Palmistry.

He (telling her fortune): "I am afraid, Miss Alice, that you are a very sly and crafty character."

She: "Why so?"

He: "Because you have such a cunning hand."

ICH LIEBE DICHI.

I stole your dainty handkerchief,
Because — Ich liebe dich;
Over my heart it was closely pinned;
Then did I wrong? I only sinned
Because — Ich liebe dich.

But your cold looks have pierced my heart,
Because — Ich liebe dich;
So back again I humbly bring
This tiny, soft, and silken thing,
Because — Ich liebe dich.

Down deep into your eyes I look,
Because — Ich liebe dich;
And looking deeper, see the while
The shadow of a kindly smile.
Then tell me — Liebst du mich? —Vassar Misc.

CRIB! CRIB! CRIB!

Crib, crib, crib,
'Neath thy cold gray eye, O Prof.;
I would that my pen could fashion
The words that are on my cuff.

O well for thee slender roll,
Concealed in the palm of my hand;
O well for me thou art with me,
Held tight by thy rubber band.

The exam. goes on apace,
The scratching of pens is heard,
But oh for the crib on my cuff,
For the pointer so long deferred!

Crib, crib, crib,
'Neath thy watchful gaze, O Prof.,
Oh what would I not give to steal
A glance at the crib on my cuff! —Yale Record.