

## ULULATUS.

## COLLEGE HUMOUR.

--:--  
 "Music is all  
 the rage."

Did you hear  
 the ban'-joe?



Pass the ball!

Tackle him low!

Held! HELD!! HELD!!!

; wrote the coal-dealer to his son.  
 ; the son answered.

A sure sign of the approach of cold weather—  
 "The Spanish Migration."

Said the Prof:—"Estne difficultas circa haec."  
 Understood the student:—"There is no difficulty;  
 chuck ahead."

Why does the new "member from the Island"  
 Stow away his boxing-gloves? Why not give us an  
 exhibition in the Rec?

Our noted mathematician has shown "poor  
 judgment" in introducing the old time football  
*dash* into the Physical Room.

Why is our baseball nine like the Himalayas?  
 Because it has an *Everest* at one of its bases.

A hopeful young student, examining his upper  
 lip before a mirror, gloomily remarked:—"This  
 is a case where distance does not lend enchant-  
 ment to the view."

Canadian ponies are becoming very scarce.  
 The entire breed seems doomed to destruction;  
 whether this is owing to over-riding or too close  
 confinement, is difficult to ascertain.

A question for the 4th Grade:

A perambulating reservoir 4 ft. high, and 10 ft.  
 in girth, is filled with musical gas. If it takes one  
 cubic inch of gas to produce one note of "Annie  
 Rooney," how many cubic feet will it take to pro-  
 duce the whole song? and, how much must be  
 added to what remains in the reservoir to play  
 "Home, Sweet Home."

Of all the words of lad or lass  
 The sadest are those, "I did not pass."  
 —*Colly Echo*.

In the sanctum.—"Yes, sir; I feel it in my  
 bones that my name will be written 'on Fame's  
 eternal head-roll' as one of the greatest humorists  
 of the age."

"Well, you'll have to be-droller than you are  
 now." James, pass me that waste basket.

—*Puck*.

The Assistant Editor.—I have some paragraphs  
 on socks here. Where shall I put them?

The Chief.—Among the foot notes.

—*Ex*.

Marvellous Realism.—Artist: You didn't ac-  
 cept that little drawing of mine—the drawing of  
 a hen?

Editor.—No; it was not true to life.

Artist.—Not true to life? Why, when I put it  
 on your desk it lay there!

—*The Epoch*.

Arnicus.—How did that batch of jokes you  
 wrote in violet ink come out?

Spacer.—It came back as I sent it—inviolated.

—*Town Topics*.

Returned to the giver.

"By Jove, Bronson! excuse my saying so, but  
 this is the rankest cigar I ever smoked; where did  
 you get it?"

"You gave it to me last night. I was afraid of  
 it myself."  
 —*Epoch*.

What the envious world says of us:—

St. Peter.—"Halt!"

New Spirit.—"Can I come in?"

St. Peter.—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are  
 just out of college, and we don't want any advice  
 about running the universe."

—*Ex*.

The editor who saw a lady making for the only  
 empty seat in the car, found himself "crowded  
 out to make room for more interesting matter."  
 —*Ex*.

The Right Spirit.—"I see," he observed, walk-  
 ing into the sanctum, "that you need the services  
 of a leader writer on your editorial column?"

"That position has been filled," was the reply.

He sighed.

"I notice also," he went on, "that you adver-  
 tise for a person to address envelopes. Is that  
 position still open?"

"It is, sir."

"Then I'll take it."

*Puck*.—

"Non paratus," sighed the junior,  
 With a sad and troubled look,  
 "Omne rectum," said the professor,  
 Nihil scripsit in his book.

—*Mt. Union Dynamo*.

If you see a gentle freshman,  
 With his eyes all black and blue,  
 And a plaster on his forehead  
 Along with a bunch or two,  
 Do not think the matter startling,  
 Though with pain he seems to crawl,  
 He has been upon the campus,  
 And has only played foot ball.

—*University News*.