

COLLEGE ETIQUETTE.

1. "Never knock at the door before entering, it indicates a sort of non-familiarity, which friends do not like. 2. Cause your friend to notice you by slapping him vigorously on the back or head, especially if he is studying, it is a sort of greeting which always shows good breeding. 3. If one of the occupants of the room is very anxious to get his lessons, be sure to make as much noise as possible by talking in a boisterous and nonsensical manner; it is good for the student to have his mind diverted frequently from his work, and then it creates kindly feeling toward yourself. 4. If one or more occupants of the room never uses tobacco, always remember to precede to smoke, or better still, to chew as soon as you get seated; it is well for persons to become accustomed to these things which are unpleasant to them. 5. Never fail to lounge upon the bed, try on the plug hat, examine every article about the room, commenting vociferously upon all, and never under any circumstances leave when you see your host is growing anxious about his work; it is not well to leave him in such an alarming state of mind. The length of your call should not be less than three hours."—*Transcript*.

A COLLEGE ATTACHMENT.

We've skimped, an' sent that boy to fill
The holler in his heart with knowledge;
He wasn't good for much, but still
We thought he might pull through a college;
We guessed he'd study up at nights,
Work hard to mend his mind and natur,
An' here that young Philistine writes
He's deep in love with Alma Mater!

We'd better kept him tendin' corn,
An' feedin' pigs, an' doin' plowin',
Since he's a student—in a horn—
An' spendin' money, I'm allowin'
There's Hettie, neighbor Squigg's gal
Ah, how this news 'll circumstrate her!
I'd allus picked her out fur Hal,—
Now he's in love with Alma Mater!

I've heard about those college chaps,
An' read about 'em in the papers,
An' Hal he's *one* of 'em, perhaps,
An' thick in all their scrapes an' capers.
He wrote us he wuz doin' fine,
Wuz somethin' of a winnin' hater,
An' now we see he wuz a lyin'.
An' spendin' time with Alma Mater.

Last night we writ a letter warm
A sayin' we are led to statin'
He'd better come an' work the farm,
An' we'ud help his graduatin';
That he could pack his college rigs,
Er he'd discover, soon or later,
It's better sparkin' Hettie Squiggs
Than makin' love to Alma Mater.

ULULATUS.

A 2nd Grade definition: "Gypsy, a native of Egypt."

A literal translation of *balayer les escaliers*—
"broom de ladder."

"Say, M——, what do you wish to be?" "I'm feeling as if I'd like to B A just at present."

4 π R² gives the exact surface of our mathematicians' cranium since he has got his hair clipped.

What did Benj. H. say to Grover C.? Benjamin said, "Grover, March 4th" and Grover marched. — *Yale Record*.

The grand stand of Cahy's handball alley is generally well filled with a crowd every evening. They enjoy the aromatic breezes of that neighborhood very much.

PROF. (in philosophy class, discussing the origin of ideas) "Do you recollect the first idea you ever had?"

STUDENT—"Yes sir, hunger."

When one of our French students learning English tells you that he has a nail in the back of his neck and a button on his lip, do not be astonished, but rather pity him: he means that he has a boil on the back of his neck, and a pimple on his lip.

There was a young mosquito,
And he brushed himself quite neat, oh,
Ere he went out in the street, oh,
In search of prey.

He sought in vain to greet, oh,
Some one whose blood was sweet, oh,
And who suffered from the heat, oh,
This summer day.

By luck he chanced to meet, oh,
None other than our Pete, oh,
Whom he prepared to eat, oh,
In a quiet way.

The result of the encounter is still undecided as we go to press.

We have heard that there was lately some difficulty amongst the members of the Zouave baseball club in regard to the position of second base man. It was finally settled by awarding the place to a player who based his claims on the fact that he has got two new teeth coming out and would be a Mascot for the team. Who was it?

Knowing the fondness of one of our friends for sliced pine-apples, some practical jokers prepared a tempting dish of sliced raw potatoes and passed it around for dessert at a turkey dinner in "Mis. Gooley's" a short time ago. Our friend saw with gratification that very few indulged in the delicacy before it reached him, and accordingly took a proportionately larger share. The look of disgust that overspread his countenance when he began masticating the "pine-apple" would have charmed the heart of a dime-museum manager in search of a contortionist.