

THE OUACHITA GIRL.

With quips and wiles
And winsome smiles,
With laughing eye and dancing curl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

With step of grace
And charming face,
With startling dash and rushing whirl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

She sits and crams
To pass exams
Until her brain is in a swirl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

She 's kind and true
And thoughtful, too,
Love's banner to unfurl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

She 'll sit and dream
Beside the stream,
Where laughing waters lisp and purl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

She 's up at night
When 's out the light
Her fudge from chafing-dish to hurl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

With listening ears
Miss Storts she hears;
'Tis twenty-three for hastening Irl,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

To hide a bottle in her hose,
To tip out on silent toes,
To swipe the butter from the tables,
And tell the mother white-washed
fables,
That 's the Ouachita girl.

THE OUACHITA BOY.

With swinging stride
And look of pride,
With glistening eye and shouts of joy,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

With handsome face
Free from vice's trace,
With a strong right arm fine things to
employ,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

He spends his days
In a hundred ways,
And does his best the time to enjoy,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

He can't be still
Till time for drill;
He 's as brave as the hero of ancient
Troy,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

He 's jolly and funny,
And free with his money;
He knows how to take the maiden
that 's coy,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

He sends away cares,
Has a smile that wears,
And loves with love that does not
annoy,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

He has quips and cranks
And lots of pranks;
Oh, he lacks it all of being a toy!
That 's the Ouachita boy.

He 'll write his name
In the hall of fame;
His record none will ever destroy,
That 's the Ouachita boy.

HURRAH FOR WESTBROOK!



One of the most important personages connected with the College is the Janitor, Westbrook, so familiar to us all, making his continual rounds between buildings with his wheelbarrow. He has been with us nearly ever since the founding of the College. He left us once for a position in a Southern mill, but, feeling the lack of intellectual atmosphere there, soon returned. Westbrook is not only a necessary factor to keep things in order generally, but he fills the place of the old Greek pedagogue, for surely he has brought joy to the heart of many a despondent, struggling student by lending a helping hand in the excavation of the intrinsic Latin and Greek roots. Indeed, Westbrook is an unusual type of his race, since he has this classical knowledge. Westbrook is all right, anyway. He moves among us with the quiet cautiousness of the *ante-bellum* Negro, and has the respect of all the students.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

"Come to me, all ye my subjects, and I shall prophesy to you the changes that shall take place in this our land at the end of the next thousand years."

These words came from a venerable old elf with a white beard that touched the ground. He was seated on a large rock on the top of the mountain, and all around him were his subjects, the elves and fairies.

"Yes, yes, venerable father; we come, we come," they chanted, gathering around and seating themselves on the ground. The old elf began:

"Know ye, all my subjects, that when one of our race has lived the innumerable years that I have, it is given him to look in this glass which I now hold in my hand and see the things that are to take place in the next thousand years. This the venerable one is to tell to his assembled subjects, and then it is time for him to die. I feel that my time has come, and I will now look into the far-away future."

The old elf raised the glass to his eyes, motioned all his subjects to listen, and began:

"Ah, my subjects, this our land, which is now so peaceful and happy, shall undergo great changes. This mountain upon which we are sitting shall be worn away until there is barely a hill. Ah! there are signs of a mighty earthquake, which shall cleave this hill in twain, and there is a tiny stream flowing between the two hills. Behold, it grows and grows until a river is formed. One of the hills gradually wears away, but the face of the other slopes sheer to the river. Ah, ye elves and fairies, it is a beautiful place, but none of our people are there; they are all dead. How painful to think of that! The human beings who take our places are tall and handsome, and think they have all the wisdom of our land.

