

## ULULATUS.

Get in trim.

Joe now bears the name of Trilby.

"*Haec est conditio vivendi.*" Ray persists in translating the above phrase thus: Such is life in large universities.

Who carries your tobacco now, Gustave?

The gala day is coming, and the Joker purposes entering the Irish race.

A close shave—Stapie's head.

We notice a slight change in the wording of Tom's favorite ballad; it now runs "Oh, Pesky broke my meercaum pipe."

The students of physics cannot determine what kind of battery Joe and Toby make; but it is stated that for heavy work it is especially adapted; for the resistance is only 2 while the motive force is 22.

Of Aussant, J. Ross, Patry, Cush,

Which is best for centre push?

The oracle, being asked the above question, answered,

"Whether tall or whether short

The best is he who plays with heart."

Niggah—Well, Pete, I think we're going to have warmer weather.

Pete—Oh, yes, I can feel the change in my pocket.

Albert (day after the play)—Vandy was "right in it" last night, wasn't he?

Ray—Yes, for a while, before he took the CAR.

Joe thus describes his pitching in classical (?) terms:—Curves, swift of foot, are to me; and I effect that they circumambulate in batting and kiss the gauntlet of the Man in the Iron Mask.

"I will not believe it," said gentle-natured Sully when Babe told him that Stape had deprived a whole community of innocent little animals of their only means of subsistence.

It seems as if that Washington boy was born to be an athlete. He is now even more proficient at hand-ball than on the diamond, and can hit, on an average, two balls out of every seven he tries.

Though the *all-saintly* featherweight of No. 1 would like to see home before football season opens, he denies that he was ever *blue*, but affirms that he is always *ready* for every task.

Bill Nye lately accounted for the absence of the football by surmising that the shark had devoured it.

Baptiste has been accepted as a heavy comedian owing to the able manner in which he handled scenery in the recent play.

J. O'B. says his great labor is to overcome Anger, which he calls his predominating passion.

The night was past, the day begun

When Eagle visited Eagle's son;

"Arise! arise!" the father said,

"Get up and walk and take thy bed."

We notice by the bulletin board that a few of our baseballers have been released.