

fashion's attempt to revive the swelling device. Its revival in less ambitious circles was forever put out of the question by the experience of the young woman who appeared in the streets of London a few days ago with the first full fledged crinoline that had been seen there. This daring person waddled from the embankment through Piccadilly, Regent and Bond street, and other West End thoroughfares, all the time pursued by a mob of gamins. In fright she took refuge in an omnibus where the conductor promptly charged her two fares for the extra space occupied, thereby settling the crinoline question for good in England.

TO A PONY.

Dear faithful steed, how can I show
My love for thee.
Or tell in rhyme how much I owe
Thy constancy?

Thou art no thoroughbred, to race
At lightning speed,
But yet I find thy modest pace
Supplies my need.

I know not how to sing thy fame,
But this I know,
Thou'rt "out of sight"—and 'tis my aim
To keep thee so.

High School Student.

—*The Adelbert.*

If there's anything worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll get at it some way
If she gets the least kind of a show,
And we wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she's already read,
We knew that she got at it somehow
If she had to stand on her head.

Some folks say "Don't love but one at a time," but right here I object, because I have noticed that those who love more than one at a time seem to have better health and to be more jovial and pleasant. No person ever killed himself intentionally who loved more than one girl at a time. A fellow is always in hopes if he doesn't confine himself to loving just one. College boys are generally considered a tough and deceptive set because they are usually generous and not so terribly exclusive in their nature. The fact is, a college boy that doesn't love more than one girl at once is no college boy at all.—*Southern University Monthly.*

ONCE FOR ALL.

To parody or not to parody! Ay!
That's the question! Whether, to-day, 'twere
nobler

To let poor Hamlet, in his grave, still suffer
The puny slings and arrows of outrageous
Punsters and parodists with gall unlimited,
Who twist and turn his mild interrogations,
Until the ghost of that once grand soliloquy,
In one faint grin, is lost past recognition,
Or, by some effort of our own, stupendous
And incomparable, end them. To parody,
Or not; ay! there's the rub! For when we've
shuffled

Off the few ideas that Hamlet left to us
And cease to advertise our patent medicines,
Our college jokes, and gibes about the weather,
In his much ventilated phraseology,
We greatly fear a sad, inane vacuity
That of us all makes cowards! And we'd rather
Our rash quietus make in this last spasm,
Than own ourselves ourselves by Shakespeare.

—*Quintus Minimus.*

The secretary of Harvard University has issued a pamphlet apparently designed to correct the widespread notion that the cost of an academic course at the famous Cambridge school places it beyond the reach of all young men not blessed with family wealth. According to this interesting brochure, it is possible for a student to get along comfortably at Harvard with the expenditure of a sum "appreciably smaller than \$450 for the academic year." The ordering of one's economic affairs that renders this practicable involves, however, a dietary regimen made of "tea or coffee at three cents a cup, milk at two cents a glass, bread at the rate of two slices for one cent, and baked beans at four cents a plate." At Memorial hall—the commons of nearly eleven hundred students—a very fair quality of board is furnished for \$3.98 per week. One who knows says that a four year's course at Memorial hall will breed a dyspepsia that two generations of careful living will not eradicate; but the pleasure of sitting three times a day beneath the vaulted ceiling of the most majestic dining room in the world is ample compensation for the evil.—*Cory Student.*

Now is the time. Have your girl promise to send you a cake at encampment.