

# University Laconics.

What is Luke's hat band?  
Have you seen Colbet's hat?  
Corbet's quit flirting.

Earman asked Dr. Thomas if reputation was not "explosive testimony." This is the gentleman who claimed that he made "a profound statement."

Why does Sanburn hate Geology exams?  
Felkel went to church Sunday.  
Kirk was not on the sick list Wednesday.

Dr. Thomas said they couldn't make him stay in Gainesville Xmas.  
The New boys are invited to attend a "Trunk Party" Friday night.

What did Ludwig say when Bill Wheeler's automobile ran over him? Khs, Khs.  
Did you ever hear Cal sing "Maggie", Lieut. L. Ball, Mrs. Ball, and Miss Dorothy Ball spent Xmas in Gainesville.

Wednesday Mr. Burton Barrs was unexpectedly called home. The students sincerely regret to lose Mr. Barrs, as he was one of our brightest and popular fellows.  
P. H. Hanes, H. M. Ludwig, Hon. Hathaway, Sam Sanburn, and G. T. Torrosian remained, in Gainesville Xmas.

Now, boys, if you don't get to the mess hall on time you will be excluded. Hurry if you want any sausage.  
Tell us what you eat we will tell you what you are.

The Experiment Station is being moved from Lake City. Everything will be here by Jan. 1st '07.  
Several new students came in after the holidays.

After all his pleading she said she would not marry him. "Madam," he says, "I am a desperate man. If you tell me there's no hope I'll shoot top of my head off right here." "Oh, no," she said, "don't for Heaven's sake." "Thank Heaven," says he, "Then you do care?" "No," came the obnoxious reply. "I don't want you to bleed on the carpet. Go to the cabbage patch." "Terribly aggravated and thoroughly humiliated, he went out to hunt up "Old Red Eye." Ha! Ha!

Hazing is not allowed at the University of Florida. If it was we would suggest a most excruciating form of agony through which the victims should be made to pass. The worst and latest is this—make the victim ride from St. Petersburg to Jacksonville upon the A. C. L. "fast train."

Our mutual friend, C. M. Fisher, returned to school Monday. It is rumored that the old chap got married, but we can't say whether it is true or not.

Did you ever hear G. T. Torrosian argue? If not, why not?

Lieutenant Ball has been exceptionally good to the cadets since the arrival of Mrs. Ball and his little daughter, Dorothy.

Mr. J. B. Earman is from West Palm Beach.

The boys had a dance Friday night in the opera house. A large crowd was present, all enjoyed the hop.

Who is Smack?  
Pretty good joke; where'd you get it.

Mr. Corbet served tea and wafers in his rooms to several of the young ladies who were invited out to inspect the barracks.

Miss Dorian Ellis gave an oster roast to many of her friends last Friday evening at her home. After partaking of the succulent byvalves, they indulged in many games of innocent amusement. All had a happy time.

Mr. Algee stenographer to Prof. Rolfs, has taken quarters in Buckman Hall with his brother. He is also taking some special work.

Dr. Sledd was recently presented a handsome gold watch by the students and faculty. Mr. Marcus L. Moremen in presenting the watch made a very appropriate speech. Dr. Sledd was taken completely by surprise, and all regret that they were not able to give the Dr. an automobile.

Tarossian, our friend from Bulgaria, says he hates to lose his Padarewskian locks. So says Johnston.  
Kime is the champion boxer. He makes 'em sick. Ask Pat.

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Mr. Earman, on his way home, had to pay over three hours in Sampson City. The "Missing Link" amused himself and the natives by his excellent yodeling. Hathaway is memorizing Chesterfield's Letters.

Tom George Hancock spent Xmas reading the Bible.

**Silas Honk Elucidates.**  
Editor of the News—  
Dear Sir:—

We shore had fun Christmas, Ted bring home a lot of fire crackers and things. Me and Ted, J. P. Stiles, Leviticus Levy and sum other fellows went out and got to shootin em. Leviticus shot one of those whoppin big crackers rite under a nigger. They had a fite and before we got that that nigger tore out one whole side of his whiskers. Well sur, I jest nocked that nigger as flat as a flap-jack and Ted stepped rite on his abdominal stomach. The nigger got up and hiked, and Ted told Leviticus he was mighty ruint and so forth.

We had a Christmas tree and they made me bee Santy Claus. They won't get me inter that Santy Claus biness enny more you bet, far while I wuz tinkerin around among them candles, my riggins caught afre. I shore had a hot time in the old town, hoppin around thar till I thought erbout jumpin in the bapitismul pool ter distinguish the flames. By the grace of old Deutaronomy the thing wuz full. It shore wuz cold, and when I cum out er drippin, they kept rite on laffin, but I didn't hate that as much as I did the destruction of my beard and whiskers by flames and flud. My darter Sal sed they smelt like trash a burnin. Ted kept sayin a pece of poetry about an old man from Chatham that had whiskers so long he could plat em, the silly old sire got em tangled up with fire, now the w nd can no longer get at em. That made me mad, and I slapt his jaws till his ears swatted, shore, shore.

Exceprin the bad luck to whiskers we had a fine time down here Christmas.

Yours Truly,  
Silas Honk.

