HERE has been much discussion about the number of original jokes in the world. Opinions vary, some estimates placing it as high as forty-nine, while others put it as low as seven. We are of the latter opinion ourselves, though six of these remain unknown to us. The seventh is the one contained in the famous Precipice story as related by Dr. Giarc of the University of Montana. So we beg of ye, ye reseda Freshmen and peachy Sophs, that ye judge not so that ye be not judged when your time may come, and read the following—not placing it upon its own merits, but rather upon the efforts of those worthy and self-sacrificing martyrs who ran up the matter over these pages.

THE JOSH EDITORS.
Here's to Prexie Craigie-o—
He thinks he makes the whole thing go,
For he's a hummer, don't you know?
O, here's to Prexie Craigie.

Here's to Aber, hotentot.
The oldest fossil in the lot,
And all he says is rotten rot.
Oh, here's to Willie Aber.

Here's to Elrod, sun-of-a-gun.
We'll tar and feather him just for fun,
And do it again when that is done.
Oh, here's to Buggy Elrod.

Here's to Rowe, just ask him why,
What makes the salt go up so high,
The formula he can't deny.
Oh, here's to Baldy Rowe.
Here's to Harkins, so august,
The boys, he says, he cannot trust,
The locks upon the doors they bust.
Oh, here's to Billy Harkins.

Here's to Scheuch, now don't you care,
He always is so debonair.
At Heidelberg he got the air.
Oh, here's to Fritzie Scheuch.

Here's to Snoddy, with a bold, bad eye,
The biggest cherry in the pie,
The girls all smile as he goes by.
Oh, here's to Reuben Snoddy.

Here they come with fife and drum,
With fife and drum, O, here they come,
They look as if they're on the bum.
The Faculty U. of M.

Here's to Bob, the engineer,
The girls all think that he's a dear,
The one he's anchored to, is here.
Oh, here's to Robert Sibley.

Here's to the Wolf within our fold,
He's out to get Montana's gold,
But he'll find out that he's got sold.
Oh, here's to Beardiz Wolf.
"Where's Leo today?"
"Having his picture taken."
"Well, will that take him all day?"
"Probably. They will have to take it in sections, don't you know?"

Why didn't the Quill and Dagger boys take part in "Richelieu?"

**At the Hawthorne.**

A very heated discussion was in progress, so heated, in fact, that the chair began to smoke.

"Mr. Chairman," a member, young and new to the business, began, "Mr. Chairman, I arise to a point of order."

At being so thusly addressed the chair groaned, squeaked, and finally collapsed.

"Order!" he roared, "Order! I never heard of such a thing."

And the crestfallen memoer hastily subsided.

Miss Myers—"Shall I reserve a seat for you in church, Mr. Jones?"
Mr. Jones—"Well—er, yes."
And she did.

Who is Chas. Waddell? Ask Miss Summers.

"Mr. Moore, if you were travelling abroad, what city would you visit first?"
Mr. M.—"Florence."

One of our alumni, upon seeing Dr. Craig pass:

"Oh! There goes my Alma Mater."

There was a young man named Ed, who had all kinds of wheels in his head.
He made up a song, which was really quite long, and his tones were as heavy as lead.

**In Ornithology.**

Prof. Elrod to Ethel Evans—"What is your favorite bird, Miss Evans?"
E. E. (with a start)—"Turkey."

**According to House of Jericho Sage.**

"The Hawthorne boasts of a Herculean, a Demosthenes, a Moore-at-ease, a Weak-in-the-knees, and a Bishop-at-ease."

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**U. of M. Alphabet.**

A is for Averill, from Townsend she hails.
B is for Bonner, with Lawretta he sails.
C is for Cary, about girls he don't care.
D is for Dimmick, a specimen rare.
E is for Evans, Ethel, Mary or Maude.
F is for Farrel, who's much of a fraud.
G is for Glancy, a senior forsooth.
H is for Haywood, a marvelous youth.
I is for Ingalls, from lab she was fired.
J is for Johnson, by girls much admired.
K is for Kellogg, the boys she adores.
L is for Lucy, towards Sandpoint he soars.
M is for Marks, who plays in the band.
N is for Nothing which we've always at hand.
O is for the Orchestra, sweet tunes greet our ears.
P is for Palmer, the dearest of dears.
Q is for Quist, just past "sweet sixteen."
R is for Robb, with studious mien.
S is for Stewards, Arminta and Della.
T is for Tucker, a charming young fellah!
U was for Urase, but he's left us now.
V is for 'Varsity, to which we all bow.
W is for Willis, a plain country jake.
X is for 'Xercise, which we don't take.
Y is for Yule, a Richelieu page.
Z is for Zealous, that means Maud and me.

