On Friday morning appeared the following among other criticisms in the Boston dailies. "The stage setting was gorgeous, but was remarkable for the large number of green-looking supes put on by the management."

In the Lounger's present mood, it would seem appropriate to relate the tale of The Youth Who Would To College Go. It follows.

And it happened some moons ago that a youth besought his father that he should send him away to an academy where the brain is taught to theorize.

"But, son," quoth the parent, who had swung the sledge with the best of them in his day, "methinks a grimy workshop where thy hands may be trained to dexterity and practical, matters is better suited to thy physique and Southern blood."

"Nay, father," replied the scion of his dad, "my mind hungers for a college life. My heart's desire is that I may know enough to control men who are beneath me in birth and education."

The youth's parent on his father's side spoke not many words, but masticated gum.

And it came to pass that after many entreaties the youth's father was prevailed upon to send his son to a college which lay about twenty parasangs distant from his Western dugout.

The youth set out upon his journey covered with a new toga. A song was in his heart and the chink of shekels marked his every footstep.

At last he came to the college, where he was immediately recognized as a Freshman, and was duly hazed. In the fullness of time the youth became a Sophomore, a Junior, a Sport, a Senior, and a Cigarette Fiend. And upon a fine June day a body called the Faculty sought him to accept a parchment and an S. B.

The youth traveled about a day's journey, and sought to be employed by a Tammany contractor. When questioned as to what things he knew, he replied with a college-bred accent that it would take too long to enumerate his many acquisitions.

And the contractor being a man who often smiled at the merry quips and jests of this world employed the youth, more as a freak than for any good reason. The youth was set to figuring estimates and the earnings of low laborers.

At last the dream ended in this wise: The contractor, who was a gentle Celt, forgot himself one day, and thus addressed the trembling youth:

"Ye dom phool, d'ye know what ye've done? Ye've figgered labor in Hoboken the same as ye have in New Yorruk. Git!!"

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The Retort Discourteous.

Once Grace and Will were riding,
And Will a sign did spy
Which advised the reading public
Good-will soap to try.

"Aha," said Will, quite sprightly,
"Grace, do you that sign see?
I surely think that Good Will soap
Must be named after me."

"Indeed," said Grace demurely,
And a side glance at him aimed,
"Then Good-will soap must be soft soap:
'Tis very fitly named." —W. B. P. '93.

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MY WINTER GIRL

My winter girl, my charming May,
Chides me with roguish triumph, "Pray
How lives my summer rival? She
Who held you captive by the sea
And led your fickle heart astray."
A meadow path, an idle day,
The tiny yachts, the sparkling bay—
Hers was a sweet diablerie
My winter girl.

Now winds are chill, now skies are gray
With cozy room and firelight gay,
With tiny cups of fragrant tea,
Yours is the lovelier witchery.
The winning game indeed
you play,
My winter girl.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Kiss me?" she said, with pouting lips,
And half-assumed alarm,
While with her dainty finger-tips
She touched my arm.

"Kiss me?" her eyes demurely drooped,
So shy and seeming meek,
While faintly scarlet blushes trooped
To dye her cheek.

"Kiss me?" a tiny ring of scorn,
The faintest little quiver—
And then she left me all forlorn—
"Kiss me? Never!"

—Tiger.