

This state of affairs was soon learned by the Chancellor, and one morning after chapel exercises the fair students were informed that hereafter they could not use the reception room for the purpose of studying. It wasn't the study he objected to, so much as the fact that he felt quite sure that they didn't study while occupying the room aforesaid. It's too bad, but it cannot be helped.

—Scene in History class. Mr. ———, "Prof., why wasn't the Popeedom hereditary?" Prof., (smiling,) "Well, it couldn't well be." General smile.

—There is nothing like being pestered. When a student isn't prepared with his lesson, he informs the Prof. that this is the "off year," and his excuse is accepted.

Young man sends a note to young lady—changes his mind, rushes down by the High School and recalls the messenger. The y. l. hears of it, and would like an opportunity to ——— him. Fact.

—The gentlemen of the military department have invested their surplus nickles in ammunition, with which they propose to do some target shooting. We may soon expect to hear of some wonderful marksmanship, or else that they have shot themselves.

—It is not our business to criticise our exchanges, yet we wish to remark that if the local editor of the *Besom* would spend a little more of his time in finding college news, instead of writing sickly jokes on the "Freshies," his paper would be greatly improved.

—Prof. Hitchcock's Bible class meets every Sunday, at 9:15 A. M., at the Congregational Church. These meetings are both profitable and interesting. The lessons are taken from the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. Students are cordially invited to attend.

—"I intend to explode," the Professor said. There was a slight interruption—he didn't explode, but some of the class came near doing so. Then he went on to say: "I intend to explode some gases, and desire your attention." It was only an awkward pause, and no serious result followed.

—The Cadets have organized a social club, with the following officers: President, J. H. Worley; Vice Presidents, Frank Parks, J. O. Sturdevant; Secretary, D. H. Wheeler; Treasurer, N. Vedder; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. A. Keith. The Club will hold their first reception next Friday evening. All students are invited.

—Those who are indebted to the STUDENT will please bear in mind that it takes money to buy ink and paper. That's all we need of the "stamps." Our typos do their work for glory, and our Business Manager is the son of wealthy parents, but it takes lucre to get printing done. For this reason we make this request of those in arrears.

—The Palladians have the question of order down to a fine point. Not long ago the President requested that all applause be withheld hereafter, and now the performers are greeted with profound silence at the close of their efforts. One poor fellow who was so reckless as to scratch his head during the exercises the other evening, was unceremoniously hustled out by the Sergeant-at-arms, and remained out to repent his rashness.

—In one of our western colleges a Prof. interrogated an apt scholar as follows:

Prof.—"What is your name?"

Student.—"Samivel Nickolas Brown."

Prof.—"What a trite expression. How old are you?"

Student.—"Seventeen when Dad went to the war."

Prof.—"Too boyish and entirely too trite."

Student.—"Anything else trite?"

—A slight earthquake shock was felt in this city a few days ago. Some of those in the University at the time, thought the building was going to fall, and made a hasty retreat. The flight of two of the Profs. was most precipitate, and they were in more danger of breaking their necks in their attempts to get down stairs than they were of being injured by the falling of the building. The shock was only of a minutes duration, and there was little cause for being alarmed.