Miner Hall Tit-Bits and Uncle Joshua's Farewell

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Miner Hall Tit-Bits

Norma, why don’t you be a do-right?

Miss M. C. says she likes “Fish” (G), but she’d rather have a “Tailor” (Taylor).

D. A. to H. M. H.—Let’s kiss and make up. H. H. “Oh, Dick this is so sudden.”

If Miss M. B. is to Mr. O. Mc. as B. J. is to Mr. O. Mc. who should have the class pin?

Miss C. W.—“O Charlie, why are you so deceitful? You did not have to go to Quartette practice,”

Miss A. H. to Miss O. H.—“I think I will invite N. to the Prom.

Miss O. H.—“This is not a baby show.”

Miss M. B.—“I like Bobby, but he’s so slow. I cannot rest comfortably at night without his class pin under my pillow.”

Miss M. J. says that true love never run smooth. If this is true she is some loving for her road wouldn’t do for an auto to cross.

Miss M. C. on the day of the Glee Club Recital: “I’ll give “Fish” just one more chance if he doesn’t take me out to-night.

L. A. F. to M. R.—“I don’t want you to go to the Commercial Reception. If you go, you’ll be sorry just to late.

M. R.—“O, Arthur, Ich ker bibble.”

Miss H. W. to W. B.—“I ought to hate you but I love you true.”

“That’s why I let you do the way you do.”

Miss R. W. to L. T.—“Do you love me as much as ever?”

L. T.—“Yes, and I’ll be so glad when we start in antiquity.”

Uncle Joshua’s Farewell

My dear Nieces and Nephews: For eight months we have been together, and for eight months your “Uncle Josh” has been endeavoring with kindly words of advice and warning to correct in you your foolish foibles. Yes, children, we have seen the meanderings of Sydney B. from girl to girl in the “Academy Alphabet,” the patronage of hair cultress and beauty parlors by the noisy Leslie; the tricks of the coy Wyoming; and the inflated rhetoric of the sporty Uzziah; the love lyrics of Miss Hattie W; the storming of the Commercial College by “Baby H”; the advent of Simple Simon, the pieman in to Miner Hall; now we must part. “Uncle Josh” lays down his pen, takes off his “specs” and retires, hoping that some of his nephews in the class of ’17 will take up
the mantle that he has thrown off and continue his works.

I have several admonitions to make. To the class of '14, I will say, “Square your shoulders, lift your head, grasp your sword of Academic knowledge and go out from this department with

Class of '16! It nearly brings tears to my eyes when I say '16 because—no; not because I intend to marry in that year—it is because '16 is a number very dear to my heart. I said the Class of '15 had youth, beauty and intellect. Class of '16, you

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the determination to do or die. Be fair in all your dealings with the world, conscientious in your future labors, and true to your self and your God.”

Class of '15! You have a fine chance to make the Senior Class of next year famous.

Your class has youth, beauty and intellect; use it.

more youthful, more beauteous, and more intellectual intellect. The record made by the class of '11 may totter when the Class of '15 reaches Seniority but it is reserved for you, dear Class of '16, to shatter the coveted record of the Class of '11.

Class of '17! Yes, you are pænes now, but wait until September;

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then the appellation will slip from you. You will then begin to think, reason and state facts for yourselves. Keep on. I can see a bright future for you, too, —a bright future, but far in the distance. You are but young yet.

Miner Hall girls! Be merciful. Cease your boycotting. Stop your henpecking. Remember also that the M Street High School girls made a big gain on Howard boys this year. Even the "Mechanics" sway over a larger portion of your legitimate kingdom than ever before. Your traditional monarchy is threatened and is doomed to fall unless you are more loving and less arbitrary.

Henpecks! Be sensible! Open your eyes; listen to reason. Remember that M Street Girls do not rule as dictatorially as Miner Hall girls. May next year mark the emancipation of Henpecks and may they ever assume that superiority that is the prerogative of man. Then, if you wish to be Henpecks—"Ishker fret."

August faculty, your name means "superior powers." It seems to be the consensus of opinion in the Academy that this year you really "possess 'em." To our own "Sy," I will, say, "We trust in you." Exactly! With wishes for future success and an affectionate goodbye,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

"Uncle Joshua."

The design of "The Herald" is to diffuse among the Faculty and students of the entire University, correct knowledge on all interesting subjects, and to foster among the students the art of good writing.

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