TOO BAD.

On a sweet chorus girl he was awfully stuck;
   He couldn't help it.
He called her his darling, his love, and his duck;
   He couldn't help it.
His love and his morals were troubled in strife;
   He would marry her then, nay, not on his life,
For the girl, you can guess, was the manager's wife.
   He couldn't help it.

---U. of M. Wrinkle.

CAUTION.

"One kiss, Kate dear! What do you fear?
   There is no one but your brother near,
And he is such a little thing,—
   What harm can such an infant bring?"

"My brother's small, nor old is he,
   But, having eyes, he'll surely see;
And having seen, I've learned full well
   It is the little things that tell."

---Yale Record.

I saw my dear one lying once
   Beneath an ancient tree;
And Morpheus must have kissed her lids,
   For sound asleep was she.
I thought, "What Morpheus must have dared
   So too, will I, will I;
But I will kiss her on her lips,
   To seal them, if they cry."

Then softly down I bent my head,
   And though my swift heart beat,
I kissed from off her lips of red
   Their dainty perfume sweet.
Her great blue eyes she opened wide;
   But, seeing 'twas in vain,
Since kisses kissed are kissed for aye,
   She let them close again.

---Harvard Lampoon.

SAME THING, ONLY DIFFERENT.

If a book is discussed, she inquires its name;
   If a suitor, there's a question more vital;
For the budding young belle knows the name's not enough,
   For her mamma is after the title.

---Brumonian.

A Freshman sat in the chapel dim,
   Stiff, and erect, and still,
And faithfully sang the opening hymn,
   And read the Psalms with a will.
A Sophomore sat with a languid care,
   With his arm on the forward seat;
The latest French novel was on his knees,
   And a newspaper at his feet.
With back to the front the Junior sat;
   His seat was the middle aisle,
And cautiously now he'd wave his hat
   As he caught the maiden's smile.
Fervently then the preacher spoke,
   With his eyes on the Senior's chair;
But in that aisle no disturbance broke,
   For there was no Senior there.

---Rutger's Targum.

"What makes your lips so awful sore?"
   Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pap;
And Sarah to the old man said,
   "It's caused by a small chap."
Then Sarah's youngest brother,—
   As yet unknown to fame,—
Looked Sarah in the eye, and asked:
   "What is the small chap's name?"

---Illini.

DORIS'S SHOESTRINGs.

On Doris's feet
   Are the smallest of twos;
But surely some elf
   Has enchanted her shoes;
For wherever we go,
   If we walk, row, or ride,
In church or at tennis,
   Her shoe comes untied.
At times it is trying,
   But what can I do
When poor Doris murmurs,
   "O, bother that shoe!"
So down I must flop
   In the dust and the dirt,
To tie up the shoe
   Of that dear little flirt.
These precious girl-tyrants!
   We cannot rebel,
For even their ribbons
   Are filled with their spell.
Since old-fashioned aprons
   No longer they use,
They tie a poor man
   To the strings of their shoes.

---Vassar Miscellany.