

ULULATUS.

You can't jolly me!

Tim says he will "get that diploma or lose a leg." He has already left his order, and the carpenter is hard at work.

Georgie has lately revised the rules for Columbia's national game. The principle changes are as follows: 1. He who catches shall also perform the functions of third base. 2. If the catcher misses the ball, a runner may come home with impunity. 3. Hereafter the game shall consist of ten innings instead of nine.

The labor question—How much have you reviewed?

Who caught the base-ball on the nose?
Who like his foot-ball captain blows?
Who at lacrosse his talent shows?

Bill Nye.

Who teases Joe most every night?
Who with McG-k-n had a fight?
And pasted him with left and right?

Not Bill Nye.

Who from his room was forced to roam?
Who did it with a bitter groan?
But said "'tis well; I'm not alone,"

Poor Mickie.

Who hired a suite of rooms next door?
Who spread no carpets on the floor?
But at such cruel treatment swore,

Not Mickie.

It is no longer Trilby's foot or Trilby's other foot, but Trilby's flaring necktie.

Punjab (to shoe merchant)—Show me your sneaks?

He was immediately ushered to the back door.

A cheer greeted Willy the other day when he entered class (though a little late) with his hair no longer parted near the middle.

Comment porter house Gookin?
Oh tres beans George.

Wanted—A second team.

A lost inheritance—title of base-ball team.

A Comedy of Errors—Sunday's game.

Stolen—four bases.

A strange philological remark was made on the word "renege." A careful student noticed its close connection with the phrase "you're an egg" contracted.

Walter says he'd run on neither the Conservative nor Liberal ticket, but he would on a railroad ticket.

Vandy is making rapid strides towards perfection at bowling. Good wishes.

Cæsar the II is his name, and *prior* he was Albert.

The friends of Pair Haze saw with regret his development into a *checky swell*.

The hardest hit in the recent ball game was the umpire's when he shouted "If you don't keep quiet, I'll put both of you on the grand stand." And forthwith there was exceeding great quiet.

"Even the bell is on strike," said the Joker. "Yes," replied Bill, "and the clock is *fasting*."

The Cornwall wingman may "trip the light fantastic," but he should not trip on the foot-ball field.

A call down—Come off the roof.

A popular duet—"We won't go home till morning," by McK. and O'R.

New Waltz—"A midnight revel." Music by A. T-b-n and J. L-c-y.

The trees go on vacation this year before the students—they began *leaving* some days ago.

Several of our base-ballers are in difficulty with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The offence charged is "catching flies."