

Hot Shot

"You must prepare your bosoms for our knives."

"An all-pervading presence."

PROF. MONIN.

"You are old, Father William."

MR. MANNING.

"And blushes crown his lovely cheek."

MR. BREWSTER.

"A sturdy man was he."

PROF. GORE.

"Lost in a labyrinth of logarithms."

PROF. PHILLIPS.

"A silent teacher."

MR. KREHBIEL.

"Presiding o'er an atmosphere of drugs and smells."

PROF. McCLEMENT.

"Give the devil his dues."

DON HARRIS, Treasurer, '00.

"Ach, du lieber Augustine."

CHARLEY HERRMANN, '01.

"Short and sweet."

MISS MILLER, '02.

"Resplendent locks, enwreathed with beams."

L. R. LEVINGS, '02.

"For I loved that cook like a brother, did I,
And he simply worshipped me."

{ DON WILLARD AND
JIMMY CRAWFORD, '00.

"He'd rather on a gallows dangle,
Than lose his dear delight, to wrangle."

M. HART, '00.

"So I put on de gloves for a minit er two
And landed him one in de slats."

D. E. NICHOLS, '00.

"As tall to an inch as he is wide."

A. HALL, '00.

"What's the use of chewing the rag when you can get
Adams' Pepsin?"

MISS EISENDRATH, '01.

"Rubbernecks."

R. DYER, '01.