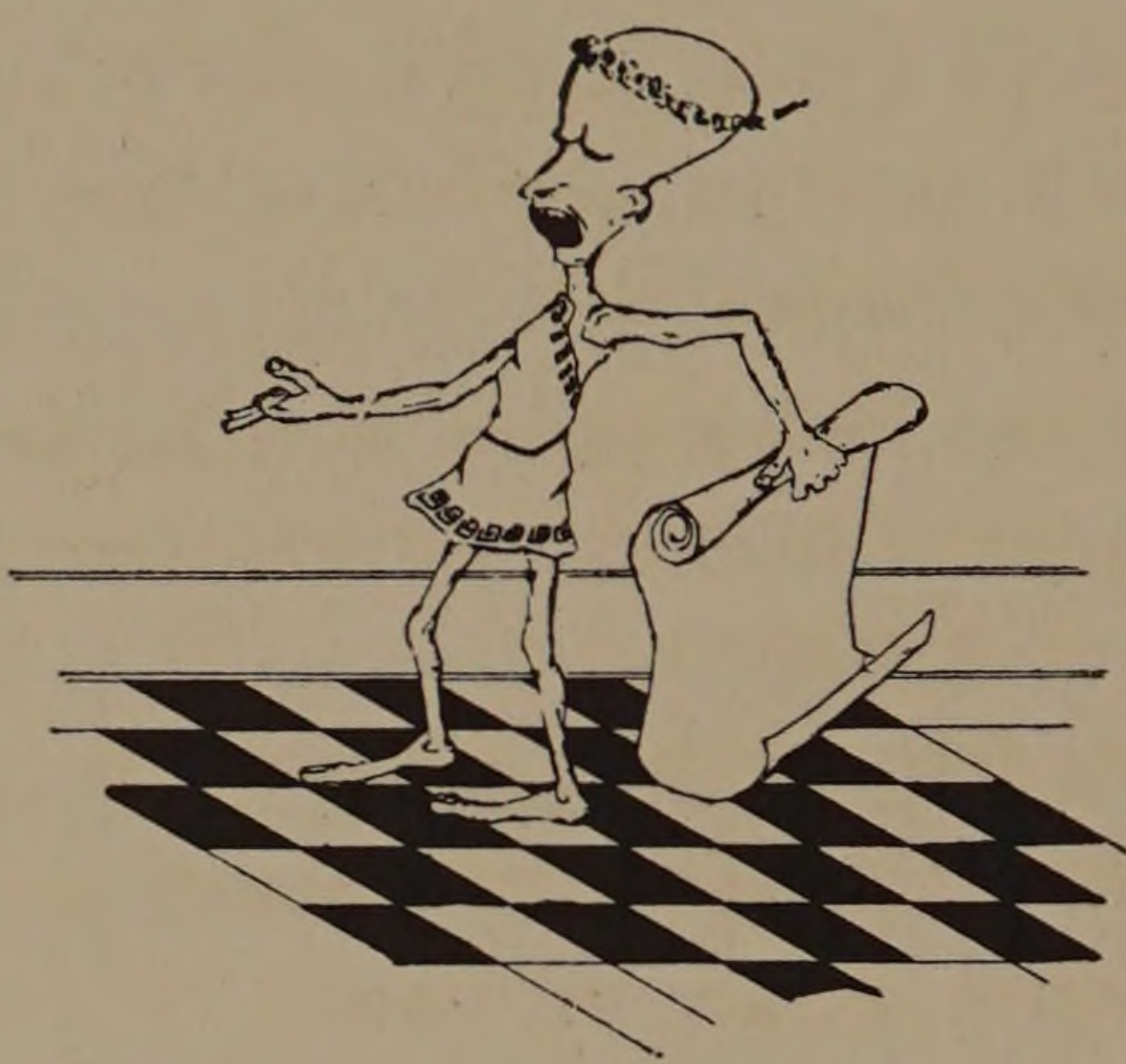


HUMOR

THE FACULTY



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Prof. Wells—In a hurry?
Mr. Gilbert—Not scratching his nose?
Prof. Reid—Playing "Kelly," low man pays?
Prof. Schommer—Excited?

CHAMPIONS OF ARMOUR

Champion athlete and golfer—Prof. Krathwol.
Champion bluff-caller—Pa Phillips.
Champion songbird—W. G. Smith.
Champion basket-ball fan—"Charlie" Stridiron.
Champion good fellow—Prof. Huntley.

SOME FAVORITES OF THE PROFS

Pa Phillips—"Well, that'll do."
Dean—"Will the following men please pass to the board?"
Wells—"You're excused."
Pa Reid—"Of course, there are mistakes in the book; they're put there so that you will find them."
Smart—"The theme of this—er—play—er—."
Scherger—"Now, the Germans, by their wonderful," etc.
Gilbert—"Ye-as!"
Kratwol—"On page 359 of Camp-Bell's Differential and Integral Calculus."
Tibbals—"Yaas."
Doubt—"What is your line of reasoning, and if so, why?"
Campbell—"What do we have for to-day?"
Paul—"Well, gentlemen, for to-morrow we will take."
W. G. Smith—"Your apology is accepted."
Monin—"Vat is eet, economeecs?"
Gunsaulus (after an assembly)—"Let us all return to our classes."
McCormack—"No, you can't take the Lab. if you flunked the lecture."
Leigh—"Trim me at golf and you get credit in the subject."
Finnegan—"According to the Fire Underwriters."
Taylor—"Where are the rest of the fellows?"
Gill—"The BLUE solution is."
Ladd—"I have plenty of extra time for you, except Sat. A. M."
Freud—"Oh, that's easy."
Perry—"What the Sam Hill?"
Shattuck—"Let's get down to brass tacks."
Libby—"XR + Q."