

For instruction in physics see James & Gilliam, room No. 49, Foster.

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Guyler says he don't know whether to call himself a gentleman or not.

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Ask Yocum why he sleeps with one eye open and a big club by his side.

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Gooch says newspapers are printed in order to discriminate knowledge.

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"Mollie Cottontail," the flaxen-haired ladies' man of the 2nd class, C. E.

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All "Shorty" lacks in being an Israelite is knowing how to talk with his hands.

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Ellsworth at botany lesson: "Professor, don't apples grow on huckleberry trees?"

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Filecloser (at drill): "Bowyer, crook your neck to the right and take your dress."

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Carmichael: Prof. Love, what does H. P. mean in "script?" Does it mean horse power?"

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"Peck" at "C. E." practice referenceing in a bench mark: "On locus tree near dead turtle."

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Weaver says that now that he has a sweater and a red cap he can win him a home Xmas.

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Duke said he was going to bring his wife back Christmas so she could learn the laundry trade.

Prof. South: "Mr. Guyler, what are the names of Noah's sons?" Guyler: "Ham, Esau, Jacob and Hiki."

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Cochran (in C. E. room to Prof. Nagle): Professor, did Prof. Puryear design the sewer system of London?

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Prof. Spence: "Mr. Kloss, what is a chemical mixture?" Kloss: "It is a mixture mixed by a chemist."

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Heidleberg, the economist, says he will be obliged to quit using stub pens on account of the extra cost of ink.

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Wanted—One corporalship by Hamner. Must be in good repair and have the "Commandant's bird." Apply to 15 Ross.

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Cobolini Bros., formerly with Sells Bros. and Forepaugh's United Shows, have succeeded in gnawing the bars of the cage thereby making their escape. It was during this period of agony that Cobolini, J. A., turned gray in a single night.

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Bartly woke his roommate up at 3 o'clock the night he returned from Waco to tell him something. "Wonder what it was."

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Price: (talking to roommate) Say, Walden, let's straighten up these books. It's about time that the O. D. I. was coming around.

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Prof. Love to Johnson D.: If two lines are parallel in space, what about their projections? Johnson D.: Why, Professor, the bugle has blown.