

A REMINISCENSE



What Nasty Weather!

One day last year, the '09 Mechanicals were working hard over their drafting boards in the general drafting room. This in itself was an unusual circumstance. Pretty soon, it came into the head of one Spike that he would like to see a game which was then going on in Ogden field. After consultation with dare-devil Mayes, it was decided that the desired result could be effected by running the blue-printing frame out the window, so that the field would be reflected to the desks of the workers. No sooner said than done. But hist! The head of a solemn prof slowly arose above the seven foot partition and with a menacing growl forced the experimenters to pull back the frame. Immediately a consultation was called and the question was debated as to how the scheme could have been discovered. Finally, Zanzig, the mathematical sleuth, was called upon. In a trice he had discovered the cause of the interruption of the innocent sport. He searched the drafting-office and there, with his nose pressed flat against the pane, was the afore-mentioned prof. The venture of the twain had interrupted his own view of the game. O, consistency, verily thou art a jewel.

"Why is Coffeen's head like paradise?"

"It's a bright and shining spot, and there shall be no dying nor parting there."

IN THE LIBRARY.

Freshman (looking for historical novel)—"Please give me *Three Weeks*."

Freshman—Is Newth inorganic?
Soph (who knows)—You'll think so before the year's up—I know, at least, that he hasn't any heart.



Waist Energy