Leo, Leo, light and tall,
Deep in love with a girl did fall,
She was dark and very small,
And—that's all.

Hey diddle, diddle,
Bob and the fiddle,
Willie played the bassoon.
The little preps. laughed
To see such sport,
When the orchestra played out of tune.

**A Tragedy in One Act, or, How Leo Made His A in Calculus.**

**Scene I.**

(On the stairs to Miss Reiley's room.)
Leo—"Say, Dell, did you get that seventh problem?"
Dell—"Yep."
"You did? Give it to me."
"Nope."
"Any one else got it?"
“Nope; I’m going to stay.”

SCENE II.
(Mathematics room.)
Miss Reiley—“Did anyone succeed in getting that seventh problem?”
Dell—“I did.”
Miss R.—“Ell, you may put it on the board and, Mr. Greenough, you may also try it.”
(Leo passing to board picks up Dell’s problem from his desk.)

SCENE III.
(Leo discovered covering three boards with Dell’s problem, Dell sitting despondently at his seat.)
Miss R.—“Ell now, Mr. Grush, I thought you had the problem.”
(Leo shakes his fist at Grush.)
Dell—“Well, Miss Reiley, I—I haven’t mine. After all, I can’t seem to get this part.”

SCENE IV.
(As the 12:30 bell rings.)
Miss Reiley—“Class excused. Mr. Grush may remain a moment.” (Later)—“Ell now. Mr. Grush, you are not keeping up to your standard. Mr. Greenough will pass you if you aren’t careful.”
(12:45, in the hall below, Greenough is discovered roaring and hanging.)—“Te! he! This is one on you.”
Grush collapses—“Aw, get out!”

SIDE TALKS.
It is with much trepidation that the editors of the “Sentinel” have decided, after much urging, to add a department to those already outlined, called “Side Talks With Needy Students”—and others. The assistance of one eminently fitted for the task has been procured, and questions which have been recently received will be answered under this heading.

House of Jericho—No, sweaters and negligees are not considered good form for college wear.

Freshman—You are mistaken in supposing that the Eta Phi Mu has a monopoly on the girls and campus. We refer you to the Sigma Nu for confirmation of our statement.

E. McC.—We think that Chas. Dyson would make a model husband, but this is a question you should settle for yourself.

G. L. R. L.—For light summer reading we would suggest such interesting tales as: “Why I Came Back to Chene,” by Blanche Ingalls; “The Princess or The Tiger,” by Clarkia; “Twenty Trips to Deer Lodge,” by Ed. Simons; “Moore’s Poems,” by Florence Johnson; “How to Put up Picnic Luncheons,” by Thula Toole.

J. Mills, and others—We do not consider smoking at meals bad for the digestion, but sometimes it spoils the appearance of the eyelashes.

Inquirer—No, the Silent Sentinel does not run the University; it only tries to. Dr. Craig is the head push.

M. I. K. E.—Yes, it is perfectly proper for you to manifest such an interest in the young gentleman’s German progress. We wish you success.

Vincent Stuart Wiley Craig—it is not necessary for you to make a name for yourself; you have enough already.

Miss Kellogg—No, we do not consider your course in Elocution too stiff. In fact we think it a good thing to make those Freshmen work a little once in a while.

Ralph Harmon—we agree with you that it is a good thing to reserve that table in the library for your own and her use. It is a good thing to always know where to find her.

B. Sands—it is really unwise for you to encourage those poor chaps so. Of course we know you do not mean anything by it, but they are too young to understand all this.

Librarian—it certainly is very annoying to be interrupted when reading the last magazine, and very inconsiderate of the students to wish them before you are through, also thoughtless, to say the least,
to expect you to find any books for them. We think you deserve much credit for always looking so pleasant about it.

Economical Student—By all means go to the House of Jericho to board.

Ignorance—If you wish to be right in style you must not fail to get a cap with three buttons across the top, also yellow denim trousers. It is considered comme il faut to wear the collar of your soft shirt turned up, nowadays.

Deutcher Studenten—My dear girl, if you have cut only twenty-three times in one semester there is not the slightest danger of your being flunked in German.

