

The class of '90 of Elmira College, who have decided opinions on all subjects, give to the world the following advice in the form of "What the Members of the Class of '90 Would Do if They Were Men."

If I were a man, I would be a man and not a dude. I should try to be "neat, but not gaudy." I should not wear too great a variety of neckties in one day; for my young lady friends would not care a bit more for me if I did. If I were a man, I would not waste my money on cigars or cigarettes. If I smoked at all, I should smoke a pipe. Then I should marry a wife who wouldn't let me smoke in the house, and then as I should not care to smoke on the street, there would not be much chance for smoking at all. The money I saved on these luxuries I should give to my wife, all but *seventy-five cents*, and with that I should subscribe for the *Sibyl*. If I were a man, I should take an interest in the institutions of learning in my own city. If I were an Elmira man, I should take a special interest in the Elmira College.—*Happy Days*.

If I were a young man, I should so live that my young lady friends, in excess of gratitude, would pension for life "The man who—*mirabile dictu*—was *not* conceited."—*Vox*.

If I were a man, I should devote all my energies to finding the South Pole. I should above all things in this expedition, take along enough provisions to last. Perhaps a good supply of college beefsteak would keep my men chewing longer than anything else, if they objected to—*Taffy-tu-lu*.

If I were a man, I would always be kind and considerate towards women. If I were sitting in a street car and all the seats were taken, and a woman came in, I would rise and give her my seat, even if she were old and ugly and did not acknowledge my courtesy, for I would try always to be a gentleman, without reference to the manners of other people. If I were a young man I should remember that young ladies are very fond of flowers and confectionery and therefore, would often gratify these tastes.—*Warum*.

If I were a man, I should write an astronomy comprehensible to finite minds.—*She*.

If I were a man, I should be one of the "Giants," of New York. I should also be a pugilist and always take the weaker side.—*Athlete*.

If I were a man, I would strive to make my name famous, either by writing an astronomy, or by being the captain of a base ball nine.—*Yulam*.

If I were a man, I would become either Postmaster-General or President of the United States, and make good use of my spare moments by inventing a "musical telephone" before the twentieth century, and of my spare dollars by endowing poor colleges.—*Wise*. (SIBYL.)

From the *Pennsylvanian* we learn that the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania has directed the managers of the base ball and foot-ball associations to arrange no dates hereafter with Lafayette. The *Pennsylvanian* claims this state of affairs has been brought about by Lafayette, "who has so far lost her sense of honor as to continually act toward us in such bad faith."

The *Haverfordian* for November is well worthy of comment. The editorials, the literary, and especially the "Corridor Gossip," are well written, and each department has its own peculiar tone. It is quite a pleasure indeed to have such a fine readable paper on our table.

A professor, who has been for a half hour trying to explain a formula on the board, turns with his finger to his nose—which is a prominent feature—and says, severely; "Is this apparent to all?" (Freshmen grin.) "I am aware, gentlemen, it is long." (Freshmen grin audibly.) "But I hope you see the point." (Slight pedal applause.) "It is called '*pons asinorum*,' of which I hope you see the application." (Loud and continued applause.)—*Ex*.

While looking over a chapel hymn book the other day we discovered the following, which we at first credited to a Senior: "The lasting interval between spiritual re-invigoration is prenatually extended." But as we read further, "In other words, it is a d—n long time between drinks."