

## The Dance

To and fro, back and forth,  
Over a slippery floor,  
Slip and slide, step and glide  
Pass and repass the door.

All in a whirl, arms full of girl,  
Eyes watching others' motion;  
Talking of naught, never a thought,  
Only a hazy notion.

"Good time?" "Of course, why not, old house?"  
Words bandied back and forth;  
"What of tomorrow?" Oh, but we'll borrow  
Its pleasure for what it is worth.

"Now we will see (dancing 'till three)  
What a good time's to be had;  
Then we will hear, what we now fear,  
Tomorrow's the time to be sad."

Then it is past, even so fast,  
Like a sweet breath of air;  
Sadness and sorrow come on the morrow,  
When we've lost all our "sa———faire."

—G. W. M., '23.

## Heat vs. Fat.—Heat Wins!

That 13th of July was hard for Mr. G. Stocker. To begin with, it was hot and Mr. Stocker was fat, and hot and fat are two adjectives that will not agree except in making doughnuts, then fat must be hot.

When the day had scarcely begun Mr. Stocker sensed trouble. He had put his vest on wrong side out; now, to change it would have meant bad luck; to change it on the 13th would have foretold some calamity. Mr. Stocker was not superstitious in the least, but "I see where you wear your vest wrong side out today," he said to himself; "but your coat will cover it"

Mr. Stocker was a travelling salesman for Wear—always aluminum. Shortly after ten o'clock he hitched up his old gray horse and started out along the Harlem road. As the merciless sun grew hotter and hotter Mr. Stocker grew more and more uncomfortable. Every minute, no, every second he wiped off his perspiring brow.

Not far from home he met Farmer Boker, leaning over the fence, fanning himself with his wide-brimmed hat.

"Beastly hot day this, Stocker. Don't see how a fat man lives through it." Lan' Sakes! You haven't got a coat on?"

"Well! You certainly sacerfic' fer fashion."