"A short distance from the beautiful Bluff stands a city, and there on the banks of the river are houses, where all the young of the land come to get knowledge. At the top of one of these houses I can see the letters, O U A C H I T A C O L L E G E. Assembled in front of this house are many of the people who go to this College. They have baskets in their hands, and by the movements of their lips I can read these strange words: 'Come on, kiddos; let 's off to Big Bluff for a picnic. This day is fit for the gods! Won't we have a lark; Ah! my subjects,'" said the venerable elf, laying down his glass, "I can bear to look no further. The people of that age will revel over this very place—happy, merry, and gay, little knowing of the elves and fairies who lived here long, long ago."

DEE ELLINGTON.



CUPID'S GLADE.

I know a place so cool and still
Where flowers grow. The green fern dips
Its dewy fingers in a rill
That o'er the golden pebbles slips.

The shade is deep, and thru the trees
Whose shadows shimmer in the stream
There flows a gentle cooling breeze,
Where, peeping thru, the sunbeams gleam.

Oh, there it is I long to flee,
Where calmness reigns, and all alone,
And none with me but only thee,
My dearest, charming Her, my own!

I dream—my happy, happy dreams—
We'd drink the nectar from Love's cup,
And from Hope's face the happy gleam
Would touch our hearts and cheer us up.



IN THE YEAR 1999.

By Pearl Taylor.

"Dick 's coming over in his flying-machine to take May and me for a whirl," announced Daisy, as she bounced into the room.

"How do you know, dear?" queried grandmother's voice from the great arm-chair. "I did not see or hear anyone bring a message."

"Why, wireless telegraphy, gramsie; what did you suppose?" answered Daisy. "Isn't he a darling? I really believe he is nicer than Louis, altho I dote on submarine voyages."

"Ah, child! you had better stay out of those new-fangled 'to-dos' and ride in a steady automobile, like your grandfather and I used to do," quoth grandmother with a wise nod.

"But, gramsie, they are so slow and poky, and you have to stay right in the road, and have people gaze at you and talk about you all the time." And Daisy's pretty lips began to pout.

"Let her alone, mother," said Mrs. Luce; "the things are perfectly safe, and the fresh air is so invigorating."

"Evidently something is attractive," said grandmother; "but excuse me from fresh air if it must be gotten in that way." And she quietly subsided to her fancy work.

"What shall I wear, mother?" was the next question; and we suppose it was finally decided, for she came down presently in a dainty blue costume, with her soft golden hair caught up prettily at the back of her neck and a tiny hood tied under her chin with a big bow. Hats were never worn on such occasions, because it was too much trouble to keep them on at the rate of speed people usually went.

Daisy was eighteen, and had ever so many suitors, but there were only two for whom she cared anything at all, and to save her life she didn't know which one she liked the better. Dick Maraby was a handsome fellow, with great dark eyes and fine features; a typical Southern gentleman. Louis was of French descent, therefore small, dark, and quick. His black eyes, seeing all that went on everywhere, did not fail to discover that he had a very formidable rival in Dick, and he pressed his suit warmly, while Dick looked on in a proud, condescending way when he was present, but usually had the pleasure of seeing that, while Daisy showed no preference for him, she certainly showed none for Louis.

May, Daisy's chum, loved "the little Frenchman," as he was commonly called (though his English was perfect), "to death," as she said, and she admired

everything he did, as foolish school-girls often do. So when Daisy was otherwise engaged, Louis usually found solace in May. Now, May was one of those gay little brunettes that always believed in having all the fun possible; so she kept Dick and Louis constantly "on pins and needles" when in Daisy's presence, and secretly pressed suit for Dick, taking care not to let Daisy know she cared for either, but never telling her any of the "nice things" Louis did.

Louis had taken a party for a submarine excursion on the day before. It had been a brilliant affair, for twelve whole jars of condensed sunshine were used to merely light the state-room. While everybody else was watching an interesting contest between two sharks over a smaller fish, he had the audacity to propose to Daisy, and actually to threaten to sink the whole party if she refused. Of course she didn't; but she was too sharp to accept, and merely promised him an answer in the following week, with the remark that he could sink them if he wanted to, but she didn't believe she would go down any faster than he would. The voyage had been delightful, and she admired his romantic proposal and the tragic way in which he expressed himself, but somehow she wasn't yet sure that she would enjoy this sort of thing all her life; and from the way she greeted Dick when he had gracefully settled his machine at the steps and alighted to assist her to a seat, she wasn't giving it very much thought just then, anyway.

