



## THE TROUBLE MAN

If a flunk sign e'er be sent you  
And Clasen on your trail is;\*  
If the 'lectric lights aren't working,  
Or the profs don't know their biz;  
If Cap Larson serves poor lunches,  
And the walks are white with ice;  
Just petition Mr. Raymond,  
And he'll fix it all up nice.

Q. What are you doing with the tachometer?

A. I'm going to get the *counter*  
E. M. F.

## IN ECONOMICS

"When I was a boy, my mother told me to keep my pennies in one pocket, my marbles in another, and some string and fish-hooks in a third, and I have done that ever since. Now close your parenthesis and go on."

Laugh and the class laughs with you,  
Laugh and you laugh alone—  
The first when the joke is Scherger's  
joke,  
The second when it is your own.

Registration Ass't—You're a freshman, are you not?

New Student—No ma'am, I'm Polish.

Dean Monin:—"What is matter?"

Menkin:—"That which occupies space."

D. M.:—"Then what is space?"

Menkin:—"Absence of matter."

\*Pacyna's poetic license has been borrowed for this occasion.



Commodore