

SONG OF THE ELEVEN.

Line up, pass her back, keep the ends in check; When the umpire's back is turned slug 'em in the neck. Paste a fellow when he's down, grind him with your boot; Break h's head if necessary—scoot, brothers, scoot. Tackle 'em below the knee, gouge 'em in the eye; Kick 'em in the abdomen and leave 'em there to die. Hear your alma mater's voice rise above the din, "Anything to win, boys, anything to win!"

Never mind a rib or two, smash a collarbone, Sweeter than the sweetest music is a dying groan. Mother sits up in the stand anxious for her son; She won't recognize her baby after we have done.

Slug him once again for luck, break his Grecian nose; Make him lose an ear or two, amputate his toes. Don't forget our motto, boys, do your level best; Now for God and country, boys, and—well, you know the rest.

Just another rally, boys; give it to 'em hot; Lay 'em out upon the sward just as soon as not. See, we're almost over now, yonder is the goal! Kill him if you must, and Lord have mercy on his soul.

—Ex.

THE CIGARETTE FIEND.

When de doctor sez I'm dyin' put a "root" between me lips, 'n I'll breade me life out peaceful 'twixt de blissful, kissful sips, 'n I'll draw de smoke down in me, t' de remnint uv me lungs, 'n in two hazy streamlets spurt it t'rough me nostril-bungs.

'n w'en de gleamin' angels are chantin' overh'e'd, De mournful, tuneful requirim fur ernudder fool det's dead, Lord, let me wait er little, w'ile de dear ole stump I kiss, Den put it in me coffin wid de skelington of dis.

'n if, w'en I gits t' heaven, er "NO SMOKIN'" sign I see, I'll turn eround 'n come right out—it ain't er place fur me. I dunt want ter be an angel; I'd rudder shovel coal, 'n sell me season ticket t' some "no tobacco" soul.

Git er match frum ole Saint et det eighteen-karet gate, Scratch it on me gils'nin' robe uv w'ite, 'n go t' hell in state, Er smokin' uv a Nestor—its gold tip between me lips— 'n er winking et de devil 'twixt de blissful sips.

Yes, I'll greet him quite jacosely, 'n eiv' him an inhale Which will almost make him tink det he's inside de heav'ly pale. Wid dis favor ez er knockdown, I'll touch him fur er spot Were a man may smoke in quiet, 'n it a'n't too bloom'ng hot. —Johns Hopkins News-Letter.

TWO HANDS.

Last night I held her hand in mine, A hand so slender and divine, Endowed with all the graces. Tonight another hand I hold, A hand well worth its weight in gold; Just think of it—four aces.

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MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A dainty kiss, a little hug— To the parson then skeedaddle; For food and raiment then to tug, Then o'er the Styx to paddle.

I once thought my love was a poem, So one day I told her quite terse How I thought on the subject. She answered: No, Charlie, to you I'm "a-verse."

Literary Aspirant—"I can write anything."

Editor—"Then right about face."

Teacher—"Willie, what is a rabbit?" Willie—"An animal with four legs and an anecdote." Teacher—"What do you mean by an anecdote?" Willie—"A short, funny tale."

WHAT THEN?

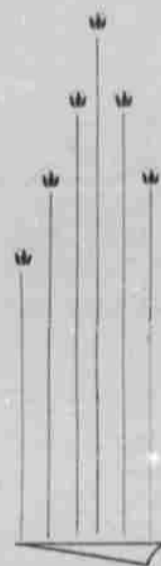
If all the world were paper, And all the seas were ink, And editors stood on every side, How much would they write, do you think?

If all the world were candy, And all the stars were cake, And school girls walked on every side, How much would they take, do you think?

A CLIMAX.

There is gladness in her gladness When she's glad, There's sadness in her sadness When she's sad; But the gladness of her sadness, And the sadness of her sadness, Aren't a marker on the Madness of her madness When she's mad.

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