Two Freshmen were on their way from the dining hall when they met a supposed sister-Freshman hurrying toward them.

"Is dinner over?" cried the belated one.

"Oh, no," answered one of the Freshman, "you'll get some if you hurry. Don't be afraid, just walk right in and pretend you've been there all the time. They'll never know you're so late."

"And what do you know!" added the other Freshman, "you'll get all the p'resh man. "you'll get their way today."

"You're going toward them."

"I thought it was inevitable breakdowns."

"Did not Melissa Jean turn to stone those who looked upon snaky locks?” Last but not least, does not Mary Pickford flaunt her curls that all may see and worship? Is not a woman's hair "crowning glory"?

"Tresses long and tresses short, tresses fat and tresses thin, beribboned and bandy, these we see on every side. Perhaps as the moon rises over the river we shall see various waving pigtails beseeching the stars rippling over the window, sils, waving in the breeze. Have Mary and Medusa and Bess got anything on us? Never! History repeats itself. LOOK at our Freshmen!

The Man in the Moon woke up one night And saw his moon was shining bright.

"This waste of light, it should be spurned— 'A penny saved is a penny earned.'"

So saying he turned out the light And left the world in black, black night. Without a moon we couldn't sing— So a make-believe moon the Seniors bring.

The man in the moon we do not For he's so stingy with his light. We beg of you—his ways don't choose, Don't make us have a make-believe News!

Innocent Freshman: "I live at Mosier. Where do you live?"

Prominent Senior: "I'm at Branford."

Innocent Freshman: "What luck! How long has your application been in?"

Senior: "Five years."

Freshman: "Oh, did you know that you were coming here?"

Advice From a Senior

Don't study when you're tired

Don't study when you're happy

Or have something else to do.

For that will make you blue

Don't study in the day-time,

And don't study in the night!

But study at all other times

With all your main and might."

—Anon.

First Aid

I will sell to any interested Soph. or upperclassmen my complete collection of Shakespeare papers (including Bradley and other well known authorities) with marks averaging x and v. 

Sir Vivor.

Freshmen

I know them by their bashful air, Their half-shy smile, and high-piled hair, I know them by their timid looks, Their Espenshades and History Books; I know them by their chapel seat, Their angel robes and clothes so neat. Oh! the Freshmen are a jolly crew, And I wish that I were one—don't you?

"Now that I am become a C. C. Freshman I have put away childish things!"