Local Editors of Kaimin—We think the girls are quite right in being indignant at your write up of the Eta Phi Mu party on January 21. "Lady friends" is a term synonymous with "servant girls."

Prof. Noddy—Your suggestion to pass coffee to your first hour class is an excellent one. You will doubtless find that it will stimulate an interest and keep the students awake.

Beau Brummel—You have stated your question frankly; we will answer the same. Do not think that every time a girl smiles in the library she has a case on you. She may be reading something funny.

Tib Adams—Indeed you are mistaken in believing it correct to stamp your foot in chapel when applauding. Prexy does not encourage it.

Overheard at the Hall.

No one in this town has a picture of me but Fred. Oh, I like Cary, he is so swell—I danced nine times with him—That was the first time I met Leo. I stood there a long time and LaDelle wouldn’t introduce me.—Would you believe it, May H. weighs two pounds more than I?—Has she a case on Bob?—Going to the play?—Sure; I wouldn’t miss it.—What’s the matter with my feet?—Kids, we had the best time at that hallowe’en party—He is one of the dearest boys—Agnes and Ray had the awfulest case, too—I don’t believe she had, but I know he has yet—Did you ever have a case?—No, I like to have boy friends, but—Well, I should think they would be handy—Say, did you hear about—There comes Miss Whitney!!! Lights out!

Why, I was thinking what a great big chump Ed. Williams was not to ride home.

Of Course.

Critical Student—"Why, there’s no action in ‘As You Like It.’ They simply all meet, talk, and get married."

Cary—"Well, that’s a natural action."

Janitor (reading from blackboard, "Find the least common denominator of 2·3·4·7.")—"Well, have they lost that thing again?"

That Bad Boy.

Miss K.—"Breathe deep and ask a question in a murmur."

Flyrne—"Do you love me?"

Miss K. (blushing)—"You seem very sentimental today, Mr. Flynn."

First Bright Student—Myra doesn’t get her German so well any more.

Second Student—No, she doesn’t get by Hart any more.

Easter Time.

Prof. Wolfe—"Whatever is becoming, isn’t."

Young Lady (tearfully)—"Well, if my new hat is becoming, isn’t it?"
A Lab. Episode.

The young lady was working in the lab. with four boys when the wind blew some of her plates off the window and smashed them into five hundred eleven pieces. Patiently she began to pick them up. Then F—H—rose to his feet, saying: "If there be anyone here who deserves the name of gentleman, who ever again wishes to own the title, he will help the young lady pick up the pieces."

Reluctantly J—L—left his chair and, with very bad grace, went to assist the maiden. When he had finished he went back to work and remarked, "Aren't you going to give me the title?"

F. H.—"What title?"
"Why, the one I've just earned."
"Oh, hellow, janitor!"

The Bozeman team on Thanksgiving day said "It's a cinch, a walk-away."
(It was.)

"All is not beer that fizzes," remarked the thoughtful student, after his third glass of bromo-seltzer.

Miss Knowles (in drawing class)—"Allan Toole."

Jay M. (for Allan, who has just gone down stairs)—"Present."

Miss K.—"Mr. Toole, will you please come to the desk, I want to see you about some absences."

Jay subsides.

Prof. Snoddy—"What appeals to modern fancy instead of Shakespeare?"

"Ten-cent show."
Carrie H. (in Elocution I) — "Oh! Milh Kellogg, I've got the hardest kind of a pieth; ith all full of tips and I can't thay them."

Just As Well.
Second Prep. (in Latin) — "Say, have you got a gate to Cesear?"
The Other Fellow — "No, but I've got a key to the gate."

Josh Editor — "Oh! I wish some one would make a joke, I haven't one."
He — "Why I thought you began last fall?"
J. E. — "I did, but I never got any further."
"That must have been the beginning of the end."

Little Helen tried to see
If she would suspended be
When her absences numbered three.
(Shewas.)

As Things Should Be.
The Preps. annihilated.
The Faculty rejuvenated.
The Seniors some wiser, less bigoted.
The Sophomores restrained.
The Freshmen tamed.
The Josh Editors assisted.
Prexy Craig added to sextette.
The Band stopped.
The Doren girls quieted.
An Automobile Touring Car for general use of students donated.
Spoony Rock less popular.
The Peetrafla serve four o'clock tea in their parlor, for hungry students.
The I-Kappa-Keg have a national chapter.
Some dandelions imported for Prof. Aber.
The Kaimin transported.
The Orchestra kidnapped.
The Juniors — as they are.

