
SAY BO, DIDJA!

Say Bo Did'ja
 Decide to see the MAJESTIC
 And reserve a second row seat
 For the BLOODY sum of \$1.10
 Did'ja use two BLITZ CLOTHS
 And four bottles of DYAN-SHINE
 In polishing your BUTTONS and
 BOOTS? Did'ja sally forth,
 And to be very COLLEGIATE
 Step into the NEW YORK CAFE
 To partake of CHICKEN SALAD?
 Did'ja experience a thrill,
 For upon entering the cafe did'ja
 Find that the LEADING LADY
 Of the MAJESTIC Bill was dining?
 Did'ja saunter slowly
 Back and forth that SHE
 Might have the OPPORTUNITY
 Of gazing upon your GRECIAN
 PROFILE? Did'ja finally bestow
 Another RARE TREAT upon HER
 By seating yourself graciously
 On the opposite side of her table,
 In order that she might
 Gaze adoringly into your
 LIMPID, AZURE, EYES?
 Did'ja suddenly think
 Of an ORIGINAL IDEA whereby
 You could get a "PRELIMINARY
 DRAG," and following this idea,
 Did'ja rush to the piano and
 "DROP A NICKLE IN THE SLOT"
 Did'ja return to your seat
 And give the LADY a WINNING
 SOPHISTICATED, AMOROUS
 SMILE until the piano began to
 Play that old familiar tune:
 "I'M JUST A GREAT BIG BOY
 FROM A SMALL LITTLE TOWN."
 Did'ja have your WINNING SMILE
 Returned with a "HORSE LAUGH?"
 Say Bo Did'ja?
 "Cotton" Mietzen did!!!!

THE COMING YOUTH.

By Edgar A. Guest.

Time was I fung across the field
 A ball with certain aim and true,
 But now to younger arms I yield
 The thrill of sport which once I
 knew;
 And I could run with flying feet
 Spurred by the zest for victory
 sweet,
 And fling myself to reach the base
 But now a youngster has my place.
 Time was in leather I have dressed
 And called the signal: "Twelve, six,
 nine!"
 And held the ball against my breast
 Endeavoring to break the line;
 I, too, have shared the battle's thrill
 And tasted of the stirring chase,
 But now my years are sofe and still
 And there's a youngster in my
 place.
 Ay, there's a youngster in my place!
 The field is his, the grandstand
 mine,
 I could not keep the rapid pace,
 Nor longer hold the battle line;
 Little I dreamed, in days of old,
 That somewhere was a babe new
 born
 I should make way for and behold
 Wearing the uniform I'd worn.
 My place! How feebly do we cling
 To glory and the strength we
 boast!
 Always there lies the shadowing
 Of one who soon shall take our
 part;
 Behind us he is pressing on
 Although we never see his face,
 That eager, younger, stronger one
 Destined some day to take our
 place.

N. P. Willis: "Youth fades, love
 droops, the leaves of friendship fall;
 a mother's secret hope outlives them
 all."

THE CAMPUS SLACK.

Prominent among the well-known
 figures on every campus is a man
 who is only too glad to accept an
 office or a place on a committee to
 get his name in the paper, but who
 will not live up to the responsibility
 of his position by leaving the neces-
 sary work for someone else to do.
 Such a man is a campus slacker.

This class of man likes to feel the
 importance of serving on some com-
 mittee, but he does not like to do
 the work. He not only prevents re-
 sults from being obtained as they
 should be, but prevents someone else
 from taking the job and doing it as
 it should be done.

But it does not take very long to
 recognize this species, and when once
 recognized he finds his honors dwin-
 dling rapidly.

Don't be a campus slacker.—Mc-
 Gill Daily.

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 Jewelry consisting of Pins
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GIVE US A TRIAL

Ancient—Young people don't burn
 midnight oil over their work as we
 old timers did.

Recent—No granpa, times have
 changed, we get along faster in the
 dark.

Englishman—"I say, do you carry
 that brand of cigarettes, er, er For-
 tunate Strokes?"—Hogan's Alley.

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 BARBER SHOP

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 service for men, ladies, and
 children.

We Want Your Business.

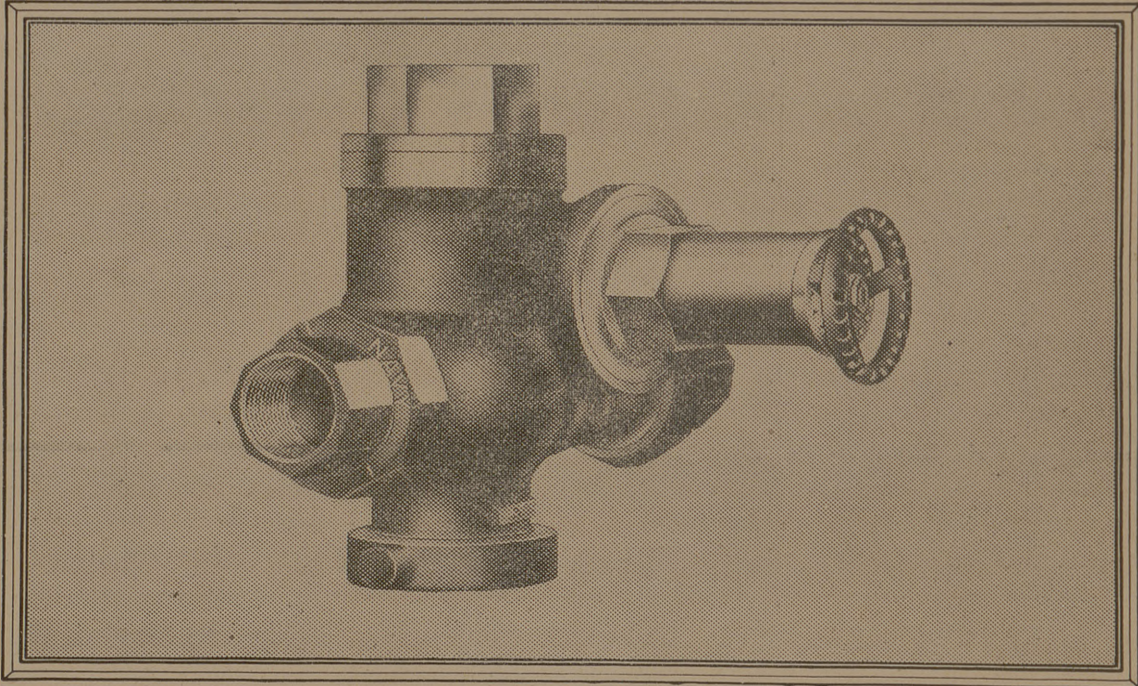
P. G. GAYLE, Manager.

Mule—"Guess I'll go up and write
 a joke."

Ford—"Who, the one I saw you
 with last week?"

Dear Editor—I went riding with a
 strange man last night. Did I do
 wrong?

Answer—Probably.



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