



"Papa, is there really honor among thieves?"
"No, Mary. Thieves are just as bad as other people."
—Oregon Orange Owl.

Dear Editor:
Last Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly, as it was an heirloom. I immediately inserted an advertisement in your Lost and Found column, and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of my other suit. God bless your paper!
—Carnegie Puppei.

Brown arrived home at three A. M. When he reached the front door he found a burglar jimmying it.
"Wait a minute, old man," said Brown. "Let's strike a bargain. I'll open the door if you will go in first."
—Oregon Orange Owl.

He: The Lord created man, didn't he?
Prof.: Yes, why ask such a question?
He: Well, why did he let us pick our own teeth then?
—Wash. Cougar's Paw.

Cyril: What size shoe do you wear?
Gwendolyn: Well, four is my size, but I wear sevens because fours hurt my feet so.
—M. I. T. Voodoo.

Bride: I want a pound of mince-meat—please take it from a nice young man.
—Bucknell Belle Hop.

A pun is a joke at which everyone groans, because they didn't think of it first.
—Wisconsin Octopus.

An old black man who had spent many years in a wheel chair wanted to go on one last coon hunt before he died. So he and his grandchildren, accompanied by several dogs, started out.
Hardly had they penetrated the swamps when they met a bear. All turned tail and ran, leaving poor Grandpap to his fate.
As they came panting into the yard they called, "Oh, Mammy, Mammy, Grandpap done got up by a bar."
"Foolishness what you're speakin', chillen. Yo' Grandpap done come in ten minutes ago wid de dogs!"
—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

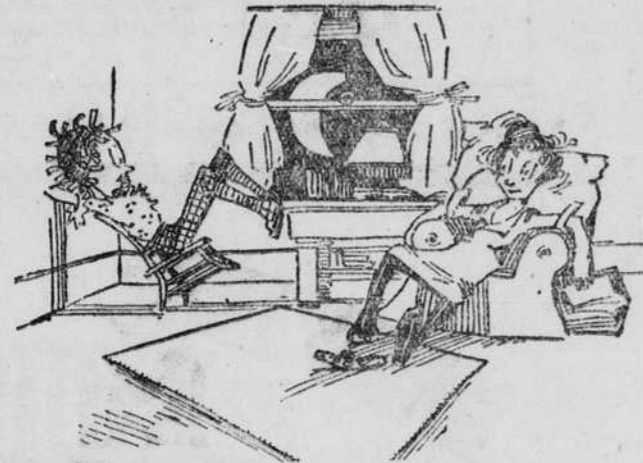
An egotist is one who, reading a book and not understanding something in it, decides it is a misprint.
—Goblin.

Wealth has wings, but it doesn't have any tail that you can put salt on.
—Nebraska Argonaut.

Fair one (tourist who is shaving outside of his tent): Do you always shave outside?
Tourist: Certainly! Do you think I'm fur-lined?
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

There are two sides to every question—her side and the wrong side.
—Missouri Oulass.

Eat, drink and be merry—and you'll soon be drunk.
—Cornell Widow.



Cin: In that death scene of mine I moved them all to tears.
Emma: Yes, they knew you were only playing dead.
—Denton Flamingo.

College Humor

THE BEST COMEDY IN AMERICA

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SUPER-COURTESY

NO?
Soph: Have you ever heard of the Sesqui-Centennial?
Fresh: No. What's the name of it?
Soph: What?
Soph: What did you say?
Soph: I didn't say anything.
Fresh: Oh, I didn't hear you.
—Carolina Buccaneer.

LAST REQUESTS
18th Century: Leave me if you must, but spare our family honor!
20th Century: Leave me tomorrow, but leave me plenty of alimony.
—California Pelican.

Prof: And did I make myself plain?
Frosh: No, God did that.
—Cincinnati Cynic.

Fang: Wouldn't your mother be shocked if she saw you in that bathing suit?
Slam: She sure would. It's hers.
—Cornell Widow.

"I can't swim."
"Why?"
"I ain't in the water."
—Ala. Rammer-Jammer.

You can't rob a man of pride. If he has nothing else to boast about, he will boast that he wears the same weight underwear all year.
—O'Grady's Goat.

