

Some of the seniors are anxious to discover the Junior Editor. They endeavor to persuade their most intimate friends to disclose the secret of his identity, but their attempts are useless. The few remarks in our last issue relative to the vogue, produced a smart that seemed to trouble their cherished little vein of vanity.

* * *

On May 23rd, the members of the Junior Athletic Association held their annual pic-nic at Chelsea.

* * *

We invite all the inhabitants of Lilliput to take a look at the beautiful group-picture that Dennis lately received from a chief of the Pottawatomie tribe.

* * *

Lost,—a hat, somewhere between Concession Street and Ottawa University. We hope that said hat will not find its way to Marquette, Michigan.

* * *

Scene :—*C. A. R. Depot.*

Last farewells. The big brother turned down. Quoth Joe W. "I'll bet a dollar that she won't refuse me."

It would not be right to let Joe lose his money, so,—!!!

Curtain falls as Prefect rounds the corner.

* * *

Gentlemen, in the college field, there is a red hat that has a very interesting history.

* * *

Prof. How is it that you have not finished your set ?

Tier. I lost *my balance*.

* * *

Latest definition of man. *Homo animalis ratione.*