

The "Murchisonia," too, is here,  
 And H-z-l-nut most fine.  
 By some called fossils—what! how  
 queer?—  
 Our belles who with us dine.

But most remarkable of all,  
 Is eager E. R. B.,  
 Who eats a feast without a lull,  
 And then her lunch—oh, me!

But still predominant o'er all  
 Our Ethel shines out bright;  
 Her smile, which goes from ear to ear,  
 But testifies delight.

And, Ethel dear, do learn by me,  
 And eat, O starved one, eat!  
 We give you all without a fee,  
 A feast quite hard to beat.

E. R. B.

Miss D. and Miss S., of R. V. C. '12, are  
 preparing to publish a collection of Prof.  
 Latham's jokes. As the  
 R. V. C. '12. demand for this valuable  
 volume will doubtless be  
 very great, those desiring copies should  
 send in their orders at once.

Cheer up, Freshette! It was only a  
 couple of Arts students who smiled (?)  
 when you made a slide of the Arts build-  
 ing steps last Wednesday.

The young gentlemen (?) in the ad-  
 vanced French course, who are so fond  
 of the sound of their own voices, would  
 confer a great favor on the other mem-  
 bers of the class by exercising their vocal  
 powers outside the classroom.

## Class Reports

Oh! what a memorable night. Feb. 20,  
 1909, will always be remembered as one  
 of the pleasantest even-  
**MED.** 'og. ings that Medicine '09  
 spent during their whole  
 curriculum.

I voice the sentiments of the class when  
 I say that we are extremely grateful to  
 our popular Dean, "Frankie" Shepherd,  
 and to our professorial staff and their  
 young ladies, for an evening brimful of  
 enjoyment, and which will always be re-  
 miniscent of the pleasantest recollections.

It was a night, to use the Byronic  
 phrase, when the order was—

"On with the dance!

Let joy be unconfined, when Youth and  
 Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying  
 feet."

Everybody, even the Perpetual Plugger,  
 felt the joy of living, and for the mo-  
 ment was quite oblivious of the mighty  
 struggle with the giants in the spring,  
 and that hour is almost nigh when we  
 will have to cross the Rubicon and wage

the battle of our lives against great odds,  
 and the issue will be doubtful! But such  
 mournful thoughts did not for a moment  
 enter our minds on that memorable night,  
 and everybody felt like shouting, "Es  
 liebe die freiheit."

Let's glance for a moment at the fu-  
 ture alleviators of the suffering of man-  
 kind, while the music plays the dreamy  
 sentimental and popular strains.

There walks the floor the noble youth  
 with the good heart and sound head, a  
 manly fellow, whose heart throbs with  
 noble emotions and legitimate ambitions.

There is the ardent lover whispering  
 low; the fair maid blushing and her  
 face wreathed in smiles. Look yonder  
 and behold the artistic temperament lav-  
 ishing his affections on a Madonna-like  
 face. There is the great Personality  
 whom you meet wherever you go, puffed  
 up with his own importance, not achieve-  
 ments, who considers himself as the great  
 "I am" and looks down with contempt at  
 the less fortunate members of mankind!

There is the Perpetual Plugger, a sacri-