

"Where is my trunk?"

"Under the bed, me laird."

Ch-p has bought out Sam's lunch room. Good luck to the new proprietor.

"Who was at the ice cream contest?"

"Oh, only the light eating crowd."

Stop that, Riley, do you hear. Whoa!

L-y, who was your friend from St. M's the evening of the 13th? What's his name?

"JUNE 17."

I go to class at early morn
With pencil, pad and books well worn;
I sit and listen, talk and think,
And sometimes steal a short sweet wink.

The same thing o'er each day I do
Till ten short months have by me flew;
Alas! the end comes round too soon,
Oh! how I fear the Ides of June.

That Greek and Latin, French and Dutch,
Now give me cause to fear them much;
The why, this fear, is that I've thunk—
I see the Ides and see a flunk.

Cheer up, old chap, you'll soon be through
Do your best for it's up to you;
Trust to your noodle and good luck,
And like the goose may avoid a pluck.

Stay with the books till the Ides have gone,
Stay up at night and work till dawn,
Stay under cover like highway thug,
Stay in your room and *plug, plug, plug*.

G—. "Say, M—, what delivery ought I to use in that debate?"

M—. "The spit-ball, of course!"