

Young Simpkins,—“If the devotion of a life time will prove to you the strength of my love, Gladys, it shall be yours. Can you desire more?—can you?”

“Gladys,—“That will be all

Young Simpkins (from force of habit) Ca-a-sh.”

How many people have used the expression, “The tune the old cow died of,” without any definite idea of its meaning or origin. It seems to have come to us from over the sea. It arose out of an old song:

There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune
“Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider.”

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy song or tune is uttered the north country people say, “that is the tune the old cow died of”

+ Items. +

Macaulay's essay on “Hallam's Constitutional History” is being read by the Literature class.

Alas! for the refreshments given at the calisthenics review.

The old familiar warning, “Keep off the grass,” has come to life again.

“When that Aprille with its schowres smecte,” Yes, we fully realize this.

“Study yourself” is not the phrase heard oftenest in these college walls; but, “cram for exams.”

Spring fever is raging in the college.

Have you seen the new color, cardinal-blue? There is such a color one of our friends persists in saying.

Debate—Subject, “Is a lie ever justifiable?” One young lady says; “No, I can prove it direct from the Commandments, for in the ten do we not find, “Thou shalt not steal?” Oh, Carry.

Girls do you not think it rather odd that Genevieve has a forgetful memory?

One poor junior's life made miserable. Miss VanZandt has been appointed critic

for the senior class. Don't be too hard on our weaknesses, Minnie.

We will miss the bright smile and abominable puns of Miss Shannon when she has deserted us. In September we hope to see you again, so good bye for the present.

Missing—The green cloth that from time immemorable, has adorned the table in the reading room. Any one returning this valuable article will be suitably rewarded.

Not content with destroying Miss VanZandt's peace of mind, the seniors have this year for the first time appointed a class prophet. Miss Coulter is the happy young lady.

How are young ladies supposed to control themselves when a teacher, who is making a friendly call, discovers a foreign young lady in a far corner of the room and a plaintive voice is heard saying “Must I come out, Miss C?”

“Why can't you give me one of your photos or credit too; I am going to have some taken as well as Jen? “Well, she has the money to pay for hers.”

As the year is drawing to a close, we wish to have all accounts settled. Will our subscribers who are owing us please send the amount, \$1, as soon as possible.

+ Exchanges. +

The writer of the exchange column in the April number of the *High School Bulletin*, seemed to be in a decidedly melancholy mood at the time of his last criticism. Nothing the poor soul could find seemed to suit him in the least. We hope his mind will be in a more healthful condition when we next hear from him. The paper would be much improved if half the space were not devoted to school gossips, and baseball. The “clippings”, too, are anything but fresh.

The one splendid article in the *Haverhill Life* on the “Life of Shakespeare” fully makes up for the scanty supply of other reading material.