

A CONFLICT.

"Here it is almost nine o'clock and I do not know what to do; Jim always comes on Monday evening. Why couldn't James have been reasonable and called this morning, as he usually does? And now this note says he must see me tonight. Well, I will go dress at any rate. Oh, dear! What shall I put on? I wish they would not come at the same time. I suppose I must be firm and show them which I like the best. But I shall have to decide for myself first. Jim is certainly jolly, but one gets tired of him after a while, particularly when he comes so persistently. And James is always so serious. I have to force myself to pay attention to him sometimes, although he certainly is rather interesting. Helen, what shall I put on? Help me decide. James likes to see me in shirt waist and skirt, and for Jim I must wear blouse and bloomers! Now don't look shocked. James is nothing but my psychology book and Jim is my athletic appointment."—*The Mount Holyoke.*

Sel. Dumhere—"Not prepared! I have a bad cold in my head."

Prof. Ontoem—"Glad to see you have something there."—*Punch Bowl.*

Every woman has two friends; one who tells her secrets and one to whom she tells secrets.—*Ex.*

"John took forensics the first term."

"Yes, and he has got the chicken-pox now. I wonder what disease will come next."—*Punch Bowl.*

A college man's model day (with apologies to every college president):

For sleep (including recitations)	12 hours.
For meals	3 hours.
For social duties	5 hours.
In Princeton	9 hours.
Out of Princeton	6 hours.

The remainder of the day is to be devoted exclusively to hard, consistent study.—*Princeton Tiger.*