

This is the time of year when some peculiar translations are given. One of the latest comes from a third-grade youth who attempted to assist his first-form friend with the phrase "*Mors omnibus communis*." He contended that it was a French sentence and meant that communication was had to Mars by omnibus.

If that young man from the corridor who loudly warbles "Call Me Back Again" after 10 p.m., thereby disturbing his neighbors for miles around, would kindly stay where he is he would be a most charitable caterer "*pro bono publico*."

THINGS OF THE PAST.

The summer sport of jaunty mien,
The summer tramp of carcass lean,
The fakir preying on bumkins green,
Have fled.

So has the dude of summer mould,
With ice-cream suit, and manner bold,
He could not stand September's cold.
He's dead.

The celluloid is laid away,
The fluffy tie, and negligé,
For June's first sultry holiday
Next year.

To picnic basket, cake and pie,
Wherein dyspepsia's torments lie,
We've bade a sweet and fond good-bye,
I fear.

Whoever sighs for ice-cream gone,
Or sleepless nights from mosquito's song,
Or limburger cheese slightly strong,
He dies.

The sweet vacation's vanished far,
The college doors stand now ajar,
But best of all, on us there are
No flies.

C. A. Nadian—So you have the cholera in the States, I see?

A. M. Erican—No, is that so? Since when?

C. A. N.—Oh, it has been there a long time now.

A. M. E.—I never knew that. Where is it located?

C. A. N.—Why, in Colora-do!

The Seventh Form are never in want of a good thing. They have a *Pie* in the class.

One of our new students unacquainted with the French language received quite a surprise one day recently; having occasion to go into a grocery shop, he was horrified to see on the counter a large cheese in a very decomposed state, and altogether unpalatable, have tagged to it this sign, "*Fromage*."

A slang phrase applied—"Come off the roof," as the farmer said when he shot the thieving hen-hawk that sat perching on the barn.

Seemingly Tennyson has given up poetry and taken to something more substantial, for his usual cry now is, "Play ball, boys! My Jove, Greenwood, wake up!"

"Jack," one of our latest arrivals, would like to take a course in "*Latin, Greek and Gibraltar*." That should *make ill* the healthiest one in our midst.

We have a few light-weights with us this year; but there is one who requires especial *care*, for his loss would prove quite irretrievable.

The King of Sleep is back again and, as usual, has "*nothing to say*."