

De Nobis.

DIVINITY—"Why did the Science fellows serenade the R-s-d-nc-?"

D. R. C-m-r-n—"Oh, they were painted black, and like other coons wanted to steal chickens."

Urq-h-rt (after waiting impatiently at the door of Z--n Church for fifteen minutes)—"Those choir practices are a nuisance. She's got to cut them out."

In the Honor English class the Professor has written on the board an extract from Cowper, of which the following couplet is a part:

"That like some cottage beauty strikes the heart,

Quite unindebted to the tricks of art."

J. M. Sh-v-r (who is sitting at the rear of the room and can't see the fourth word of the couplet distinctly)—"Is that cottage beauty or college beauty?", reads next line—"Oh, I guess it must be *cottage* beauty."

SONG OF THE CENTRE SCRIMMAGE.

After the match is over,

After the field is clear,

Straighten my nose and shoulder,

Help me to find my ear.

—*Ex.*

Freshman—Who is that fellow who spoke at the Alma Mater who looks so much like the Czar of Russia?

Senior—That fellow, my friend, is the Mikado of the Rugby team.

The editor has not his joker with him and is compelled to fill this space without it.

Pope writes:

"True wit is nature to advantage drest,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

What would he think of the following poem, dropped into the JOURNAL sanctum?

Little baby

Swallowed thumb,

Eyes bulge,

Body numb.

Scene, room in upper flat of Arts Building where a committee is waiting—Professor of — suddenly appears at the door—"Well, gentlemen, are you all there?"

Sotto voice—"Yes sir; are you all there?"

Scene, the corridor of the Old Arts Building just as Junior Biology is over; '08 stands ready to rush the Freshmen. As the Freshies emerge like a nest of ants, B--k, wild with the joy of conflict, shouts to his minions: "Hold your wings!" and leaps into the fray. Enter Prof. Kn-g-t, and with that smile with which he calms the giddy Sophs, says gently, "Fold your wings." B--k does so immediately, and his example is followed by H-nt-r, H--h-s, C-nn-l-y, Cl-n-y, E-y, et al. In lamblike mildness '08 follows C-st-ll- into Senior Physiology.

In the Senior Philosophy class the Professor remarks—"Byron says—'Berkeley says there is no matter, but it's no matter what he says.'"

Budding philosopher, after the class repeats the remark, thus—"Berkeley says there is no matter, but it's no matter, W--ttie says."