<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title:</th>
<th>Cranks and Countershafts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Issue Date:</td>
<td>Jan-1923</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Publisher:</td>
<td>Ohio State University, College of Engineering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Citation:</td>
<td>Ohio State Engineer, vol. 6, no. 2 (January/February, 1923), 15.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>URI:</td>
<td><a href="http://hdl.handle.net/1811/34220">http://hdl.handle.net/1811/34220</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appears in Collections:</td>
<td>[Ohio State Engineer: Volume 6, no. 2 (January-February, 1923)](Ohio State Engineer: Volume 6, no. 2 (January-February, 1923))</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The hotel manager jumped on the bell-boy for whistling in the lobby.

"Don't you know that it is against the rules for an employee to whistle while on duty?" he demanded sternly.

"Ain't whistling, sir," protested the boy. "I'm pag-

WELL, HE'S A CONSISTENT SPELLER, ANYHOW

"Mottle Bodys Repaired and Axels Streightened."—Sign on Parsons Avenue garage.

WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED

Professor Eno, in addressing a class in "Sanitary Engineering," said: "An engineer is a fellow who can do with one dollar what an ordinary fool requires two dollars to do."

Bing—Did he think that matrimony would be plain sailing?"

Rumb—Plitting from limb to limb, m'dead boy.—Chicago Phoenix.

G. Whatavoyse—You heard the song I sang last night at Professor Musik's recital? All day today I have hummed and whistled nothing else—the tune seems to haunt me."

O. Kutting—No wonder, old timer—the way you murdered it.

A funny case of absent-mindedness occurred at a picture gallery. An old gentleman, looking at the portraits, happened to pass a mirror, which reflected his own image.

An amusing case of absent-mindedness occurred at a picture gallery. An old gentleman, looking at the portraits, happened to pass a mirror, which reflected his own image. He stopped with a puzzled frown and said: "Ah-hem, very strange. That face seems familiar to me. Still, perhaps I'm mistaken."

L'ENVOI

(From "The Seven Seas")

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried, When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died, We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two, Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew! And those who were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair; They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair; They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdal- lent, Peter, and Paul; They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all! And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame; And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame; But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star, Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

Rudyard Kipling