There was a professor named Rowe,
Every night to the club he did goae,
But he came home so late
That on his curly pate
His hair began early to growe.

Far Fetched.
The boys were waxing funny and the wit was flying fast and furious.
"Mr. R. will now favor us with a song," said Mr. D.
"I couldn't, it might leave a bad taste."
"Oh! come off, that's far fetched."
"Sure, I carried it clear across the bridge."

Clarkia president (after election) — "Oh! what Moore can I Cy for?"

Henry, a bright, charming youth,
Fell in love with Helen, forsooth,
But she gave him the bounce
And off he did flounce,
And it's Edna now — ain't it the truth?"

Why were Robie and Jack late to football practise?

Has It Come To This?
Prof. H. — "This solution has great affinity for gold. Now, if you would soak your watch in it you may expect never to see it again."
J. F. — "Well, I soaked mine and it wasn't in solution, but I never expect to see it again."

A Word to the Wise.
An up-to-date student, after hearing one of our chapel lectures on saving time, decided to group his courses so as not to lose so much valuable time going up and down stairs, to and from buildings. Accordingly he took Let's VI and II, History and Greek. By this arrangement he economized enough in time to read the following books:
Elements of Physiological Psychology.
All of Shakespeare's works.
13 of Cooper's works and 23 of Howell's.
The Wandering Jew.
Les Miserables.

Also memorized:
Fairie Queen.
Paradise Lost.
The Iliad.
OFFICERS

President, James H. Mills
Secretary, Jim Mills

Vice President, Fred E. Dion
Treasurer, Fred Dion

MEMBERS

James Hamilton Mills
Frederick Earnest Dion
Mills
Naughty Seven Mills
Ditto Dion
In their walks Miss Wagy and Mr. Buckhouse rest upon a wooden box. This is as near as they can get to the White House.

“Oh dear, oh dear, I sprained my wrist! Leaned too far off the horse, you know.”

True to Life.
Prof. of Psy.—“Now, I’ve been looking at these colors so long that I see all sorts of after-images. When I look at you I see green.”

Walters—“O, is it ‘Love’s Labours Lost?’ Why I know that by heart already.”

“Why does Bob rush the girls so?”
A Freshman groaningly cried.
“Because the girls rush Bobbie so,”
A Senior wisely replied.

Why does Ruth love to stroll in a cool and shady dell? Perhaps the name will tell.

That Chemistry Again.
Prof. H.—“Because diamonds are so valuable is why they are so rare. Miss I—-can you give another reason?”
Miss I.—“Because they’re so expensive.”

How cool and refreshing is the bath tub scene from House of Jericho?”
Ask Harmon or Streit.

The Sophomores’ Estimate of Themselves
1. At one time a prominent people, also name of a city—Sioux.
3. Family of great chiefs—McGregor.
5. Lumber resort in Montana—Bonner.
6. Found in name of one of our states—Mary.
7. First syllable is a foreign word for bum, the second we find at Bonner—Kellogg.
8. A great ruler—King.
9. Change a letter and have something used by merchants, etc.—Farrell.
10. A great writer—Johnson.
11. Add a prefix of two letters and have a large American river—St. Lawrence.
12. Part of a favorite dish—Welsh.
13. Something which would not be pleasant to have at our backs—Rails-back.
14. Change a letter and have something to eat—Hutter.
15. An attorney in our town—Duncan.
16. Man finds them on some animals—Feather-man.
17. Somebody thought they were Dion when they ate hot pie.
19. Quite a prominent man in Montana—Harmon.
22. Name of a flower—Ill(l)an.
23. Change one letter and have something we often cross—Streit.

P. S.—The reader may wonder why the above appears twice. Ans.—The editors did not wish to ruin the public’s prognosticating abilities.

“Just once, Stella, just once.”
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor one.
For I will all my courage need,
Those helpful crabs are gone!

Over the Telephone.
“Hello! Is Edna Fox there?”
“No, we don’t keep empty boxes here.”

Miss K.—“What are the pyramids and what is their shape?”
Miss S.—“They were a race of kings, but I don’t remember they had any particular shape.”

Sweet are the uses of the Annual,
That like the Kaimin, time-taking, non-paying,
Wears always a single trouble on its face;
And thus our work, exempt from classroom thoughts.
Finds no tales from the tattler, no boosts in the local box.
No substance in sounds, and no jokes in anyone.
We sure would change it.

