

Heard at choir practice—

Mr. Heatley—"Miss Beven, show more enthusiasm in your singing, open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

Mary M—"Where were you coming from just now?"

Eleanor S—"Oh, I just went to Hop's room for a minute."

Mary M—"Did you get it?"

In the Question Box—

When calling at Macdonald Hall at what time should one leave?

I. B. M—t—n.

Ans.—As soon as one finds one's hat and one's coat.

Why does a girl shut her eyes when I kiss her? A puzzled Freshman.

Ans.—Study your mirror a while. We reserve judgment.

Locals

ODE TO A ROTTEN EGG

Oh, beautiful egg, thou art rotten,

How thou camest so man cannot tell,

But all of us know thou art rotten,

At least, all of us who can smell.

When laid in the nest by the hen,

Thou wert pure and spotless as gold,

And now, O Egg, thou art numbered,

'Mong the over-ripe and old.

Oh Egg, if I handle thee gently,

Art sure thou wilt not burst,

And do as the dog of fable,

Who went from worse to wurst.

Cruel Egg, thou has spoiled my breakfast,

For as at thy form I stare,

My thoughts arise within me,

And I leave the breakfast chair.

Editor's Note—There is more truth than poetry about this.

At a recent faculty meeting, it was decided to try once more to induce Mr. McWhinney to arrive at lectures on time. He was presented with a beautiful, new, unopened, and unadulterated bottle of Catsup. (Catch up.)

Not every man who dives into the Matrimonial Sea brings up a pearl.

CONVERSATION OVERHEARD ON STREET CAR

1st voice—"Did I understand you to say you were a doctor.?"

2nd voice—"No."

1st voice—"I thought I did."

2nd voice—"I said I followed the medical profession."

1st voice—"Well, then, are you not a doctor.?"

2nd voice—"No, I'm an undertaker."

McAdam—"I see that the undertaker has a new motor hearse."

McArthur—"Yes, and there's people just dying to ride in it."

Miss Creelman thinks Mr. White was mentally unbalanced Wednesday night. He came up to her and said, "May I have this skate Miss—, Oh, I beg your pardon," and then skated madly down the ice. Mr. Clark did the same thing a little while later. He must have caught it from White.

Always take a girl named Sally, but don't take "Ann", because "an" is an indefinite article.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!