

"Pshaw geminity!" quoth wild Bill  
 "I say, Bob, girls we'll have! We will!  
 Put aside our dreams of last year's loves  
 Plenty girls want to be our doves."  
 I'm game, said Bob, by Jove, that's me!  
 Now there are the Misses McC— Ahee!

Ah, said Bill, I think we'll shine,  
 Natural seems Charlotte Street for mine,  
 Down by Thomas'—Oh Gee!

Bye-bye, fair girls of pink and green  
 Oh, phittt you maid, you Normal dream,  
 Be ours ye maids of millineree.

(Poor fellows they didn't know that Bunk Allen was out there four times last week).

Lynch (after visit to Hotel-de-Colwell,)—"Jennings and the daughter of the house get the parlor, while my doll and I have to roost on the stairs."

Miss Hathaway, before French exam.—"I must go up and revolve about my Axel."

Miss Hill—"Do show me cousin Beany."

Poor Hannah! He stayed over until Friday as Miss Hill was going home on the early train, but he missed the train."

Mistress (to Normalite)—"Who was that young gentleman whom I caught you hugging in the parlor."

(Normalite, proudly)—"Mr. Rigby of U. N. B."

Mr. Robert Freak Eastman asks us to advertise for a young lady to take care of his smile. Miss Fox suggests he place it in cold storage until after graduation. How about your own, Miss Fox?

Ramsay, snapping his fingers—  
 "Come here sir."  
 Prof. Stone—"I want you to understand I'm not a dog."

Freshie's Letter

DEAR MAMA,—

I have been at college for two weeks and I am so very lonesome, besides we have to be just so. Once in a while little Harold Patterson, (he's a fellow with two big left feet) comes around to play in the afternoon but his Mama won't let him go out nights. Sometimes he brings the Court boy and McLean around, but Court has to go home at half past five to get little McNair ready for supper, while McLean runs if he sees our maid—he says he was crossed in love once.

The first Sunday I was here Bill McLeod came around and took me to church in the morning and Perley Steeves took me into his Sunday School class in the afternoon.

On Monday morning Mr. Vanderbilt was just like a big brother to me, but I'm undecided about him—he has too many girls. Mr. Irving Young got me a cute little girl to take to the first football game

It is now 9 p. m. and I'm so sleepy I must go to bed.

YOUR LOVING SON

Queries

What Junior Coed has a fond look for McNair?

Why did Miss Otty throw the hat box down stairs?

What relationship did Babbitt claim to gain admission to the Mt. A. ladies' college? (Future relationship, was it Archie?)

Baird—"I'm nearly dead for sleep, Connelly and that girl of his keeps me awake half the night."

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