GREATNESS MADE EASY.
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.

A CULTURED CHANGE.
When first she came in dowdy dress,
Her cheeks suffused with country tan,
Her mother wrote then every week
To “My Dear Daughter Mary Ann.”
But since that day four months ago
When culture with her first began,
She’s changed; her letters home she signs
“Your Loving Daughter Marianne.”
—The Unit.

IN BASEBALL.
“Will you drop into my mitten?”
Said the fielder to the fly.
“No, I thank you,” said the spheroid,
As he passed the fielder by.
“My skin is very tender
And your mitten’s hard and tough
And though I fear you may object,
I think I’ll use a muff.”
—Williams Weekly.

CUT UP.
There was a man in our town,
And wondrous wise was he,
And with an ax and many whacks,
He once cut down a tree.
And when he saw the tree was down,
With all his might and main,
He straightway took another ax
And cut it up again.
—The Oracle.

PURE GAIN.
The poet said, “I’ve sold a song,
And got a check so clean and bright,
We’ll have the spending of it.”
“Dear boy,” replied his friends, “you’re right
Not to retain that money long,
Because it’s all clear profit.”
—Es.

TO MY LOVE.
’Twere worth a life those lips to press
With rapture close to mine—
To live for aye in such duress
Were happiness divine.
To lie forever at her feet
Were joy beyond compare,
To be her mental slave were meet
Reward for all my care.
To rest like jewel on her breast,
To feel the throbbing there,
The hot and surging flesh oppressed
By passion everywhere.
To hold her in the tender grasp
Of love’s long, fond embrace,
With kisses her fair face,
Were greater bliss than Paradise,
Than heav’n itself could give—
Should one for me such joys devise,
I could no longer live.
—Lehigh Burr.

A STRAIN.
“A poetic strain of mind,” he wrote,
That he could always find.
A strain of mine would sure denote
That it was strain of mind.
—Brunonian.

THE SOPHOMORE.
That glow that was once in his cheek
Is now in the bowl of his pipe;
It made him ostensibly meek,
That glow that was once in his cheek,
The cheek is still there if you seek;
And of pride he’s an obvious type;
But that glow that was once in his cheek
Is now in the bowl of his pipe.
—Columbia Spectator.

TO ONE I LOVE.
Can I tell you how I love you,
With your beautiful brown eyes,
And your pretty lips, just parted,
In a smile both sweet and wise?
No, I know I can not tell you
How the one warm spot you bring,
Gives my life, so cold and wintry,
All the warmth of sunny spring.
Surely, I shall ne’er forget you,
Through life’s mingled joy and care,
Darling, little furry sable,
That around my throat I wear!
—Wellesley Magazine.