

STRAY PICK-UPS.

Pony!

Cram!

Exam!

Did you flunk?

Scientific motto: Non cam diptera dorsally afflicted sumus.

Song of exam: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Dr. F. to one of his classes: "Who rings those bells?" Miss Smith."

A. H. Bigelow came into town March 15 on a little private speculation of his.

One of our worthy professors invited a co-ed to feel his muscle the other day.

"Much as I would I cannot call this evening Miss — I must go home and cram."

Ask Webber why he went clear down on the other side of the B. & M. round house one night at nine o'clock.

Professor in Senior rhetoric:—"Miss Talbot you remember do you not, the great abolition excitement just before the war?"

Miss Cramphorn was seen in the halls during a few of the last days of the term. She was in from a term of school teaching.

Miss Cramphorn, while teaching school, is said to have received quite a little sum from the fund contributed to "heroic teachers."

Miss Holmes sprained her ankle pretty badly some time ago and was, in consequence, prevented from attending school for more than a week.

They say that Miss Ida Bonnell was greatly angered by our last issue and tore one of the papers to bits. Don't give John so much extra work.

E. D. Bither, driver of the famous horse Jay-Eye-See, visited our hall Thursday of last week. He came up to see our renowned Dr. Billings.

Mr. Frank Patterson has favored us with a copy of his "Ode to Chemistry." It may be seen by calling at this office. Come early and avoid the rush.

Thurber put in an appearance at the University just before exams commenced. He had just finished a term's teaching and had come in to see the boys suffer.

The two clubs, scientific and classical, held their last meetings of the term Saturday, March 3. Dr. Fontaine spoke to the classical club on "Origin of Romance Languages."

John Green will busy himself during vacation by putting an inch and half water pipe in the main building. It will extend from cellar to garret, and valves will be placed in position on every floor with hose attachments for use in case of fire.

When will our estimable faculty learn not to turn loose anybody on the poor unoffending attendants at chapel? Do they suppose we have nothing else to do than to devote forty minutes of our time to somebody who really has nothing to say but can't resist the opportunity to hear himself talk. The last cases were unmitigated impositions. How would it do to pledge men, when inviting them to conduct chapel exercises, not that they won't say anything (the two last incumbents did that most effectually), but that they won't talk more than

an hour and a half. We have just had another dose. Have the students no rights in this matter?

The last chapel exercises of the term came Monday, March 12. The Chancellor informed us that we had done considerable work this term.

One of our chemists, expatiating on the beauties of his lady love, was heard to remark, that her eyes were as blue as the combination of potassium ferrocyanide and ferric chloride.

Prof.—(In Junior essay class)—"We will next listen to an essay by Mr. R." Mr. R.—"Why, professor, I have received no notice to prepare a Junior essay." Prof.—"But I have a lengthy production with your name attached." Mr. R.—"Oh, that's a Senior oration."

They say that one day Webber found Smith's new derby. He laid it down on the floor, laid a plank on top of it and stamped on the plank and ran; Smith pursued Webber even to the antipodes; and when they arrived at the antipodes Smith shoved brickbats over the edge, and these descending through space smote Webber's dome of thought, and laid him out. Thus was Smith revenged.

The eighth recital of the University music department was given, under the direction of Miss Cochran, March 13. The exercises, especially the instrumental part, were good; and, as shown by the encores, were greatly enjoyed by the large audience. Some boys in the gallery seemed to consider themselves obliged to uphold the proverbial irrespectability of the small boy by throwing showers of paper bits upon the audience below.

Dr. Billings spoke to the boys in Professor Hunt's room, March 10. His talk was on the development of government, and the kernel of his talk was that every development in the science of government has arisen from a desire to obviate some danger. He interspersed in his talk several anecdotes and stories, which greatly amused the boys. At the close a vote of thanks was extended to the doctor for his talk. We hope that we will often have the pleasure of listening to him.

The Irving society of the high school held its annual D. A. B. oratorical contest Saturday evening, March 10. By 8 o'clock the large main room was so crowded that the first orator addressed a large audience. The program was rather long, and some of the productions exceeded the twenty minutes which audiences have set as the arbitrary limit of an oration, so that, toward the end of the evening, the audience grew restless and inattentive. Although the musical part of the program was in proportion rather short, it was appreciated. The first prize, a set of Waverly novels, was awarded Miss Minnie DePue on "Provincialisms." The second prize, a set of Schiller, was taken by Miss Louise Tucker on "Our Weapons and Our Battlefields."

The paths of the lits in the laboratory are indeed beset with pitfalls. One day a lit came into the physical laboratory. Winks immediately went the rounds of the scis and they proceeded to take him in charge. The sun was shining and they first enticed him into standing in the focus of a large burning glass, until a large hole was burned in his trousers. Next taking advantage of his innocence they got him to take hold of the wires of an electric battery. As he still survived one of the friends slipped up and poured half a gill of mercury down the back of his neck. As the slippery metallic liquid coursed along his spine it seemed to infuse into him new life and he left. One of his coat-tails broke off as he turned the corner of the door and is still preserved for show when the scis execute their weekly war dance around the festive pie.