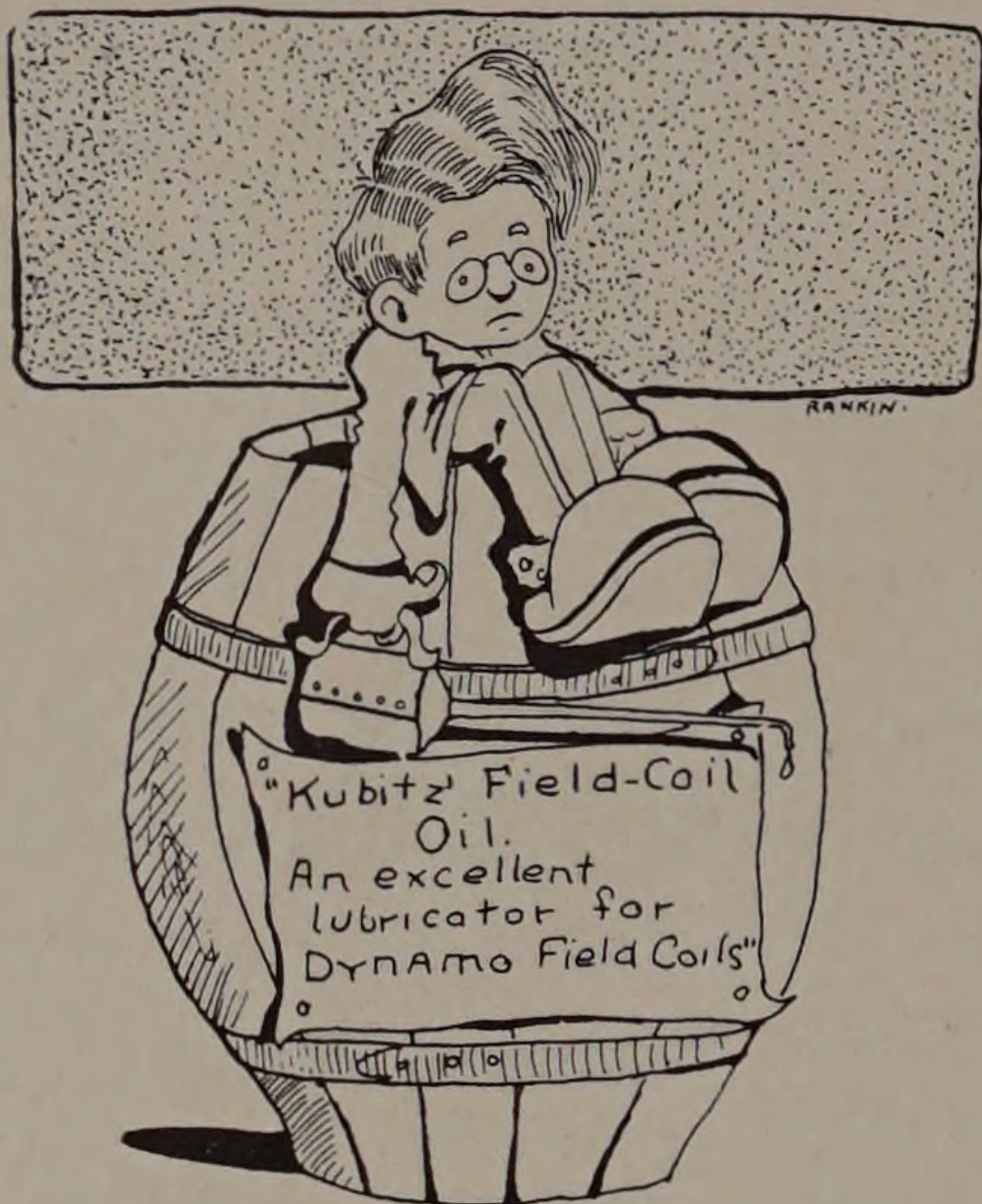


## THE INTEGRAL



ENOUGH SAID.

Ouch!

*Close Shave Dan, the barber man,  
Upon his oath alleges  
He caught his helper cutting nicks  
In all the razors' edges.*

*The helper, in his sworn reply,  
The accusation won't deny,  
But says, with razors it's the same as books:  
Deckel edges help de luxe.*

### College Days

*First Stranger* (watching game)—“Ah, these practice games in the early fall! How they remind one of his own college days when he sighed for a place on the team! How it quickens one's blood to live it all over again!”

