

Mitchener (walking thro' corridors at midnight) — What's the matter with those steam pipes in Room 17?

McLennan (answering from within) — They are all right, Dean. It's White sleeping aloud, as usual.

Matheson — Say fellows, I just got a letter from the best girl in the world.

Stillwell — By gravy! I thought I told my girl to quit corresponding with you.

Maynard, McPhail and Peters are associate composers of the new college song, entitled, "Eat All You Can, — Then Holler For More."

West has been taking a keen interest in the Poultry Department. He will be a fixture there in time.

If aught we have offended,
In this our lighter vein,
We apologize most humbly,
It wont occur again.

PROBABLY NOT.

Jealous women called her silly,
But she always had a beau.
And she married some rich Willie
Was she silly? — I dunno.

Uncle Toby was a hospitable soul. He wanted no guest in his house to be stinted.

"Have some, have some," he invited cordially at the supper table, sending around the platter for the third time; "we're going to give it to the pigs, any way." — Ex.

"Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsome spring."

"But, my dear," said grandma earnestly, "you are very young. Do you

feel that you are fitted for married life?"

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride sweetly. "Seventeen gowns!" — London Opinion

Inquisitive Old Party — What is the cause of that peculiar upward twitching of your nose every time an officer passes?

Tommy — Well, if ye must know, I 'ad a bit of me nose blown off, an' they grafted some flesh off me arm, an' now it's always gettin' up to salute. — London Opinion.

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are, and however slight they may be, you had better make some — not too painful, but patient — efforts to get rid of them. — Ruskin.

BRIGHT OFFICE BOY.

"Now, my lad," said the police officer, investigating a case of missing checks at the big commercial office. "I believe you're here first of a morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who's here next — Mr. Spidding or his partner?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other."

"Well, on what day would Mr. Spidding be likely to get here first?"

"Can't quite say, sir. At first he was always last, but he began to be early, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He was soon late again, however, though lately he's been a bit sooner. Juts now he's as much behind as before, but I expect he'll be getting early sooner or later."

"Oh, quite so! That's all I wanted to know." — Youngstown Telegram.