

COLLEGE VERSE.

A CITY MISSIONARY.

I work among all classes;
 I elevate the masses,
 In lifting them to higher planes,
 I all my time employ.

Yet don't think I'm professing
 To be a perfect blessing,
 You see it's in my business;
 I'm an elevator boy.—*Ex.*

TRIOLET.

All I said was "goodbye"
 At the end of the summer;
 With a bit of a sigh
 All I said was "goodbye,"
 You have flirted, thought I,
 With every new-comer.
 All I said was "goodbye"
 At the end of the summer.

—*Morningside.*

A POSTER ROMANCE.

She posed within a poster gown
 Beneath a poster tree;
 A poster background wiggled down
 Into a poster sea.

I mustered up a poster smile,
 And said: "Oh queerest lass,
 If you decide it worth your while
 Our troth shall come to pass."

She viewed me with a poster frown
 And cried: "It cannot be—
 You have no weird, grotesque renown—
 Too plain you are for me."

I wildly dashed upon my wheel;
 I scorched it here and there,
 Collided, spilled, and with a squeal
 I heard my garments tear.

All mud and blood and rags I rode
 To her who did me fling;
 She dropped upon my neck and sighed:
 "Ah, now you're just the thing."

—*Chicago Record.*