P. S. Old Dent Jones and Lucindy Greer say they want to take yore paper. Find enclosed two dollers.

S. H.

**An Ansonian of the University and Gainesville.**  
We are not living in a sport city, no, no, far from it, but we had an impression that is, we will say an imaginary impression, that we were close neighbors to the sad sea waves Thursday evening as we gleefully listened to the deep cannonading which came from out West Liberty way.

Our imaginary thoughts led us to say at the time and led us to think that we were close to the briny deep and that the famous battle ship Oregon, the bul-dog of the navy, was off shore aways and saluting us with her 13 inches, or that England's heavy weight, the Dreadnaught, had come over and was "greeting U. S. a merry Xmas and a happy New Year."

To make a long "Ansonian" short we will say that our thoughts were cast to four winds, for we soon learned of the event; then wondered how it could have been that our thoughts had been even imaginary.

With a good size cannon stationed on the campus at the University of Florida, several young American students were having the time of their lives, so to speak, celebrating in grand style the coming of Christmas and their few days vacation.

We bow low and tip our hats to the University students for treating us to the cannonading, and we wish every one of them a Merry Xmas; a Happy New Year; and, then, 35 more happy days.  
Albert Anson Graham.  
Gainesville, Fla., Dec., 24, 1906

**Edible Christmas Novelties.**  
A housewife whose purse is light, but who makes delicious things to eat, planned this original Christmas for her young friends: A box of animal cookies to the family with three small boys, homemade candy and stuffed dates to college youths and maidens, two individual plum puddings to the dear old lady who keeps house by herself, a loaf of salt rising bread and one of nut bread to the bride serving her first Christmas dinner and a basket of doughnuts to the eastern chap spending his first holiday season away from home. Mince pies and pound cake were among her gifts. All these went done up in the most attractive manner. —Chicago Record-Herald.

**Where Christmas Trees Grow.**  
It is said that at least three-fifths of the 1,500,000 or more Christmas trees used in America each season grow on the bleak hillsides of eastern and northern Maine. Thousands of young farmers and timbermen make good incomes by cutting and shipping the trees. The Christmas tree business in Maine began only about thirty years ago, with four schooners to carry the cargoes of trees. Now many times that number of vessels are engaged in the trade. Most of the trees sent from Maine are firs.

**Mistletoe and Holly.**  
Hangin' of the mistletoe—that's where Love is led,  
An' ain't his cheeks as rosy as the holly berries red!  
An' his eyes they shine like starlight, an' the sweetest word that's said  
He whispers 'neath the mistletoe an' holly.

Hangin' of the mistletoe—an' take your rosy place,  
Laughin' lips an' bright cheeks, where the dimples love to race!  
An' listen to that story that holds heaven in its embrace—  
Whispered 'neath the mistletoe an' holly!

—Atlanta Constitution.

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## AT THE "FOREIGN" WINDOW

How Uncle Sam's Stepchildren Remember "Old Country" Friends. "Home and mother!"

These magic words are responsible for the sending out of Cleveland daily at this season of the year of thousands of dollars. At the window over which is the word "Foreign," in the money order office at the postoffice, a continuous string of people patiently await their turn to send sums varying from \$5 to \$25 to loved ones living in what they lovingly call the "old country."

Out of their bounty Cleveland's adopted children are sending something to cheer up those who are living in less favored climes. From week to week they lay small sums aside as the end of the year approaches. When they have accumulated the necessary amount they troop down to the post-office, the one bank in which foreigners have absolute confidence, and send to mother, father, brother or sister the tokens of their regard. Distances are so great that the actual money is much more appropriate than any of the gaudy articles which would naturally be forwarded.

"Me getta twenta dol's worth," explained one woman as she bowed her way gradually to the window.

"What?" demanded the clerk. He is required to understand everything.

"Me wanta twenta dol's," repeated the woman.

"Oh, you want to send \$20 home," explained the clerk.

The woman signified with her head that she certainly did want to send some money home. Tightly clutching her check, she made a break to mail the order. Her face was lighted up with a glad look.

"Who are you sending it to?" asked the clerk of the next in the line.

"Mudder," says the woman. It is the only word she utters as she lays down two ten-dollar bills. Enough said. She, too, clutched her order as if it was a pardon from death and hurried away to mail it.

Russians in large numbers, Italians, Germans and Irish are among the daily throng that seeks to make the loved ones at home happy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

Curious Corner of Toyland Is the Austrian Village St. Ulrich. Tourists wandering out of the beaten tracks of their kind occasionally come to a little village in Austria which presents the aspect of a corner of toyland. The name of the village is St. Ulrich, and nearly all of its inhabitants are toymakers. Each household, too, has its speciality. One old woman has done nothing but carve wooden cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants.

She has made those six animals her whole life long, and she has no idea how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes and turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year.

She has no model or drawing of any kind to work by, but goes on steadily, unerringly, using gauges of different sizes and shaping out her cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants with an ease and an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if they were not utterly mechanical.

This woman learned from her mother how to carve those six animals, and her mother had learned, in like manner, from her grandmother. She has taught the art to her own granddaughter, and so it may go on being transmitted for generations.

In another house one will find the whole family carving skulls and crossbones for fixing at the bases of crucifixes, for the woodcarving industry has its religious as well as its amusing side. In other houses are families that carve rocking horses or dolls or other toys and in still other houses whole families of painters.—London Tit-Bits.

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—Atlanta Constitution.

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