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Miner Hall Jots

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Miner Hall Jots

General Greene is making a dash for honors.

Fish: "I don't think Milburn is a regular 'peck,' anyway."

Why does J. L. wear S. T. B.'s H. and J. L. Q class pins.

W. T. G. is playing the best game of his life. There is a reason.

The young men are again laying siege to certain places of note.

F. C. appears to be using strategy while H. M. ran his distance.

Miss F: "If young men interfere with studies, give up studies."

Have you subscribed to the Academy Herald? If not so, why not so?

Stench: "Well, he may not be regular, but he is pecked every way."

Why doesn't H. M. H. wear her B. B. sweater? Because she broke training.

Billy F. is playing a strong game at full back, while Oliver W. has struck his regular stride at quarter-back.

L. W. has announced his intention of invading the ranks of "Regular Miner Hall Pecks."

S. D. B. shifted from center to end. Another move in the same direction and he will go to the bench.

J. L. D. has been awarded the commendation of Clark Hall as a hero. He saved a Miner Hall rat or horse from being destroyed by fire.

Percy: My fawther held the chair of applied physics at 'oward.

Chimmie: Aw, dat's nutting. My big brudder held the chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.— Selected.

The other day I asked a Dutchman what he thought of the war and this is what he said: "Late events show that it is much easier to surround a glass of light beer than a German army."

Oh, more work for the undertaker,
Another little job for the casket
maker,

In the local cemetery they are very,
very busy on a brand new
game.

No hope for Hampton.

Immediately after the rush, a noted senior asked Big Chief "B" what he thought of those cowardly Freshmen. The Big Chief replied: "They have outclassed the Germans." He added also that when the Freshmen begin to climb greasy poles, stand on the side, and after undressing with calmness, convert an undershirt into fighting ammunition, the work of the Germans, with the Krupp gun is very insignificant.

A Letter from Uncle Josh

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Last spring I sent you a farewell letter, telling you of my intention to be silent in the future, but I have missed you so much during the past summer, and my joy at seeing you again is so great that I am tempted to have you gather around my chair once more.

Several changes have occurred since we separated for the vacation; for instance, Miner Hall has received many attractive additions; brick walks have given place to walks of cement, and our numbers have been depleted by several defections to the Commercial College. By the change from brick to cement, the famous saying, "She put him on the bricks," has been eliminated. The additions to Miner Hall interest Uncle Josh immensely, and the losses to the Commercial College affect him most deeply.

As I sit before my open fire, I fancy your familiar forms are all around me. As the logs crackle and sputter, throwing out the shining sparks, I seem to see about my old arm chair Leslie, Mabel, Bobbie, Margaret, Spurgeon, Ruth, Sydney, Gladys, "Jack," Norma, "Tack," Josie, Louis, Hermione, and many more of my mischievous little ones. Your happy faces assure me that the summer's separation has in no way diminished your friendship felt for me and for one another. I can still see the sheep-like glances of "Callie," who looks in vain for his Ethel. She has moved on to another latitude. Esther still has that far-away look, but it stops at the Medical School. Alma and Estelle are among the absent ones. Grace seems to still hold her Kaiser-like authority over William S., and her orders in regard to his facial landscape are meekly obeyed. I can still hear the voices of Myrtle, Marion and Nova above the rest, their jolly spirited laughter, giving evidence of their happiness. Theodore, just returning from a successful season at the seashore, is thinking of the possibility of renewing the broken friendship with Mayme B. (who left us last year), while continuing on friendly terms with Kathryn C. I am thankful to see Harry shake hands with Mabel, after having refused to speak to her since last year's landslide of friendship.

There has been a very noticeable

influx of nieces and nephews to take my attention. A more cosmopolitan and yet a more nondescript assemblage could not be gathered. For long, long years Howard has boasted of her fine finishing process. Often has she taken a rough, dull, apparently worthless stone from the mines of the South and shaped it into a most polished and shining jewel of intrinsic value; but never has she had such a task as lies before her this year. To make, in two years, Kohinoors of some of the gems brought to her factory will sorely tax her powers. New York sends Helen from Brooklyn, known at home as "Pet"; and Sadie from Syracuse. Georgia has kindly returned Alma W. to us again; New Jersey sends Helen from Atlantic City; Connecticut sends us Happy Florence, and Delaware sends us from Wilmington, Musical Ruth.

Do not think Uncle Josh was too busy this summer to observe some of the "goings on" of his nieces and nephews. He saw Fred on the fifth floor of a fine apartment house, 135 and Lenox Avenue, New York City, sitting with his cute little "number-neat-nieces" up on the window sill. He saw his ex-niece and nephew, Ruth and Leon, looking at some lots at Princeton, N. J. He saw Beatrice and Julia taking Orange by storm and assisting Cupid in his task of wounding the hearts of those rustic New Jersey boys. He saw David of "We-all-know-him-fame" marching with majestic grace through Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; he saw Bibb hitting the lights of Broadway, and Samuel in Montreal surrounded by a bevy of French Canadian "boys." He heard about those Springfield visits, the conquest of Syracuse by

Spurgeon and Clarence, the "solitaires" that Gladys, Esther, Amy, Inez and Mildred received. All right, children, Uncle Josh bestows his blessings on you all, and he loves you none the less for your little vacation pranks. He welcomes you back around his fireside and greets his new children with good cheer and kindly wishes, offering you his guardianship. He will, however, keep a close watch on you, and—yes, indeed, Uncle Josh gossips sometimes. Remember, boys, no quarreling this year; no "mechanics," no Normal School flirtations, only one Teddy hop a week. Girls, no incorporated, club-like hen-pecking; no dozens and thirteens are absolutely forbidden. No lending your Herald to "him." Make "him" subscribe.

In the December issue of the Herald Uncle Josh will give a gold bracelet to the most popular niece. She, however, must be a subscriber to the Herald. All votes are to be sent in to Uncle Josh, care Editor or Business Manager, but must be sent by subscribers. Any frontispiece of October's and November's issue will count as a vote. Simply write the name of your choice on the front of an October's or November's Herald, sign your name to it, then give or send it to the Editor or Business Manager and it will be forwarded to me. The highest vote, over ten, received will determine the winner.

As the embers in the fire are dying out, and the hour of twelve is stealing upon me, I must cease my fancying and go to bed. I have spent a most delightful evening, children, in your fancied presence.

Good night.

UNCLE JOSH.