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**DOUBTFUL**

"Can I sell you a set of Shakespeare?" asked the affable agent.

"I don't think so," replied the patient person, "but I won't say for sure. After thinking over a lot of things I've been persuaded to buy, almost anything seems possible."—Washington Star.

Professor—What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

Senior—Why, er-r.

Professor—Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?

Senior—The what, sir?

Professor—That will do; very good.—Stevens Tech. Stone Mill.

The dub golfer was hiring a caddie.

"Can you count?" he asked the caddie.

"Yes, sir," replied the caddie.

"How much is eight and five?" asked the dub.

"Ten," said the caddie, after deep thought.

"You're hired."

RAISING THE AMOUNT

Scandalized Judge (to enraged attorney)—Silence! I fine you five dollars for contempt of court.

Enraged Attorney (planking down twenty dollars)—Five dollars doesn't begin to express my contempt for this court.—Sun Dodger.

BILLES-DUE

Bill's my roommate at college and he has everything he could desire.

Our closet is filled with all sorts of new fall suits. They're Bill's; none of 'em are mine.

On our chiffonier are six pictures of beautiful co-eds. They're Bill's; none of them are mine.

Each day there are phone calls from girls. They're Bill's; none of them are mine.

Big boxes of cake and candy come from the girls back home. They're Bill's; none of them are mine.

And on the first of the month stacks of letters appear at our house. Yeh, they're BILLS, and all of 'em are mine.

I was over in Ireland this last summer. It's a great country. Irishmen relish fighting with the keen sense of enjoyment that ordinary people do eating. They are so patriotic they can't even wait for a war to start. They go out, choose their own battlefield and shoot themselves. There's nothing like it. They love it. It's the zest of the thing. When they see a brick they want to throw it. Bricklayers have to be imported from Italy. Architects have to use stones too heavy to throw. Several buildings had to be torn down recently to tide the people through an election. It's a great country.—Record.

"You can't laugh that off," said the warden, as he adjusted the straitjacket.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Gosh darn it! I can't remember whether I told Stella I'd meet her at Fourth and Fifth at six, Fifth and Sixth at four, or Sixth and Fourth at five."—Judge.

"Here's where I give him the heir," remarked the nurse, bringing the baby to its father.—Royal Gaboon.

THE FRENZIED COPY-WRITER

It was the last quarter and the score was tied. Montmorency was at bat. He'd show them. "I'll make that eight ball in the side pocket or die in the attempt," he said, as he ferociously adjusted his helmet. "Serve," he

cried, and the gallery roared their approval. The puck was now in his possession. Magnificently he dribbled it to the very shadow of the goal post, when—horror of horrors, someone fumbled and the opposing team recovered. Using a right to the heart and a cross to the jaw, which seemed to bewilder Montmorency's Demons somewhat, the opposing team gained steadily. Not for long, however, for Monty, crafty athlete that he was, intercepted a faux pas, hopped a Yellow and rode three miles for a touchdown.—Juggler.

WHO'S CROOKED?

"What luck!" cried the burglar, as he saw the silver chest, "Here's where I get my missus another fur coat." He grabbed up spoons, knives, forks, examining them with care. "Burt's, Mills, Hennick's, Deshler, Hicks," he read. "Ah, gosh! What do I want with a lot of restaurant and hotel silverware?" The poor burglar, not having the advantages of a college education, had entered a fraternity house for silverware.

"I fear you are spoiled, my son," cried the hatching hen to the egg beneath.

An astronomer is a man who looks at the moon when he is not in love. A lover is a man who looks at the moon when he is not an astronomer.—Goblin.

SOUNDS FAMILIAR

"Who told you to put that paper on the wall?" roared the head of the house, a well-known local citizen.

"Your wife, sir," replied the decorator.

"Pretty, isn't it?" queried the local citizen, tactfully.

HELPING HIM ALONG

"Lady, could you gimme a quarter to get me where me family is?"

"Certainly, my poor boy, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At the movies."—Boston Transcript.

Burglar—One sound from you and I will squeeze you to death.

Antique Maid—Remember, that's a promise.

The reason dictated letters sound more impressive is because a man when dictating feels free to use impressive words that he doesn't know how to spell.

Husband (reading from newspaper)—Three thousand four hundred and twenty-six elephants were needed last year to make biliard balls.

Wife—Isn't it wonderful that such great beasts can be taught to do such delicate things.

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the cat's eyes, and had laid particular stress on the fact that a cat can see in the dark.

"Now," she said, "what can a cat do that I cannot?"

"Please, miss," said the voice of one small child, "it can wag its tail."

"Papa, what is a pedestrian?"

"The individual, my son, who is always found in front of motor cars."

"This makes a difference," said the twin, as he clipped his brother's ear off with a pair of shears.

"Darwin is right" affirms the bright student. "The monkey is the gland father of the human race."

Man—Barber, have you ever shaved a crazy man?

Barber—No, but climb in the chair, I'll do my best.