

## ULULATUS.

## THE MICROCOSM.

The sage once asked the question "What is man?"

And thus the sager idiot's answer ran :  
"Only creation on a smaller plan."

He beheld his glabrous face in the glass and dolefully gave utterance to this *Martial* longing:  
"O quando mihi vernabunt dubia lanugine malae?"

The all-round championship of the small yard is anybody's prize so far. The *chief* aspirant has a great many other things to *talk* about, so he will hardly compete. Then McCumber, feeling that his chances are *Slimmer* than ever, positively refuses to enter.

The Seniors had their yard cleaned before the Juniors this spring. Mazenod, attempting to recover the big yard foot-ball, fell—in the junior department.

Jean advanced his "Alien Labor Act" another step this spring. He had the sole charge of opening the sewers.

JIMMY (at the play): Say, Tony, who is that fat man with the opera glasses looking at Jack?

TONY—Why, he is an expounder.

JIMMY—An expounder of what?

TONY—Of the drum !!!

The photographer's maxim: *Possession* is nine points in the picture.

The newly-elected members of the *Clan* say that the "Irish pinch" is the best formula for initiation they ever experienced.

"Fagan's Hotel" has already received its full quota of summer boarders and every recreation cigarette is passed around. "Dosey" is sure not to *miss it*, for no sooner has he stepped onto the campus than he begins to cry out:—"I'm nex' on you, dere, hain't I?"

Though spring is here and the snow has all disappeared, that hand-ball alley has not yet been formally opened. It is, perhaps, waiting for the convalescence of its president and some *more ice*.

In the Rhetoric class:—Prof: Can you explain to us, Mr. B——, what is a roundelay?

Sportive Freshman: Er—well, supposing you were out driving and one of your carriage wheels struck a rock and came off, why that would be——

Just then an impending rain storm broke forth in all its violence and the fainting class was saved.

"Dan" is pretty good at handball but he shows no special advantage behind the footlights. As a sentry accosting an unknown traveller in the darkness, "Shoot, or I'll speak," as he renders it, has a most tragic effect.