

sities. The game begins—but before it is half finished, the President of the University walks out on to the ball-field, picks up the foot-ball and orders his Freshmen to come immediately into recitations, under penalty of suspension! Trinity freshman marches up with a bold face. "That's our ball," he says. "All right," says Prexy, and explanations follow.

THE Faculty at Princeton University exercise a somewhat strict surveillance over the students. Alluding to this the Harvard *Crimson* gets off the following funny little remark:—"We shall not be surprised to hear next that the Faculty go around and tuck the students up in bed every night at eight."

:BOX:MOVS.:

NOW that the 'Xmas vocation is at hand we are reminded of a joke which occurred at the beginning of the Christmas holidays a good many years ago.

It was the first day of vacation, and the station was thronged with men going home, and as usual on such occasions the beer flowed pretty freely in the little eating house. Among the crowd was a student named J—, who was somewhat of a wag, but notorious for his stinginess; but as everybody was treating, J— felt he must do likewise; so waiting until only two or three were around, he asked them up to the bar. Such a thing as J—'s treating was a thing unheard of in the annals of the College. So the chosen few felt compelled to spread the news that "J— was going to treat." The consequence was that fellows were seen emerging from the waiting rooms, baggage rooms, and every where, and hurrying towards the bar. J— began to wear an anxious look but there was no help for it, and orders were taken from about thirty. Men who never drank before drank then, when they heard it was to be at the expense of J—. But J— was sharp and after quaffing his beer in a gulp said, "A good plan in the German Universities is for everyone to pay for his own drink," and laying down five cents he hastily took his departure and reached the platform before anyone had recovered himself sufficiently even to groan. No more was seen of J— that day.

Another yarn told of this same time, was of old "Cuddy B—," as he was called, who kept a students boarding house in that hot-bed of boarding houses at the head of William street. Cuddy was the proud possessor of a pipe which held close on to a pound of tobacco; this he would fill every morning by taking shavings from all the plugs in the student's rooms when they had gone to college. The tobacco was locked up. Our friend Cuddy then took to smoking any pipes which might have been left around unfinished. He found a large pipe one day nearly full of the fragrant weed, this he smoked dreamily for about three minutes, when "Bang!" there was an explosion, N.P. (no pipe) and the symmetry of Cuddy's features was considerably marred. A man of '65 had put half a thimbleful of gunpowder in the bowl beneath the tobacco.

She. "But there is one thing that I positively hate, and that is, to be talking to a young gentleman while he is looking all around the room and have him just turn to me once in a while with a most society sort of a smile and say, 'Yes,' or something of that sort."

He (who has been gazing intently at the beautiful Miss S.) "I—I beg your pardon! O, yes, certainly. So do I!"—*Yale Record*.

"Mr. D., how would you translate 'nimum!'"
"Well, Professor, I should think it was about equivalent to the modern 'too, too.'—*University Magazine*. Exactly so!

A pleasing thing it is to the College man to feel that he is popular in his class. There is in human nature an inherent love of fame, and if the College student did not have it, he would be the sole exception. If the citizen in public life has his love for notoriety, why should not the College man feel it in earlier life? But in what does College popularity consist? 'Tis a question not easily answered. In a popular man there is, evidently, an undefinable something which is pleasing. Beyond that, there is much in the power of every man to win friends. A good, jovial disposition is a thing almost indispensable, for the surly pessimist who cannot agree with himself is never agreeable to others. The man who will be popular at graduation is generally an obscure Freshman, who attends to little outside his own business. The loud mouthed Freshman does little else than show his verandacy. Wealth is by no means required. While it is not necessarily the high standing man who has the largest circle of friends, yet a popular man must have fair ability. A polite treatment of classmates cannot be disregarded, for

"The man who hails you, Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,
How he observes your merit,"

is ever a bore. The bootlick—alas! a sad fate is his! Then to our new comers we would say if you desire popularity, do not manifest that you are striving for it. Talk little and think much. Let no useless failures mar your reputation for ability. Wait for others to advertise you and you will not regret your obscurity in Freshman days.—*Williams Athenaeum*.

AN Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.—*Ex*

The cigarette vice: "Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs. S., in a reproving way, "that that cigarette is hurting you; that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a fleecy cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out.—*Ex*."

CURIOUS stories are told of the blunders made by Oxford undergraduates in the scripture examination, which, as a matter of form, they have to pass before taking their degree. One of them being asked to relate the story of the death of Jezebel, and feeling sure of his ground, prefaced his account by the remark that it was important to adhere as closely as possible to scripture language, and proceeded:—"And when Jehu reached the gate of the city, behold he saw the woman, and he said, Who is on my side? Who? And suddenly there appeared unto him a eunuch, and he said throw her down, and he threw her down, and he said do it a second time, and he did it a second time, and he said do it yet again a third time, and he did it the third time. This he did also even unto seventy times seven; and last of all the woman died also, and they gathered up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full that nothing might be lost."

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, and an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general said: "The best troops would be Irishmen half drunk, Scotchmen half starved, and Englishmen with their bellies full."—*Dalhousie Gazette*.