

Division street boarding-house. Landlady—Mr. M. D. J., will you have water or coffee to-night?

M. D. J.—I'll have coffee, please.

Landlady—Mr. G. W. A., which will you have?

G. W. A.—I'll take the water without the coloring, please.

First Candidate—Have you been down electioneering at the hen-coop?

Second—No.

First—Well, I hear they've hatched a great scheme to have you elected.

First Freshette—That's a beautiful diamond ring you're wearing. You must feel happy.

Second Freshette—Oh girls, you have no idea what a restful feeling it gives one to have it all settled.

Freshette—Who is that fellow standing by the bulletin board?

Sophomore—Why, that's W. A. S-t-e-l-nd!

Freshette—O Jennie, isn't he cute! He has such lovely eyes.

We regret that one of our freshettes should have so poor an opinion of our city as to consider it necessary to have a body-guard of four stalwart freshmen to escort her home from their "social evening."

Freshmen, in chorus, after fulfilling their task: "Well, doesn't that beat the Dutch?"

Divinity student visiting one of his parishioners on mission field.

Lady of the house (who is preparing a drink for her invalid son)—Will you have a glass of milk, Mr. G-o-n?

Mr. G-o-n (who was always fond of milk)—Yes, thank you, I will.

Lady of the house (handing him a glass of milk with a "stick" in it)—Here, then, Mr. G-o-n.

Mr. G-o-n (on tasting the milk)—Alex, what do you feed your cows?

Alex—We feed our cows "rye."

Engineering building, after Botany class:

Miss P-w-ll (having tried the cellar door without success)—Dear Mr. Sq-re, will you tell me the way out of this old place?

Mr. Sq-re (bowing)—This way, please!