

There Was No Need of the "17" on This Notice.

Lost.

A Book Case containing a number of text books.
If found please return to Dean's office or Office of the Registrar.
R. T. Gasche-17.

A girl who belongs to the choir,
Is fond of the oddest attair,
She sings in a gown
Which begins so low down
That the organist blushes like fair.

Good Guess, Shorty.

Prof. Perry—How do you increase the speed in Stevenson link motion, Thal?
Thal (just waking up)—Give her gas.

Sir Charles bought a horse for a guinea
And the brute was so dreadfully skinea,
That a friend said, "Of course,
"It was meant for a horse,
"But he hasn't got room for a whuinea."

Poor Tom!

Seeberger—Since when have you been wearing glasses, Tom?
Sullivan—Oh, I've had them for quite a while. I always wear them when I study.
Seeberger—No wonder I have never seen them.

Eva's Version of Hamlet's Soliloquy.

To marry, or not to marry,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The jeers and banter of outrageous females
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing, end them. To court, to marry,
To be a bach no more; and by a marriage, end
The heartache, and the thousand and one ills
Bachelors are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But the dread of something after
Makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

