

A Freshman remarked: "How warm it is in Prof. Warty's room."  
A wag replied—"Oh! don't you know he's the College Registrar."

SCENE: In Chapel—Prayers.

B-r-s-s (whispering to chum) "Great Caesar! can't buy a *pony* in town, wonder what I'll do?"

Dr. (just then speaking of Proverbs) "Just make a few, young men make a few."

Regarding the complaints made to us concerning the rules of Chip. Hall we would say—We see no good reason why the Freshmen should not be served last at meals; neither can we protest on their behalf that the 'scraps' from the senior table is not good enough for them; yet, considering the meekness with which these unfortunates submit to their teasing, we think it very unkind of the soph's to chide them by singing that dinner song—

Oh why do you wait dear freshies  
Oh why not begin on your gall  
'Twill make a meal for ten thousand  
Or, *fill the bath tubs of Chip Hall.*

Dr. (lecturing) Explain! Why you can't explain anything. You say the waters of the seas come from rivers, but does that explain anything? For do not the rivers come from brooks, and the brooks from springs? And do not the springs come from vapor and fog? Still is anything explained? No? For where does the fog come from?

Chorus in class—St. J-o-h-n ! ! !

A degree of freshness hitherto unknown in Chipman Hall, was manifested the other evening when the denizens of the freshmen table eagerly drank the contents of a pitcher of salted water. It is sincerely hoped that the result may be beneficial to both victims and witnesses.

Citizen to Soph.—"I say young man who is your new instructor in Math.?"

Soph :—Well if you mean the man that does the teaching its Prof. Jones; but if you mean the man that does the talking its Prof. L-ng-y.

Pres.—Ah! young man, coming to College?

New Student—Yes sir!

Pres:—Freshman?

N. S. :—No Sir. McF-d--n!

On the evening of the Sem. Masquerade, the inmates of Chip. Hall were aroused from their slumbers by the cries of something, evidently an infant in distress, and on going to the rescue were amazed to find a distinguished member of the freshman class suspended by a rope from the railing of the banister. The matter is still a mystery, and up to the present time no clue can be found which will lead to the discovery of the guilty parties. It is supposed however by some that the unfortunate fellow, had left his room late that evening with the intention of STEELING a look at the *Dancing Nymphs*; and being caught by one of the *night* guards it was ALL OVER with him; for nothing could save him from the fury of these enraged *angels*