

We Were So Tickled that We Forgave Him.

It was near the end of the two week spell of rain and fog that we had about the beginning of December last.

"Whee! Did you hear the news, old man?"

"What? When? Where? Who?"

"Ten o'clock this morning. Hurrah!"

"For heaven's sake tell me about it."

"Chicago had a little Sun!"

Where Will It Stop?

The basketball team is getting gold baseballs for their good work; the basketball team wants gold basketballs for souvenirs; and now some avaricious athletes are trying to start a pushball team.



"Snipe Hunting" at Summer Camp.

Of all the ancient and hoary practical jokes, Snipe hunting is THE ancientest and hoariest. It is with a feeling of deepest humiliation and mortification that we record the perpetration of this venerable hoax on a full grown Armour man,—and Steininger at that. Oh, Steiny! Oh, Tempore! Oh, Mores! That you should have fallen as you did! But listen; it was this way:

They inveigled him into a peach of a hole in a lallapaloosa of a swamp to hold the bag while they drove the voracious but startled snipe into the trap. And to protect him from the fierce struggles of the desperate birds or reptiles, or amphibians, or whatever kind of monster a snipe is, they thoughtfully provided him with a stout club to lay low the unconquerable snipe. It is recorded that he returned to camp at 5 A. M. with an empty bag! And was bawled out in good shape when the other nimrods awoke. However he went out a second time, hoping for better luck, without getting wise! And not only that but,—he was ready to go a third time!!

The moral of this tale is this: The days of simple faith are not over.

Simmons—The figure is in the shape of a cube.

Rook—A square cube?

A certain young preacher named Beecher,
Said the hen was a wonderful creature,
The hen upon that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher.

It Would Us if We Had One.

Doesn't it make you feel cheap to have your best girl call you "Dear" in front of a crowd of strange people.