

Miss Hatheway—"Ah, Sheenie, you old hen!"

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"Salmon," with visions of Wolfville and the Judge's daughter, blessed the lucky ticket that took him on the trip.

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Miss Gillen—"Don't let her touch my John"

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Jennings—"I am the boy for the Freshettes."

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New Book—"He stoops to conquer" by Miss Margaret Belyea.

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Beany (on the drive)—"Sarah look around. . . ." Pif!!!

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Miss Paget (conjugating in Latin)—"Cliffiscos, cliffisci, Clifford."

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Miss O'Neill—"I'm a favored Freshette—the only Co-ed who had a topic with Fitzie"

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Billy Coulomb—"Miss Thomas, if you will persist in talking to the boys I will have to change your seat."

Queries

Who sent the letter to Allen?

Where did Belding get the idea he can sing?

Why are Teed and Renault so anxious to call on little Loggie?

Where was Simms going Sunday night with an armful of Glass?

Was it Saved by Grace or stung by Grace that MacAulay felt like singing one evening recently?

Why do the girls take so much interest in basket-ball lately?

A Tale Briefly Told

'Twas concert night at Marysville and Mac's girl—she of the lovely eyes and hair—was to recite and Sgr. Beldingo was to sing. As the express from the city pulled out Macaulay and Miss K., Hannah and Miss H. and Arnold and Miss J were on board, but Sgr. Beldingo was late and he and Miss B. had to wait for the suburban. When Marysville was reached Hannah's mouth organ was operating with a racket like the stone crusher. Hannah talked on; the train moved on; the sextette stayed on. Soon a passenger who knew them took in the situation, asked a hurried question and pulled the cord. The train was stopped, the dismayed concert party was dumped out into the snow bank, Hannah's mouth was stilled for a little, and they tramped back to Marysville.

The concert—we had letter not tell about the concert—Miss K was encouraged; Sgr. Beldingo was not. When it was over other passengers hurried to the train, but the students paired off and sauntered leisurely along, looking at the moon. The conductor's "'Board" startled them and it was a desperate run for that train. They were still gasping for breath when the city was reached. It was an evening of mishaps. At the door Macaulay for the second time and way was *thrown down* and—oh, the irony of fate—an icicle fell from the roof on the prostrate Mac. Yes, it was an evening of mishaps for Arnold was along—a veritable Jonah.

"Scare me again, Clarence."