

THE SCISSORS AND PEN AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—Rutger's students number 188.

—Yale has one thousand and thirty-one students.

—Blushing frequently—the stoves.—*Evening Review*.

—There are sixty-one lady students at Boston University.

Triumph of the mind over the body—studying after a hearty dinner.—*Ex.*

—How long has the editor of the Omaha *Excelsior* been only fourteen years old?

—Syracuse University has been made the recipient of a gift of \$20,000 from a citizen of that city.

The Deaf and Dumb Institute in this State has 42 pupils in attendance, 23 males and 19 females.

—A Freshman delayed going home for one day in order to pay his laundryman. The poor innocent!—*Berkeleyan*.

—Why is a sophomore like a microscope? Because, when seen through, small things are revealed.—*Amherst Student*.

—*Errata*.—We are sorry that so many typographical errors have occurred in this number.—*University Bulletin*.

—Three things that will stretch—a story often repeated, a scrupulous man's point, and a hypocrite's conscience.—*Ex.*

—Now is the time when the Juniors are consuming midnight oil, while the Sophs. are gathering in their winter's wood.—*Crescent*.

—A five months term, to end with examinations on the whole year's, is likely to infringe somewhat on Billiards and Pool.—*Berkeleyan*.

—“Gospel sniping” is the latest term applied to our Theological students who fill various Sunday appointments out in the country.—*Crescent*.

—Five hundred men served with hot pancakes at Memorial, last week. Now, Vassar, pitch your griddle into the Hudson.—*Harvard Advocate*.

—The Academician who took a large dose of Chloride of Sodium, maliciously substituted for Epsom-Salt, is said to be improving.—*Eurhemonian Argosy*.

—A Fresh, who reads *Lucian*, and attends the theater, was lately heard exclaiming in his sleep, “A pony, A pony, my kingdom for a pony!”—*Ex.*

—An Omaha Sunday school scholar horrified his teacher who asked him: “What is the chief end of man?” by replying, “His feet.”—*High School*.

—Frank Grattan, of the *Amenia Times*, and Holden, of the *Yonkers Gazette*, have been trying to get up a flirtation with the *Tyro*. The *Tyro* doesn't flirt.—*Tyro*.

—The laziest man in the State of Missouri is said to be one Andrew Blot, who in writing his name simply writes A and makes a blot on the paper.—*Institute*.

—Miss F. M. says her mother thinks more of propriety than she does of her. Does she mean us to understand that she and propriety are not acquaintances?—*Tyro*.

—It has been circulated around that one of the College boys, at the spelling school the other evening, spelled feminine, *phaymanique*. The gentleman acknowledges that he missed the word, but wants it distinctly understood that he did not spell it as reported.—*College Olio*.

—One of our ministerial Seniors is undecided whether to graduate or to devote the expense attendant upon graduation to some benevolent object.—*Dennison Collegian*.

—The greatest feat in eating ever recorded is told of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and swallowed a whole story.—*Ex.*

—What kind of a heart do most gentlemen prefer? A sweet heart.—*Seminary Budget*. And we wonder if there are not lots of them at the seminary in Sacramento, California!

—We have been informed by a sophomore that Prof. Hosmer said that “any galute, who can play shennanigan pretty well, is always sure to take the prizes in oratory.”—*University Missourian*.

—We wonder if it is characteristic of all the members of the Sub-Fresh-class to leave their girls at the “gate,” after having enjoyed their “most delightful company” for a few brief hours, sleigh riding.—*Qui Vice*.

—A Freshman concludes to try his hand at Tyndallism: here is his opening sentence: “As we look back through the dim vista of the great future, we behold the indelible foot-prints of an Almighty Hand.”—*Crescent*.

—A little girl and boy, three or four years old, were playing on the ice, when sis fell down and commenced to cry. Bub ran up, and soothingly lisped: “Dont cwy! Thwear! Thwear! Thay ‘damn!’”—*Ex.*

—A Student of well known linguistic proclivities being asked the other day what “*a la Capt. Jack*” meant, scratched his head a minute and replied he thought it was some kind of patent medicine.—*University Missourian*.

—One of our Juniors got off the following in his sleep the other night: “I amo her, she amos me, and we amo one another. The only one I dont amo is her big, strapping brother!” And still he lives.—*Niagara Index*.

—A Freshman has begun to grow cold toward the girl he left behind him. This is a judgment founded on the following description of her: “She is an awful pretty girl, but she dont know anything.”—*Lawrence Collegian*.

—“Sherman's March to the Sea,” Tuesday evening, Feb. 16. Now is the time to make sure of company to the next lecture.—*Dennison Collegian*. The above appears about thirty days in advance of the lecture. Good enough.

—At Hillsdale the old college building has been destroyed and they now have fine buildings in process of erection, two of which are nearly completed. They have also materially changed their Faculty and curriculum. We wish them success.

—A short time since we saw some cows minus their caudal appendages, wandering about the streets with paste-board collars around their necks, bearing the inscription: “Please feed your cows at home and not on the campus.”—*Ex.*

—A member of the Telegraphic Association telegraphs to a lady on the line the message: “Will you accept my company to church next Sunday eve?” The answer came “I will,” but the unfortunate youth translated it “I'm ill,” and sent the return dispatch “I am sorry,” and now he ponders over the saying, “Accidents will happen, &c.”—*Illini*.

—A student in sending home an account of his expenses, put Birds \$1.25, for the Birds of Aristophanes; to which his father responds, “I hope that you will abstain in future from game suppers and other frivolities of that sort.”—*Trinity Tablet*.

