

ed Junior did not know. The names of all the others were found under the heading, "Freebooters," or those who have wilfully broken the rules, and contributed nothing to the financial support of the STUDENT. Can this dream have been prompted by the guilty conscience of a devotee of cannon-aiding? If there is any truth in dreams, it's rather rough on the advanced students, for then the cannon problem is solved.

—Miss Fairfield and Miss Shuckman, while out riding the other day were thrown from the buggy, and had a narrow escape from serious injury. As it was, however, they smashed one of the hind wheels of the buggy, and seriously injured their complexions by a rather too decided application of the campus to their faces. As soon as spring opens they intend to set out a tree on the spot where they fell, to commemorate the event. One of the young ladies expresses her sensations in the following manner:

"OUR SMASHUP."

We went out riding in a "one horse hack"
Down as far as the "Commercial" and back,
Noting all objects without delay,
Little dreaming of a "runaway."

What was our surprise on entering the gate,
The horse dashed forward at a 2:40 rate,
Tipping us out upon the ground
Before we had time to look around.

Annie went first and May went last,
Then came the seat, the wagon flew past;
The horse reared and plunged and dashed,
But above it was heard "May are you smashed."

"No, but Annie run and tell my father
To come out here "Beauty" is such a bother;
The mean, old thing I thought she was lazy,
But now she acts as if she was crazy."

"Oh, my dress is tore and my face is black,
What will the students say to that?"

"Here are some pins, now hurry on,
Or the horse will start and I'll be gone."

"Hold her fast and don't let her start;
And I'll tell your father, bless his heart,
To come and tend to the one horse hack,
That couldn't go to the Commercial and back."

At his feet she told the tale;
And begged the Chanc., trembling and pale,
To come and rescue his daughter May,
Who distorted and pale on the campus lay.

—One of the students is addicted to wearing a plug hat. Our special artist presents the following sketch of him:



Yours Truly

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—At the annual meeting of the HESPERIAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION, the following corps of officers was elected for the ensuing year; C. E. Stratton, Union Editor-in-chief; F. O. Morton, Palladian Editor-in-chief; S. D. Cox, Local; May B. Fairfield, Associate; J. H. Worley, President; H. K. Wolfe, Treasure; Helen Judkins Secretary. Under the efficient administration of these ladies and gentlemen the STUDENT will take a high rank in college journalism. The re-election of Messers Morton and Stratton was a very appropriate compliment to the ability they have displayed in conducting the affairs of the paper in the year just closed. Mr. Cox as Local will be immense. His humor is rich and racy, and if any one can make an interesting record of the meagre events of the University, Mr. Cox is the man. Miss Fairfield as a reviewer will be a "star." We give our exchanges fair warning that the lance of a "foeman worthy of their steel" is about to touch their shields. As a spicy society critic she has never had an equal in the school and her pungent wit will, we believe, give her an enviable reputation in the journalistic field.