

When I'm a man
I'll be a professor if I can,
I'll wear long capes to protect my books,
And grow a moustache to improve my looks,
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a professor if I can,
I'll wear short coats,
And set long prose,
And talk Latin poetry through my nose,
When I'm a man.

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
How do the freshettes grow?
They're sweet sixteen with countenance green
And hair tied back with a bow.

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
How do the sophomores' live?
With Senior Latin, and all the Profs. at 'em,
No wonder their minds are a sieve.

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
How do the juniors look?
With last year's classes, and a pair of glasses
And their heads buried deep in a book.

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
What do the seniors do?
With skating-rink, dances and "Fussers'" advances
And a few post-mortems in view?

Miss R-bs-n:—"Do you believe matrimony is a state to be desired?"

Mr. T-pp-ng:—"Well it is one of the United States."

"Hitch your wagon to a star." I've got mine hitched but I can't get into it.

Prof. (translating):—"They came by ravishing leaps and bounds."

Miss C--d-ng-y:—"They must have been boarding-house students."

Mr. St-n-s- (after Arts' rush):—"I hear all you girls are going to be courted."

Miss J-h-s-n:—"Oh I'd just love to be courted."