After Dinner Speakers
By W. E. Hill

"Good Heaven's, is Fred going to tell that old chestnut?" (Just the last wife of an after dinner speaker, about to listen for the thousandth time to an aged joke.)

The Bob Stuff. "Ladies and gentlemen, when I see our flag, waving in the breeze, a lump comes into my throat, and the tears flow down my cheeks unheeded as I realize that you have at last a patriotic, unsullied and magnanimous man as candidate for congressman—and the man I am speaking of is none other, center of the booth word, than that two hundred per cent American, Patrick K. Bloodsworth!"

The Professional Humorist. Luke is in great demand whenever a public dinner is staged. He is one of those naturally comical boys who can see a laugh in everything. Luke is convincing the Rotary boys with the one about the bride who kept getting into the wrong berth on the Pullman sleeper.

Fraternity Banquet. Brother Harold Roll of the Omega chapter of Eta Omicron Phi, and delegate to the fraternity convention, has come all the way from Seattle university to boost the Omega boys. "We have pledged ten freshmen this fall," says Brother Roll, "one of them has already made the team, two more are on the inter-fraternity football team, and still another expects to be taken on the freshman basketball team. And one freshman pledge has a $12500 car!"

Women's Club Luncheon. The Woman's Pencil and Paper club, composed of women who are doing big things in the arts, such as weaving, painting, and selling insurance, has as its guest of honor Miss Willa Tarveliger, the nature writer. Willa, as you probably know, is the author of "Forty-seven Kinds of Golden Rod," and "How to Tell the Larks from the Larkspur." Willa is about to get up and read a chapter from her latest work, "Our Northern Pauty Willow and Where to Find It."

Impromptu Speaker. Seymour has looked upon the liquor many times this evening. When a delegate rises to make a speech, Seymour yells, "Whisper! Put him out, fellows! He's snoozing!"

Uplift Work. "The Society for the Prevention of Indecent Attire" is holding its annual business luncheon at the Phylum club and Mrs. T. Fairman Toothball, recording secretary, is speaking at length on the year's work. "And ladies, I hope that each and every one of you will leave no stone unturned until, in 1921, we have the petticoat and camisole back in vogue. Are there any suggestions?"

Meet Mrs. Mattie O. Noonan, member of the "Daughters of Mehribel," which meets this Wednesday in the banquet hall of the Nineveh Centre Oddfellows hall. After a supperssive repeat Mrs. Noonan will read a paper on "The Stars and Stripes of our flag—what they mean to us and what we mean to them."

Service Club Lunch. "Now, boys, let's everybody turn to page two of the song book and all join in, to the tune of 'Kiss Me Again,' with: 'Sunshine or rain, We won't complain, We are the boys of Rotunia. Laughter or tears, Free from all fear, Safe in the arms of Rotunia.'"

The Convention Banquet. We have with us this evening, Mr. Saul Kinksky, chairman of the banquet committee of the Associated Atomiizer Manufacturers, convening at Atlantic City. After several verses and a running chorus of the Atomiizer Manufacturers' theme song, Come on and gargle along. With solutions weak and strong. Gargle along, gargle along. Whangie glogle (sound of gargling). Saul will suggest that a telegram of greeting from the Atomiizer Manufacturers be sent to President and Mrs. Hoover."