

PROFESSOR IN ENGINEERING —“Mr. W-h-t-h-e-d, how do you find the true Meridian with the compass ?”

W-H-T-H-D —“You take a piece of tin, catch the reflection of Polaris, and put a brick on it.”

PROFESSOR IN PHYSICS —“Mr. W-r-g-t, what does water do on freezing ?”

W-R-G-T —“Becomes a solid.”

PROF. R —D —“Mr. Burrows, What is the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle equal to ?”

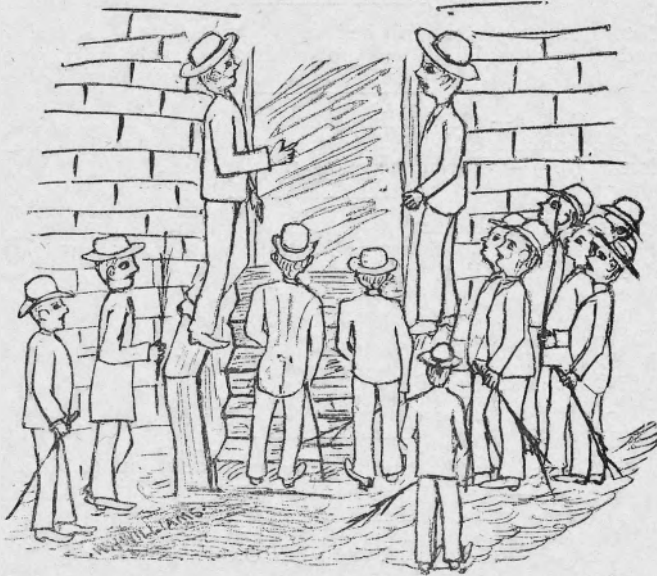
BURROWS —“The sum of the other two, sir.”

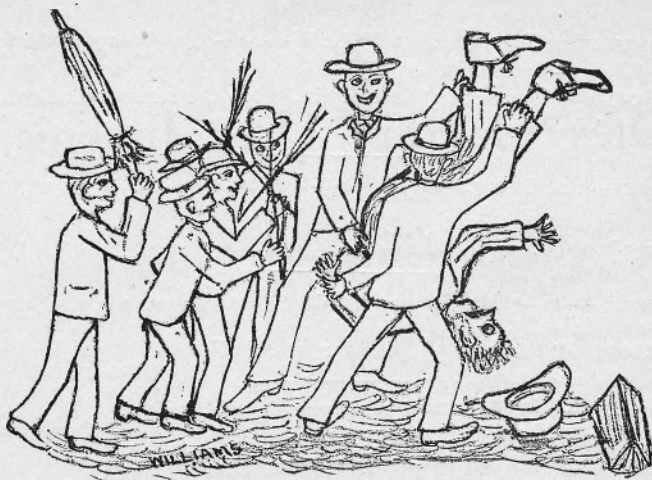
PROF. C —R —“Mr. — what is velocity ?”

STUDENT —“Velocity is what a man puts his hot plate down with.”

E. C. D-v-s ('88) says, that “the parabola will sorter do, but he can't stand the eclipse.”

FRESH —“What does the vice-president of the Junior Class do ?”  
SOPHOMOROS —“He presides over the vice in the Junior Class.”





E. C. K.—TZ ('88) [Just after a lecture on ACETIC ACID] “—White just kept on talking about a CEDAR CASKET and I dont see how a CEDAR CASKET can have a formula, anyhow.”

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Here lies a student—he owed a bill.  
Doomed by a creditor this grave to fill.

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THOMPSON ('89)—“I don't believe — will fight He called me a liar, and when I told him I was not a liar, he would'nt do a blamed thing.”

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PROF. C—R—“Mr. Elkin, how do you prevent the errors that might arise from this ?”

ELKAN ('87)—“You make allowance for them.”

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SMITH ('87) [soliloquizing]—“This thing must be wrong, he talks about at least a dozen different radii. I'd like to know how many radii a sphere has anyhow.”

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There was a young man named G-rb-tt  
Whose form resembled a target,  
The Zeta Chi's hazed him,  
Which much amazed him,  
This Moses Wadley Garbett.

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D-v s ('87)—When he smiles and nods look out for some fun,  
He's nursing a word and will get off a pun.

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M-LN-R ('87)—Find me a bottle of H<sub>2</sub>O, please.

R-CE ('87)—I can find no H<sub>2</sub>O, but here is some water.

## Dies Gaudii - Dies Juvenis.

O college days! O days of joy!  
 When all the world seems fair ;  
 When pleasure has no base alloy,  
 And hope pervades the air.

The gayest, brightest, time of life,  
 The freest from all care ;  
 When everything with bliss is rife,  
 And friends are everywhere.

Before cold contact with the world  
 Has warped each gen'rous thought ;  
 Before the wings of Hope are furled,  
 And all is lost that's sought!

When friends are friends in deed —not word—,  
 And friends for love alone ;  
 When common aims together gird  
 Warm hearts of flesh —not stone!

When all things wished for lie before,  
 And, seeming, may be won ;  
 When, gazing, we behold the shore  
 Illumed by youth's fair sun.

The golden future, which enthalls  
 Our raptured longing gaze ;  
 But which, when noonday on it falls,  
 Fast pales beneath the blaze!

Apples of Sodom —round and fair,  
 But wormwood to the taste—  
 Are all things which —in prospect dear—  
 We grasp with frenzied haste!

O joyous days! when no dark cloud  
 Obscures bright Hope's fair dawn,  
 But rosy tinted cloudlets shroud  
 The radiance of the morn!

When e'en the passing shades of doubt,  
 Swift wafted by the breeze,  
 In brilliant loveliness shine out—  
 By changeful beauty please!

For youth's fair sun can quick dispel  
 The deepest Stygian gloom ;  
 Can dissipate the shades of hell,  
 And light the darkest doom!