

## JUST FOR SPORT.

## MISTAKEN.

Freshman Girl.—Professor, when will our themes be returned?

I guess you are mistaken, miss, I am only a senior. My name's Holmes.

Prof. Wilson.—In Acts 27 you will find a description on this same sea.

Virgil Student.—Was it the same storm?

German Professor.—“Nein! Nein! Nein! Das mussen sie gar nicht sagen! It is not *horse*, but *gaul*—a cart horse, a poverty stricken old nag.”

## FINISHED.

“Talking about literary style, there goes a man noted for his finished sentences.” “Indeed? Is he a novelist?” “No; he is an ex-convict.”

## THEY ALL DO IT.

“People make all sorts of fun about girls turning the gas down low, when their beaux come to see them. I never do.” “No?” “No, I put it out.”

## A GOOD BOY.

Farmer Hay.—“How is your son getting along in college?”

Farmer Straw.—“He hasn't said much about his school work, but he writes that he's got lots of friends there.”

Farmer Hay.—“That's encouragin'. That shows he ain't had to borrow money yet.

The latest fad among the athletic boys is to wear their sweaters to class. Perhaps they think the smiles of the girls are those of admiration, but they aren't. Boys look bad enough in regular costume without going to this extra trouble.

## HE HAD.

He.—“By Jove! You know, upon my word, if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life.”

She.—“Haven't you seen a ghost?”

## THEY DON'T WEAR 'EM NOW.

It is reported that since the professor of graphics has given permission to all the bald-

headed young men in his class, to wear their hats while drawing, an unusual luxuriant growth of hair has sprung up in that quarter.

## AN “EFFECT.”

Shakespeare Prof.—“The effect of this knocking at the gate is certainly very wonderful.”

Carpenter (above). —“Thump, thump, thump, thump!”

The “effect” is observed.

## CHEEKY.

She—“What a lovely rose! What would you say if I asked you to give it to me?”

He.—“I would say it was like your cheek.”

The female giant at the dime museum married the India rubber man, because she wanted somebody she could twist around her fingers.

“This is very alarming,” said the old man, as he got up at four o'clock in the morning and threw the humming clock over into the next yard.

“Are you sure that Miss L. is eighteen?”

“Let me think. Yes, she was twenty-one three years ago.”

We understand that Mr. Sedgwick is a charter member of Miss Anita Muir's fraternity.

## THE SAME THING.

Customer.—“Have you a copy of ‘Fifteen Decisive Battles’?”

Book agent.—“No, sir; we are sold out, but we can give you ‘Reflections of a Married Man.’”

Times are certainly getting worse. Even the days are short.

She tripped down the stair and answered the postman's knock, for she was expecting letters far too precious to be intrusted to footman or maid. “What have we here?” she inquired smilingly, as she took the missives, “billet doux?” “Not exactly, miss,” replied the new letter carrier, with a blush, “my name's Bill Dooley.”