

Miss Schurman—Don Fraser is going to be a doctor.

Della—Yes, and he will be a good one.

Dot—I would not like to trust my life to him.

Della—Oh! I don't know, perhaps it is just as well.

Prof. in Psychology—Be natural, we don't want any Cuten-dried definitions.

"So many men marry now for money," she said, "you wouldn't marry me for money would you, R——?"

"No," said R——, absently, "I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

Then she sobbed—"Oh, you horrid, horrid man."

Slim Cop, '19—I notice Fraser is studying the Morse code.

McCor, '19—Why is he doing that?

Slim Cop, '19—So that he can make better dashes after dot.

Miss Giffin, '17—Don't you think I'm better looking since I had the measles?

Miss Knickle, '17—Aw, you go on, your eyes are weak

Eng. Prof.—Miss Roscoe, how do you like Childe Harold?

Miss Roscoe, '18.—Very much indeed.

Who's who in Hog Hollow: When the plate of cake is passed around they all look for a piece without end (endless).

Miss Pickles, '19—Is it absolutely necessary for you boys to wear those fringes on your upper lips?

McNeil, '17—Yes, a certain rule says that the upper lip must not be sheared because it interferes with oscular—acular—what is that word anyway?

Miss Pickles, '19—Osculatory, maybe.