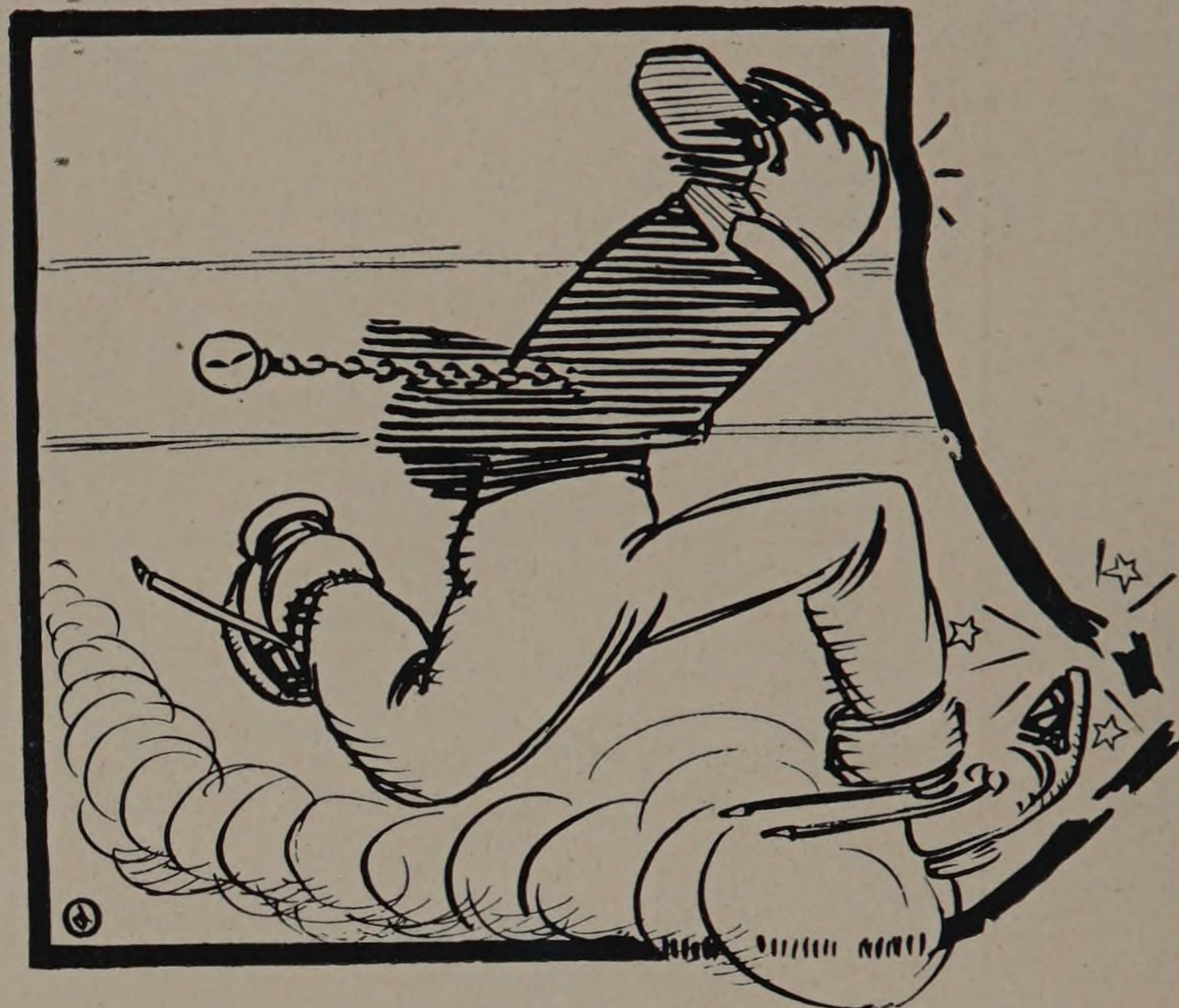


## Freshman Primer

O, see the Man. He is in a tre-men-dous hur-ry. No, the store-room is not on fire, nor has an-y Fresh-man been blown up in the Chem-i-cal lab-o-ra-to-ry. That is on-ly Mis-ter Freud go-ing to teach his class-es. The art-ist could not even keep him in the pic-ture. Does the man al-ways hur-ry this way? Yes, my dear Chil-dren, he is in a per-pet-u-al hur-ry.



Have you ev-er heard him talk-ing? He can say more words per sec-ond per sec-ond than a tri-ple gear-ed talk-ing mach-ine, and his speech falls all over it-self. He is a fun-ny fel-low, but he makes the Fresh-men learn Chem-is-try all right, all right, and that is what he is here for. Some of the jokes he cracks were ruled from the In-te-gral by the Cen-sor.



A Live Load.