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The Botany Class.
Mr. Goodbourn—"Miss Bishop, what is your favorite flower?"
Miss Bishop—"Why, Sweet Williams."
And now, Deacon, what is yours?"
Mr. Goodbourn—"Daisy."

HeLEN Goddard has lately become quite a reader of the Bible. But the strange part is, all the chapters she reads are about Adam(s).

Miss Kellogg—"Miss Toole, what have you prepared for recitation this morning?"
Miss Toole—"Well, I tried to find 'The Man in the Moon,' but couldn't."
Miss Kellogg (who has met Miss T. out strolling the night previous) — "Well, there's no reason why you couldn't find him, you certainly seemed to be trying hard enough."

Unto the bluffer, an A;
Unto the dig, a B;
But unto the bluffer,
Why don't you know,
About bluffers you never can say.

Those Orators of Ours.
Ed. had been up late the night before; he said he had. And he was sleepy while he practised his oration. Suddenly Miss K. said: "Mr. Simons, what on earth is that in your sleeve? A hairpin fast in your coat sleeve!"
Ed. became excited. "Oh, why, where could it have come from? Oh, I remember now. I was sitting on the sofa—at home, I mean."

Mere Oblivion.
Mr. D.—"Miss Murray, we want to or-
ganize a walking club. Now, you see, we will all go walking whenever we can."

Miss Murray (enthusiastically)—"That will be grand! When can we commence? Right soon? And who will be in the club? You and I, anyway. Tell me all about it."

Mr. D.—"Oh, just a few. And let’s start out Sunday. I’ll come at eight o’clock Sunday morning and we’ll go for a fine tramp."

The sequel of the affair was that when Mr. D. came for Miss Murray Sunday morning, she was enjoying her beauty-sleep, and as he was not deaf he precipitately retired. It is not known positively whether Miss Murray has ever since been initiated into the mysteries of a walking club.

"Daisy had such a pretty bathing suit last summer. It was red, and low-necked."

"Well, if it was low-necked, how did she keep the water from running down her back?"

The decorating committee was riding around the campus enjoying old David, and each other’s company.

"Why aren’t you at work?" called out an onlooker who saw the cozy corner proposition dwindling down to a couple of long barn benches.

"We are. We’re decorating the campus, they shouted back. Whereupon the onlooker turned away, shaking his head at the conceit of mankind.

Prof. Snoddy (in third Prep. Rhet.)—“Mr. Morrison, what is your favorite character in fiction?"

Jay Morrison—"Huckleberry Finn."

A Prep.’s Lament.

Somewhere down in the lower hall
Hangs the old clock upon the wall,
Distinct as the tardy footsteps fall
It echoes along the vacant hall.

And I wait with bated breath
For the ring of that bell, for I’m scared to death.

Forever, Never,
Never, forever.

My name comes next in the alphabet,
Oh, why this lesson did I not get?
Last night I did not study at all,
Only went out to make a call.

But if that fellow will continue his rhyme
I’ll see that I’m prepared next time.

Forever, Never,
Never, forever.

It’s strange how sometimes time does fly,
How the minutes and hours roll quickly by,

But when I wait for the bell to ring
I feel as if care to the winds I’d fling.

But the only thing I can do, alas!
Is to patiently wait for the time to pass.

Never, Never,
Never, Never.
But now she's called on me at last,
And my fondest hopes are past.
"Miss Kellogg, I'm not prepared today."
"Then after class you'll have to stay."
As she ends the bell begins to ring,
Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, a-ling.
Forever, Forever.
Forever, Forever.

If one gram of steam has 532 calories
of heat, how many calories has a Hot Tamale?

It is the ambition of a prominent member
of Hawthorne to reduce the number
of Bishops in Montana.

"All is not gold that glitters," he said
sadly, as he held up the sparkling jewel
the morning after the scrap.

Never mind, little boy, don't cry.
You'll be a Junior bye-and-bye!

Smartie.
She (with veil on her hat)—"See! I've
taken the veil."
He—"Oh, you have to give the mitten
before you take the veil."

Jean he was a little boy,
A charming little feliah;
Oft went he to the Dorm. to call
On a pretty maid named—Miss Whitney.

In Pol. Econ.
Dr. W.—"Miss Ward, please state Grusham's Law."
Miss Ward—"A—well—which one?"

APPENDIX.
We will tell you we've shot blinded,
You may doubt it.
You may say we aimed at many
Without ever missing any.
We are sorry you've denied it,
We were merely absent-minded
While about it.