

Live up to your convictions and to what you know is right. Honesty, no matter what others do about you, is always the best policy.

AN ELECTRIC RHYME.

An Ampere got loose, on a day, on a day,
From chemical atoms of battery Zinc
Engaged with H₂SO₄ in a fray,
And instantly then he was off, like a wink.

He wedded a Volt, a most beautiful Volt,
A contact-begotten, high born E. M. F.,
Just freed in the stress of molec'lar assault,
And ready with R for a tiff, for a tiff.

Together they sped, without mass, without weight,
On, on, through the wire with velocity, v,
Like thought, or like light, quite a wonderful rate,
This Watt, or Volt-Ampere, electric H. P.

The atoms like vortices were hurled and were swirled,
The Ohms that resisted were turned into Joules;
The ether around into lines of force whirled
Like those that proceed from magnetical poles

The planets and sun felt the jar, from afar,
Of radiant waves of electrical birth,
And Seraphim read in the light from each star
The message of peace that was sent o'er the earth.
THORND.

LOCALS.

Foot Ball!!

Corporal Williamson.

"Rocky" got his "analytics" and them

Judy is putting on (h)airs this term.

Weeny, hastily: "Throw physic to the dogs.
I'll none of it."

Kintner says that not even foot-ball can keep him away from Grubb.

"Mad Dog" is "Pacer" Hench's literal definition of Hydrophobia.

Wonder where the Sophs got the apples with which to make that barrel of cider.

Messrs. Hile, Crawford, Sommerville, Read, Kessler, Pond, Loyd, Hildebrand and Bush have been elected by the Junior class as editors of the *La Vie* of '92.

Doxology as sung by the Freshmen:

Praise '93 from whom all blessings flow,
Praise her, all Freshmen, here below;
Praise her great name, ye verdant host,
Praise '93, or be forever lost.

Loyd, in the great '92-'94 foot-ball game, gets the ball and then yells "Hile! Hile! dare I run with it?"

Hilde, examining a one hundred candle power electric globe: "Professor, what horse power is this globe?"

Since his promotion as corporal we have heard that "Tidioute" has had chevrons sewed on his night shirt. We suppose that he also "sleeps on his arms."

The Count's eyes before the Lewisburg trip,
O ~~~~~ O !!

The Count's eyes after the Lewisburg trip,
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It is said that Hayden, the great German musician and composer, was a tremendous gormandizer. All things being equal, what a great musician "Motzbury" would make.

Prof. (in Prep. mathematics) "Mr. Ball, sit down."

Mr. Bawl—"Pwaffessaw, I was just merely looking faw my hat."

We would like to call the attention of the college students to the paths that are being worn over the campus. The sod is very easily tramped out, and if this is not stopped our pride will soon resemble a city map.

The Soph's capacity for hard cider is something phenomenal. Of course the fact of cider being his favorite drink is something of an explanation. But how he can imbibe the large quantity he has been known to, and yet preserve his normal shape, is a mystery for science to investigate.

The hunting club, which was organized last fall, has been reorganized and is doing effective work. It is composed of two members, Mersrs. Bohn and Gun, who are the best Nimrods in the college.