

## COLLEGE HUMOR.

"Can you tell me what is the value of one over the sine?" "Cos'e-can't," muttered an unwearied punster.

Mr. L. : "I carry my oration in my right coat pocket to absorb it."

Mr. W. : "Why don't you carry it on the left side, and so get it by heart?"—*Messenger*

A New York paper is responsible for the statement that one of Amherst's professors uses no chair in the class room. He sits on the class.

Professor—"Mary! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Mary—"Why, professor, you are sitting on it!"

A YOUNG man, rash and inexperienced, being left in charge of the army, was scattered and put to flight—"Painful translation by Victoria student.

"What must we do to attain our goal?" inquired the professor of moral philosophy to the quarter-back of the college eleven.

"Select the right man to kick it, sir," said the foot-ball enthusiast.

The H. S. Times has the following :

*Prof.* (dictating Greek prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" *Startled Sophomore* (waking up)—It is under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it."

AGENT (entering the room and presenting a book.)—I have here an excellent work on Arabi Pacha. It—"

STUDENT.—"Does it treat of his two brothers?"

AGENT.—"His two brothers; why, I never heard of them. Who are they?"

STUDENT.—Arabi Dad and Arabi Aisy.

[Exit Agent.

—*Athenaeum.*

When a Freshman doesn't hear plainly the prof.'s question, he says in a subdued voice, "Pardon me, professor, but I did not understand you." The Sophomore says, "Will you please repeat your question?" Junior says, "What sir?" The senior says, "Huh?"—*Collegian.*

Student—"Rex fugit—the king flees."

Prof.—"In what other tense can that form be made?" "Perfect." "Yes; how would you then translate?" Painful silence. Professor suggests "has"

Student—"The king has fleas."

—*Acta Vittoriana.*

—"Major premise.—Students come to the University to improve their faculties."

"Minor premise.—The professors are the faculties."

"Conclusion.—Students came to the University to improve the professors."—*Quill.*

Pious Greek professor, remonstrating with Sophomore guilty of repeated vicious practices, lays his hand affectionately on student's shoulder and says : "My young friend, the devil has hold upon you."

We learn that a professor in a Berlin university has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw dust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impetuous student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence-rail.

## ULULATUS.

Say, is this spring?

Tancred and Rinaldo held back like little men.

Soon the whiz of the base-ball, the crack of the bat, and the cry of the umpire will be heard throughout the land.

Another pair of long pants has appeared in the Junior Department; and this pair is the largest on record: The owner requires assistance in getting them on and off.

Farewell to thee my over-coat;  
Close friend of five months past;  
I'll miss thy useful offices,  
I've to part with thee at last.  
Thine ample pockets stabled off,  
Steeds classical and fleet  
But now 'twill be a bitter task  
The June exams to meet.

PROF.—"Who ordered the sixth general persecution?"

STUDENT (prompted by a neighbor whispering in French "Marc Aurele")—"Max O'Rell."

During the representation of the Last Life one of the actors displayed his readiness to do away with the time honored custom of wearing a beard.

One of our fifth form students has discarded his moustache, and rumor has it that he is about to open a barber shop. He is getting the moustache suffed for a sign.

See the student with the shovel,  
Zealous student!  
Nice light shovel!  
'Tis a task he seems to love well,  
This new student  
With the shovel.

'Tis his first year at the college,  
And of shovelling his knowledge  
Is not of the kind his eagerness would lead you  
to expect;

He'll set to work quite smartly,  
He'll dig and delve most heartily,  
Till drops of perspiration will his heated brow  
bedeck.

See the shovel and the student,  
Heavy shovel!  
Wearied student!

Tired and fatigued so you couldn't  
Get this student  
With the shovel

Undertake to free the campus from its snow and  
ice galore.

Though he still is full of vigor,  
And he thinks he's quite a digger,  
The entire day he walks and talks saying he's  
"been there before."

A pupil in the Preparatory French Class having pronounced "veux" "veaux" (calves), the professor remarked that "this was not a butcher shop," whereupon our precocious student remarked "Yes sir, we're butchering French."

The junior students have to work hard with pick and shovel to clear their yard with snow, while all the seniors do is to bring Romeo out in the yard and make him sing. On last accounts the snow has "weakened."