

Bou! Bou! Bou!  
 Ba! Ba! Ba!  
 Bi! Bi! Bi!  
 Who are we?

Freshmen and Freshettes don't you know  
 Can't you see the red tie and green bow?  
 1-9-1-2, U. N. B.!!!

'12 as the lordly Sophomores, the jolly Juniors and stately Seniors see them.

WHERE are two Misses Currie in the Freshmen Class: one is the substance, the other is the shadow; one has a man, the other wants one; one skips lectures, the other does not.

MISS CROCKER often covers with the shadow of her ample proportions a small, thin, charming lad, who sings, "Love me and the world is mine."

MISS CASWELL is president, plugger and basket-ball player and, it is whispered—a desperate flirt. She did manage two blockheads of youths at the Freshmen's Reception; but she may fall to the ground between two blocks.

MISS AITON, a slender, willowy and graceful creature and game singer; the Delta Rho expects a two hour speal from her in the near future.

MISS GIBSON, a fluffy ruffles and spicy advocate of Lynch(ing), has a flourishing agency for the International Correspondence Schools; timid and afraid to go home in the dark, she employs the S. B. L. M. B. R. body guard.

MISS MAXWELL loves to distraction everything from logic to Cephas; the elite of Billy Coulomb's parties.

MISS O'NEIL was quite angry at the Sophomores for breaking her engage-

ment at the foot-ball match; has already won the reputation of a heart-smasher. (Pick up the pieces, Mary.)

MISS MACELVANEY, of the kindergarten class, is looking among the children for her affinity; she has an eye on the Prince and on Mellin's Food Baby.

MISS ROBINSON, a living proof that hard plugging is no anti-fat cure. She enriches the Standard Oil Co., and forgets—just think of it—that the chief object of a Freshette is not to study, but to get a man.

MISS MCINTOSH, quiet and dignified, has already started on her Seven Herculean Labors, viz.: Honors in Math., Two Years' German in One, Distinction in Friendship with the Faculty, Encompassing the Celestial City in Solitary Estate, Complete Scorn of the Sophomore Authority, other two in our next.

MISS HARMON makes the upper class girls look green with envy. Her numerous admirers block the church entrance endeavoring to hear the silvery tones of her bell-like voice—special police required to disperse the crowd.

MISS ROBINSON, that consequential piece from over the river with tilted nosetip and everlasting goo-goo eyes for pink cheeked little boys, should be ashamed of trifling with all those youthful affections.

MELLE. REYNARD is a dasher, a prancer, a high rolling lady, a midnight oil burner, and worst of all, has cut out a Soph. with Freshman Clark.