

*The Ghost of the ol' Board Walk*

It is dark, little girl,  
And you best beware,  
Of the campus ghost with its face like chalk.  
It's an awful thing,  
With its mildewed hair,  
That Ghost of the ol' Board Walk.

Can't you hear it moan,  
In the bushes there?  
Can't you see it hide where the shadows stalk?  
It will grab us yet,  
If we don't take care,  
That Ghost of the ol' Board Walk.

Creep up closer, kid,  
Let me hold you tight.  
Let's whisper low if we dare to talk.  
Turn your face this way,  
Away from the sight,  
Of the Ghost of the ol' Board Walk.

There, I'll kiss you, child,  
Don't you be afraid;  
There's no danger 'round, at which I'd balk.  
We are almost home.  
See it fade away,  
That Ghost of the ol' Board Walk.

It's a dear ol' Ghost,  
And it's served its day;  
It's a nice kind spook, for it does not talk.  
For there's many a secret  
It might betray,  
That Ghost of the ol' Board Walk.

D—Y.

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*JORDAN GRILLE**Courtesy, Service, Good Eats**Mr. R. Olson, manager*



## THE STUDENT MIND

My mind is a series of pigeon holes,  
Labeled according to course,  
Crammed full of notes I have taken in class,  
Of things I'm supposed to endorse.

And into each hole, I lay up in store  
For the coming exams, which will be  
A test not so much of what I believe,  
But of what has been crammed into me.

And one man insists, that I answer it this,  
And another I answer it that;  
So I pigeon-hole notes in their separate space,  
To find out just where I am at.

For Eigenmann comes to a certain conclusion,  
And Visser deduces another;  
So I pigeon-hole here, and I pigeon-hole there,  
But to harmonize, I do not bother.

My task is to study the mind of the Prof.  
Who teaches the subject, and try  
To analyze his intellectual bent,  
And to his complex comply.

Oh yes, I express my convictions in class  
Mildly, as I may desire;  
Yet when it comes to debatable points,  
I must answer the way they require.

Sometime, perhaps, I'll be able to stop  
And correlate all I have gotten;  
But just now, alas, I haven't the time,  
And alas, much I've had, is forgotten.

But as for what I consider the truth,  
I'm not so all-fired concerned.  
I'll pass my exams, I'll get my sheep-skin,  
And, no doubt, forget what I've learned.

D—Y.

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When your papers all are wet,  
A's an easy grade to get.

Make each prof a King well met—  
Tough? Of course it is. But tough  
it!

A's an easy grade to get  
If you really learn to bluff it.

V V V

I HATE—

I hate to see a fellow have a town  
date where invitations to dinner  
are rampant.

I hate to see fellows win arguments  
with college pros by simply con-  
vincing them.

I hate to see fellows get asked to  
every sorority dance on the cam-  
pus.

I'm not a Puritan nor one of those  
Intelligentsia or anything.

I didn't flunk out last semester, not  
in love, or anything,

But I hate like all Hell to see fel-  
lows do all those things—that is  
—other fellows!

### *Reverie*

BY T. L. S.

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep,  
Eyes are heavy—  
Lids pulled down by some  
Irresistable force.

A voice drones far away;  
It is someone  
Expounding knowledge,  
Maybe . .

Who knows,  
Sleep, Sleep is becoming  
More and more overpowering.

The dim figure  
Behind the desk,  
In the front  
Of the room,  
Floats  
In my direction.

Bang. . . . .  
Sweet semi-consciousness  
Is chased away by  
Fright;  
I am called on,  
There is no more peace!

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**THE MATH MAJOR'S LAMENT.**

Of all the terrors this world hath,  
The greatest one, to me, is Math.  
Oh, how I hate like sin to fuss  
O'er this ding-busted Calculus;  
Analytics used to get my goat,  
And Algebra, now far remote.

I thought that Euclid was a flower  
'Till I studied G'ometry by the hour.  
I'd certainly have done some shootin'  
If I'd lived in the days of Isaac  
Newton;

And saved my fellow men from  
pains

That spoil their sleep and rack their  
brains

While shades of Math heroes smile  
in glee

At the troubles they're causing you  
and me.

And now comes a test; it's not the  
Math

Which I fear now—it's the after-  
math.

V V V

Does Dot like her liquor?

Well, she likes mine better.

—Carnegie Puppet.

Young Swain—"How old are you?"  
Not so young Swainess—"I've  
just turned 24."

Y. S.—"Oh, I see, then you are  
42."

V V V

Violinist—"I want some 'E' strings  
for my violin."

English clerk—"Will you pick them  
out sor? My h'eyes are poor, and h'I  
can't tell the 'E's' from the She's."