—A student of Central who towers pre-eminently above all others, and who stands on full fourteen inches footing, says that “previous engagements,” and “beg to be excused,” are growing somewhat “monotonous.”—*Central Collegian*.

—Prof., kindly: “What's the matter, Mr. —? You look unwell.”

Lugubrious Soru. (with a volume of “Christain Martyrs” in his hand.) “My breakfast was burned at the steak; that's what's the martyr with me.”—*Del. Col. Advance*.

—An ex-eddress of the Stephens College *Chaplet* and valedictorian, '73, Miss Stella Dyre, recently made Fulton joyous with her innumerable pretty songs and delightful music. Her departure was quite unexpected to one of our Sophomores.—*Westminster Monthly*.

—QUERY—Does this speak well for morality at Packer?

Junior.—(botanically inclined) “Jen, in what book shall I put this rose, so that it will press nicely?”

Room-mate.—(slyly.) “Put it in your bible, never be disturbed there!”—*Packer Quarterly*.

—An observing Fresh—“I saw in an Infirmary a young lady whose neck was so weak that she was compelled to have a frame to hold up her head.”

An experienced Junior—“I have seen hosts of young ladies in the same condition, and they were not in the Infirmary either.”—*Targum*.

—Prof. in English Literature—What is Bacon compared to?

Boz—To Moses, who pointed out heaven to the children of Israel, but did not enter there himself.

Prof.—You dont mean heaven!

Boz—Well, the promised land. That's the same thing, ain't it?—*Volante*.

—An unsophisticated medic devotionally said, the other day when we were having such cold weather, that he wished “the devil would move his abiding place a little closer and warm up regions hereabouts.”—*University Reporter*.

The devil's fires would not burn long if they were moved where the Nebraska breezes could fan them.

—The charge that mixed schools are “match-making institutions” is denied by one of our friends, who says he attended Shurtleff three years and left with a “heart quite whole.”—*Qui Vice*. Then if such is the case the young ladies cannot be as handsome as those attending our University, because it is rare that a person goes through here “heart whole.”

—A Freshman having overheard one Senior tell another that the sentence “*Foenum habet in cornu*” should be translated “He is a dangerous fellow,” rather surprised a group of fellow students by exclaiming excitedly “I tell you boys he has hay on his horn!” His benighted classmates, however, failed to catch the meaning of this display of erudition, and could only account for such an outburst on the part of their comrade by the supposition that much learning had made him mad.—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

—There is a whitened sepulcher in the Sophomore class. He went into Chapel the other day—whitened sepulchers always go to Chapel—and in prayer-time assumed a most devotional attitude. Now behold the dead men's bones. A classmate nudged him violently, so violently as to rub off the whitewash. From the sepulcher came forth a voice. “D—n it, don't!”—*Acta Columbiana*.

—The T. A. S. Billiard Association was organized on the 21st. Its officers are: Rev. T. A. Shaw, Censor; Rev. J. C. O'Reilly, President; D. J. Hickey, Vice President; E. J. McCabe, Recording Secretary; J. J. Splain, Cor. Sec.; Jno. McCloskey, Treasurer; L. O'T. Murphy, Sergeant at Arms. We wish the organization every possible success.—*Niagara Index*.

—A graduate of Brush College created quite a panic at a spelling match the other evening, by pronouncing “egg-wipe-it.” For the next three minutes all was confusion; the best spellers sank into their seats with hardly a gasp; a small boy—the last one—on the east side, immortalized his name and redeemed that of the school by spelling “e-g-y-p-t, egg-wipe-it!” “Right!” said the teacher.—*Exchange*.

—The Omaha High School gets off the following compliment on their school:

“King Kalakua said to one of the accompanying gentlemen, that the High School contained several handsome young ladies and intelligent young men. As far as the ladies are concerned, he was ‘eminently correct,’ but we fail to see how he discovered intelligence in the motley crew of numskulls that now compose a majority of the male students of that institution.”

A Fresh says he knows a girl who goes to sleep with her mouth full of pins to keep her “feller” from kissing her. Poor girl, we suppose it is your final resort. In his case, at least, nothing short of some such extreme measure would be effective. The same genius observes that “it is not a good policy to have a wife who knows more than yourself.” He surely is in great danger of encountering that trouble.—*Irring Union*.

—A fellow complains that whenever he meets certain lady students, he is compelled to step off the sidewalk, in order to pass them. Think of it, ladies, whether you are polite in this or not.—*Annalist*. Our University boys have as just a cause of complaint as the Michigan boys, because the High School girls of this city seem to be of the opinion that it takes an entire sidewalk for them; certainly our boys are gallant and never make a young lady walk through a snow drift.

—From the Hillsdale College *Crescent* we clip the following:

FRESH. Resolutions from headquarters.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Providence in his all wise dealings with the Junior class of H. C. to grant to each member only a very meagre portion of mental calibre; and

WHEREAS, Our Junior friends find themselves sadly deficient in pluck, native energy and editorial talent; and

WHEREAS, We, the Freshman class of H. C., would seek an expression of sorrow for their deficiencies, therefore,

Resolved, That we take upon ourselves the responsibility of editing the *Crescent* for the ensuing year, from April, '75, the expiration of the Senior editorship.

Resolved, That we tender them our heartfelt sympathies for their loss and our gain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Junior class, also a copy furnished the *Crescent* for publication. Com.