An uproar in the air
Seems to fairly lift my hair
And to breath I hardly dare
For the noise.
'Tis the tramp of Sophette feet
As they anxiously compete
For the very hindmost seat,
Up at Math.

The fellow that is a "bird" at his work isn't in much danger of losing his feathers by being "plucked."

Prof. Sears: "What is under the bark of the tree?"

Slipp answers with a long scientific name.

Prof. Sears: "No."

Slipp (impatiently): "What is it then?"

Prof. Sears (smiling): "Wood!"

In the good old hockey time,
In the good old hockey time,
Swiftly flies the rubber puck,
Skims along the line;
A grand-stand play; a man goes down
And that's a very good sign
That Ave D-w-t is killed again,
In the good old hockey time.

College girl: "I've been studying the Acts of the *Epistles* all day for that horrid old Bible exam."

The editors of this "singular collection of puerility vulgarity, irreverence and religious cant" retire from their pleasant (?) position upon the appearance of this number. To those who may think our jokes a little too *blunt* we may say that we have done our best to have them as *sharp* as possible!

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