Si Brown stood on the corner of the main street in the busy city and gazed with open-mouthed astonishment at the stream of vehicles moving past. Finally he turned to his companion and said in an awed voice:
"See-cusalem, Hiram, they shore are behind with their haulin', ain't they?"
—Kansas Sour Owl.

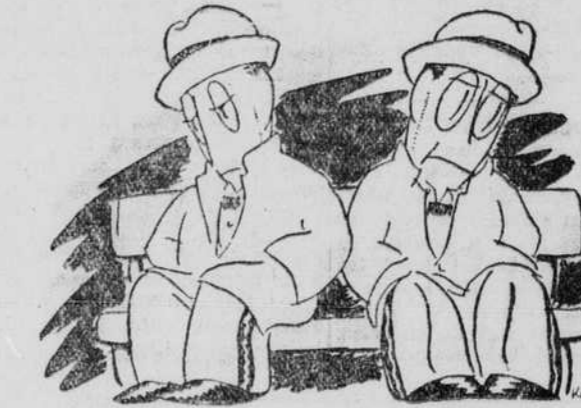
He: Do you know what they call lemons in Sioux City?
She: No, what?
He: Lemons!
—Iowa Fivrol.

If, my son, a woman values your garages above an unwrinkled ball gown, she loves you.
—M. I. T. Voodoo.

Horses, like coeds, are man's dumb friends.
—Wisconsin Octopus.

The wheels of time grind slowly, but not so with a taximeter.
—Colorado Fodder.

A freshman kicked a football through the window of a senior's room. He turned and started running, but the senior collared him.
"You broke my window, did you not?" roared the irate senior.
"Yes, sir," said the frosh, "and I am running towards my hall to get money to pay for it."
—Notre Dame Juggler.



"Styleplus, my boy, how would you like to ride in an airplane?"
"I wooden lak it a-tall. It's de 'Terra-Firma' for me, an' de firmer de groun' de lesser de terror."
—M. I. T. Voodoo

OR THE MORGUE
Nurse: What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?
Intern: Usually they are taken to the hospital.
—Kansas Sour Owl.

Mug: Look at the condition that woman is in!
Jug: Is that a condition? I thought it was a limousine.
—Iowa Fivrol.

Mrs.: Look here, Mary, I can write my name in the dust on this chest.
Mary: Gawsh, there's nothing like education, is there, ma'm?
—Green Goat.

"For ten rounds they stood and traded socks."
"Well, well—must have been fraternity brothers."
—Stanford Chaparral.

Ari: Yes, sir, I had an ulcer all last year.
El: I used to have one of those overcoats too.
—Cincinnati Cynic.

"The baby swallowed a bottle of ink!"
"Incredible!"
"No. Indelible!"
—Cornell Widow.

One of my best friends was discussing his roommate. He said, "Fred is one of those fellows who would hold the lamp while his mother chopped the wood."
—Grinnell Maltesser.

Proud Father: I understand son, your school now boasts of a glee club.
The Son: No, sir, we don't boast of it.
—Scream.

"Did you ever let a man kiss you?"
"No, only a couple of college boys."
—Grinnell Maltesser.

Pretty Girl: I live at 515 East Fourth Street—now don't you dare follow me.
—Wash. Cougar's Paw.

"Don't you think that Wordsworth was right when he said 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy'?"
"Sure, but he forgot to add that everybody lies about us in our maturity."
—Illinois Siren.



A man isn't married more than a week until his wife seems just like one of the family.
—U. of Wash. Columba.

I rushed breathlessly into Neighbor Brown's apartment. "Brown," I panted, "your wife just cloped with the saxophone player who lives next door."
(Pause.) "You don't seem excited."
"No, there's no reason to be. We stood the saxophone groaning as long as we could. This morning the wife and I tossed to see who should get rid of him. She lost."
—Cornell Widow.

