

All honor to the members of the Alma Mater Society who have agreed to raise \$40,000 to found a King memorial chair. The alumni of Queen's are being lauded for raising \$20,000 for a new building in honour of their Principal, but with a smaller constituency and a small association, the alumni of Manitoba College are about to engage in a nobler work because more difficult. What more fitting tribute, or more permanent expression of love for the great man so many years at the head of this College than a memorial chair, and now with the Synod and the alumni both working toward the same end, we do not think we are too optimistic when we say that the great work is about to be accomplished.—*Manitoba College Journal.*

Professor Syle, of the State University of California, cannot tolerate snobbishness on the part of his scholars, and such offence is sure to call forth some sarcastic comment. The other day, while calling the roll of one of his classes, he came upon the name of a Miss Greene. He paused and expresses his disapproval of the final "e" in her name by saying "G-r-e-e-n-e; does that spell Green or Greenie?" Miss Greene promptly replied: "S-y-l-e; does that spell Syle or Sillie?"—*Ex.*

In the annual class rush at the University of Wisconsin, the Freshmen were victorious over the Sophomores. The president of the university and many professors were interested witnesses of the contest.—*Transcript.*

A Freshman once to Hades went,  
Something he wished to learn;  
They sent him back to earth again,  
He was too green to burn.—*Ex.*

#### A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat, was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigarettum;  
He wore a diamond studibus,  
An elegant cravattum,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, tho'  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum.  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo-oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on speers,  
And said, on starting homus,  
'Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my—hic—hic—domus?'

Altho he lived in Rome  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a diff'rent thing  
Was the homo (dative, homini)  
Of far-away B.C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

It goes without saying that the Christmas number of the *Acta Victoriana* has been welcomed in the reading room here. It is a very handsome and readable production.

Latin professor: "Have you been through 'De Bella Gallica?'"

Freshman: (looking wise), "Yes, sir; but it was at night and I did not see much of the country."—*The Kai-min.*