

Senior A autograph albums and photos fill the air.

The students are anxiously counting the days before vacation.

Every one seems to want more (Moore) of Jr. B. work.

It was quite amusing to see the scramble after an empty candy box during the Mt. Hamilton trip.

Who after having stripped the tree said, "He didn't feel very cheerful (cherry full?)

Prof. R. informed his class the other day that cabbages are not the only things that, when let run wild, lose their heads.

Prof. K. says we are living in a cab(b)age. Not a fifteen cent one at any rate—so say some of the Senior girls.

Our class is learning poetry,  
I wonder why 'tis so,  
Shall we some day be writing verse,  
I'm sure I do not know.

I think 'tis very doubtful  
If any of us here,  
Could cause one burst of laughter  
Or even start a tear.

The accent and the scanning  
Are easy both to sight,  
But hand in hand must go with these,  
The ability to write.

Our teachers would be satisfied  
Could we but write good prose,  
But yet if we would persevere  
We might succeed, who knows.

So let us strive with heart and soul  
To do the best we can,  
And learn much more of poetry,  
Than simply how to scan.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gubenor of our State. He come in wid very little opposition; he goes out wid none at all."

Miss E.—"How do you spell clay-modeling?"

Miss N.—"I don't know. You know I don't have clay-modeling, I am in the spelling class.

Mr. A.—"Did you attend the theater last evening, Miss D?"

Miss D.—"No, but I wished to very much."

Mr. A.—"Why didn't you tell me? I would just as soon sell you a ticket as any one else."

Drawing teacher—"Will some young lady draw a group of objects, one of which is a toad?"

Young lady draws toad, toad-stool, and two or three flies.

Teacher—"Now will some one draw another group, with a toad, but with no flies on it?"

One of the remarkable things! Positively one can pass the Senior A's without hearing, "Say, what color is your graduating dress?" We really feel that a reformation has begun with this class, and we hope the future classes may profit by their good sense and be able to say after all is over: "Not even one class quarrel!"

Physics Teacher—"What does *out* mean?"

Brilliant Middler—"Out means got the measles."

Teacher—"What is the urchin (sea-urchin)?"

Bright Zoology Pupil—"A small boy." Curtain falls.

A training school teacher found this statement on a pupil's paper. "The vulture does not eat live animals, but it sits down and waits for a dead one to come along.

A little boy, after coming home from his first circus, was asked by his mother what he had seen.

"An elephant, mamma," said he, "that gobbles hay with his front tail."

The class of '91, enjoyed the distinction of being the first class that ever went to Mt. Hamilton and did not look through the telescope. They are also the first class ever asked to sing before starting home.

Our Pedagogy days are o'er,  
Our Physics lessons past,  
We'll sorrow o'er them nevermore,  
We've reached the goal at last.

No more Geometry we'll learn,  
No more we'll tear our hair,  
And wildly rave o'er Training School;  
Our hearts are light as air.

For full-fledged school-marms now are we,  
We'll work and teach by rule,  
Yes, we'll rule the lads and scold the girls  
In some little country "skule."

By Two of 'Em.

One of the Jr, A2 girls said the other day, "I don't see why I have such a ringing in my head all the time." Her seat-mate looked at her in Blank astonishment and said, "I don't wonder at all when the Beall is in such close proximity.

Scene, Mt. Hamilton Road. Time, 11 P. M.

Driver No. 1.—"Say Jack, didn't the gentle zephyrs blow coming down that hill?"

Driver No. 2.—(who is thinking of his team.) "Yes, mine went so fast I couldn't hold them."

The graduating days have come,  
The gladdest of the year,  
And of the Seniors, one by one,  
The photographs appear.  
The most are good, and few are bad,  
And when all's said and done,  
The handsomest class we've ever had  
Is the June's of '91.

The fractional value of the wisest shows a small numerator divided by an infinite denominator of knowledge—*Holmes*.

The largest library in the world is that founded by Louis XIV. in Paris. It contains over a million volumes.

Japan possesses two thousand newspapers; twenty-five years ago there was not a single newspaper in the country.