



It was Chase's first Sunday as usher in church, and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered, he said: "This way, madame, and I'll sew you into a sheet."

Miss Smith, '15: "I tell you, girls, it pays to have a pull with the engineers."

Piper, '15 (As the class is discussing digestion): "The question resolves itself into this—To digest or to jest die,—that is the question."

Miss Outhouse, '15 (Showing visitors through Tully Tavern) "This room is called Saint's Rest, Grace is the saint and Deb is the rest."

Curry, '18 (After reading the rules laid down by the Sophs): "Well, I guess I'll have to sell my pipe."

Miss Lockhart, '16 (At the table): "Do you care for Moore?"

Miss Addison, '18 (Blushing): "Oh, no, we are merely good friends."

Bleakney, '16 (On geology trip): "Shut your eyes now and see what the weather omens are."

Miss Wilson, '15: "O, I don't dare to shut my eyes; there is no telling what you might do."

Hirtle, '18 (After reading the laws laid down by the Sophs): "Does it not strike one as a remarkable circumstance—yes, even a coincidence, that every member of the class of 1917 comes from the States?"

Curry, '18: "What makes you think that?"

Hirtle: "Well, it says on this notice 'we are all from Missouri.'"