Literary HIGH LIGHTS

Reed
"Whence thy learning? Hath thy toil
At books consumed the midnight oil?"

Heine
"Procrastination is the thief of time."

Cap
"He will do
What he says he will do."

Ash
"Born for success he seems."

Bill B.--
"Yon Cassius, with a lean and hungry look."

Bake
"Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect."

Mitch
"Where the stream runneth smoothest the water is deepest."

Buck
"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

Fred
"As good to be out of the world as out of fashion."

Whoosit
"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

Cliff
"Patience and shuffle the cards."

Pop
"Like ten single gentlemen rolled into one."

Jimmy D.
"The pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."

Rolly
"Oh, thou are fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Bob
"A few strong instincts
And a few plain words."

Cy
"But 'twas a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right and there he would abide."

Roy
"Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In art a man, simplicity a child."

Dave
"Silence more musical than any song."

Griff
"Beware the fury of a patient man."

Hegg
"Would we knew thee better."

Capt. H.
"He sits high in all people's hearts."

Bill H.
"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Jerry
"True as steel, sincere, and independent."

Paul
"Who doesn't love wine, women, and song
Remains a fool his whole life long."

Jimmy K.
"The wisest man could ask no more of fate
Than he be simple, honest, manly, true."

Hap
"To make a bank was great plot of state,
Invent a shovel and be a magistrate."

George
"He who has truth at his heart need never
Bear the want of persuasion of his tongue."
Jim— "Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.'"

Ken— "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pose from day to day.'"

Mac— "I shall be like that tree,
I shall die at the top.'"

Chick— "Happy am I, from care I am free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Larry— "Of soul sincere,
Of action faithful, and in honor clear.'"

Dick— "A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident
tomorrows.'"

Red— "What he has lost in stature
He has made up in deeds.'"

Eddy— "The man is not measured by size or height.'"

Phil— "Goodness does not consist of greatness,
But greatness of goodness.'"

Ralph— "The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak.'"

Irv— "Oh, blessed with temper, whose unclouding ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today.'"

Kenan— "A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.'"

Herb— "From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he is
all mirth.'"

Al— "His brain contains ten thousand cells
And in each some active knowledge dwells.'"

Rick— "On their own merits modest men are silent.'"

Charlie— "The terrible rumble, grumble, and roar,
Telling that the battle was on once more.'"

Min— "Satire is my weapon, but I am too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.'"

Stew— "The man who seeks one thing in life and but one
May hope to achieve it before life is done.'"

Howard— "And the elements so mixed in him
That nature might stand up and say—
This is a man.'"

Bud— "A reading machine, always wound up and going,
He mastered whatever is not worth the knowing.'"

Tommy— "With too much quickness ever to be taught:
With too much thinking to have common thought.'"

Eric— "Not in rewards but in strength to strive,
The blessing lies.'"

Willy— "A lion among women is a most dreadful thing.'"

Doc— "A man of wisdom is a man of years.'"

Woody— "So much one man can do
That does both act and know.'"

Bry— "Too busy with the crowded hour
To fear to live or die.'"
We love our teacher!
OUR DEAR TEACHER

In Monologue Entitled

"IN COMES THE TIDE"

or

"Driftwood Gathered Along the Shores in a Spinster's Life"

As Delivered at Men's Club, Wellesley Hills
One Appearance Only - That Was Enough

TO the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March—"Susan Smithers" stealthily steps to the speaker's stand and with the winning smile of a blushing bride, says:

"That reminds me of when I was a Society bud and a flower girl. Do you know I believe in a long engagement—it makes marriage shorter."

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, Lend me your shears, while I cut loose and expostulate on the subject of the 'Down-trodden Sex,' or 'Look What the Tide Brought In.'"

"In the first place every woman has three inalienable rights—Life—Liberty—and the pursuit of husbands—I mean one husband. Lots of women are clamoring for equal rights.

"What's the reason?"

"They want to dress like men and stay out nights."

"What's the reason?"

"That reminds me of what one of our great advocates of women's rights said. She said:—Well, I don't remember what she said, but it fits the case.

"I attended a woman's suffrage party last night. There was one poor little man there. They called on him for a toast. He responded. He said: 'Here's to lovely women; once our superior, now our equal.'"

"Woman is advancing; there's no getting around that fact. There are women lawyers, women undertakers and women doctors. The other day I saw a tramp go up to a doctor's house and ring the bell. A lady came to the door and the tramp said: 'Madam, will you give me a pair of the doctor's old pants?' The woman said: 'Sir, I am the doctor.'"

"But I'll tell you the reason, and that with dispatch.

Why the manners of men women never will snatch;

Because she must stop when she tries lighting a match—

"And that's the reason!"

"We women have stood up for our rights and have stood up in street cars long enough. Now the time has come to sit down on the men. Of course, you must be careful what men you sit on.