V V V

**KING'S ENGLISH?**

"Lo, Beezie, whoza jane? Gimme a  
knockdown, woncha?"

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

V V V

All the seniors in military train-  
ing this year will be delighted to  
learn that they will be graduated  
"Cum Laube."

V V V

Junior—They must have had dress-  
suits in Bible times.

Senior—How's that?

Junior—It says in the Bible that  
"He rent his clothes."

—Lehigh Burr.

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IF IT IS HARDWARE—  
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First Porter—You sure have a big mouth.

Second Porter—Say man, that ain't no keyhole you have in the front of your face.

—Colgate Banter.

V V V

Helen to Jack (as they walk off the dance floor)—Let's go outside and cool off.

Helen to Jack (as they approach the entrance to the house, one hour later)—Let's go inside and cool off.

—Missouri Outlaw.

V V V

Mrs. G. I. Just-got-Millions (to guest)—This is your room, my dear. Now, how do you prefer it heated, Fahrenheit or Centigrade? Of course we have both.

—Goblin.

V V V

We have always heard of the corn-fed Indiana Girls. Why don't they show their ears then?

V V V

Hello, old man; how's everything? She's fine, thanks.

—Washington Dirge.

(Voice from the dark, secluded corner of a sorority porch)—You are my sweet daddy, aren't you, dear?

Father (walking by with son)—Ahem! By George, son, it sort of touches us old fellows—things like that.

Son—Well, father, we young fellows aren't exactly unfeeling about the situation ourselves.

—Illinois Siren.

V V V

### A CROSS-WORD PUZ-LE.

Remember last night THAT'S when we met,

I love you dear so WHAT of my debt?

I like your features, YOU seem real keen,

You're a dream, do you GET me, fair Queen?

And how do you blame me FOR sitting so near?

And I am honestly TRYING to keep you here,

This is my chance TO imbibe real bliss

In the very first ACT a little kiss.

It may sound FUNNY but she slapped him.

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### HYMN OF HATE.

(With the usual flowers to Dorothy Parker.)

I hate to see fellows drop in on coeds in the Nook; especially when they're pretty.

I hate to see fellows take it easy all through college and come out Phi Beta Kappa and varsity letters as an added attraction.

I hate to see fellows get over with a girl, or stay at a sorority house at 10:40.

V V V

"Why do they call these things cross-word puzzles?"

"If you ever saw two people trying to work one of them, you'd know."

V V V

Man on train—When we are in the tunnel I shall kiss you.

Lady—Sir, how dare you? I am a lady.

Man—That's just the reason I'm going to kiss you. If I preferred a man, I'd call the conductor.

—Wash. Cougar's Paw.

She—Like me?

He—I should say!

She—Well, why don't you?

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Cheer Leader (to girls cheering section)—Let's go, girls!

Show 'em your Old Gold supporters.

—DePauw Yellow Crab.

V V V

In the gloaming, oh my darling,  
When the lights are dim and low,  
That your face is powdered, painted,  
How am I, sweetheart, to know?

Twice this month I've had to bundle  
Every coat that I possess  
To the cleaners. Won't you, darling,  
Love me more and powder less?

V V V

"Will you have a hair cut?

"Gosh, no; cut them all."

—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.

V V V

First Passenger—Are you traveling first-class?

Second Passenger—No, I'm in a helluva shape.

—Penn State Froth.

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HELPFUL HINTS TO FISH.

Caution is a great asset in fishing, especially if you are a fish.—Lampoon.

V V V

What did Diogenes do when he found his honest man? Started to look for the woman who would believe him.—Tiger.

V V V

We are going to have a professional trimmer trim our tree.

That's nothing. We are going to have a plumber make our plum pudding.—Columns.

V V V

Now tell us about it. Did you steal this purse?

Your honor, I was ill and I thought that the change would do me good.—Sydney Bulletin.

V V V

Late News.

Sally has been located at last after a frantic search extending over several months. She was found in the "Covered Wagon" "North of 36" accompanying the "Sheik" to see his "Red Hot Mamma Every Night."

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A pessimist stresses the morning after the night before.

An optimist stresses the night before the morning after.—Widow.

V V V

Hubby dear, how do you like this half-tone picture of Mother?

Great! It's the first time I ever saw her subdued.

V V V

What do you call it when two persons are thinking the same thing, mental telepathy?

Sometimes it's that and sometimes

it's just plain embarrassment.—Exchange.

V V V

Paw says the best way to get rid of Bedbugs is to chase them up a spiral bed spring till they get dizzy, then suffocate them with a sock.—Cougar's Paw.

V V V

The editor tore his hair in rage As his startled eyes beheld the page, For over the heading "Holes in Three,"

Was an ad for Holeproof Hosiery.

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