HOW TO MAKE A CLUB.

We were driving near Killarney,
In that land of bogs and blarney,
And I asked young Phelim Barney,
He who drove our jaunting car,
How he made the good shillaleh
Which he always sported gayly,
For he cut one almost daily
Where the blackthorn hedges are.

"Faith, I choose the stick that's scraggiest,
The humpiest, bumpiest, snaggiest,
The hunchiest, bunchiest, shaggiest,
Be it blackthorn, be it oak;
I cuts the blossoms swately,
Lave the knots and thorns so nately,
And for tin long nights complately
It must soak, and soak, and soak.

"Thin at every kind of frolickin',—
A fair, a' wake so rolickin',—
With a wee drap alcoholic in,
I gives that stick a rub.
And at all the shprees invitin',
Which your heart it may delight in,
Be they dancin', be they fightin',
It will be the swatest club."

—Vassar Miscellany.

MY MUSE.

Though fertile my muse is,
She somehow refuses
To warble of wines that are sparkling and clear.
No reason whatever,
At rhyming she's clever;
Now why, may I ask, do your lips wear that sneer?
I tell you she's very
Perverse and contrary,
Her taste is "low down" I confess that I fear;
She's deucedly eager,
Though rhymes may be meager,
To carol of pretzels and cool lager beer!

—Trinity Tablet.

AN UNKIND CUT.

Ye Senior hath a chapel cut,
He hideth in his hair;
Ye Junior hath a razor cut,
And much dishevelled hair;
Ye Sophie in his cutaway
Doth on the campus prance;
But ye Freshie has the shortest cut
On the bottom of his pants.

—University Cynic.

TROILET.

Such a worn-out old joke,
Yet we all shook with laughter.
Ye gods! Why invoke
Such a worn-out old joke?
The Prof. 'twas who spoke;
Now what were we after?
Such a worn-out old joke,
Yet we all shook with laughter.

—Williams Weekly.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

I did not press her tiny hand,
Nor did I kiss her pouting lip;
I did not walk her o'er the sand,
Nor did I watch her daily dip;
I did not squeeze her round the waist,
Nor did I promenade with her;
I did not tie her shoe unlaced,
Nor take her to the theater.
I did not gaze in her bright eyes,
Nor climb the mountain peak with her;
I did not meet her "'neath the skies,"
Nor did I ever "treat her."
I did not take her for a ride,
Nor dance her in the mazy whirl;
I did not say, "I'm true and tried,"
Because I had no "summer girl."


Said the widow (mendacious young Mrs.1)
"I really don't know what a Krs."
Her lover, in haste,
Put his arm 'round her waist
And said, gently, but firmly, "Why, thrs."

—Spectator.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

In lighter vein—blue eyes and rosy lips,
Gay songs and dances, jests and merry quips;
No thought of the great mysteries of Pain
And Life and Death, but just a clear refrain.
That in 'twixt thoughts of love and laughter slips,
Light as the foam that from the oar-blade drips—
Such is the measure of our careless strain,
In lighter vein.
Safe into port come all our wandering ships,
From those dim lands o'er which the horizon dips;
Our Fancy's castles prove not all in Spain;
Oh, life is fair and every path is plain,
If we but woo the muse who ever trips
In lighter vein.

—Vassar Miscellany

Heads of great men all remind us
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up in the morning,
With a head as big as they.

—Spectator.