Senior.

Now I must go downstairs and meet my fate!
I'll have to talk to all the girls, of course,
And do the nobby in a general way;
And maybe I'll be stuck for half the evening
On some such dreadful pill as Susie Watts.
Oh, would my guardian angel saw me now,
And guided things aright for me this night!
To sit and talk at Helen Johnson's side
Were most enough to keep me wide awake.
But no; she is an awful tearing belle,
And I can never be with her alone.
I'll have to talk with fearful Alice Brown,
Or Minnie Waters, or that frightful stick,
Virginia Clayton Squires; or, it may be,
Some girl I never saw in all my life.
Horrors! My better side at this recoils!
Were it not that 'tis the thing
I'd cut the whole concern, and give up balls,
With dances, teas, receptions, and all sort
Of parties such as this thing here to-night.
I'd spend my careless time with Billy Smith,
And all the other men that I know well,
Smoking cigars around the Adams House.
But I am in the swim, and it won't do
To throw away my chance of social fame,
And so I must dissemble. Lord! Here goes!

(Stalks moodily out. Curtain.)

MY GREAT AUNT'S FAN.

It was my great aunt's, this old-fashioned fan
Of painted silk and yellowed ivory,
O'er which fat cupids sprawl. The moths I see
Have eaten that one's legs. Now if a man
Were minded he might moralize; might scan
The frail and flimsy toy, reflect that she
Who fluttered it so lightly once, must be
Dry dust—that life at best is but a span.

In fact I took it from the cabinet
With some such pious purpose. Truth to say,
I'd planned a sonnet. "Vanity!" it ran.
But these droll elves have made me quite forget
My text. Why not dance through life, gay
As these plump cherubs on my great-aunt's fan?
—Trinity Tablet.