

LADIES' COLUMN

—EDITORS:—

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?

I am a novice, who fain would be
A wonderful learned Ph. D.,
Or a Bachelor of high degree,
But many a thing perplexes me.

What mean those voices from many throats
While the grave professor is sorting his notes?
Or why the rythmical tramp of feet,
When I tiptoe timidly to my seat?
Or what the fate of the youth so vain
Who carries the surreptitious cane?
Or his who despises the loud "Beware!"
As he smiles at the ladies on the stair?
And where is the "Den"? Or what might it be?
Are some of the puzzles perplexing me.

And who is the youth with the tattered gown?
And who the savant with the chilling frown,
Who coldly, slightly looks at me
As if I a trifier here might be?
But I've learned, as I passed at duty's call,
Where the silver moted sunbeams fall
Through the serried ranks of the male-lined hall
A truth that was quite unknown to me,
To wit: "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea."

But when I'm a wonderful Ph. D.,
Or a Bachelor of high degree,
I'll be as wise as my brothers be
And nothing will evermore puzzle me.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

EXERCISE. Honor Student Chem. Professor,
Having scandalized given sample of water I
find it contains 10 grains cowbonic acid, 10 grains ox hide
gas, 10 grains fox-forus acid and 70 grains of hydrophobia.
J. F. P.—

A COMEDY IN FIVE SCENES.

Scene I.—A boarding house on ——— street. Time—
1.30 p. m. The curtain rising reveals two students. One
by his sedate appearance is at once known as a Senior,
the other bears every mark of a Freshman. The latter
speaks:

"I saw a splendid joke played on a fellow a few years
ago. He set his alarm clock for 4 a. m. A friend turned
it two hours in advance and the sleeper awoke, dressed
himself and awaited daylight, which failed to appear.
You'd a died to hear the laugh we had over it."
[Curtain falls.]

Scene II.—A week later. Same room and characters.
Time—10 p. m. Alarm clock and a lurch of bread, butter
and cake on table.

Freshman—"Now, we've an exam. in French to-morrow
and I want to get up bright and early, so I'll set this for
5 a. m. I must learn those *Expressions Idiomaticques* and

write an account of Suzel before breakfast." Undresses
and crawls into bed with a cheery "good-night" from the
Senior.
[Curtain.]

Scene III.—Same room. Tableau. The curtain rises
showing the *sedate* Senior turning the alarm clock while
a smile envelops his countenance. His room-mate sleeps
soundly.
[Curtain.]

Scene IV.—Darkness. Whirr-r-r-r buzz-z-z-z whirr-rr.
Freshman—"There it goes! I must get up. Waugh!!
But I'm sleepy!" Strikes a light and looks at the clock,
which points to 5. He dresses, eats his lunch and settles
to work.
[Curtain.]

Scene V.—Two and a half hours later. Freshman is
discovered pulling up the blind—lets it fall, turns back to
work, looks at the clock and exclaims: "Well, it's time
for daylight an hour ago. I believe this clock went crazy
for I'm as sleepy as can be. I'll settle the matter."
Rises and takes his watch from his vest pocket. Muffled
exclamations, angry gesticulations—"It's only 4 o'clock."
Hastily undresses. Suppressed gulps of laughter may be
heard from his bed-fellow, which, however, the early riser
is too sleepy to hear.

Light is extinguished. [Curtain falls.]

Honor Science. Professor, how could Adam have
named all the animals without having taken Honor
Zoology.—A. M. F—enwick.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I will not have any yelling in the halls.—[Prof. Mc-
Naughton.]

You will have a pic-nic stopping us.—[The Students.]

Will somebody please get me a cat?—[A. M. Fen—k.]

Everybody should pay their JOURNAL subscription as
soon as possible.—[Business Manager.]

Embryo Politician (excited in debate on Chinese ques-
tion)—"Mr. Speaker—er—er—let us pray."

"I'm—I'm *shocked*" (passionately).—A. R. M—e-s.

"All of us were born of the same *man*."—J. St-w-t.

Soap is largely composed of *grease*, and it was probably
to this Professor Mc—n referred when he said that all
civilization could be traced back to Greece.—[Professor in
Chemistry.]

Lost. A necessary article, which I dearly love.—[W. J.
H-y-s.]

Well, "Jimminy John" there's an awful lot of girls in
this place now, but it's nice, though.—[E. B. E-h-lin.]

After this, when we go calling Sundays we will make
sure, she is at home. Eh, Freddy?—[Fitz—k.]

Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order; this is out of
order. Is my point of order well taken?—[Ry-r-on.]

I ask the Secretary to record *my objection* to your
ruling.—[N. R. C—l.]

Mine too.—[S-m-ll-e.]