*Second Stranger*—“Yes, they certainly awaken fond memories. That little fellow playing ‘quarter’ reminds me of ‘Old Stumpy,’ who used to play with our team. Would I were now in dear old alma mater.”

*First Stranger*—“What college do you come from?”

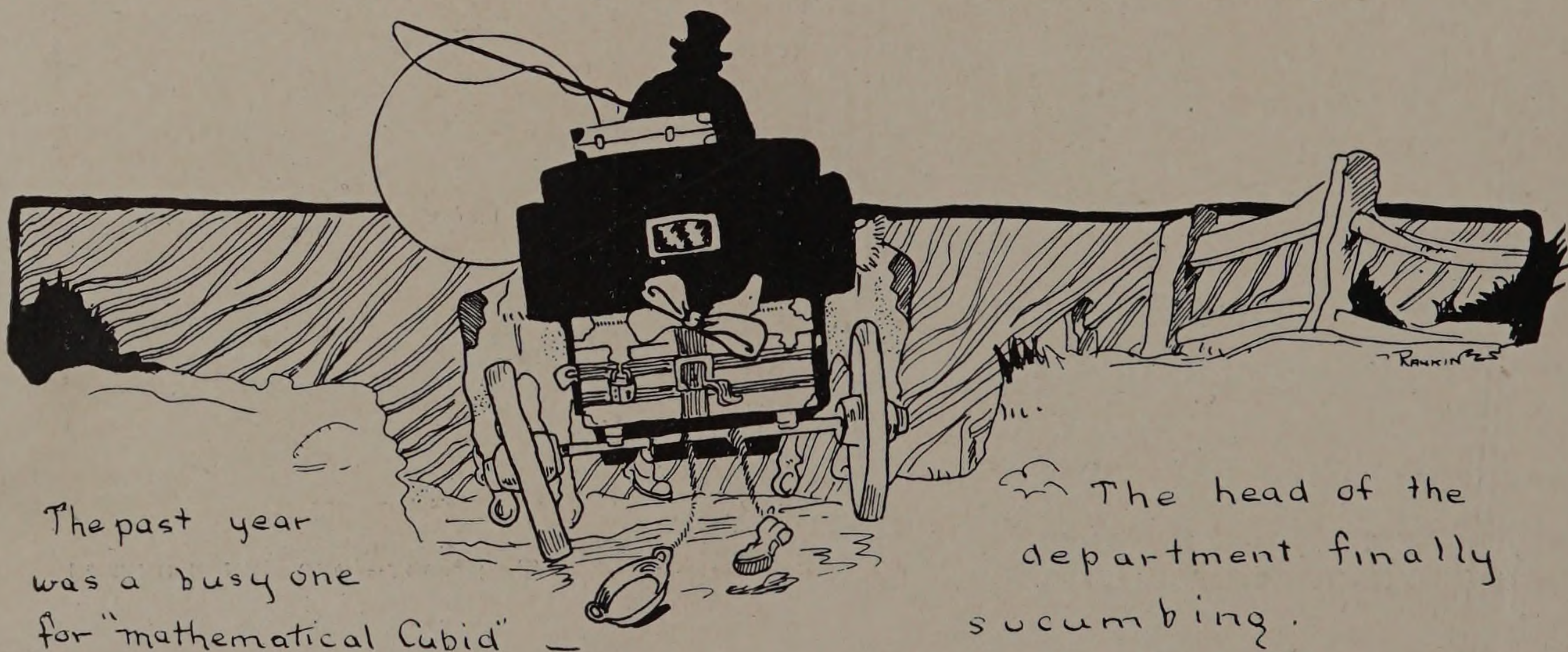
*Second Stranger*—“Why —er— from the Steam Engineering Branch of the Evening School of the Bugville Y. M. C. A. May I ask what your college is?”

*First Stranger*—“Why, yes. I received the degree of B. G.—Bachelor of Gasoline, you know—from the Correspondence School of Motoring.”

### Too True

*Eyers*—“Why is Calculus like counterfeit money?”

*Buehler* (who knows if any one does)—“Because it's hard to pass.”



The past year  
was a busy one  
for “mathematical Cubid” —

The head of the  
department finally  
succumbing.