

**The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University**  
**Ohio State Engineer**

**Title:** Cranks and Countershafts

**Issue Date:** May-1923

**Publisher:** Ohio State University, College of Engineering

**Citation:** Ohio State Engineer, vol. 6, no. 4 (May/June, 1923), 20-21.

**URI:** <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/34343>

**Appears in Collections:** [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 6, no. 4 \(May-June, 1923\)](#)



#### FRUGAL TO THE END.

Not long ago a certain publication had an idea. Its editor made up a list of thirty men and women distinguished in art, religion, literature, commerce, politics, and other lines, and to each he sent a letter or a telegram containing this question: "If you had but forty-eight hours more to live, how would you spend them?" his purpose being to embody the replies in a symposium in a subsequent issue of his periodical.

Among those who received copies of the inquiry was a New York writer. He thought the proposition over for a spell and then sent back the truthful answer by wire, collect:

"One at a time."

#### THE ACROBAT

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company! Attention! Attention, company! Lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!"

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:

"And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

#### TIT FOR TAT

The young couple were dawdling over a late breakfast after a night at an ultra smart party.

"Was it you I kissed in the conservatory last night?" lubby inquired.

She looked at him reminiscently: "About what time was it?"

#### SENSITIVE

Here is the story of a London "nut" who had mounted guard for the first time:

The colonel had just given him a bawling-out because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The nut did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The nut ignored him. "Why in the qualified blazes don't you salute?" the colonel roared.

"Oh," said the nut, softly, "I fancied you were vexed with me."

The only time a woman will take a back seat is when she wants to drive an automobile.

#### TOUGH STUFF.

Hey, get a hammer, there's a fly on the baby's head.

The professor who scratched his pancake and poured syrup down his back was just a little absent minded, that's all.

So was the man who asked the cigar clerk for "Fortunate Blows" when he wanted "Lucky Strikes."

#### RECOMPENSE

"I'm sorry my dog bit you," said the pretty girl. "What can I do?"

"When I was a youngster, miss, a kiss would make anything well."

"A very good idea. Fido, kiss the gentleman."

#### HEART INTEREST.

Heiress—"And why do you love me?"

Suitor—"I feel that I can always bank on you."

—Judge.

Soph.—"That movie we saw of Oliver Twist was good, wasn't it?"

Frosh.—"Yes. Say, that would make some book, wouldn't it?"

Last night I held a hand so sweet.  
How nice it was and things.  
And I might add it had the stuff.  
Four aces and a king.

Judge: "You are found guilty of speeding. What do you want? Fifteen days or fifteen dollars?"

"Speeder: "I'll take the money."

—Illinois Technograph.

Electrician's wife—"Watt's the meter, Henry? Wire you insulate?"

Electrician—"I got shocked by a couple o' vampers, Joule."

He—"Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"

She (eagerly)—"Why no, not that I know of."

He—"Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning!"

—Yale Record.

Prof. to Co-ed.—"What kept you out of school yesterday, acute indigestion?"

Co-ed—"No, acute engineer."—Puppet.

He—"I asked her if I could see her home."

He—"And what did she say?"

He—"She said she would send me a picture of it."

#### PROVING IT.

A woman owning a house in Philadelphia before which a gang of workmen were engaged in making street repairs was much interested in the work.

"And which is the foreman?" she asked of a big, burly Celt.

A proud smile came over the countenance of that individual as he replied: "Oi am, mum."

"Really," continued the lady.

"Oi kin prove it, mum," rejoined the Irishman.

Then, turning to a laborer at hand, he added, "Kelly, ye're fired."

#### A SPORTING PROPOSITION.

An Arkansas man who intended to take up a homestead claim in a neighboring state sought information in the matter from a friend.

"I don't remember the exact wording of the law," said the latter, "but I can give you the meaning of it all right. It's like this: The government of the United States is willing to bet one hundred and sixty acres of land against fourteen dollars that you can't live on it for five years without starving to death."

#### ELIMINATION.

To meet every situation as it arises, and to do so in diplomatic language, is only the gift of the elect:

"Waiter, bring me two fried eggs, some ham, a cup of coffee, and a roll," said a traveler in a city of the Middle West.

"Bring me the same but eliminate the eggs," said his fellow traveler.

"Yessir," said the waiter.

In a moment the waiter came back and leaning over the table said:

"We had a bad accident just before we opened this morning and the handle of our eliminator got busted off. Will you take your eggs fried like this here gentleman?"

**THE LIMIT.**

He was only a very small boy. Paddy was his dog, and Paddy was nearer to his heart than anything on earth. When Paddy met swift and hideous death on the turnpike road his mother trembled to break the news. But it had to be and when he came home from school she told him simply:

"Paddy has been run over and killed."

He took it very quietly; finished his dinner with appetite and spirits unimpaired. All day it was the same. But five minutes after he had gone up to bed there echoed through the house a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and sympathy.

"Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But, dear, I told you at dinner, and you didn't seem to care at all."

"No; but—but I didn't know you said Paddy, I—I thought you said daddy!"

**SCRIPTURAL**

The college boys played a mean trick on "Prexy" by pasting some of the leaves of his Bible together. He rose to read the morning lesson, which might have been as follows:

"Now Johial took unto himself a wife of the daughters of Belial." (He turned a leaf.) "She was eighteen cubits in height and ten cubits in breadth." (A pause, and careful scrutiny of the former page.)

He resumed: "Now Johial took unto himself a wife," etc. (Leaf turned.) "She was eighteen cubits in height and ten cubits in breadth, and was pitched within and without—" (Painful pause and sounds of subdued mirth.) "Prexy" turns back again in perplexity.

"Young gentlemen, I can only add that 'Man is fearfully and wonderfully made'—and woman also." z

**THE FACT WAS.**

Saying is one thing and doing is another.

In Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge

engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

**HEAR, HEAR!**

Professor (pausing in the midst of lecture to large class): "Will some one please wake the young man in the last row of seats?"

Voice (from unidentified person in the rear): "Wake him yourself; you put him to sleep."

—The Co-op. Engineer.

**DEEP STUFF.**

Where does mercury come from?  
From H. G. Wells, of course.—Ex.

**REALLY.**

1st Dumb-bell—"Do you know Bill Smith?"

2nd D-b.—"What's his name?"

1st D-b.—"Who?"

2nd D-b.—"Bill Smith."

1st D-b.—"Oh yes."

"How did you get that cut in your head?"

"Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."

"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"

"Mushta stood on a chair."

—Minnesota Techno-Log.

A young man who dropped a stamped envelope with nothing in it in a downtown mail box explained rather triumphantly he was a student of a correspondence school and was cutting classes.