

HAVE A LOOK.

Who is our electrician now,
Who scorched the hair upon his brow,
And paid three dollars to learn how?

Our Efty.

Who thought the river had run dry,
And thought that in the milk supply
He'd found apparent reason why?

Our Efty.

Who said the milk was none too thick,
And wrote a note both sharp and
slick,

And got it in the neck right quick?

Our Efty.

Who with a jealous eye did see,
The girls receiving with great glee
From another lad, a gift quite free?

Our Efty.

Who swore he would not thus be
beat,
And soon meandered down the street,
And bought each one of them a treat?

Our Efty.

Who wonders who the turkey took,
That on his door hung by a hook,
When he came out to "have a look?"

Our Efty.

Who thought he knew from whence it
came,
And silently returned the same,
But kept the note with that dear
name?

Our Efty.

Class in chemistry.

Prof.—What is alcohol, Mr. Ferguson? "I mean, you know, considered as a chemical," he added hastily, as he saw that Fergie was about to breath wisdom of an enlightening character.

Fawcett, as he sees Yankee Gunn playing with the electric light wire.

"That's bad enough for babies, Gunn."

Gunn, aside to the spectators, "And after I had joined Freddie's Sunday School class, too."

Review on physics:

Prof. R.—What are soil grains?

Mayberry—Why, of course,—er—they are the smallest particles of the earth crust.

What is surface soil?

Westover—Soil which is on the surface.

Evans—That part of the earth which is good, although sometimes it is bad.

Keep to your New Year's resolutions, boys. Some of our worthy Seniors have drawn up imposing notices and put them on their room doors, indicating the hours during which they have sworn to study assiduously. But when you see some of them strolling about in the reading room, reading the "Moon" and the "Ladies' Home Journal," you would think they ought to find time to let a man in when he is after coal oil, "lamp juice," to pay for what they borrowed last term.

Student to Fairman.

"You're wanted at the phone right away, quick, No. 92."

Fairman "gets there," and after a little difficulty succeeds in getting that Number, but derives little satisfaction from the results.

"Are you sure it wasn't some other Number, like 92 x x, for example?"

"Don't know but what it was!" is the reply, and while F—calls it up,