

**PROHIBITION.**

No more wild rides and tipsy slides,  
 Or 'fuddling of the brain,  
 Or liquids of seductive hue,  
 PROHIBITION is here to reign.

No more of chorus girls in tights,  
 No more champagne and wine,  
 No more wine suppers Sunday nights,  
 On TWO PER CENT we dine.

No more home-coming in the dark,  
 When the rooster sings his lay;  
 No more wild rides in Riverside Park,  
 PROHIBITION is here to stay.

No more sweet sleep 'till close of day,  
 No brown taste in the morning;  
 Two Per Cent is here to stay,  
 So take this as a warning.

And when you go out for a spree  
 Fill up on ginger ale.  
 And then your Ford won't climp a tree,  
 And you won't go to jail! —Ikey.

Tom Cooper affirms that the earth's most charming physical feature is a "Glen." He never tires of gazing at one.

**OVERHEARD IN THE DINING HALL.**

Shales—Look at that man Scales dragging himself into the Hall. I wonder if he's afflicted with locomotor ataxia.

Himpel—No, I think not, but he does appear to have an attack of acute deliberation.

**HIS BOAST.**

Lady: "And you say you are an educated man?"

Wearied Will: "Yes, mum, I'm a roads scholar."—University of Michigan Gargoyle.

**A LARGE ORDER.**

She had been sitting in the furniture shop for nearly two hours inspecting their stock of linoleums.

Roll after roll the perspiring assistant brought out, but still she seemed

dissatisfied. From her dress he judged her to be a person of wealth, and thought it likely she would have a good order to give.

When at last he had shown her the last roll, he paused in despair.

"I'm sorry, madam," he apologized, "but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory. Perhaps you would call in again?"

"Yes, do," she said graciously, "and ask them to send you one or two with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage."—World Wide.

**ITEMS FOR THE EDITOR.**

Practically anyone can be an editor. All the editor has to do is sit at a desk six days in the week, four weeks in the month and twelve months in the year and "edit" such raw material as this.

"A Sophomore of Mill St. let a can-opener slip last week and cut himself in the restaurant."

"Last Tuesday a mischievous freshman threw a snowball and struck a 'Shorthorn' behind the judging pavilion."

"The janitor climbed up on the residence yesterday to shovel off the snow, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While waiting for the College car on Saturday afternoon a student was attacked by a savage dog who bit him several times on the public square."

"Sam Wong, while harnessing his broncho last Saturday, was kicked in the morning near his laundry."

First Idiot: "Terrible accident in the Victrola factory."

Party of the Second Part: "How's that?"

First Idiot: "This year's sales broke all records."—Ex.