

# EXCHANGES

We notice that the Student Herald, of Manhattan, Kan., contains no exchanges, and if allowed the privilege, we would respectfully suggest that they appoint an exchange editor.

Doctor (just arrived)—“What on earth are you holding his nose for?”

Pat (kneeling beside the victim)—“So his breath won't leave his body, of course.”

A proud woman, like a hand organ, is full of airs.

Dancing masters are always taking steps to raise money.

A hair-raising story delights the heart of the bald-headed man.

Even a dark lantern has its bright side.

Prof. Sigles—“What is an octopus?”  
Small Boy (who has just begun to take Latin), eagerly—“Please, sir, I know sir; it's an eight-sided cat.”

The November issue of the New Hampshire College Monthly contains several

very interesting articles, among which may be mentioned “Trip to the Isle of Shoals.”

“Speaking of ships,” said the sentimental young bachelor, “courtship is a transport.”

“Yes,” retorted the henpecked benedict, “but marriage is a warship.”—Philadelphia Press.

We cordially welcome The Kodak, published by the Eau Claire High School Athletic Club. It is a very neatly gotten up paper, and we hope to see it on our table again.

“Oh, well, I suppose I can get along all right for one day without a watch.”

## THE TRYST.

Potato was deep, in the dark underground,

Tomato above in the light;  
The little tomato was ruddy and round,  
The little potato was white.

And redder and redder she rounded above,  
And paler and paler he grew,  
And neither suspected a mutual love,  
Till they met in a Brunswick stew.

