

She—Why, I had no idea it was so cold in the Hall.

Mary E.—Mrs. Fuller has just told me that I could not use my electric tongs any more.

New Girl—And will she not even let me use kid curlers?

Will we forget the day that M. K. first wore—a smile? Since then, we see that others have joined the smiling class. And the bright lights are so hard on the eyes.

Miss Job—"Why, whatever have you been doing with yourself, Miss B?"

B.—"Oh, I'm covered with boils, just like poor old Job."

We wonder why Archie Porter had such trouble in skating one particular evening. Evidently he had mistaken his right foot for his left.

#### OVERHEARD AT THE RINK

Fair one—"Why have you not been at church lately, Mr. Patterson?"

Pat—"I really was unavoidably absent," etc.

We wonder why Baptist friends are so deeply interested in some of their church attendance?

(For reason apply to the editor.)

Was it purely accidental that two heads were discovered so close together during the Lantern Talk at Lit one particular evening? Perhaps some thoughtless person ahead, had failed to remove her hat—a charitable friend suggests. Perhaps because two heads are better than one—you remark. But let this suffice, Girls, as a timely warning. You are under the surveillance of the convenor of the love-lorn committee.

Place—a corridor in Mac Hall.

Time—3:30 a. m.

Scene—a Junior Norma! sitting in a rocking-chair, comfortably surrounded with quilts.

Night rover—"Why, not in bed, Evelyn?"

Evelyn—"Oh, I found it rather crowded, so I left the mouse comfortably in bed."

Might we suggest that a list of Mac-ites holding season-tickets for the rink be posted in the O. A. C. phone booth for the special benefit of P. and H.

