

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear—
 That's Preparation.
And then upon a car to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside—
 That's Transportation.
And then before the door you smile,
And think you'll stay a good long while—
 That's Expectation.
And then you find her not at home—
 That's thunderation.

HORRIBLY HORTICULTURAL.

"She was a 'peach' and the 'apple' of her father's eye;
He resembled an animated 'prune,' but for her hand did try.
Now papa thought they would not make a good 'pair,'
So he handed him a 'lemon,' and he gave up in despair."

"When Willie to the circus went
To spend his hard-earned pence,
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents."

Bradley (to waiter)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"
Waiter—"Certainly, sir; sit right down."

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.
"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.
"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

Quoth he, "Your lips look red tonight."
Said she, "well, yes, perhaps,
But, papa, darling, that's all right,
It's only from the chaps."

"He found his dinner very cold,
He kicked with caustic vim,
And when he started in to scold,
She made it hot for him."

"I thought I knew it all,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less."

"How doth the busy Senior
Improve each precious hour?
By whispering airy nothings
To every college flower."

A pretty girl without a mate
Alone on the ice; out for a skate;
A 'Dent' passed by, this girl to win,
Stood out on the ice where it was thin,
Took off his hat, made a low bow—
There is no ice where the 'Dent' is now."

"On each end of the safe they sat in vain regrets;
She had been eating onions; and he smoking cigarettes."