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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 paging Mrs. Riche's dog."

WELL, HE'S A CONSISTENT SPELLER, ANYHOW

"Mettle 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?"

Bang—Yes, but he struck a bunch of domestic squalls.

Rumb—At the Follies the other night, my eyes felt like little birds.

Dumb—How come?

Rumb—Flitting from limb to limb, m'deah 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.

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."

WRITE YOUR OWN HEADINGS

"His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He is single."—Stanford, Conn., Advocate.

"L. H. Davis, with 197 targets out of a possible 200, won the Massachusetts crapshooting championship at the Montclair Gun Club yesterday."—Sunday Herald, Boston.

Janes—My wife was run down.

Jones—Neighbors, auto or disease?

AN EXPERT

Doctor—You cough easier this morning.

Patient—I ought to. I've been practicing all night.

Teacher—You dirty boy, you. Why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning."

Bob—What was it?

Teacher—Eggs.

Bob—Wrong. That was yesterday.

"Ah want a quote of sanctified milk."

"Whut you all mean is paclied milk?"

"Look heah, small one, when Ah needs inflammation. Ah'll specify."

Old Lady—Officer, I feel terribly dizzy.

Policeman—Do you have vertigo, ma'am?

Old Lady—About a mile.

Customer—Are those eggs any good?

Grocer—"Can't beat 'em, sir.

Customer—My gracious! Are they as far gone as that?"

I tried to kiss her by the mill

One starry summer night,

She shook her head and sweetly said,

"No, not by a dam site."—Dirge.

Moralist—Hell is paved with good intentions.

Politician—Who got the contract?

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 young-
est 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—Magda-
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