May had a headache, for special reasons, and couldn't go. Ah, what a convenient thing a headache will always be!

Louis accidentally saw them sail away, and somehow he knew he had lost; but then—"there were others," and he shrugged his shoulders and started for May's. Half an hour later Louis and May likewise sailed away on a rented machine. The day was an ideal one for a ride, and as Dick and Daisy watched the receding world in general and noted how fast they were going they saw another ship rise slowly and take an opposite direction. A sigh of relief escaped their lips; then they laughed at the very ridiculousness of it. On they went, enjoying every swing and curve in their aerial flight. The sky was clear in all its parts—an ideal day for Cupid's darts. They had covered many miles and talked on many topics, such as interest people at this stage, when suddenly they began to drop. Daisy looked around in surprise, and, noting the odd expression on Dick's face, caught up the pedometer and found that they were directly over the sea.

"Dick! what are you doing?" she exclaimed. "Don't you see it's madness to land here?"

"Yes, dear, I see it," he replied.

"Then why on earth are you doing it?"

"It happens not to be on earth, sweetheart, and perhaps I can't help it."

"Oh, but you must! Don't frighten me this way! What shall we do?"

"Do all we can and be as quiet as possible."

"But why not try to attract attention? Maybe someone can help us."

"But you sighed for joy a while ago when that boat went in the other direction; how is it that you want them now? Am I not making it pleasant enough for you?"

"Oh, Dick! how can you talk that way and be calm? Why I can almost feel the salt breeze already."

If she had not been quite so excited, she could have seen also that they went forward a good deal more than downward; but girls, or at least some girls, when they are way up in the air with certain young men, apparently descending to certain death, before they have even proposed, are apt to lose their heads as well as their hearts, and—well, Daisy lost both completely.

"Why, this is heaven, Daisy, up here with you all to myself, where everything is so pure and free and beautiful. Since it can't be thus always, I'd rather we would keep going down and end our lives together than that I should carry you back to be Louis' bride."

"Oh, but, Dick, I'm not going to be Louis' bride! I wouldn't for anything! For mercy's sake, don't let this crazy thing go any nearer the water! How I wish I had taken grandmother's advice!"

"If you had, you would not have been with me, and I would have been debarred of all this happiness. Do you really mean that last wish, Daisy? Are you sorry that you are here? If you only knew how much I love you—if you would only let me show you how much—if I only knew that it was worth while to live longer! Since you are not to be Louis' bride, promise me in this last minute—perhaps the last word you shall ever utter, or I shall ever hear—promise me that you will be mine, and say that you love me."

They were so near the water that the fresh salt spray could be [seen dazzling in the sunshine, and the queer little "chuc-chuc-chuc" of the machine mingled with the cry of the sea-gulls.

"Oh, Dick! I love you with all my heart and soul, and of course I'll be your bride. It has certainly taken you long enough to ask me; but we musn't drown. Can't you swim? Is there no hope?"

"I don't need to swim now, dearest. Knowing what I do, I could fly anywhere."

The machine rose steadily and soared away homeward. Dick stood on the sunlit deck. His head was all awl. His face and eyes were full of hair, and his arms were full of—girl.

Cupid had used his arrows to good advantage, as well as Dick his control over the flying-machine.

THE HIDDEN LOVE-LETTER.

Tashiro's present home was the dressing-table. At least, he had not been moved in three months. The effect of his green dress, flowered with red carnations, had been tried first against the lace curtains and then against the white walls. But his position on the dressing-table proved more effective, so there he hung, suspended by a green ribbon from the side of the mirror. He was highly pleased with his location, for it commanded a view of the entire room, and by virtue of the mirror at his side he had frequent opportunities to observe its inmates.

