THAT MOUCHOIR CASE.

She made it at her sewing school,
That mouchoir case,
Sweet mouchoir case;
She'd learned to sew by rote and rule,
To spring her art on some poor fool.
She built for me—my darling Grace—
That lovely, dainty, mouchoir case.

Of snow-white silk and heavenly blue,
Was made that case,
That mouchoir case;
With roses of a gorgeous hue,
In size quite large, in number few;
'Twas bordered round with chiffon lace,
That giddy, gaudy, mouchoir case.

A week or so has passed away;
Where is that case,
That mouchoir case?
The dainty stitches wouldn't stay,
The silken edge did swiftly fray,
The vitals burst their resting place,
In that weak-jointed mouchoir case.

A powder green—pervasive too—
Therein encased
Came out with haste
And lent my ties its verdant hue.
I bade a sudden, stern adieu,
With words of blessing ( ? ) and of grace
To
that
decitful
mouchoir case.

—Blue and White.

MY UNCLE'S LEGACY.

Can it be that my uncle is dead?
That his kind face no more I shall see?
Were you there when his last will was read?
Did he leave a few thousand for me?

To be frank, 'tis a very poor joke,
And I scorn all your unseemly mirth
When you say that my uncle was "broke,"
And that all that he left was the earth.

—Brunonian.

HE SAW LOTS.

[By Chappie.]

Of shooting stars I thought I'd see
That custom old she did not know.
And with this fine excuse made free,
And on sweet Lil, as love's just see,
As each star flashed, a kiss bestowed.

'Twas swinging in a hammock slow,
'Neath maple branches bending low,
'Twixt which I hoped a wealth to see
Of shooting stars.

I hinted how the thing should go;
She gave no credence, told me, "No,
If I just tried it on, that she
Would soundly box my ears for me."
I tried, and saw full thousands so
Of shooting stars.

—Red and Blue.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Thou mackintoshed and rubber booted shade,
Thou bride of dire la grippe, I welcome thee!
Come, let me all thy darkest doing see
Ere that I sing thee, death outdealing maid!
Bring sleet, and rain, and mud, and bid us wade
Through slush and slime, and "water-on-the-knee,
To heap thine icy altar piously
With quinine bounteous, in tribute paid.

Sweet rosebud goddess, with the frozen ear,
Thy lips are chapped, thy nose is cold and red,
An icy tam-o'-shanter crowns thy head;
Yet, lovely spring, I prithee now draw near,
And fail not, gentle maid, with thee to bring
Sly Cupid in a sweater, shivering.

—Williams Weekly.

OF COURSE.

"Rare or well done?" the waiter said,
And grabbed the bill of fare.
"Why do you ask me that?" I cried,
And gave a baleful glare.
For in this blooming boarding house
Good steak is always rare.

—Brunonian.

"LIGHT VERSE."

The editor looked the poems through:
The most were poor, and stacks he threw
Into the fire, although he knew
The poetry readers were fretting;
And yet he smiled a sad, sad smile,
As the flames lit up the dry, dry pile,
And murmured in sarcastic style,
"How light our verse is getting!"

—Brunonian.