X. (who is grinding for the Semi's, and who finds that his time is too limited to do all his work in): "I tell you what it is, old man, the faculty when they assign our work have no idea of what time is."

T., '89 (who takes a "snap" special course): "No; and they don't know what the 'sheol' of a time is, either."

CAUGHT.
Hidden within a soft arm-chair,
With straggling locks of sunny hair,
I know them well:
The sandaled feet perched on the grate,
I steal behind—0 horror great!
Blue smoke! 'Tis Isabel!
Caught in the act, my pretty maid,
The forfeit now to me be paid,
'Tis customary.
What's this, a pipe? No, cigarette?
Well, this beats all the tales told yet,
True or legendary.
Since I have spied thee, charming fay,
A secret kiss, the forfeit pay
Unknown to all.
The head turns round; a grin I spy!
From masqueraded man I fly
Enrobed for fancy ball.
—Yale Courant.

In 16,000,000 years not a drop of water will remain on the surface of the earth. — R. A. Proctor. The outlook for the prohibitionists grows gloomier every day. — Life.

Miss Chaucer, an English ballet dancer, has recently received favorable notice. She is said to be a daughter of the poet. — Life.

Mrs. Iklestein. — "Ron mit der doctor, kerwick, Solomon; ter baby ist swallowt a silfer tollar!"
Mr. I. — "Vos it dot von I lefd on ter dable?"
Mrs. I. — "Yes, dot vas it; hurry mit der doctor."
Mr. I. — "Don'd ged oxcited, Rajel; it vas gounderveid." — Life.