Tashiro came from Japan, and his short life had been crowded with experience. Almost as soon as his pasty little ears had been put to his head in that far-off doll-shop, he had heard words that foreshadowed a life of purpose for him. How eagerly his painted black eyes had stared at the beautiful woman who had murmured, "Yes, conceal it in his head!" Then he had been packed in a box and almost suffocated with sawdust. The memory of a long, dark journey, with that of lapping waves and shrill whistles, clung to him. Then for a long time he lay in silence and darkness.

While the cover of his big box was being lifted he formed his red lips into a smile to greet his deliverer; but when he saw her, the smile hardened on his face, never to be relaxed. Her queer round eyes and her faded yellow hair were utterly strange to him. Yet he was grateful to her, and did not regret his smile until she thrust him into a stuffy trunk and covered him with ribbons. There followed another journey, which he hoped would be his last. It seemed probable, for now during the three months spent in the little room he had been at peace. The room reminded Tashiro of the toy-shop in Japan, for there were paper snakes and parasols and fans, and in one corner the honorable Japanese flag. But, better than all else, there was the lady with black hair and black eyes, who reminded him of the one in the toy-shop who had whispered those seemingly meaningless yet troublesome words. However, in spite of his bettered surroundings, Tashiro was not happy. He was lonely, very lonely, for Tashiro had a sentimental heart. A thousand times a day he envied his little countryman in the picture, who was leaning across the wall, kissing his sweetheart. A thousand times a day he wished to frown, but could not. The very air seemed to whisper misfortune to him, for he plainly saw that preparations for a journey had been commenced. He caught words and phrases that confirmed his fears. He had been studying the calendar, and had decided that it must be the 21st of December. That very morning the dark lady had scratched the date with a pencil and said, "We'll go to-night."

Tashiro's black eyes followed their every move. He was torn between the desire to be left undisturbed and the fear of being alone with the mice at night. Late that afternoon, when his washed-out, looking mistress was standing before the mirror, making herself look even more hideous to his eyes by adding quantities of white chalk to her then almost colorless face, she caught sight of him and cried out: "Why, we've forgotten Tashiro! Let's take him along." His heart sank at the thought of another journey. "No," said the dark-eyed one; "he might get broken." Tashiro's black eyes gleamed at her until she exclaimed: "Why, what a queer expression! He looked as tho he were smiling."

As the preparation for the journey proceeded Tashiro's joy gave way to doubt. He wondered how long ten days was. He began to fear the silence that was coming. He knew that he would feel his loneliness all the more keenly. Ah, if he only had someone to keep him company! His eyes fell on the picture of the lovers. Now he knew. Yes, that was what he wanted—a sweetheart. He began to realize that his head was full of beautiful things to say to someone. He almost fancied he could say them to the dark lady. He wanted to go now to escape the loneliness, and perhaps on his journey he would meet some other wanderer from Japan.

After one last flurry, the girls were ready to go. At the door they paused, and he was hastily caught and squeezed until his chest gave forth a cry. A voice! He did not know he possessed one; but what good would it do him now, since they had gone and he was all alone? Tears of rage and despair came into his eyes. He forgot his late-acquired manhood, and made no attempt to hold them back.

Hark! He was not mistaken in those footsteps. Had they forgotten something? How happy they seemed opening their package! Well, he would not look at them, but would stare out into the dark that seemed to sympathize with him. Even their repeated exclamations could not make him turn his eyes. A tantalizing laugh came to him, and then the words, "Company for Tashiro." His resolutions flew where his eyes had been, and his eyes fixed on a black Japanese topknot, which showed just above the shoulder of his friend. He leaned forward and his little hand slipped over his heart; still he could not see her.

"What shall we call her?"

"Plum Blossom!" shouted Tashiro's heart, for he had caught a glimpse of her cheek.

