

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

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CRANKS AND COUNTERSHAFTS

SAD CASE

An absent-minded professor was walking down the street one day with one foot in the gutter and the other on the pavement. A friend, meeting him, said:

"Good afternoon, professor, and how are you?"

"I was very well, I thought, but now for the last ten minutes I've been limping."

DING-A-LING

Radio expert (just awakened by loud noise from telephone): Radio Shop.

Voice—Hello; we're holding a dance to radio music on that set I bought of you last week.

"Well?"

"I want to know which dial to turn to make it play faster."

A minister went to a library the other day and asked for "The Kentucky Cardinal." He demurred when the librarian began to look under "Religious."

"This cardinal was a bird," protested the minister.

"I'm not interested in his personal habits," said the librarian.—*Boston Globe*.

Teacher: Willie, how do you define ignorance?"

Willie: It's when you don't know something, but some one finds it out.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

MORE GOLF

"Pop," said the banker's boy, "you took a day off today, didn't you?"

"Yes, son. How did you know?"

The boy's nose wrinkled up a little, and he said: "You smell so of golf."

TIME TO DUCK

Surgeon—"I feel duty bound to tell you that four out of five patients die under this operation. Now, is there anything that you would like me to do for you before I begin?"

Colored Gent—"Yessuh, kindly hand me my hat."

There's nothing like forestalling trouble. Here is some diplomacy in a nutshell, and it works two ways—on employer and wife alike.

Employer—"Ah, Brown, I've decided to raise your salary \$2 a week."

Brown—"Will you give me that in writing, sir?"

Employer—"Isn't my word good enough for you?"

Brown—"Oh, yes, sir. But I want evidence to show my wife. She's expecting me to get a \$5 raise."

NOTHING ON HIM

"You have a fine signature, Mr. So-and-So," said a salesman to a buyer who had written his name with many flourishes.

"Yes," answered the buyer proudly, "I should have. One of my forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence."

"So?" said the salesman. "Vell, you ain'd got nottings on me. One of my forefathers signed the Ten Commandments."

Stenographer—"Howja spell 'sense'?"

Employer—"Dollars and Cents, or horse sense?"

Stenographer—"Well, like in "I ain't seen him sence'?"

In Germany—Boss to Meyer, his pressman—"Meyer, you are a liar. You took a day off to bury your mother-in-law and to-day I met her in the park."

Meyer—"Pardon, boss, I didn't say she was dead; I merely said I would like to go to her funeral."

Rastus, out in a boat with his best girl, Mandy, had been teasing for a kiss, but she refused again and again. Finally he became desperate.

"Mandy," he threatened, "effen you don't lemme kiss you I'se gwine to upset dis here boat."

Getting home, Mandy told her mother about it.

"An' did you let the genman kiss you?" her mother asked.

"Well, did you all see anything in de paper dis mawnin' 'bout two niggers drownin'?"

SCIPIO'S FINISH

Her Pappy—"Looky'er, Scipio, do's yo' all inten' to make marriage wid mah dater, Larkspur?"

Scipio—"Yas sah, yes suh, dat's de end Ah has in view."—*Oil Age*.

Cissie—Auntie you know that old man at the corner that was ill?

Aunt (Christian Scientist)

—You mean he thought he was ill.

Cissie—Well, now he thinks he's dead.

A British bishop was considerably upset and confined to his bed when he received a note one Friday morning from the vicar of a village in his diocese: "My Lord—I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week end?"

Jerry—"I hear, Pat, they've gone bone dry in the village where your brother lives."

Pat—"Dry, mon, they're parched. I've just had a letter from Mike an' the postage stamp was stuck on with a pin."

A tiny baby was needed for a scene in the picture, "The Enemy." The call to the studio nurse: "Please have a baby by eight o'clock tomorrow morning."—*Photoplay*.

To a Jewish ex-service man an acquaintance remarked: "So you were in the Army, Ikey?"

"Oh, I vas in the Army," was the proud response.

"Did you get a commission?"

"No; only my vages!"—