

Be happy and the world laughs with you; be a Freshman and the world laughs at you.—*Ohio Wesleyan Transcript*.

A chemistry student from Devon
 Once tried to form K P O₇.
 There's a hole in the roof
 (Not very strong proof),
 But let's hope that he really reached heaven.

—*Punch Bowl*.

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
 Desiring the value of Pi.
 He on his cuff hunted; there found what he wanted;
 And said, "What a good boy am I."—*Ed*.

At the dinner of the Yale Club of New York last December, one of the speakers picked an "all ages" team. Julian Curtiss, '79, speaking of foot ball and the numerous choices of all American teams, offered an "all ages" team which was as follows: Cyclops, centre; Sampson and Goliath, guards; Briareus, with his hundred hands, and Hercules, tackles; Mercury and Frank Hinkey, ends; Napoleon, quarter back; Alcibides and Achilles, half backs (he would insist on Achilles wearing his shin-guard on his heel); Buchus, full back and trainer.—*Yale Alumni Weekly*.

Cora—"College men seem very much inclined to take life easy."

Dora—"Yes; even when they graduate they do it by degrees."
 —*Ex*.