

ULULATUS!



O-yy-I!—Tu whit, to who! 'Rah!

What is the matter
With the Bird of Night?
Never was better;
Indeed, he's all right!

Patronizing Senior to Freshman: "What do you think of the place?" "Like it well enough, only there's too much boom and 'rah and general jollification about it."

THE JOKER JOKED.

In the spring-time of the year,
When fresh eggs are mighty queer,
Ev'ry one of them can cackle when 'tis broke;
Went a man into a store,
Man you've often met before,
Man who's always bubbling over with a joke.

Said he to the clerk within,
With a salutatory grin,
"I want some eggs,—about two yards or so!"
When much to his dismay,
The clerk three eggs straightway
Brought forth and set before him in a row.

The man closed up his smile,
Looked at the clerk awhile,
And stammered out he would not stand a cheat;
The clerk smiled now, and cried:
"If you'll only look inside
You'll find each egg contains—two standard
feet!!!"

Wonder where does that myrmidonic long-haired
Achaean hail from?

Our subscribers may rest assured that THE OWL
is tang-less.

ABIIT.

Gone from the dusty play-ground,
The College cark and care!
Gone! like a fleeting shadow,
And only himself knows where!

Gone like our last vacation
Ere yet it had seemed begun,
Before our initiation
To the realms of endless fun.

Gone like the tramp in the morning,
Who left neither trace nor sign
Of himself, nor the last week's washing,
Save the posts and the empty line.

No more by the hand-ball alley,
His perennial smile is seen,
Shedding luminous ray wherever
His thrice-honest face had been.

But his name is often mentioned
When asking the time of day;
For, in French, to put such a question,
On dit: "Quelle heure *quelle est*?"

This world is a panorama—
A stream ever rushing on,
Where faces are seen for a moment
And then from our vision are gone.

Yet "his bright smile haunts" our slumber,
And stalks through the fields of dream,
Where we see him again in the number
That float on the College stream.