"Women should be allowed to vote and go to Congress. What do men do when they go to Congress? I'll tell you what they do. They play poker and get drunk. Then get even they put a tax on everything. Incomes are taxed to the roof and carpets are taxed to the floor. They've got most everything taxed now, and they're going to put a tax on bachelors. Well, the tax on bachelors is all right. It's a luxury to be a bachelor, and all luxuries ought to be taxed.

"A young man will fall in love with a girl."

"What's the reason?"

"And his head and his heart will be set in a whirl."

"What's the reason?"
"Love! That's the reason.
"I am often asked to give my definition of love. What is love? Love, dear brothers and sisters, is nothing more nor less than a rush of the hand to the pocketbook in ice cream season. And love is the insane desire on the part of a young man to be a woman's meal ticket for life.

"Love is the cherry in our cocktail of happiness, courtship is the 'jag' and marriage is the eye opener. There's no use talking, love's young dream is usually marriage's old nightmare. Love is a delicate subject to handle. A lover has to handle his sweetheart with kid gloves—but after marriage, with boxing gloves.

"A friend tells me that women have no consistency. His wife chased him out of his house with a rolling pin and then she cried all day because he left home without kissing her good-bye.

"I asked a friend the other day how he liked the modern school of love. He said: 'Well, I like everything but the marriage class. In that class the lessons are too hard and you don't get a vacation.' Lastly, love is like smallpox; you only get it once and when you get it, it leaves its mark forever. But—

"Why will a man buy a girl presents so nice? So that she will marry him and be his wife, Because then he'll make her work for him the rest of her life.

"That's the reason!

"What's the reason why I'm in love.
"I haven't any reason—that's why I'm in love.

"Women should strive to maintain an even temper. That reminds me of several married men who, after finishing a lobster supper, were discussing the shortcomings of their wives.

"One man, whose domestic difficulties were well-known, contributed not a word to the conversation. At last some one asked him what he had to say on the subject. 'My wife,' said he, 'has the most even temper in the world. She's mad all the time.'

"That's the reason!

"Still girls are not half so bad as they are painted. Some one asked me if I believed in clubs for women. I said, 'Of course I do—clubs, sand bags, flat irons, and any old thing.'

"But to come back to the man. I know a man who didn't speak to his wife for a whole year. He didn't want to interrupt her.

"That's the reason!

"The other day I was walking along the street and I saw a man lying in the gutter, in a beastly state of intoxication. I think he was Andy Beardsley. Lying along side of him was a pig. I stopped and said: 'There it is! The old, old story. You can always tell a man by the company he keeps,' and the pig got up and walked away.

"The other night our neighbor's husband came home. He tried to open the door but he couldn't. He called for help and his wife raised the second story window.

"'Is this Mrs. Smith?' he asked. She called back:

"'Yes, this is Mrs. Smith.'
"'Is it Mrs. John Smith?'
"'Yes, Mrs. John Smith.'
"'Well, we have brought Smith home.'
"'All right, put him in the front vestibule and I'll come down and get him.'

"And what do you suppose Smith said? He said: 'We don't know which is Smith.'

"Now this shows that there's a reason why women sit up for their husbands. It's so that they can later sit down on them.

"That's the reason!

"Then after she sits down on him for coming home drunk, she asks him, 'Where have you been, and why do you stay out so late?' He'll defend himself by saying: 'My dear (hic), I've been (hic) with a (hic) sick friend.'

"That's the reason!

"I started out as an advocate for women's rights. But now I'm going in for women's lefts. What do I mean, women's lefts? I mean widowers. Yes, I'd take a widower. My ideal would be a man who is strong—a silent man—one full of grit, and one able to bear the heat and burden of the day without flinching—one who will not hear a word said about me, and who will not utter an unkind word himself.

"Can anyone recommend a deaf and dumb coal heaver?

"I don't need protection, I'm not afraid and I believe there must be worse creatures than men—but I don't know where. Some girls are so afraid that they look under the bed hoping there isn't a man hiding there.

"I look under the bed hoping that there is a man in hiding there.

"That's the difference!
"'That's the difference!

"That's the difference!'

CURTAIN

Brick Bats, Cabbages and overdue Hen Fruit.
"TUNEFUL TILTS"
Made Famous By JOHN–THOMAS BAND
May Be Sung When, As and If Desired—
With or Without Music

There was a young lady named Carol
Who was round and fat like a barrel.
(This really ain't true
But if just had to do,
'Twas the only word rhyming with Carol.)

There was a young lady named Kate
Who with all the young boys made a date.
One night very late
Found her Dad at the gate.
Oh, the fate that for Kate did await!

Hot Dog!

There was a young lady named Perk
And she was surely a flirt.
With all the young boys
She made a loud noise.
But the man that she picked was a Turk!

There was a young lady named Gladys.
The tale about her, oh, so sad is.
What she said in her sleep
We dare not repeat.
For we cannot find out who the lad is.

There was a young lady named Mim
And she was just awfully slim.
But strange to relate
She ate and she ate
And still poor Mim remained slim.

