



The Faculty.

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.



HO revels in bending moments,
Strains, stresses and foundations,
And whose exams. make students think
In dashes and exclamations?

“Old Dave.”

Who “rises superior to the text,”
And “busts” before his classes,
Who thinks himself a Solomon,
And all other men are asses.

“Old Charby.”

Who is it runs the College
In such an all-wise way,
And who with funny (?) class-room jokes
Thoroughly bores us day by day?

“Old Doc.”

Who is it teaches how to write
Essays and compositions,
And in Senior “Monthlies” doth delight
Despite all our petitions?

“Old Morris.”

Who says “‘the poetry of math’
Is found in Analyt;”
Who has half-a-dozen hobbies,
And of reason not a bit?

“Old Foot.”

Who is that fair-faced little boy
Wearing always long-tailed coats,
Who finds an ideal in "old White,"
And solace in giving notes?

"Little Charley"

Who is it that teaches Chemistry,
As he lectures like a hero,
Who tells you "Yes, sir, that is right,"
As he marks you down a zero?

"Old Harry."

Who is the "huffy" little gent
That speaks all modern lingo,
Who laughs at you, and "busts" you
Till you wish him dead, by jingo?

"Old Zip."

Who goes in for a classic skim
Of all the Greek and Latin writers,
Who talks of "humor classical,"
In fact, with classics doth surfeit us?

"Old Wood."

