

A merry hobo, Fowler is,
 But though he's broke he's gay;
 For work he shirks, as on the road
 He wends his weary way.

The Reverend Mr. Archibald,
 Our Nellie did inspire;
 So to the ministry she's been called
 In spite of Ross Glen's ire.

An elocutionist is Josephine,
 Who entertains those out for pleasure;
 But though her suitors flock around
 She's still an unclaimed treasure.

Flora and Muriel, you doubtless remember
 Never for long could be parted;
 So they're still together, just as yore,
 In the trim little tea-room they've started.

"Tinker, tailor, cowboy, sailor,
 Which shall I be?" sighed Tom;
 But a hair dye company used his head
 To lure that would-be Titian blonde.

Midge thinks married life a positive wonder,
 As she cooks each day for a limited number;
 She and Squank and the poor nurse-maid,
 Who works very hard taking care of a babe.

The inky palm and dreamy look
 To Lenta now belong;
 Her poems are found in many a book
 And one gave the words of a song.

MINNIE E. BLACK, '24

MARGARET E. McMURRAY, '24

Tom—"Bob's not a bad sort even if he has a checkered past."
 "Well, if he don't stop trying to steal my girl he will have a striped future."

Helen—"And then he put his arms around me and I wanted to scream but couldn't, and when I finally could I didn't want to."

Lockhart (playing with guns at armory.)
 Mr. Page—"Here! only a fool or a monkey would fool with those guns.
 Which class do you belong to?"
 Lockhart—"A Class, Sir."