

to say that the exception was a Freshman who was just learning to smoke, and was foolish enough to be lead into starting out with a big cigar. The result was—well, what would naturally be expected. Prexie made one of those regular, stirring speeches of his, which are always so heartily welcomed by the students, and was followed by remarks from some of the students themselves, and by songs of various kinds and character.

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By the way things are going now, we are tempted to prophesy that the class of 1911 will never know what "College Paper" means. By that time it will be a thing of the past, and alumni will come back to tell the wide-eyed Freshmen of those good old days, when it was as free as the breeze that blows over the Campus. Then the Freshmen, inspired by this revelation, will creep trembling into the library, and pay five cents to gaze with enraptured eyes on a sheet of paper, with the single word COLLEGE written across it, and a huge padlock holding it to the wall. We would suggest that some one who is so fortunate as to possess a sheet of the said paper now, preserve it carefully, and in future years present it to the Hobart College Museum, to be encased in glass, and placed beside the Egyptian Mummy.

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Campus is very happy to say that "Jan" has almost no kicks to register this month. He thanked Campus for the paragraph in the last number, and said he had no doubt that he won the piano at the Church Fair, entirely on the strength of that eulogy on his tenderheart. Still he does wish that the boys would not hold Wild-West Shows and Indian War Dances in the club-room after three o'clock in the morning. Then, too, he says somebody tried to paddle him with a dust-pan the other day, and he doesn't like it, because there are apt to be sharp edges on the pan. He says if the broom isn't good enough use the snow-shovel, but whatever you do, don't try the dust-pan again.