

H U M O R

I visited Menke (he used to be the Editor-in-Chief of the "Engineer") who was copy-boy on a large engineering publication, the Editor-in-chief being the well known scientist and mathematician, Thomas Sullivan. The food was manufactured by students in the chemical laboratories and was guaranteed C. P. even if it didn't taste very good. It was rather expensive, too, but a little thing like that made no difference when every student had an unlimited drawing account to pay for experimenting.

I had just descended from an exotic flight through the clouds with Hahn and was standing at the wall of fog thinking of the dreary world without, when I felt myself lifted by the heels and turned upside down. As I started to struggle, I looked around and found myself standing on the side of the wall where my guide and I had first halted.

"Your time was up and you cannot go back," the guide said brusquely, and disappeared. Sadly I trudged back to the "Cycle" office and studies and exams and the old grinding and cramming.

What a nightmare!



'Jever Notice It.

Judging from appearances, the wall seats at the "movies" are superseding the old time parlor sofa as a standby for the lovelorn.

Some Cases of the Halt Leading the Blind.

Matt explaining Junior Electricity to Lister.

Dumke telling Wolfson how to make a billiard shot.

Seeberger giving Broyles pointers on how to start a generator.

Summerfield teaching Ram how to tawngo.

Eva telling Woodrow Wilson how to determine Mg.

Rather Doubt-Ful.

Peterson—Shall I give this proof orally or put it on the board?

Prof. Doubt—Yes.

BR-R-RR-RR.

Sullivan (playing billiards)—Spot up the balls, they're froze.

Obliging Freshman—Shall I tell the janitor to turn on some more heat?