

CLIPPINGS.

A SHORTER CATECHISM.

"What is a Senior?"

"A senior is a man who is hourly thunder-struck at the immensity and variety of his own learning. A senior usually discovers the cold, harsh nature of the world, when he falls in love with a green-eyed girl who will not marry him until he has an income of two thousand dollars a month, and a brown-stone front in Harlem."

"What is a Junior?"

"A Junior is one who writes poetry and nourishes secret griefs."

"Tell me something about Sophomores."

"Sophomores are men who carry big bangers, and rent seats in chapel to freshmen for \$4.50 apiece. Probably more beer is required to run a good healthy class of sophomores, than they could ever pay for, if they were not allowed to 'hang it up'."

"Do Sophomores like Freshmen?"

"Yes, sophomores do like freshmen, but you would, perhaps, never suspect it from their manner. They are naturally reserved."

"Describe Freshmen."

"Freshmen are babes in the wood, who fall an easy prey to unprincipled tutors. A cheeky freshman is probably the lowest type of humanity. Freshmen, however, should be treated well because they will be seniors some day, if they can rub along until they are out of their swaddling clothes."

"What are tutors?"

"Tutors are beings created for the purpose of inspiring students with a longing for a better world hereafter. Many and many an innocent boy, reared in a Christian home and with a childhood full of bright promise, has been led astray and gradually sunk lower and lower until he has ended by becoming a tutor in a college."

"Is it ever possible for a man who is ignorant of his own language, who studies nothing but athletics, and who is remarkable chiefly for his cheek, to graduate at a college?"

"Oh, never!"

"What, never!"

"Well, hard—"

"Sh-h-h! That'll do: now put on your little striped ulster and run out and play till dark."

There was a young student in Farnam,
Who took off his stocking to darn 'em,
And a piece of the needle

He used in the deed'll

Be found in the student in Farnam.

N. B.—He left it in his stocking, which can't be expressed in poetry.

LE PRINTEMPS.

"In the spring the reverend senior braces for the final grind;
In the spring the nobby junior lets his hair grow long behind;

In the spring the jolly soph'more sees his former toughness wane;

In the spring a freshman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of cane."

Prof.—"Yes, in his darkest hours, Milton, blind, neglected and forgotten, could still forget his sorrows while pouring forth his soul to the deep harmonies of the organ. Do you remember, sir, a more modern instance of the same thing?" Soph.—(doubtfully.)—"Johnny Mor—?"—Prolonged applause.

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"Grind, grind, grind,

For a sight of that old degree;

And I would that my tongue would utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the innocent Fresh

As he slopes with a timorous leer!

And well for the dissolute Soph,

As he shouts for a schooner of beer!

But it's grind, grind, grind,

Till I tack on my name, A. B.,

And the careless ease of a day that is fled

Will never come back to me!"

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ITEMS.

Lots of poetical talent in Law.

What is the correct costume for Convocations?

The Literary Society has been rather poorly attended lately.

Several cases of theft about the main building have been reported.

The examination in Constitutional History will be held on April 21st.

The Law students claim that their dinner, reported elsewhere, was the best yet.

The presence of past graduates at the annual dinner in Law, is a good idea.

Champagne suppers are given by Medicos on the occasion of their birthdays.