

G. B. King—"A thing I left strictly alone—the ladies."

F. Owen, '07, has handed in the following as his contribution for the Muses' collection plate:

"O ghosts of Shelley and of Keats!
Here languishing upon these seats
We sit. Oh, noble spirits,
If aught ye think of our low merits,
Relieve us from this spell,
This veritable H—
Of lectures."

A Freshman named John Morris (so the story goes) called at "The Annex" on the Thursday evening before the Senior dinner. He was informed that it was not calling night, but that if his mission was very important, the rules might be suspended for his benefit. Mr. Morris assured the matron that his business *was* important. He was ushered into a large room. In a few moments our Freshman was startled by the sound of a gong—but he held his ground. It proved to be a summons to gymnastic exercise in this same large room, and—exit Morris, precipitously.

The following are some of the choice and favorite expressions of the Class of '07. Can you identify any of the owners?

"I was pretty nearly over the bay."

"Ah! go on."

"You lobster."

"Oh! joy."

"That'll make it nice for you."

"To a certain extent."

"What in the deuce!"

"Fiddle-dee."

"My heavenly home."

"Oh! glory."

"I nearly died."

"I never laughed so much in my life before."

"Oh! Jerusalem."

"Wouldn't that jar you?"

"Darn you."

"Great Cæsar!"