

"When your best girl hints that ice-cream is a preventative of sun-stroke, never tell her that it is productive of cholera and cerebro-spinal-meningitis."

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned!"

Study, study, little Prep;
How you ponder ev'ry step!
When you are a Sophomore,
You will give such labor o'er
and loaf.

The tutor in Mathematics dismissed the class with a bland smile and, as they were gliding out in the usual boisterous way common to Preps, he said—"Now if any of you find any hard problems in that part of Algebra we have been studying, bring them to me and I will gladly work them."

Next day the tough boy took the tutor aside.

"Professor, if a is the known distance between two points and x is the cubic contents of a hollow square, and e is the naperian base, what is axe ?"

"No man on earth could answer that question," said the tutor.

" axe ," replied the tough boy, "is an edged tool used to chop wood."

But next day the tough boy was suspended.

The appearance of a performing bear in the neighborhood of the campus was sufficient to stir the University to its foundation. Students were seen running from all directions; some ran out of the doors others jumped from the windows. While two Sopus so far forgot their dignity as to rush from the building bare-headed. The performances of the bear were pronounced splendid, and a liberal number of nickies were contributed and all returned to their work except "Ham" Eddy, who persisted in following the bear around town until his mother sent for him to come home.

Somebody advised us to start a puzzle department. We begin with an anagram. The following sentence can be read in seven thousand and thirty-one different ways. "I have flunked." You can read it sitting or standing, tearfully or joyfully, calmly or angrily, with your coat on or your coat off, reclining on your ear or reclining on the garden gate, while eating a pie or while starving to death, while listening to a cat-concert or while attending the opera, but it means the same however you read it. We're "sum punkins" on puzzles, and don't you forget it.

SONG OF THE ROLLER RINK.

Sing a song of the roller rink;
Strap 'em and start with a slip go bang!
Who gives a blank what the preachers think!
Sing hey! The graceful ourang outang!
The dashing dude with striped pants;
A sliding stretch and a baleful break;
The bumblebee sings to the little red ants;
Gay, the garrulous gang they make.
Tunefully tremble the tubs' tones,
Saw me a slice of electric light!
A sougning sigh from the rattle bones,
The tender tale of a flapjack's flight.
Homeward, the geese in the gloaming glide,
The jam roasts high on the pantry shelf,
Wipe up the chalk with the pantaloonslide—
You'll never know how till you try it yourself.
A doleful ditty, devoid of brains!
Giggle te! he! too giddy to think;
Who cares for sense if the metre remains,
Feet rank sense at the roller rink.—State Journal

Campus Canards.

Let us weep!

Hortensius the Advocate, —what is it?—a drug?

Many old faces are about, this term, and a few new ones.

Did Warner go to Hastings? Oh no! It was all a mistake.

The Sophomore Logic class is wrestling with such questions as nominalism, realism, conceptualism, whales, etc.

Among those who teach this spring are Misses Lougheridge, Lesh, Baker, and "me too" says Mallory.

Behold our teachers! Misses Lesh, Lougheridge, Baker; Mr. Chas. Allen, and Mallory bobs up with "me too."

Under the management of Madam Spring and Prof. Bessey, the campus is assuming a different appearance.

Mr. Neeley declares by the power of all that's good and bad that if Canaday doesn't quit taking his paper,—well he'll see about it.

The Palladian girls have whacked up to the extent of \$60, toward the indebtedness of their society. Comment is unnecessary.

Prof. Bessey set out from seventy five to one hundred trees, the most valuable for ornamental purposes. This is what our campus needs.

Will F. Wiggins has gone west. For the present, the University will have comparative quiet. Master Willie will make a genuine clod-hopper.

Jesse Holmes, our business-like librarian is taking in the exposition at New Orleans. During his absence Sig Polk beams over the librarian's desk.

A. L. Frost of '86 has accepted the principalship of the Centreville schools for the spring term. Mr Frost hopes that a change of occupation may prove beneficial to his health which has been shattered by too close confinement to his studies.

The lecture by Professor Sherman on "Literature and Culture" was the opening event of the term. The lecture was listened to by an attentive and an appreciative audience. Professor Sherman has the sure faculty of being able to entertain an audience and instruct at the same time.

Keep off the grass! The Janitor has been appointed a special policeman and has had two cannons mounted in front of the University and proposes to sweep the campus. Besides this he has the entire military department at his back. John proposes to protect the grounds if it takes powder and ball and a scene in a justice's court.

Wiggenhorn has been indulging again. This time he has been learning to smoke. For the first he thought he would take something "mild" and chose a cubeb cigarette. In about five minutes he was rolling in all the agonies of sea sickness and in the midst of a violent internal commotion he was heard to murmur "Vain world I hate ye." Try a straw next time "Wig."

The new catalogue will soon make its appearance. The courses of study can hardly be recognized as belonging to the University. The preparatory courses require Latin, in all. Mathematics have been cut down and a year's course of military science added. The term work in all cases has been increased. In the Sophomore year, eighteen hours are required. The Senior Literary has been made entirely elective, save three hours of political science.