"How are you coming along with your reducing?"
"I guess I must be one of those poor losers."
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

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Powerless to Resist

Sweep of Avalanche

There were several destructive avalanches in the St. Gothard region in 1925, when the railway was damaged at several points, and many peasants and workmen were killed. But one rainy Sunday in September, 45 years ago, 150 persons perished when a large portion of the Plattenbergkopf split off and slid down on the village of Elm.
Early in the day great boulders began to come crashing down with disturbing frequency, and quite a number of men were out watching them. Suddenly they saw a whole cliff sway and topple over. Seventeen minutes later another cliff fell, and, to their horror, the doomed villagers saw that the mountain had been thus undermined and was poised over them as far above them. Four minutes later it fell, shattered into millions of fragments, and came sliding down at terrific speed. Through the village went the avalanche, across the tranquil meadows of the valley, and up the opposite mountainside for a couple of hundred feet, when it diverged right and left, like the wash of a spent wave, for many hundred yards.

Douglas Fir Entirely Distinct Tree Species

The Douglas fir, a native of the Northwest but now being planted extensively in the East, is becoming a popular Christmas tree, according to the American Forestry association. The species was named for a Scotch botanist who discovered it on an expedition in 1825, but its scientific name is pseudotsuga, meaning "false hemlock." As a matter of fact, it is neither a hemlock nor a fir, and, though it is sometimes called a spruce, it isn't that, either. The tree belongs to an entirely distinct species. The tree most commonly used for Christmas trees is a real fir—the balsam, so called because its blister-like pockets yield the resinous liquid known as Canada balsam, which is used among other things for attaching cover plates to microscopic slides.

Didn't Hatch

A school teacher relates that she was giving her small pupils a lesson on birds, and after telling about the hatching of the eggs, the care of the mother bird and the first lessons in flying, she said: "Now, children, I am the mother bird and you are the little birds nestled in your cozy nest. I want you all to spread your wings and fly away."
Each child, waving arms to the music she beat, skipped to the dressing room, with the exception of one little fellow who remained motionless in his seat. Turning to him she said: "Donald, why didn't you fly away with all the other little birds?"
"Cause," came the prompt and unexpected reply, "Cause I was a bad egg."
—Boston Transcript.

"Where is your doll, dear?" asked the family visitor. "Oh," said the infant calmly, "the boy next door has the custody of the doll and I'm awarded three lollipops a week alimony."
—American Legion Monthly.

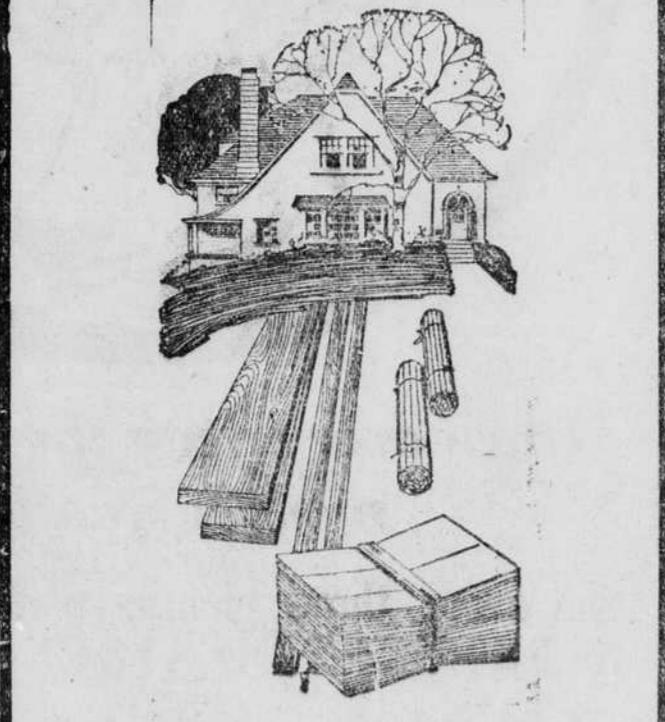
—He was a loyal little fellow and he wouldn't let anything said against his parents go unchallenged. One Sunday afternoon a boy friend said: Listen to your father snoring. "Dad isn't snoring," was the indignant reply. "He's dreaming about a dog, an' that's the dog growlin'!"
—Pathfinder.

"I wish I had money enough to get married," Jim remarked. Katherine looked down and blushed. "And what would you do?" she asked, looking very hard at the carpet. "I would spend it traveling."
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

—Unfortunately these accidents that happen in the best regulated families are not always covered by insurance.

"What do you think of the attacks on George Washington?" "They show what a great man George was," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Most of our heroes receive profane enigmies. George is one of the few still considered worthy of being attacked."



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