

Freshman (finding notice of registered letter in his box at P. O.)—Well this is the first real registered post-card I ever saw.

M-c-v-y '20—Well if you don't go to service now you'll bring up in a warm place where there are no sermons to be heard.

E-s-n-r '21—There may be no sermons there Mac, but it won't be for scarcity of ministers.

Brad. H-11—I'm going to rob the Pope's office.

L. F. T.—Of what, dough or daughter.

Gray '20—(handed a book by Dr. Spidel)—Thanks awfully old man.

The great illusion—thinking oneself ready for a test.

Latin Prof.—What is the characteristic vowel of the future, Mr. Holmes.

Holmes (dreamily)—O. U. (Oh you!).

Ganong '22—How is it that there are Hebrew characters on the black boards in so many rooms this morning?

Maxwell—Oh that's the work of the wandering jew.

Brown '22—Grey, what is Math. 3?

Grey '20—Why, its spiritual (spherical) trigonometry.

Dr. Coit (to Hunt Eng. '21)—Mr. Hunt, the proof of your visualized figure has not visible means of support.

McAvoy—Hullo, son of the Evil One.

M-c-P-er-on '21—Hullo father.

Miss Mackintosh—(to Miss M-s-r-v- '23 (who has lingered somewhat long in the process of saying good-night to Mr. C-a-l- '22))—You spent altogether too long in saying good-night to Mr—