

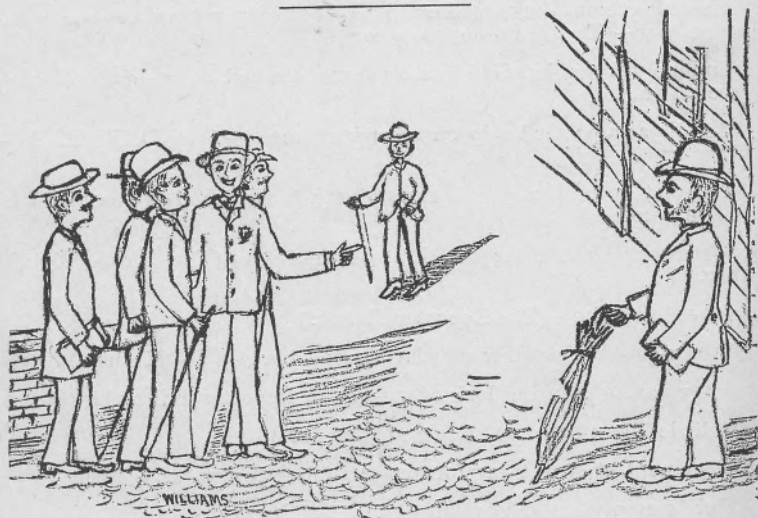
## SLOGS

PROFESSOR—(In recitation at Physics, turning the plate of the electrical machine)—“Mr. W - k - r please describe the action of the electrical machine.”

W - k - r—“Well, sir, it is a glass plate, turned by a crank....”  
(Professor suddenly stops turning the plate.)

WHITE—“Mr. Cr-w-rd, where does the plant get its carbon?”

CR - W - RD—“From NH<sub>3</sub>.”



WOULD-BE-CHAMPION-DEBATER—“Hello, D-z-r, I'm mighty glad to see you how are you?”

D-z-r ('89)—“O, pretty well, how are you?”

W. B. C. D (Confidentially)—“Say, D-z-r, I would like mighty well to have your vote for champion debate.”

D-z-r—“Well, —, I like you very well, but I'll have to vote for those other fellows. You see I've decided to vote strictly on merit this year.”  
(He never smiled again.)

CHARBEY—“Now, Bailey, lower that window about two centimetres, please”

BAILEY (Thunderstruck)—“Do what, boss!”

CHARBEY—“Lower it a couple of centimetres.”

BAILEY (Looks all over the window for some new screws)—“Boss, I don't see de place, sir.”

CRAWFORD ('87) [Very much in doubt]—“Now White said, use H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>, and Strahan said use sulphuric acid, and I'll be blowed if I knowed which to use.”

“ZIP”—“Mr. Foreman, why was you absent on last Wednesday?”

FOREMAN ('87) [Piously]—“Well Professor, that was Good Friday, and I went to church that day, sir.”



PROF. MATH—"Mr. Kline, if you add  $7x$  to  $3x$  what do you get?"

KLIN— "The sum, sir."

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
 To get her poor Doggy a bone.  
 But Ch-r-s W-lk-r got there  
 So the cupboard was bare,  
 And thus the poor Doggy got none.

WHITE—(Ten or twelve in succession have answered unprepared)—  
 "Mr. El-an, in what condition was K plant food originally found?"

EL-AN—"Un——"

WHITE—"—decomposed silicates; yes, sir. Where is it usually found, sir?"

EL-AN—"Un——"

WHITE—"—der the surface layer, yes sir; very good, sir. It is not probable, is it, sir, that we shall be able to make them soluble?"

EL-AN—"Unprepared, sir."

Don't risk it—don't risk it—  
 A Summey House biscuit  
 Won't do 'till you're ready to die,  
 I advise you to wait  
 When they pass 'round the plate  
 And avoid dissolution thereby.

J-N-S—"Mr. R-c-e, if you came across some of these ice markings, where would you look for the terminus of the glaeier?"

R-C-E—"At the end, sir."

