WHY WORRY? YOU'RE SAFE AS LONG AS YOU HAVE SUSPENDERS

I am now thoroughly disillusioned and fully convinced that "There ain't no Santa Claus." Six weeks before Christmas I wrote him a letter and asked for SOCKS. To all my friends I made known the fact that I wanted SOCKS, and following is proof for my statement about that eminent myth referred to as Santa Claus:

What I Wanted — Socks, Cigarettes, Socks, Gloves, Socks.
What I Received — Handkerchiefs, Cigars, Neckties, Scarf, Ash Tray.

I got a pair of garters too, but I need SOCKS. If there were a Santa Claus he surely would have brought me SOCKS. As it is now I can put my feet in either end of my SOCKS!—The Man on the Balcony.

* * *

DIOGENES, HERE'S YOUR MAN!

WANTED AT ONCE — About 500 people to give me some insurance to write, about half that many to buy farms, and a few people to make farm loans for and then I will be going good. When you feel that you can't get skinned anywhere else you just as well come and let me try it. If I don't do it complete and satisfactory, your money refunded. Frank Andrews, Real Estate and Insurance.—Moorhead, Iowa, Register.

* * *

NEVER HOLLER "HEY!" TO A GRASS WIDOW

Now I'm offa wimmen for good. When one of them dropped her handbag I picked it up and ran after her hollering "Hey! Hey!" When I caught up to her and was about to give her the bag, she turned and gave me a sock on the jaw. Then she took the bag away from me.—Pussyfoot Al.

* * *

TIT FOR TAT

A lawyer was arguing with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are villains," said the doctor, "but you'll admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the lawyer, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."—G. C.

* * *

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Applicant: "... and I was educated at Yale and Harvard. . . ."
Employer: "Well, can't you sue them?"

* * *

WHAT PRICE GRANDFATHERHOOD!

He's a grandfather. His grandchild a girl. One day he called on her. It so happened that he wore spats, as grandfathers do. When she saw him, she said: "Jones, what's that hanging out of your pants legs? Jones, is it your shirt?"
THE GRADUATING CLASS

On Thursday, February 17th, the survivors of those who matriculated in February, 1924, will graduate with suitable commencement exercises to be held at the Eighth Street Theater, 8th Street and Wabash Avenue.

The class has yet to demonstrate its claim to distinction as lawyers but as a class of undergraduates it is not without its own peculiar distinctions. First, it was the largest midyear class ever to matriculate at Chicago-Kent. Secondly, it was the direct and proximate cause of Chicago-Kent attaining the high water mark in enrollment. Thirdly, it is the largest midyear class that has ever graduated from Chicago-Kent. Fourthly, it is the only midyear class that has ever outnumbered the following June class.

It is the last remaining student group which started out in the former location of the School, in the Lake View Building, and which witnessed and participated in the exciting times of the transition period in Chicago-Kent’s history. Its members were scattered throughout the five sections of the freshman class, for even the large class room secured for that purpose in the Church building was too small to accommodate all who desired to attend the evening sessions of the School. The handicap of the student or instructor whose schedule called for a 6:30 class at the Church Building and a 7:45 class at the Lake View Building, or, later in the semester, at the present school building, need only be mentioned to be appreciated.

The class was led in its career by the following presidents:

W. H. Murphy, 2nd semester, 1923-4
Harold Fishbein, entire year 1924-5
W. H. Murphy, entire year 1925-6
Carlyle Guibor, 1st semester 1926-7

IN 31 WORDS WILL IS TOLD; WIFE TO GET ALL HIS GOLD

Newark, N. J., June 2.—Frederick E. Castle's will, admitted to probate here today, consists of the following quatrain:

"All my earthly goods I have in store,
To my dear wife I leave forevermore;
I freely give—no limit do I fix;
This is my will and she the executrix."

Castle was an insurance broker. He died last month.

TOLD TO GRACE COOPER BY C. H. NANZ

After taking the examination in negotiable instruments I have concluded that many a note of legal tenor has been uttered with base (bass) motives.—C. H. N.