

## LOCALS

Join a society. Now is the time.

J. D. Thrower, '00, is still with us.

Tom Pinson has gone home on a "sick furlough."

Grey, F., loves to smoke Reardon's "mushroom" pipe.

Walden, '00, is taking a post, and so is Kamp McGinnis.

Carson, E. J., says he's awful homesick. "There are others."

Ross, J. L., '02: "Professor, what does water weigh by the ton?"

Tapp wanted to know how much money he had in the library.

Briggs is going to petition the football boys not to play so roughly.

The commandant is receiving a number of applications for corporalships.

Fish, to old boy: "Say, can you tell me where I can find Professor Bull?"

Burns, ex-'01, is expected back after Xmas. We would be glad to see him.

Fish, seeing Professor Nagle, C. E., asked, "Who is teaching a Bible class?"

C. P. Rogers, '00, is taking law at the U. of T. We wish "Bug" much success.

Why is an author the queerest animal known? Because his tale comes out of his head.

Melton (who has been caught visiting): "I wonder if the 'Commodore' will 'jaw' me?"

Grey, F., and "Heavy" Kirkpatrick want to know if they are allowed to retire before taps.

Professor in English: "Mr. Rice, what is a hybrid word?" Rice: "A cross between a horse and mule."

City girl at "calf show:" "Are those little cowlets?" Man in charge: "No, Miss; they are little bullets."

Henry Japhet, ex-captain of the Foster Guards, spent a few days on the campus. We were all glad to see Henry.

Commandant, addressing three fish: "Why are you boys not at drill?" Lovejoy: "Colonel, it is too hot to drill."

Professor Philpott thinks it advisable for everybody to join one of the literary societies. Most of us agree with him.

Melton, coming out of mess hall, seeing Mr. Sbisas's parrot, said: "That is the first chicken I ever saw that could talk."

Eber Peter, Egg, Noble, Lewis, "Jack" and Aker spent Saturday and Sunday with Judge Moore, and had a "hog-killing" time.

Weinert, on way to town, seeing one of Mr. Thomas' signs, said: "Go to Tomatoes for shoes." We think Weinert must have been coming from town.

Wanted—A patent automatic masticator; must be made of the best quality chilled steel, warranted to thoroughly masticate steaks.

Mr. Coll, who is from Argentine Republic, was asked a hard question in class. He said: "Professor, I can only say it in Spanish."

Fish sentinel on third stoop Ross, thinking that the corporal was trying to play a joke on him by relieving him, refused to leave his post.

We call your attention, boys, to the advertisers in the "Battalion." These gentlemen have helped us, so let us re-