

The Universal Habit

I saw her go shopping in stylish attire
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

Her walk was as free as a springy steel wire,
And many a rubberneck turned to admire
As she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

She wondered if all the contraptions back there
Were fastened just right—'twas an unceasing care,
So she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

I saw her at church as she entered her pew,
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

She had on a skirt that was rusty and new,
And didn't quite know what the fastenings might do,
So she felt
Of the belt
At the back.

She fidgeted round while the first prayer was said,
She fumbled about while the first hymn was read,
O, she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

Jack told her one night that he loved her like mad,
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

She didn't look sorry, she didn't look glad—
She looked like she thought, "Well, that wasn't so bad,"
And she felt
Of her belt
At the back.

But—well, I don't think 'twas a great deal of harm,
For what should the maiden have found but an arm
When she felt
For her belt
At the back?

Senior—"Bill writes me that he will draw \$100 per."
Scrub—"Per what?"
Senior—"Perhaps."