

own stock of souvenirs and trinkets and which, sad to say, also enables us to fill the deficiencies from some other fellow's hoard:

“SWIPED!”

Dear Madge:—I know I've sometimes swiped

A stray thermometer or two,

But when I asked you down to tea

I hardly thought such things of you.

I hoped at least that Mrs. Wright

Would check your rage for souvenirs,

But when you left for home that night

I found not groundless were my fears.

Oh no, I've missed no photographs;

Grace didn't take my “Phi Chi” hat;

No spoons went home in Gertrude's muff;—

My roommate, Tom, prevented that.

My bric-a-brac is still secure.

But as I watched your train depart,

I knew you'd swiped as ne'er before,

For you had carried off — my heart.

So, Madge, I give you warning clear;

Send back the stolen, ere too late,

Or in its stead, believe me, dear,

I'll swipe your own heart, sure as fate!



“COLLEGE SPIRIT” forsooth, it almost makes us envy Jack:

COLLEGE SPIRIT

I've danced at the Junior ball,

And I've been to the Varsity show;

And I've met one man I like very much;

So I'm for Columbia, you know.

And oh what a jolly good time we had!

When my Jack showed me 'round the new site,

And we spent a whole hour way up in the dome,

Which perhaps was not perfectly right.