

## SNOW FLAKES.

First annual hep.

Yes, sir, Turner is a man to be looked up to.

In sophomore latin—"Is Mike a derivation from Micio?"

Ask Maud Risser what she powdered her hair with at Ashland.

And now Dunroy wants to know if the sugar course is to make the girls sweet.

(In the Open Gate.)—Ask Bentley if it was in the way, or if she chewed it off?

First prep to Librarian—"Will you please get me a book from which I can get some original ideas?"

Talk about your utility men. Keene Abbott played the part of hinges and gate post for the "Open Gate," last Friday night.

A. J. Weaver,  
W. H. Forsyth, } Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.  
L. C. Oberlies. }

It is rumored that Editor Rosewater, of Omaha, is soon to introduce a bill providing for the removal of the state university to Eighteenth and Farnam streets.

A great joke is going the rounds on Wheeler and Hayward. They were both in the same rhetoric class all during last semester but did not know it until the exam. was held when they met in class for the first time.

Jo (leaning out of the car window)—"Why, we've only gone three miles." The Baron—"Added onto the the two miles we walked from the engine to the ca-boose makes five miles."

Behind the scenes.—Curly Andrews—"Now, Bob, put this lamp behind the fire place so that it will give a ruddy glow. We don't need the andirons or even the firewood but the "ruddy glow" is indispensable."

At Ashland.—Old lady, viewing the "embrace act" between Aunt Hettie and Uncle John, in Open Gate—(in very pronounced whisper) "O, the silly things. Do you suppose they are really engaged?" (Audible snickers behind scenes.)

The Dramatic Club made quite a hilarious appearance when they crossed the street from the Ashland opera house to the hotel bus. Curly Andrews was in front pulling the trunk, Keene Abbott came next with a chromo, a "God Bless Our Home" picture, a box of grease paints, and a 5x10 telescope. The rest of the company following in single file and Bob Marley bringing up the rear, dragging the portable fire place. It was certainly a sight worth ten years of a person's life to witness.



## EXCHANGES.

He—"If I'd known that tunnel was so long, I'd have kissed you."

She—"Gracious, didn't you? Somebody did."—*Ex.*

The University of Wisconsin has just adopted the semester system. It also asks for a new library building for its 83,000 volumes. The Lord bless you, Wisconsin, and us, too.

Clair Hebbard: "I—a—wahn't a tie, doncher know, to match my eyes."

"Let me see. Blue eyes and—er—sorry, sir, but our blue ties with red edges are all sold. Have some in next week."—*Ex.*

Tom: "Is Jack here to-night?"

Belle: "Yes, but you can't see him."

Tom: "Why?"

Belle: "Because he's behind the chrysanthemum in his button-hole."—*Ex.*

The following table shows the total registration of eight of the leading institutions of learning in this country:

Columbia.....	1816
Cornell.....	1577
Harvard.....	3293
John Hopkins.....	534
Princeton.....	1109
University of Michigan.....	2348
Yale.....	2373
University of Nebraska.....	1420

## THE CONVERSION.

She told him surely 'twas not right  
To smoke a pipe from morn to night.  
"Indeed," cried he, "what would you, dear?  
'Tis but to aid my thoughts of you."  
"Why, then," she whispered, nestling near,  
"Why, then, I love your old pipe, too."

—*Ex.*

## A SHY LITTLE MAID.

A love-lorn lad wooed a coy maid once,  
All of a summer's day he pled,  
Oft he spoke of the bon-ols of love—the dunce!  
And shyly she shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled,  
He spoke of bonds he had in town,  
Still the silly little maiden shook her head,  
But she shook it up and down.

—*Ex.*

## PARAPHRASE.

O lovely Pyrrah, there must be  
Some handsome lad a-courting thee,  
With roses laden from neighboring bowers,  
Else whence this pretty wreath of flowers?  
Your sweet simplicity in dress  
Hath tangled youth in many a mess.  
The luckless boy knows not thy heart,  
Thy stillful eyes, thy knowing art;  
But happy, hopes thy love to hold.  
Rash youth! In time he will grow old,  
And, having plunged in seas of love,  
Swim out, and place his coat above  
The temple door. Brine soaked it hangs  
To warn wild youth that "love hath pangs."

Horace I, 5.

—*Ex.*