

The Stumper

Utilitarianism of the day,

Has banished mediaeval superstitions;
No longer merry airy fairies play,

Gone are the witches, warlock: but magicians,
Tho' changed in name, are with us yet, and they
Are known to men as stumping politicians.

He can prove that wrong is right,
He can turn black into white,
For each contingency he has a trump;
He will cheat you, he will hoax you,
He will wheedle, lure and coax you,
This most persuasive,
But evasive,
Man upon the stump.

No obstacle could stay those men of old,
The stoutest walls to them but flimsy tissues;
To-day with equal ease they 'scape a bold
Expression of their views on "burning issues,"
Or how and where they spent the public gold,
And why some say their sacred trust they misuse.
He can show a contract went,
To the honest tender sent,
And that "sundries" is but postage in a lump.
Silver tongue and words of honey,
Soon explain whence came the money.
This most emphatic,
But erratic,
Man upon the stump.

He knows the price of everything you raise,
You cannot fool him on a colt or filly,
A treasury of facts that nought can phase,
He knows your face more friendly grows, until
he,

Remembers as a boy in by-gone days,
He knew your father, fought your uncle Billy.
For grander than the pyramid,
His eloquence is, here amid
The gasping rustics, whom he asks to "plump."
He will beg us and implore us
Just to do as dad before us.
This cabalistic,
Prestigistic,
Man upon the stump. S



The Year Book

(Printed by request.)

Editor Year Book: "Hullo, George, have you got your biography written for you yet?"

George (any student): "Biography! what biography?"

Ed. Y. B.: "For the Year Book."

George: "Oh! I'd forgotten about that; no, I haven't had time yet to get anyone to do it."

Ed. Y. B.: "Well, I wish you'd look after it at once. If you only could, you'd oblige me immensely."

George: "What are you in such a hurry about? There's lots of time."

Ed. Y. B. (sadly): "Lots of time! I wish I could make you fellows realize how little time there really is. There are 475 bio—"

George: "Oh, well, I'll look after it in a few days; one won't make any difference, anyway."

Ed. Y. B.: "If you all say that—"

George: "Well, I'll see after it right away."

Ed. Y. B.: "All right, old man, thanks very much. Good-bye."

George: "Good-bye."

"It Takes Nine Tailors To Make a Man"

So runs the old saw.

The modern custom tailor believes that one tailor can make a man—and he endeavors fruitlessly to design—cut out—trim—make collars,—shoulders, etc., all by himself.

With Semi-ready it is otherwise—we distribute each Semi-ready suit in parts among specialists on such parts. Each one of these specialists hand tailors some part of a Semi-ready suit—and there are 500 specialists.

"It takes five hundred Semi-ready tailors to make a man."

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