NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is no joke to joke—that is, when you are obliged to write so many feet and inches of scintillating wit and humor every so often. It has to come whether you feel funny or not. With eight-hundred-sixty-nine (869) lines of Latin and five (5) History outlines from last week, glaring at you, you must, forsooth, throw intellectual handsprings and skin literary cats! Every one else has some excuse to write, but Notes and Comments must be "struck off," as Mr. Gladstone said "at a single time by the brain and purpose of man." N. and C. could of course note the occurrences which occur about the university, and comment thereon, but he is too busy, trying to make up his back work to see anything; he forgets to go to his classes and invariably uses his eight o'clock gait. He sees nothing and therefore must make up something out of his head. It has already been noted that other writers have something to work on, for instance:

The athletic man: The last week on the gridiron shows a marked improvement.———and———are doing wonderful work at———and——— (Fill the blanks with the names of your frat. brothers and their positions.)

The society man: Miss —— ——— entertained the ——— ——— at ——— ——— last ———. The ——— was spent in ——— ——— ——— ——— The beautiful parlors were ———ly decorated with ——— ——— ———. ——— ——— were served ——— ——— ———. Those present were Misses ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, ———, and Messrs. ———, ———, ———, ———;

(Printer.—Run enough blanks to fill the column).

A correspondent suggests that, "the health and comfort of students would be better provided for, if some instructors would pay more attention to the ventilation of recitation rooms." How true this is! If the correspondent will give the names of the offending instructors, it will give this department great pleasure to expose them in a roast that will make them experience the need of more ventilation themselves. *Provided* that the instructors, under whom we are working, shall be "let down easy" as the poet expresses it. In the meantime we will discuss ventilation for the benefit of the uninformed. The careful reader will soon discover that this is written for the benefit of the writer. The great trouble with the instructor is that he overestimates the value of fresh air. He opens all the windows except the one opposite his desk and starts the trouble. While he is warming up to his subject the class is slowly freezing up and catching cold in its heads. The class is a hydra-headed animal hence "its heads." The department of French might be excused for doing what I have indicated. A cold in the head aids students in the pronounciation of that language—but on the whole it does not make for the general weal of the students.

Speaking of weals, A. M. Vose, captain of the second team had an interesting experience with a bicycle a short time ago. He had to go to his room on Q street in double time and borrowed Manager Tukey's wheel, whether with the owner's permission or not does not appear.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Let these stars represent the time which elapsed. "Tuke" was looking for his machine, he needed it and didn't care who knew it. Some more time passed.

Then the Captain was seen leading the bicycle up the walk; apparently it did not wish to come for he was walking slowly, and there was a pained expression and a large raw place on his face.

From his disjointed account it appears that he was making good gains up Q street when he saw a pile of bricks, from the car tracks, about four feet high, extending almost across the street. He decided promptly that a run around the right end was the proper play. Then according to his account it was night and he observed a very brilliant meteoric display. This is altogether improbable.

Whether the wheel misunderstood the signal, or merely acted on its own responsibility will never be known, but instead of making an end run it bucked the line—the bricks tackled low and held the wheel, but the Captain went over for a touch down.

Still speaking of wheels, no one would think, to see Professor Fossler ride, that he had ever been humiliated and (figuratively) trailed in the dust by a bicycle. Yet such was so.

It was when the Professor first made his debut as a wheelman. Practice had made him so proficent that the wheel could only throw him three times out of five, and certain members of the faculty had suggested that he was afraid to ride.

All went well till our hero came to the asphalt on N street. The sprinkler had just turned the dust on the street into a slippery paste of about the consistency—or inconsistency—of soft soap.

That is the only reason the Professor was not trailed in the dust.

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

No one was near enough to hear his remarks as he slowly rose and scraped the mud off. It may be that he was quoting Schiller or Goethe, for his lips moved rapidly. Then he glanced hurriedly about, let the wind out of his front tire and trundled the wheel to school.

In passing Dr. Davis he remarked, "It is a shame that the city don't keep the streets free from glass and tacks."

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