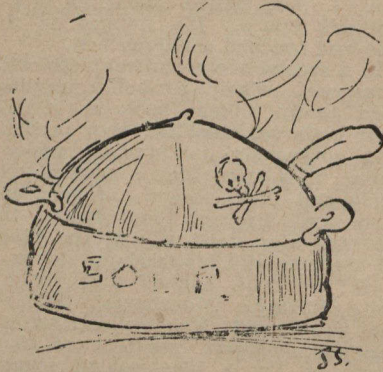


THE BOARDERS' LAMENT.



Dope, dope, dope—
 What a shame to dub it food!
 There's not a cat,
 If you offered him that,
 But would take it as downright rude.

Starved, starved, starved,
 Hungry as slaves of a Sheik;
 No wonder they run
 When the half term's done—
 It's a restaurant that they seek.

Hash, hash, hash,
 Morning and night and noon.
 Oh, it's little they care
 For the "menu" there—
 Why, they're going to have dog-
 cakes soon!

Eat, eat, eat,
 As the dish with soup they fill;
 But, if analyzed,
 They would be surprised
 That any were living still.

So it's dope, dope, dope,
 Which they must grin and bear.
 No use to cuss,
 Nor raise a fuss,
 For what does the food boss care?
 —J. S.

How much wood would Wodehouse
 house
 If Wodehouse could house wood?
 He'd house as much as Wodehouse
 could
 If Wodehouse could house wood.

THE TEMPTATION.

A Fable.

It was a scinch. The wheel stood leaning against the bicycle shed. It belonged to a day-boy also. Near the wheel, in fact, close at hand, was Gzowski (pronounced Zow-skee). One could easily see that his eyes were glued on the wheel. He was saying: "I hadn't ought to do it. No, it isn't right. I should not like to cause a poor day-boy pain by making him walk home. And yet——" There was a tear in his eye as he looked sadly at his watch. "Ah, well," he thought, "it is fate. The day-boy must walk, though I feel deeply, also much, for him. Yes, I shall take the wheel. But——" Here he suddenly remembered the strict orders of the principal. There had also been a slip which had been passed around the room. It had originated in the principal's office, and read: "You must not swipe bikes; it is grievous; lock to it!"

Gzowski considered the chances of being pinched glumly. He did it by the method of elimination; that is, he considered the difficulties one by one, and discarded them in turn. You could not be seen from four windows, but you could be from the gym. If one was pinched one would be caned if not expelled.

Gzowski objected to being caned. It hurt his hands. He considered all these things one by one. "After all," he said, "I will do it." But again— Suddenly he made a charge at it, and grasped it firmly by the handle-bars. Then he uttered a terrified growl. The wheel was locked.

Moral: You never can tell.

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