

## MY LADY.

A Freshman on a table stood,  
And spoke just as a Freshman should,  
About the class that's just above,  
His deep regard: undying love.  
He also sang a doleful air  
About a maiden, sweet and fair;  
He tried to scramble up the wall,  
And he succeeded not at all.  
He gave a laugh, then straightway fled  
And buried it, beneath the bed;  
He tried to practice for the crew,  
For oars umbrellas had to do,  
His boat a basin: but the joke  
Was on him when the basin broke.  
Then tearfully and hardly sane,  
He "popped the question" to a cane.  
He smoked his first cigar, and oh—  
How were the depths bestirred with woe!  
Quite raving mad he doth appear:  
He's just amusing Sophs, my dear.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Take a college man with Bohemian tendencies; dress him like the youth of "Guggenheimer's Fitwell Clothes," as he appears on the back pages of the magazines; and gently place a cigarette between his lips. Result: the College Sport.—*The Washington Jeffersonian.*

Jack was the apple of her eye—  
Alas, and woe betide her!  
She ate him up, and then he was  
Just applejack in cider.

—*Ex.*

"I am a fool," said a man of talent, being baffled by ambition for the while. "See how easily I have won fame," cried a fool, neither recking of the future which threw both assertions to the winds.—*The Idealist.*