"I think 'Plum Blossom' would suit her, don't you?"

"Think?" laughed Tashiro's heart again; "why, she is Plum Blossom!"

The light shown full on her rounded cheek and throat and gleamed softly in her black eyes. "Ah!" whispered the heart of Tashiro, and then it stopped, stopped altogether, for she was placed right before him on the dressing-table. Tashiro had already forgotten the old for the new, and did not know or hear his friends when they said, "Good-bye, Tashiro; take care of her until we come back."

The lights were out, but in the semi-darkness that came thru the window Tashiro gazed at her. She had not seen him yet, for her eyes, half closed with

dreams, were looking out into the night. Presently the moon came up and gleamed on the river below them and reflected its blue-white light in Plum Blossom's eyes. A peace, such as she had never hoped to feel, stole into her heart. Yet she was conscious of a sweet unrest—an effort to answer the call that came to her from the waters, the moonlight, or the sky. A moment more and her head, irresistibly drawn, was turned toward Tashiro.

As the morning, after its first few flushes, burst suddenly upon the world, so came the love of Plum Blossom. She had not thought in that far-off city, when from her place in the show-window she had looked down on faces filled with love, that she also should feel it. But now the pleading in Tashiro's eyes made her own widen and sweeten. What a night with its silence, its starlit waters, its sinking moon! What a morning with its stir, its glorious light, its sweet reality!

Thus many hours and days passed in tender happiness, marred only by Tashiro's man-like desire to express the beautiful thoughts he felt thronging in his head. "One more day," he counted, "until they come, and I have not told her yet."

The last day was gray and clouded, and late in the afternoon the rain came. The wind rattled the glass, and, rushing thru the cracks in the pane, swung Tashiro from side to side. Plum Blossom's hand reached out and touched his foot. He must, he would tell her now, he thought, and his heart raged with impatience. The wind in an answering mood flung him with such sudden force that the slender ribbon broke, and Tashiro fell unconscious at the feet of Plum Blossom.

What a delicious state to be in! She leaned over him and turned him with a touch so sweet that he scarcely felt the painful cracking and falling away sensation at the back of his head. Wonderful dreams followed, and then—hark! Those footsteps; he knew them. Eagerly he looked up at her. If she only could know! Slowly she smiled, and, leaning down, whispered in his ear: "Yes, sweetheart, I know; I read it while you were sleeping. It is beautiful." He grasped her hand in his eagerness to understand all.

The door opened and the girls rushed in. Their eyes turned immediately to the little couple. "Why, Tashiro has broken his head! and look what is in it—Japanese writing." "I just know it is a Japanese love-letter. Oh, if we could only read it!"

The mystery was solved, and with his head eased and his heart beating, quickly Tashiro found Plum Blossom's hand, and they were happy.

NANCY K. MEEK.

HOW MOSE GOT HIS'N.

It was a solemncholy day
When me and 'Liza went to stray
Out on de old hillside,
Whar we could see t'ings fur and wide.
We sot down on a rottin' log—
She ain't a-feerd uv a bug or frog—
An' while I wuz a-sittin' down,
An' 'garded her frum foot to crown,
I t'inks I never seed her look
So roun' an' plump. She shook
Like jelly when she laft.
Lor'! I forgot all 'bout my raft.
Uu-umph! De sunshine in dat face!
Lor', have murcy! I could trace
De very image whut Jehover
Made Miss Ebe share: all ober
Dem teeth wuz a-shinin' like de purly gates;
Dem lips as red as millions hung wide wid weights
Ob honey what de bees forgot;
To rid dat "gum" wuz my own lot.
I just begun to lay my plot,
An' kep' on a-watchin' while dar we sot,
An' den I says, "Ain't you 'bout to fall?"
She say she don't feel dat way a' tall,
But I had jump to catch her quick.
She trembled all over like she wuz sick,
An' den she straightened up an' say,
"You monstrous nigger! Git away!"
My arm wuz par'lized round her waist,
An' I couldn't move it wid manly grace,
An' so I up an' say,
" 'Tis cramped, Miss 'Liza; guess it must stay."
An' den me an' her played telephone;
Her mouf wuz receiver, an' my own wuz pretty close by, an'
Den I talked down deep in her heart. Lor', man!
Dat wuz a wireless telephone
Better 'n any dese times can own!

