

DE*ROBIS*NOBILIBUS.

LOGIC CLASS: 1st Y. L.—“No cat has two tails, any cat has more tails than no cat; therefore any cat has three tails.” 2nd Y. L.—“Why! I didn't know that no cat had two tails.”

Greek Recitation.—Prof.: “Mr. B.—, how did you translate that word?”

Mr. B (doubtfully)—“I think it means a *curse*.”

Prof. (sadly)—“Well, it may—yes, sometimes; but here it should be translated mother-in-law.”

Mrs. Montague—“Do you sing, Mr. P—?” Mr. P—, (with a superior smile)—“I belong to the College glee club.” Mrs. Montague (disappointed)—“Oh, I'm so sorry. I hoped that you sang.”

Student of Physics class, looking through the spectro-scope at rays passing through red glass: “Professor, I don't see any green here.” Professor: “The green is at the other end.”

A student who evidently enjoys Hebrew has kindly given us directions how it should be read: Turn the book upside down, open at the end, put it in one corner of the room, stand on your head in the other corner, begin at the bottom and then read backwards.

In a Toronto college a certain classical student, learning that his professor had a translation of a difficult Greek author, went to borrow it from him. “Ah—um,” said the professor, “this is practical illustration of the old and well-worn saying, ‘The ass seeketh his master's crib.’”

A MODERN STUDENT.

He's a lively, dapper fellow, with complexion somewhat sallow, has a failing to get mellow and his hair is pompadour.

His apparel neatly fits him, and his tailor bill commits him to the “old man's” tender mercies, who with mingled sighs and curses, his good hard cash disburses to liquidate this debt and many more.

He's a stranger to pneumatics, physics, ethics, mathematics; Horace, Juvenal, and Tacitus he passes lightly o'er.

He's unacquainted with astronomy, rhetoric, logic and economy, Herodotus, Odyssey and other ancient lore.

Heat, light, refracting prisms, science, ologies and isms of all varied kinds, and schisms he considers quite a bore.

He's a member of a boat crew, cricket, foot and baseball clubs too, and at billiards he is perfectly immense.

He succeeds in making mashes, in squandering money very rashly, yet by the sober thinking masses he is listed with the asses and pronounced devoid of sense.

Professor—“Some plants grow better by night. Can you name any?” Student—“Hops.”

Two young ladies, students of the State College, Maine, have been suspended for hazing.

Prof. in Physics—lecturing on electricity—“Mr. P— What is the best insulator?” Mr. B—“Poverty.”

A woman can stand tight boots, tight gloves and tight lacing but she very properly draws the line at tight husband bands.

Fifty young ladies were made bachelors recently at a Boston college. If this thing continues there will be a shortage of old maids.

Scene in the Rhetoric class: “Mr. P—, you may give me an impromptu apostrophe to a thunder storm.” Mr. P—rises and begins: “Oh, thunder—” The class smile audibly.

Prof. in Eng.—Whom do you consider the greater author, Dumas the elder or his son? Student.—Ah—well—ah, I rather think the son.

Prof.—Oh—I think not—I don't believe he would ever have been heard of if it hadn't been for his father.

Student.—Well, yes, that's so, too.

Oh, School Marm!

Thou who teachest the young idea

How to scoot, and spankest the erstwhile

Festive small boy with a hand that taketh the trick;

Who also lammeth him with a hickory switch,

And crowneth him by laying the weight

Of a ruler upon his shoulders.

Oh!

Thou art a daisy!

Thou makest him the national emblem—

Red, white, and blue—

Thou furnisheth the stripes,

And he seeth the stars.

Oh, School Marm,

We couldn't do without thee,

And we don't want to try!

Thou art lovely and accomplished

Above all women, and if thou art

Not married, it is because thou art

Too smart to be caught that way!

All school marms are women,

But all women are not school marms,

And angels pedagogic;

That's where thou has the bulge on thy sisters!

Oh, School Marm!

Thou mayest not get much pay here below,

But cheap education is a national specialty,

And thou wilt get thy reward in heaven;

The only drawback being that thou stayest there

When thou goest after it, and we,

Who remain here below for our reward,

Miss you like thunder.

School Marm, if there is anything we can do for you

Call on us!

Apply early and avoid the rush!

Office hours from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.!

We were a schoolboy once ourself,

And can show the marks of it.