



T. G. BAYLESS

Grace—"I hear that you and Jack kissed and made up the other night."
Alice—"Well, Jack kissed and I had to make-up again."

With Bugs Bard

A born vivant was Harold Dephew; his shoes were Florsheim's own. His ties were of killing hue, hit hat was Stetson grown. Like Billy Bryan he had a line. His flapper friends just knew, that Wally Reid and 'Gene O'Brien had nothing on Dephew. He made a goose egg in his chem; in Math, he made an "E." And sage old pros poured down on him dire words of prophesy. "Take heed," quoth they, "this will not bring you in the hall of fame. There's nothing gained by majoring in an idle social game. For you, the bow-wows sure will get; you'll toil for pauper's pay." But Harold paid them not one whit, and made a date with Fay.

Well, fourteen years old Daddy Time has tucked beneath his cap; Dephew has yet to earn a dime and yet to hit a tap. A Kuppenheimer work

of art adorns his manly tank; he has ten cars that always start and owns the First State Bank. Our hero thru his natural life, did neither tail nor spin. But gift of gab won him a wife that owned the L. & N.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," he explained to her as he turned the car into a dark side of the road.

Help!

Tillie—"Oh, it's coming down!"
Willie—"Will a safety pin be of any—"

Tillie—"Fresh! I mean the rain."

"No little one, the plot of 'He Who Gets Slapped' does not hinge on a kiss."

"Oh, Billy, I've taken up golf!"
"Fine, what do you go around in?"
"Oh, you get so personal."

School Spirit.

Mays—"Yes, I'm out for track."

K. D.—"Well if you stick around me you will soon increase your speed."

Prof.—"Do you know what the story of 'Paradise Lost' is about, Mr. Dewhurst?"

Dew (awakening and turning angrily to his seatmate who has given him a warning jab) —"What the devil did—"

Prof. (interrupting)—"Correct."

"Conductor, does this street car go by Limestone?"

"No, ma'am, it goes by electricity. All aboard."

Bit O' Wisdom
(Wun Hu Nos)

A real He-man is one who loses without squealing and wins without beating a drum.

Those who do nothing for a living never finish the task.

When a bunch of girls get together, the Lord pity the first one to leave. Girls possessing both beauty and brains are dangerous to fool with.

A Teddybear sat on the ice,
"Twas cold as cold could be;
Then he got up and walked away,
"My ale is told," said he.

Bill—"Jane's heart is in the right place."

Alma—"Yes, she doesn't believe in corsets."

What Do You Think?

Lavin—I have you down for two tickets. We are getting up a raffle for a poor old college professor who is down and out.

Albright—"No, thanks, no tickets for me. I wouldn't know what to do with the old boy if I won him."

When will they crown Bill King of the south?

Now Girls, Take Warning.

Boden—"Did that Kappa Sig kiss you last night?"

Wells—"No, darn it! I resisted too long!"

LOST LIST

Information concerning the following "lost" alumni is sought by the alumni office:

Class of '79—Caleb Sykes Perry, Henry Moses Wright.

Class of '80—George Croghan Whatley.

Class of '84—Burton Pendergast Eubank, Otis Violett Riley.

Class of '90—Margaret Agnes Wilson.

Class of '92—John Gee Maxey.

Class of '93—Mrs. George W. Dunlap, Catherine Innis Adams, Morton Sanders Riley, Cora E. Ware.

Class of '94—Edwin Chesterfield Aulick, Benjamin Christopher Keiser, William Clay Trigg.

Class of '95—Joseph Milton Downing.

Class of '96—John Henry Trigg.

Class of '99—Joseph Morrow, Sidney Allen Smith.

Class of '00—John Emerson Hestand, Leslie Hundley, Thomas Almon Jones.

Class of '01—Garnett Rosel Klein, Thomas Brent Moore, Mrs. Robert M. Tuttle (Flora Emma Rankin.)

Class of '02—John Lee Stoner, Flemen Coffee Taylor.

Class of '03—Mrs. Francis Harrison Ellis (Mary Wickliffe Austin), Clarence Albert Galloway, Jackson Pate Whittinghill.

Class of '04—William David Gray, Francis Joseph Montgomery, Sarah Cleveland Smedley, Claude Robert Smith, Thomas Marshall Smith, Cornelius Ware.

Class of '05—Oscar Robert Kroell, Ernest James Murphy, Artemus Denman Murrell, George Lucas Paddison, Elijah Bland Stiles, Mrs. Scott Braden (Sallyneill Wathen), Walter Siemon Weaver, Charles Roy Wright

You are writing gospel,
A chapter each day,
With the deeds that you do,
And the words that you say;
Men read what you write,
Whether faithless or true;
Say, what is the Gospel,
According to you?

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