HER, MY OWN.

My thoughts, as busy as the bees,
Go darting swift o'er land and seas;
They seek the mystic heaven's dome;
They cling so tenderly to home;
They run to those so dear I love;
They seek the realms of truth above—
Dear heart, they flit most everywhere,
But linger round thy face so fair.
In all I think and all I do
I see but one, 't is only you.
Love cannot half express the flame
That glows when mentioning your name;
Thou art the fairest flower grown,
My charming beauty, Her, my own.

SONNET.

When I the glory of the mystic sea survey,
Behold the wonders of the circling radiant worlds,
And stand upon the heavenly peak where hurls
Creator great the many spheres along their way,
I stand in awe and wonder. Then morn furls
Her banner bright and grows into the dazzling day,
While round the sun in mighty perfect swirls
The swinging, singing spheres revolve away.
A little realm, dear love, within my heart
I have. Thou art my radiant, glowing sun;
Around this sun my every thought doth start
A joyous round forever more to run;
Bathed in the splendor of thy mellow light
They circle and sing in rapturous pure delight.

GRINDS



AND



SOLILOQUIES

Ill fares the head to summer flies a prey,
Where brains fail to accumulate and hairs decay.

C. R. WARD.

HENRY BENNETT: "Professor, is it true that Chaucer mutilates English?"

PROF. PACE: "Mr. Bennett, you are trying to be smart, and I will give you zero for your ignorance."

FENNA ROGERS: "Yes, boys, I *did once*, but I don't any more."

J. E. TALBOT: "Pure gas should never be confined; that is why I keep my mouth shut."

MAUDE WADE: "Who said I like big men?"

A SENIOR GIRL: "God made him (Roger Williams) for a man, so let pass."

KATIE BRANNON: "Nancy, what is a kiss?"

NANCY M.: "A touching scene."

"Boys, I wish I could live a million years.
Yes, this old world 's as bright as it can be,
But the next old world that 's blazin'—
That is what is botherin' me."

PROF. NETHERTON.

BIRKETT WILLIAMS: "They are pretty to walk with and witty to talk with,
but—"

JEWELL MIDDLEBROOK: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Our "Boom-a-lacka!" echoes o'er the hilltops far and wide;
We fain would have it reach the shore on Africa's sunny side.

PROF. NETHERTON: "What is the greatest invention of the age?"

RUPERT BLAKELY: "The invention of that story about the comet."

JIM EARL: "Not to know me *argues* yourself *unknown*."

A SENIOR GIRL: "*Wanted*—A moral, sensible, and well-bred man."

SUE WEBER: "I know it, but it ain't my time."

JIM WHARTON: "I never told but one girl I loved her, and she wouldn't believe me."

MAUDE WADE: "For now no prayer by any can restore to life the past and gone."

THOS. BERRY: "I am determined to be a natural-born poet."

Grind and grind to get some fun;
Grind and grind to find a pun;
Keep on grinding all the day,
And see how long your fun will stay.

Cows.

Cows are very useful animals; cows give milk; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

LOYD TIDWELL.

The heart-strings that once entwined
Around some dear and loved scene
Now turn away and seek to twine
Around a memory which is *Green*.

NOTRA ANDERSON.

"I am so fresh that new blades of grass
Turn pale with envy as I pass."

MCGRAW.

MCGEHEE: "Better be dead than out of style."

"O woman, thou art divine!
Would that I had one, that I could call her mine,
To ease my sorrows, to end my woes,
Cook my victuals, and wash my clothes."

