



He should open a second-hand shop  
For cast-off political clothes,  
The duds that he hankered for one time  
He now undisguisedly loathes.

# REMINISCENCES OF A NORMAL SCHOOL STUDENT.

## FIT THE FIRST.

I once attended a Normal school,  
In a far off countree;  
"For dad," said Sam, "you ain't no fool,  
And teacher you should be."

So I did the requisite "Model" cram,  
And taught on a "third" three years;  
Then found myself at the Normal sham,  
That place of scoffs and jeers.

The chap who ran the fraudulent show  
Was "Tommy" (familiarlee);  
Without any *push*, or *snap* or *go*,  
He mumbled the chemistree.

He tried some other subjects too,  
Shakespeare especiallee;

But William failed to get his due  
At the hands of our Tommee.

Some parasites feigned to make it appear  
That they thought him a wonderful man;  
Results have shown us tolerably clear  
That theirs was a mighty good plan.

They actually made the old chap think  
That they looked on him as their "pawpy,"  
And he in turn did nothing but wink  
When they began to copy.

For copying was our chiefest boast  
From start to close of session;  
So he was first who copied most --  
I grieve at this confession.

With English bad and teaching worse,  
If any worse could be,  
I'd call that Normal School a curse  
To any countree.

CARADOC.