

Locals

COLLEGE SONGS

"Oh Where, Tell Me Where, Has
My Streptococcus Gone?"

"Gone is the Daze," or "The Night
after The Morning after The Night
Before."

(Speaking of Judging Stock)—"Be-
lieve Me, if all Those Endearing Young
Charms Were to Fade," (you'd go
last).

"When the Lights Burn Low"—
(Whenever you hear this ditty, hide
your oil can, or fill it with water.
Either method is good.)

"Thou Art the Flower of My Heart"
(Gamosepalous, Pentandrous, Epigy-
nous, etc.).

"Blest be the Ties that Bind" (espe-
cially if they do so when the car is due
in three minutes).

"Too Late" (the car's just gone.)

"Just A'wearyin' for You" (speaking
of a certain cat which pays nocturnal
visits to Grub Alley.)

"When Cares My Heart Bissett"
(a very mournful dirge, sung only on
special occasions by the Waldo-Skinner
Co.)

A peculiar thing about bachelors is,
that they refuse to change their quarters
for a better half.

Mr. Unwin (English lecture)—"We
find many of the Canadian authors on
the "bang the trumpet, blow the drum
style."

Will the person who found a castor
between here and "Mac" Hall kindly
return the same to me.—W.J.B.K.

We all notice how prominent ath-
letics have become since the training
table was instituted.

"Doc." Stone—"Is Mr. McGuinnery
here to-day?"

GREEK MEETING GREEK

Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Lynch were
friends and neighbors—rivals only when
it came to expatiating on the merits
of their respective sons. Mrs. Sullivan's
boy was one of the cheaper clowns of a
circus.

Mrs. Lynch's hopeful was an itiner-
ant printer. Both ladies carefully con-
cealed these facts.

"Oi jist had a letther from me bhoy,
Mrs. Sullivan," said Mrs. Lynch one
morning. "He's gettin' to be a great
man, so he is. He wrote me that he
was edither av a paper away out beyant
Milwaukee somewhere. Oi fergit th'
name av th' place—but Jimmy is a
wondher; some day, like as not, he'll be
Prisindint."

"Ayah!" responded Mrs. Sullivan.
"Sure, it's only this mornin' Oi got a
letther from me own bhoy. He's away
off in Rome, Georgia."

"What would he be doin' in Rome?"
interrogated Mrs. Lynch with some
acidity in her tone.

"What would he be doin' in Rome, is
it?" responded Mrs. Sullivan proudly.
"It's me that's the happy woman, Mrs.
Lynch. Oi suppose he's down there
playin' cassino wid th' Pope ivery
avenin'."