

NOT TO BE READ.

A BALLAD OF FRIDAY.

Anxious he met her there,
 Just near the Chapel
 Flurried in look and air,
 Asked, while his lapel
 Always he clutched hard,
 Had, that night, leisure
 She to go Pal-ward?
 Blushed she with pleasure.

Daily he left her thus:
 Ere tea could spoil yet
 Worked he like any cuss
 Fixing his toilet;
 Saw not his chum who
 Hoping a shock,
 Deftly, an hour or two
 Turned back the clock.

Waited she wondering
 Eight until nine,
 Was it some blundering?
 Loved he the wine?
 Mad then and desperate
 Went with another,
 Vowing that soon or late
 He'd face her brother.

Came he soon, unaware,
 Best garments bearing
 Finding she was not there
 Set him to swearing.
 When he reached home that night
 Clock was as ever;
 But, if one says aright,
 Speak they now never.

WE AWAIT A BROWN.

Student—There is one thing to be said of
 our registrars and our librarians. Their
 names are familiar everywhere.

Visitor—May I ask what they are?

Student—Smith and Jones.

Some students find the work in analytics
 more than they had "counted on."

RELATIVELY SPEAKING.

Jim Sunweed—How long does it take you
 to prepare your history lesson?

Jacky Napes—Two hours. Fifteen min-
 utes for the lesson, and one hour and three
 quarters for the outlines.

Doubtless those students who are so fond
 of tugging weights in the Armory remember
 that the man who has a pull is always in it.

THE BEST WAY.

That person who desired to know
 What "thin air" meant should station
 Herself somewhere where she can hear
 A college boy's oration.

TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Stranger—Do Professors come high at
 the University?

Student—Not at all. They average about
 four and a half feet.

HE TOOK ANALYTICS.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;
 Ah I counted, Queen, and counted,
 And rows of figures massed
 T'ill e'en my days are numbered,
 And I'm counted out at last.

"DEAD RIGHT."

O, the Prof. is a talker,
 His mind's full of Walker
 And of weighty discussions that come forth
 at will;
 But the fact is quite plain,
 Spite of Walker, his aim
 Is to never, no never,
 Quit running
 his
 Mill.

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 samples.