

A USURPED PREROGATIVE.

The men in jokes no longer lose
 Their collar buttons, as of yore,
 But the modern maid with stiff shirt-waist
 Now gropes around on the dusty floor.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

?

His strong right embraced her
 Perhaps a bit too tight,
 A soft weak wail—"bone broken"
 Escaped her lips so white.
 Her sister's whispered question
 At once divined the cause,
 For to her words the maid replied,
 Why yes, of corset was.

—*T. H. S., in Williams Weekly.*

PI.

"He kissed her under the stars!" Thus sung
 The son of the muses nine.
 Then added, giving his lyre a twang,
 "I call that a clever line."
 But the printer who published this lovely song,
 A man of many cares,
 Made it, with never a thought of wrong,
 "He kicked her under the stairs."

—*Lafayette.*

"The wind bloweth,
 The water floweth,
 The subscriber oweth,
 And the Lord knoweth
 That we are in need of our dues.
 So come a runnin',
 Ere we go gunnin',
 This kind of dunnin'
 Gives us the blues."

He belonged to the Fifth Army Corps,
 And was just going out of the dorps,
 When a big iron weight
 Fell down on his peight;
 'Twas dreadful the way that he sworps.—*Ex.*

NOT THAT TIME.

The only time Willie was ever polite
 Was once when I called on his sister.
 She chanced 'neath the misletoe; I did my best,
 But Willie, who saw, called out "Mr."—*Ex.*