She—"Where shall we go tonight?"
He—"Let's go up the belfry."
She—"Nothing doing. I was there once with a fellow and the bell tolled on us."—Sibley Journal of Engineering.

In the parlor there were three,
She, the parlor lamp, and he,
Two is company, there's no doubt,
So the little lamp went out.
—The Rose Technic.

He—I suppose you dance?
She—Oh, yes, I love to.
He—Great! That beats dancing any time.
—Virginia Reel.

"Why do you say she's dumb?"
"She asked if a stepladder is used in adjusting overhead valves?"—Sibley Journal of Engineering.

Mother was unpacking Don's suitcase and found a pawn ticket hanging upon his coat. "Don, what is this tag doing on your coat?"
Don—"Oh, I was at a dance, mother, and checked my coat."
A moment later she came upon the trousers similarly tagged. With a puzzled look, she inquired: "Don, what sort of a dance was that?"
—Kansas State Engineer.

A FRATERNITY
You and two or three others that collect twenty-five or thirty more to make the things pay.—The Rose Technic.

Little Girl (to a minister after a church service): "I would like to see the cross-eyed bear you have."
Minister: "A cross-eyed bear? I haven't any cross-eyed bear."
Little Girl: "What about that consecrated cross-eyed bear we were singing about?"

It was in the middle of the night; suddenly the floor creaked mysteriously. The frosh started up in bed. "W-what's that noise?"
"Aw, it's just the house settling down for the night," grunted his roommate.—Wash. Cougar's Paw.

FEMININE ENGINEERING
Mistress—"Mandy, how do you manage to get your pies so nicely crimped?"
Mandy—"Oh, that's easy, ma'am. Ah just uses mah false teeth."—Sibley Journal of Engineering.

Willie (at the zoo)—"Gee, Ma, that monkey looks just like papa."
Mother (heatedly)—"Why Willie, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
Willie—"Aw, gee whiz, he can't understand what I said!"—Sibley Journal of Engineering.

"She's very photographic."
"Really?"
"Yes, sits in a dark room and awaits developments."—The Rose Technic.

Aeronautics Prof.—I have been training men to fly for the past five years and I've never heard a complaint! Now what does that prove? Voice from the rear—Dead men tell no tales.—N. Y. Medley.

Father: "Remember, son, beauty is only skin deep."
Son: "That's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal."—The Rose Technic.

Mrs. Washington—You had better watch the cherry trees this morning.
Mr. Washington—Why so?
Mrs. Washington—Little George has a hacking cough.—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

Just last week we overheard two Freshman boys talking. The conversation ran like this:
"Say, Jim, got a letter from my girl today."
"Yeah."
"She claims she walked forty miles last Sunday night."
"Forty miles — for Goodness sake!"
"Yeh. That's it!"

"No grass will ever grow under your feet, son," said the sheik, as he sent his offspring forth on the Sahara.—Colgate Banter.

TIME CHANGE
Year 1624: Indians sell Manhattan Island for a case of whiskey.
Year 1924: Citizens offer to swap back.
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