



H U M O R

THE FRESHMAN

There is a young Freshie, 'tis said,
Who consists of much mettle and head;
But his mettle, alas!
Consists only of brass,
With the three years of polish ahead.

WE DON'T MEAN ALL WE SAY

Life is a joke,
All things show it;
Look at the Freshman—
Then you know it.

Again—
Some are tall, and some are small,
Some are very lean;
Some are fat—worse than that—
Most of them are green.

There was a young Freshman who cried "Bawthuh!"
"My wrist watch is pretty, but rawthuh
Than rouse controvyssy
On youahs truly, Puhssy,
I'll give it away to anotha."

An alumnus said to me one day
That in school the Seniors were kings;
He also said that the Juniors
Were just from the Sophomore rings.
We know that the present Sophomores
Last year were Freshmen of worth,
While the Freshmen, Oh, the poor Freshmen
Are simply the scum of the earth.
—H. B. M., '17.

"That Prof. gave me D——; what did he give you?"
"He gave me H——."