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THRU THE TRANSIT

With BARON DERRENBERGER

He: “Dear, this is heaven.”
She: “Well, I’m no harp.”

A girl can be very sweet when she wants.

Experience is what one gets while looking for something else. Anon.—*The Tech Flash.*

A patient in a hospital woke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.
“Why are those blinds down, Doctor?” he asked.
“Well,” said the doctor, “there’s a fire across the street and I didn’t want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure.”—*Excavating Engineer.*

Young wife: “I got a beautiful parchment diploma from cooking college today, and I’ve cooked this for you. Now guess what it is.”
Husband (trying the omelet): “The diploma.”

And there is the absent-minded professor, who sent his correspondence to the golf club and went over to his secretary and played a round.—*The Shamrock.*

Old Lady: “I wouldn’t cry like that, my little man.”
Boy: “Cry as you damn please, this is my way.”

The modern girl may know her English, but she doesn’t object if a guy ends a sentence with a proposition.

Sunday School Teacher: “Who was the mother of Moses?”
Little Mary: “Pharaoh’s daughter.”
Sunday School Teacher: “But she found him in the bulrushes.”
Little Mary: “That was her story.”

Teacher: “What kept you out of school yesterday—acute indigestion?”
Mary: “No, a cute engineer.”

“Why was Adam created first?”
To give him a chance to say something.”

THOSE E. E.’s!

In E. E. 741, Professor H. W. Bibber, M. I. T. ’20, G. E. ’31, who has “a warm spot in his heart for General Electric”—assigned a problem in which it was necessary to choose between a gasoline engine and an electric motor on the basis of annual costs.

One young upstart wrote at the end of his solution, “Although the gasoline engine is cheaper, I would purchase a nice, clean, quiet, G. E. motor.”

At the next department staff meeting, it was voted to “get back” at him. A committee, composed of Professor Bibber, Mr. A. A. Kunze, Mr. J. Williams, and Mr. C. F. Goodhart, drew up and presented this cartoon, “The Apple Polisher,” to the young man.

What would life be without a little fun, as Professor Bibber says.

Taxi Driver: “My, what a clutch!”
College Boy (from the rear): “Say, you watch the road; this is none of your business.”

“Aren’t you the little girl who used to shrink from my embraces?”
“I don’t recoil at the moment.”

Judge: “Come now, have you any excuse?”
Motorist: “Well, your honor, my wife fell asleep in the back seat.”

He married Helen,
Hell ensued,
He left Helen,
Helen sued.
—*Pennsylvania Triangle.*

*THE OHIO STATE ENGINEER*