing them. Under-
stand?"

"Yes, sir."
"All right—take a letter."

A day later, Mr. O. J. Squizz, of the
Squizz Flexible Soap and Equipment
Company, received the following:

"Mr. O. K. or A. J. something—see
what the devil the old codger's name
is—President of the Squizz—I would-
n't give a dog that name—Flexible
Soap Company—the dern gyys—Chi-
cago—that's in Illinois, ain't it?"

"Dear Mr. Squizz: You are a helluva
business man. No, start over. He's a
crook but I can't insult him or the
bum will sue me. Quit chewing that
pencil. It makes me nervous. That last
shipment of soap that you sent up
was of inferior quality, ah, unless you
can ship, furnish, ship, no furnish me
with your regular soap, you needn't
ship us no more period. Say honey,
you are going to have to sit on the
other knee awhile, this one is about
to go to sleep. This dam cigar is out
again, pardon me, and further more
where was I? I like those stockings
you've got on, baby.

"That soap you sent us wasn't fit
to wash dishes, no make it dogs, and
we are comma sending it back period.
Sign my name to that and mail it.
I'll look at the carbon tomorrow. Say
honey, you know, my wife is out of
town. How about you and me doing a
little typing tonight?"

—Urchin

Marine: "You remember when you
cured my rheumatism, Doc, a couple
of years ago and you told me to avoid
dampness?"

Doc: "Yes, that's right."

Marine: "Well, I've come back to
ask you kin I take a bath?"

—Urchin.

Lynn Atkins idea of a REAL coed
is one who "can get four hours sleep
the previous night, go to eight classes,
spend four hours at the hairdressers',
study, dress, eat, and then spend six
hours dancing and still be able to say
'good night' to the doorman when she
leaves.

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Merry Christmas
for years to come if your
gift is worthwhile quality
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