Gymnasmum Scene—[By our Special Artist.]

Graduates of the Institute never need to marry; each man is his own Ann Eliza.

Some curious phenomena were observed in the gymnasium the other day. The gym was polarized; we do not know whether it was polarized Long.

We are sorry to hear that one of our professors has been suffering from water on the lungs. We trust he will let water alone in the future.

Practical application of the calculus: If the person who stole tights, etc., from the gymnasium can be caught, he will be inter-graded.

An '85 man, having smashed his apparatus, is said to have made a cutting retort.

Old Gent—"Have you shot anything, Sonny?"
Sonny—"Yes, sir."
O. G.—"What was it, my boy?"
S.—"The gun, sir."

Why is modern France like ice cream? Chorus of historical students: "It has n't any Bonaparte, of course."

One of the members of '85 has been reading Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson," and has thereby been fired with an ambition to become a lexicographer. We give below some of his definitions:

Hash: A conglomerate aggregation of the ultimate particles of the unknown.
Pencil: An elongated strip of graphite enclosed in cellular tissue.
Beer: An artificial expedient for occasioning a febrile rise.

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