There was a young lady named Frances
Who just loved going to dances.
With a man named Jim.
She just adored him.
Which is why little Frances loved dances.

There was a young lady, Miss Hayward
And she was really quite wayward.
She stood on her neck
Till her hair was a wreck,
This terribly wayward Miss Hayward.

There was a young lady named Marion,
And, oh, how she did carryon.
She somersaults turned,
Notoriety earned.
People cried: "How you carryon, Marion!"

There's also a lady named White,
Who was out on a picnic one night;
Saw a black and white stone,
And gave a loud groan,
Tho't the stone was a skunk, poor Miss White!

— and the Band played on!
CLASS LADY KILLER

CLASS AIR CONTAINER

BEST DRESSED

MOST OBSERVING
Read 'em and grin.

Ashton: “Willson, have you read McDougall?”
Willson: “No.”
Ashton: “Have you read Hollingsworth?”
Willson: “No.”
Ashton: “Well, what have you read?”
Willson: “I have red flannels at home.”

Keenan (in the Hospital): “Are you a trained nurse?”
Nurse: “Yes, I am.”
Keenan: “Well, let’s see some of your tricks.”

Mrs. Reals: “Officer, Davis and Ward are shooting craps upstairs.”
Dave Gallery: “Madame, what do you think I am, a game warden?”

Bugher: “If I should kiss you would you scream for help?”
She: “I certainly should—if you required any.”

Floor Walker: “Are you looking for any particular girl?”
Thomas: “We-ll, not too particular.”

Woodcock: “Did you give up anything for Lent this year?”
Rickey: “Sure! All my New Year’s resolutions.”

Dr. Coleman: “Are you fond of autos?”
Mr. Hollister: “I certainly must be. You should have seen the truck I ate at the cafeteria.”

Cap. Andrews: “My wife kisses me every time I come home.”
Liddle: “Affection?”

Freeman: “Why don’t you allow your wife to keep ducks?”
Dr. Wing: “The remarks they make are too personal.”

Agnes: “Why did you take your hands off the wheel?”
Selover: “I wanted to see if I had a flat tire.”
Agnes: “Oh, you mean thing.”

Mr. Henderson: “Are you the man who cut my hair last time?”
Barber: “I can’t be, sir, I’ve only been here a year.”

Taxman: “Ain’t it Hell?”
Card: “What?”
Taxman: “The place we’re going.”

Dr. Coleman: “Honesty is the best policy.”
Pomeroy (after three months course with Mr. Fittz): “By golly, you’re wrong. I can prove that ‘straight life’ is the best policy.”
Miss Gove: “I’ve decided to give up Stenography.”
Mr. Millea: “No, why?”
Miss Gove: “I can’t bear having any man dictate to me.”

Alice: “I don’t think I’ll go swimming with you any more?”
Eddie: “Why not?”
Alice: “You do nothing but hug the bank.”

Mr. Millea: “I was over to O. & J.’s again yesterday.”
Savels: “You’re going to make quite a town out of Worcester, aren’t you?”
Mr. Millea: “Not unless Worcester will co-operate with me.”

Mr. Matthews: “How much do you get on a gallon?”
Mr. Fitz: “It depends on what’s in the gallon.”

ANCIENT HISTORY

Ward: “Just think, Willson, the ruins of Athens are over 2,000 years old.”
Willson: “What are you talking about, it’s only 1925?”

Mr. Matthews: “Why was that period of the cycle between 500 A. D. and 1200 A. D., known as the Dark age?”
Freeman: “Because those were the days of knights.”

Queenie: “Have you ever played the game of love?”
Marks: “Just once, but then I needed a shave and was disqualified for unnecessary roughness.”

Mr. Henderson: “Did you say she dances like a zephyr?”
John: “Not zephyr—heifer.”

Mr. Millea (speaking of one’s stature): “Now we know why they grow so big in California. They have plenty of room to grow in.”
Selover: “Where were you brought up—Rhode Island?”

Father: “You’ll have to stop running around with that girl. She’s too wild for you, son.”
Rickey: “She isn’t wild, Father. She makes a wonderful pet.”

Dad: “Son, you should be very proud of our family tree.”
???? “Well, I don’t know, it’s pretty shady.”

Student: “You’ll make somebody a good wife.”
Miss Secretary: “Well, I hope to goodness some one finds it out.”

SOME CLEAN ONES

Pond: “I had a terrible shock last night. I lost my ring in the bath tub.”
Kleiser: “That’s nothing—I leave a ring in the tub every night.”

Newcomer: “I should like a large front room with bath.”
Mr. Burt: “Have you a reservation?”
Newcomer: “What do you think I am, an Indian?”

Taxman: “Hello! Is this the weather bureau? How about that shower tonight?”
Weather Bureau: “Don’t ask us. If you need one, take it.”

Hughes: “Do you mean to tell me that clock will run eight days without winding?”
Gourd: “Yes.”
Hughes: “Well, then, how long will it run if you wind it?”