C. R. WARD.

Our Dr. Jack and Captain Jack,
And Annie Rooney, too,
Will make you tell it with a ———,
Or else you will skidoo.

Here 's to you, *Ma Petite Chou!*
 Time has said to the years, "Skidoo!"
 You are a woman, strong and true;
 When cares annoy, say, "Skidoo!"
 When doubts decoy, just say, "Skidoo!"
 When sorrow sweeps,
 And sadness cheeps,
 And all the world is dark to you,
 Just smile a smile,
 And wait a while
 Until they all "skidoo," "skidoo," "skidoo."
Ma Petite Chou, so kind and true, in all you do
 You have my bestest wish,
 Because "*Ich liebe dich*,"
 And up above, where all is love, the Faculty won't be there.
ROGER DUDLEY.

MAYME HARRIS: "Be good and you will be happy, but you will miss a lot of fun."

W. P. WILSON: "I dipped into the dim future, far as eye can see; saw in my vision a *Martin*, and oh, the wonders of its song thrilled me!"

ARCHIE BALL ROWLAND: "Professor, why do you always take me in the museum when I come to see you?"

PROF. BUCKMINSTER: "Why, that is where I take all curiosities."

The wisest fool in Christendom.

PROF. O. N. T. RICHARDSON.

"If I 'm convinced against my will,
 I 'm of the same opinion still."

LEON GREEN.

"A man of words and not of deeds
 Is like a garden full of weeds."

PROF. MOORE.

LUCY SANDERS: "Let us respect gray hairs, especially our own."

Folly always deserves its misfortune.

FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1906-7.

When she 's good, she 's very good; but when she 's bad, she 's horrid.

ELOCUTION CLASS.

It 's drill,
Or kill,
And walk so straight
And ne'er be late,
Or else you will say
On Saturday,
"The *extra* 's up to me."

PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE: "Mr. Miller, if the spirial accessory cord were cut, would there be any way of talking?"

MR. MILLER: "Yes; one could talk on one's fingers."

LEON GREEN: "Oh, we 've got 'em! we 've got 'em!"

"Got what?"

GREEN: "Privileges, of course."

KIRBY: "Birkett says he likes to fish, but oh, if I only had a *Nett*, I would never fish at all!"

PROFESSOR IN HISTORY: "Mr. Tatum, what did the Pilgrims do when they landed in this country?"

TATUM: "They first fell on their knees, and then on the aborigines."

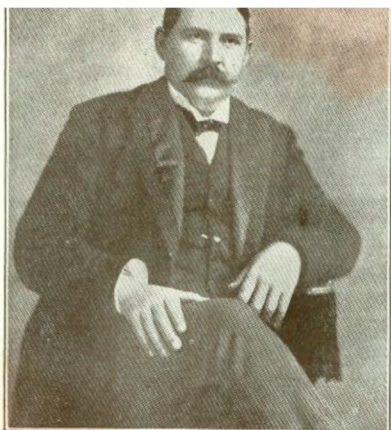
And now we bid you all farewell;
We 've not another joke to tell.
The grinder's ear
And the soliloquizer's end are very near.

RILEY WARD.

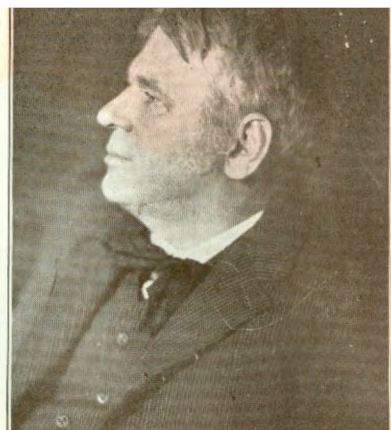
DEE ELLINGTON.



DR. M. W. CHASE.



J. P. DOLLIVER.



DEWITT MILLER.



SHUNGO PAVI.



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Who's from Ouachita?
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