Joe English no longer uses butter on his hair.

For several months it has been a noticeable fact that Joe English's grand old pompadour stands up rather raggily upon the head. It has not the same glossy and well-brushed look as of old.

Joe, one of the heart-smashers and all-round ladiesmen of the campus, formerly used an abundance of butter on his hair to give it a glossy appearance, and at the same time cause it to brush "coat smoothly." One dreary evening recently Joseph went out calling. "The night was dark and stormy, and wind blew at a terrific rate.

Now, after Joseph had talked for about 15 or 20 minutes, telling love-stories and talking as much "mush" as the average love-maker could in three hours, something began trickling down his cheek. Joe felt it. He took his handkerchief and began to mop, but as fast as he mopped more trickled down. The fire had melted the butter.

Great Discovery.

The students of the University were astounded at their ignorance in failing to discover at an earlier date the wonderful proclivities of Mr. T. K. Vassey as an actor. Mr. Vassey appeared as Mr. Ty Cobb's right hand man in "The College Widow" at Columbia theatre on November 14. His reception by the audience was marked by prolonged cheering, and throughout the entire performance he held the audience spellbound with his grace and ease of manner. Mr. Vassey's career promises to be second to none, and with the possible criticism among the audience as to whether he was attired to impersonate a football player or an Apache on the warpath, his debut is the sole topic in theatrical circles.

Always a good show at the Lyric.

Fresh Hornick at the State fair grounds, talking to a friend from Charleston, just before Clemson-Carolina game.

Friend from Charleston: "Hornick, how's the game going?"

Hornick: "Man, we sho' to win."

Friend from Charleston: "What makes you think so?"

Hornick: "Why, Carolina's got a coach and a driver, while Clemson just has a coach."

If a lady can't be lynch'd will a coat hanger.

What did Della-wear.

If the fellows won't holter would a rooster cheer? If a lady were to faint would a fly catcher?

If the Picayune smelter would the Los Angeles Examiner?

A smile is big capital, It is commercial asset, It is contagious.

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PROF. URIAH BRISON SPEAKS WEDNESDAY EVENING ON "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A SPORT."

Topshe college will offer an extension course. The first lecture will be given in the chapel on Wednesday night by Prof. Uriah Brison on "The Psychology of a Sport." There will be eight lectures in all, some of the most notable features of the present decade making addresses.

It is expected that quite a crowd will turn out to hear Mr. Brison. He is well known in these parts and in China as a sport of rare make-up and having studied the art from many standpoints is well fitted to enlighten the Topshe students.

The course in full is as follows:

November 29—"The Psychology of a Sport," by Prof. Uriah Brison.

December 6—"The Etymology of a Tight-wad," by the Hon. Peter Bousha Boucher.


December 20—"How to Be Beautiful Like Myself," by the famous beauty specialist, Dr. Jonathan Shakespeare Hooey of New York.


January 17—"How to Run a Pressing Club," by Dr. Grady Goggen.

January 24—"Don't Be Fat," by George Finklea.


FOOTBALL GAME SCHEDULED FOR AFTER THANKSGIVING.

The L. Heads, one of the campus football teams, will meet the Cigarette Friends, otherwise known as town slobs, in a great gridiron battle after Thanksgiving.

Manager Mull of the L. Heads is having his team worked out under direction of coaches Graydon and Brinson. Several members of the squad have been at the infirmary for several days getting in trim for the fight.

Mr. Simkins, manager of the Fiends, is in Florence selling pictures and could not be seen. However, Mr. Mullins thinks the Fiends will try to hold them to 30 touchdowns.

PETE BOUCHER ASKS THE GAMECOCK TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE HAS A NEW PEACH-GREEN-BROWN VEST. By request he will wear it to chapel next Monday morning.

Freshman, telephoning home: "Father, I have taken appendicitis"

Father: "My son, why did you not stick, as I told you, to the straight English course?"—(Ex.)

A financial genius is a man who can spill a cup of coffee on another man's light trousers and then make the fellow pay for the cup of coffee. "Died."

Mrs. von Swamp: "William, dear, as you have another chill coming on, will you kindly hold the baby's rattle in your hand? It amuses the sweet precious so much."


Always a good show at the Lyric.

Prof. Wardlaw (in Poli. class, giving out numbers for mental addition): "Now, Mr. Crowther, how much did you get?"

"Madam!" Crowther: "I got left."

If a freshman is sickly, why should "Grazie" grizzle him?

Messrs. Richy, L. R., Whiter, Mullins, Moore and "Frowsy Bill" are at the infirmary for a short while, hoping to get something to eat.

For identification of one "John Smith" see Ned Pastasilage.

Kennedy: "Get up, Wrightson, the early bird gets the worm."

Wrightson: "Shut up; if the worm hadn't been so early the bird wouldn't have gotten him."

Fresh Beaty says that the theatre is demoralizing, especially if you sit in the roar.

Bill Evans (on seeing the milk wagon): "I didn't know they collected mail on the campus on Sunday."

X.: Do you know Carrie? Y.: Carrie who? X.: Caramell.—(J.)

THE YELLOW NUMBER WAS RED.

X.: Do you know Polly? Y.: Polly who? X.: Politics.—(Author refuses to own up.)

Prof. Tucker: "Mr. Howell, what is law?"

Mr. Howell: "It's what Sherman said was."

Fresh Levy (to Miss Rion in library): "I would like to get Dixon's "Pig Wig Papers.""

"Mr. Bill Graydon, what is an incorporation hereditament?"

Freshman Bill: "He's not here today, professor."

"Mr. Finnery, why are you turning over a new leaf?"

Mr. E.: "To see what's on the other side."

If the mess costs 12 dollars a month, could the bulletin board?

"Do you know Millie?" "Milly who?"

"Millinery."

Pat was standing beside Mike when the duck fell shot from the sky. "Mike, why did you waste that shot? The fall would have killed it."

Pat, returned from the swamps after desperate hunting days: "I don't like duck shooting; every time I'd get a head on one duck another would get in the way."

On the occasion of Mike Murphy's being killed in a mine, Pat Flannigan was sent to break the news gently to Mrs. Murphy.

Pat went to the house of the dead man's wife, knocked, and when the lady opened, asked: "Are you the widow Murphy?"

"Why, no," answered the woman. "You're a liar," said Pat, "Your husband got killed half an hour ago."—Exchange.

"The monster's solvent points to sum, His heavy breath was portry; His glowing nose suggested run; His eyes were gin and watery."

"His dress was torn—for dregs of ale
And slops of gin had rusted; His pimpled face was wan and pale, Where filth had not encrustet it."

MOOT COURT

At the weekly session of Moot Court, held on Wednesday night, the case of the Pressley, father and son, was taken up, resulting in a mistrial. The jury was as follows: Alexander, Guy, Howell, Graydon, Amick, Mullen. His Honor, Judge Jennings, presided.

Appearing for the State were Cappemn and Foster; for the defense, Monash and Honuck. The judge's charge was able and well delivered, and each of the attorneys made a hard fight, as is shown by the result of the trial.

The next meeting of Moot Court will be on Wednesday in law room of Legare College.