

Said Mildred Leach
 To Mildred Veach
 "No right is thine
 To a name like mine!
 How can I tell
 When the teachers yell
 If they mean you or me?"
 Said Mildred Veach
 To Mildred Leach,
 "Don't you think
 I often blink,
 And my heart it flops
 Till it nearly stops
 When the teachers call on you?"
 Just then Miss Furry,
 In her usual hurry,
 Sang out to clear the hall.
 Away went Veach,
 Away went Leach,
 The trouble not settled at all!

Man is but a worm; he comes along, wiggles in the dust, and then some chicken gets him!

Wayne Fox: "My motto is 'Do others before they do you.'"

Joseph Evans: "Mine is 'One lesson out of nine saves time.'"

Bert McDonnall: "Chaucer must have dictated to a stenographer."

Miss Furry: "Why do you say that, Bert?"

Bert: "Just look at the spelling!"

A boy, a book,
 A girl, a book,
 Book neglected
 Flunk expected!

The Face

The face is a fertile, open expanse, lying half way between collar button and scalp, and full of cheek, chin, and chatter. Each face is supplied with lamps, snuffers, and bread-boxes.

Grace Montgomery (in algebra class): "I don't understand this lesson."

Mr. Keever: "Look at the lesson on the board while I run through it."

Worse Than That!

Longfellow could take a worthless piece of paper, write a poem on it, and realize a monetary value of \$65,000 on it. That's genius!

There are some men who can write a few words on a piece of paper and make it worth \$1,000,000. That's capital!

Uncle Sam can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and make it worth \$20,000. That's money!

A mechanic can take material worth \$5, make it into watch springs, and so make it worth \$1,000. That's skill!

There's a man in Paris who can take a piece of canvas, worth fifty cents, paint a picture on it, and make it worth \$2,000. That's business!

The author of this could write out a check for \$10,000—but it wouldn't be worth a cent. That's tough!

—Exchange

Allen Grooms (to Miss Beckwith in economics class): "Do you think that my voice needs cultivating?"

Miss Beckwith: "I don't know about cultivating, but it needs to be plowed under!"

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat.

Dumbell: "Did E—lucidate?"

Freshie: "Na, 'E didn't have any."

Forrest Beall: "Vic, will that watch tell time?"

Victor Lemaire: "Of course not, silly, you have to look at it!"

Miss Furry (in Ivanhoe class): "When were the dark ages?"

Ruth Cook: "When they had knights."

Mr. McWilliams: "Why were you late, Cecil?"

Cecil Nichols: "School took up before I got here."

Sheik (thinking he would pick up flapper): "Can I give you a lift?"

Lottie Tyler: "Are you going north?"

Sheik: "Yes."

Lottie: "Give my regards to the Eskimoes!"

OUR TEACHERS

Mr. McWilliams, we call him "Mac"
But he's a good old scout at that,
Perhaps we shouldn't call him old
For he is not fifty yet, we're told.

Miss Beckwith teaches our history class,
And most of the time she lives in the past.
She summons the monks, the mummies, the knights,
We learn of dates, monarchs, and fights.

Our vocational teacher is Mr. Price
He has brought everything here excepting lice,
Rats, mice, chickens, pigeons, and crows,
Have been here all winter right under our nose!

Mr. Tucker's the fellow so kind and so grand,
Who goes down the hall as fast as he can.
He teaches the ruffians and makes them behave
Till at noon they are glad a good-bye to wave.

Mr. Klatte is our baseball coach,
If you don't catch the ball, you feel like a roach.
He raves and threatens till all who are near
Shake and tremble with laughter, yet fear.

There is with us at this very place,
A descendant, we think, of Fury, a race,
Who bequeathed to Miss Furry an inherited feature
Which makes her a wild and hard-hearted teacher.

Miss Barbee, you know, has a head of red;
We don't know sure but we're heard it said,
That poor Mr. Dowell has no chance at all
When he mixes with her in the lower hall.

Mr. Keever is truly a man of action
Whether in algebra, trig, or fraction.
But I'm sure it is not according to Hoyle
With too many problems our bright brains to spoil.

Miss Altekruise has a shape like a straw,
She demands of the students the strictest law.
She is tall and willowy and quite small
No danger of breaking the scales at all.

Science—the teacher is Mr. Dowell,
But he doesn't use a spade or trowel;
In physics he has an aversion for trips,
Lack of girls, we know, is the reason for it!

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.