

## NOT TO BE READ.

Our only request to the reader is not to mistake this column for "sand-burrs."

## DREADFUL TO THINK OF.

If haste makes waste, just comprehend  
What bushels those create,  
Who rise at 7:40 and tend  
Their morning class at eight.

The surest way to make one refuse to recognize you is to lend him your umbrella.

## ONE MIGHT KNOW IT.

Jim Sunweed.—What's the principal dish at your boarding club?

Jacky Napes.—Tongue. Three sophomores dine there.

Silence may be golden, but in the recitation room it seems brazen.

## HER REASON.

Sophy Moore.—What makes Miss X always wear a demi-train? They went out of style long ago.

June Ycore.—She wears number nine shoes. I've seen 'em.

When Milton wrote his celebrated simile about Vallombrosa and the autumnal leaves, he was not thinking about the faculty and the chapel rostrum.

"All sorts and all conditions of men," murmured the professor gleefully as he ran over his examination list.

## BILL'S PRESUMPTION.

Bill.—Say, give me a lift on this trig., can't you?

Jack.—Shut up for goodness' sake. How am I to finish this essay on "Always Lend a Helping Hand," if you don't padlock your jaw?

## TO BE FEARED.

Prof. Bessey's beard is very gay,  
But yet if all were worn that way  
One fears that neckties—never viewed—  
Would tumble into desuetude.

## HE WAS A NEW STUDENT.

Freshie, (looking up from his history lesson).—I wonder if a tyrant can ever be truly happy?

Soph.—Easy enough to find out.

Freshie.—How?

Soph.—Go and ask the night watchman.

## VERY SAD.

Wantsum Moore.—Isn't that strange about Bill Smith's eyes? They used to be blue, and last week they changed to a deep chestnut.

Lots Moore.—Poor fellow. He read the "Sand-burr" column in the *N—n*.

## ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

They found him lying there quite dead,  
And cold; he'd slipped and cracked his  
Cerebrum, as he wildly fled  
To get away before, 'tis said,  
The glee club started practice.