

Mr. L. E. O. P.—Oh! it's hereditary with us. My brothers all lost their hair at an early age.

Mr. T. C.—Ah! I see. A kind of family hairloom, eh?

"O'Leary on de bat, Powers on de deck, Moriarty on de hole" is J. B. Bourdeau's classic style in calling the batsmen to the plate.

Doctor.—"Well, Mr. Tom Cost-a-low, what are you suffering from?"

Tom C.—"General ability, sir."

Doctor.—"Indeed! I should never have suspected it."

Murph.—"Don't you think Alf. T. was intended by nature to be a poet?"

Joe D.—"Perhaps. Why do you say so?"

Murph.—"He has such remarkable feet!"

The initials at the bottom of this poem show that even the most serious men are affected by the balmy breezes of Spring. The lines were found in a city "Fire Station."

#### "A GEM."

Little babbling brook  
Speaking 'ere it thinks  
Trickles 'midst the flowers  
Forging golden links.

Happy all day long  
Banished every care  
Storms may come anon  
Breakers it will dare.

Thus are childhood's days  
Full of life and joy,  
Grasp them while you may  
Romping, smiling boy.

E. P. G., '98.

L. E. O. P. is getting to be a regular Bill Nye humorist. Here is one of his latest:—

"Say, Mr. H. what's the longest corridor in the college?"

"Couldn't say. What is it?"

"Why, the classical corridor. It takes seven years to pass through it."

In Ergler's opinion the military drill on the 24th "was *rank* from beginning to end."

A few evenings since O'C-n-ll objected to any light being turned on in the refectory on the ground that "he was hungry, and wanted a heavy meal."

Bunty.—Wait for me, Billy, I'll not be long.

Billy B.—You need'nt tell me that, I know you'll never be anything but a little sawed-off.

Maurice thinks "hay-seed" is too vulgar a word to apply to a rustic toiler. He suggests that "strawberry" be used instead.

Whereas: There 'ave been several notices in the Ululatus column which have touched us in sore spots and reduced our bump of self conceit, and

Whereas: These notices have been derogatory to our character,

Be it resolved: That if any notice appear in either the July or August number of the Owl, we shall be revenged, and further,

Be it resolved: That we will, if we catch them, wallow in the blood of those joke perpetrators.

Signed

Le Duc Supdie Murphie,  
Signor Alveo Binto.  
Pietro Nultmace.

The writers of the jokes on the above mentioned gentlemen, have been detected, and were it not for lack of space, their obituary notices would be printed.

K-e-nan will lead a party of scientists through the caves of Chelsea. The excursion leaves Wilbrod St. June 18.

Say Ric did you get your stick fixed?

Jule dosent tink he'll try for his dip as he has the degree of Y. M. C. A. already.

Todd put in the 24th of May in right royal style. He indulged largely in pop-corn, fire-crackers and red lemonade.

Ah! there my size! is Alf's manner of salutation to Godfrey.