

UNUS EX PLURIBUS

This year by Mr. Rhodes' plan,
A right good plan each one agrees,
Old 'Varsity elects a man
To send out over seas.

The lucky candidate we know
Three years will live in clover,
Yet those who fail, to drown their woe
May well be half seas over.



THEN AND NOW

By R. C. R.

When beaux and wits of former days
Of "good things" spoke, they meant
The flashing of a brilliant phrase,
A bright thought's ornament.

But modern wits and beaux I wis
Have lost those classic graces;
To them a "good thing" simply is
A hot tip on the races.



THE ECONOMIC MAN

By K. Khan

" . . . The economic hypothesis of an omniscient being, devoid of all sentiment and emotion and actuated solely by a regard for his own material interests. . . ."

"Were you around your rendezvous?"

His speech was short;

"Believe me, I've been waiting you,"

Her old retort.

—But did he?—No.

He was the Economic Man.

He knew no ladies at the rink,
What should he do?

Oh, coy and fetching was the wink
To him she threw.

—Well, did he?—No.

He was the Economic Man.

They sat together on the stair,
Her fav'rite place;

Above, a mistletoe affair
Hung o'er her face.

—Oh, did he?—No.

He was the Economic Man.

"We play McGill next week," said he,
With eager eye.

"Oh, that's the game I'd love to see,"
Was her reply.

—And did she?—No.

He was the Economic Man.



I remember, I remember,

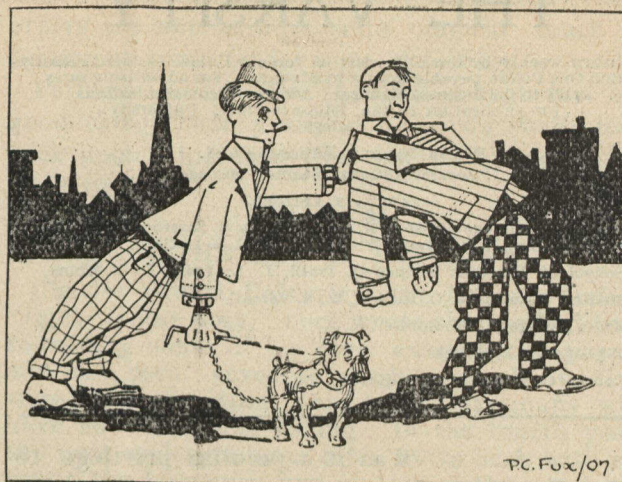
Nothing further after that,
But I wakened in the morning.

On an alien lobby mat,
And I felt not unpersuaded

(Though my reasons were not clear)
That I'd spent a merry Christmas

And a prosperous New Year.

—Glasgow University Magazine.



COLLEGE SPORTS

(President Roosevelt has said that college sports are going to the dogs.)

A tale we now in doggerel
Tho' oft retailed again retell,
Clad in glad rags or football togs,
Our sports are going to the dogs.

What with high balls and half-and-half
None can foretell the aftermath.
To rescue them from this débacle
Will almost need a block and tackle.

And now so oft have critics stormed
Our sports must surely be reformed
—If thou dost this, for evermore
O, Roosevelt we shall Theodore.

L.



THE FOOL'S DICTIONARY

B. A.—The pinnacle on which the foundation of the University is built.

Convocation Haul—\$100,000.

Mater—The other half of Alma.

Classics—A post mortem examination.

Residence—A dream of our grandchildren.

Theology—Fire insurance.

Hell—Dr. Torrey's asylum for the incurables of the universe.

General course—A net for acrobats.

Queen's Hall—Lazenby's Nirvana.

Victoria College—A place where they don't smoke—yet.

Civil Engineers—Men who take into the wilds a civilization they have not.

The Varsity—The poets' sinecure.

Political Science—The art of doing nothing in order that you may do somebody.

Moderns—Vivisection.

Natural Science—A harp without hands.

Plug—(None of the staff know).



Shopping by mail will never be entirely popular until Uncle Sam puts out an issue of 98-cent dollar bills.—Ex.

"Honestly, if I were called upon to advise a young man how best to succeed in life I should tell him to wear out two suits of dress clothes every year."—Alfred Henry Lewis.