



He: "How well my darling looks to-night,  
So full of animation;  
Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips invite  
A kiss of salutation."

She: "How dare you, sir! Such stuff, I vow—  
Then with some hesitation  
"Why don't you—somebody's coming now—  
Accept the invitation?"



gloating exultation of my rival who bore off Lettie in triumph, while I dragged my limp and shattered frame from the scene of soulless mirth. I hurled the instruments of woe and discomfiture into a vacant lot with execrations as the wheezy apology for a band struck up "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."

If in the progress of scientific invention they ever discover a method of padding the icy floor of a rink so as to obviate the pangs of suffering, I may be induced to try again. Meanwhile the sport is repugnant to my feelings. I prefer some more perpendicular and continuous mode of locomotion.

#### A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.



He Attended College.

Was an Apt Scholar

Became a Noted Man.

Eventually A Professor.

#### HOW THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY BROKE UP.

I AM a most correct young man, considered bright and clever,  
So I joined the new Society for Christian Endeavor,  
Along with other young folks who were seriously inclined,  
And sought for opportunities to cultivate the mind.

The motive of the scheme was good—to interest the youth—  
And while promoting piety and love of moral truth,  
To furnish such amusements of a mild and pleasing tone  
As would be quite consistent with the principles we own.

We wouldn't go to theatres for anything, oh no!  
And as for cards or dancing they are something quite too low;  
Charades and "consequences" are permitted by the rules,  
But pastimes which are frivolous we leave to worldly fools.

And everything went swimmingly, though there we cannot rank  
Longside of the Y.M.C.A.—not having any tank.  
I mean that things ran smoothly, and no break occurred to vex  
The souls of young Endeavorers of male or female sex.

Instead of coarsely mingling in the waltz's sinful whirl  
The fellows to the meeting would each one escort his girl,  
And in sweet and pleasant converse we the homeward walk beguiled,  
But all our games were proper and sensations very mild.

And so we might have gone along in harmony forever,  
Conducting our Society for Christian Endeavor,  
But a lot of new instructions from the home headquarters came  
Comprising details for a fresh and most hat-tractive game.

As thus—each lady member picks a man and sets him at  
The new and unaccustomed task to trim a lady's hat,  
They draw apart and she directs her pupil how to place  
Upon the shape the fixings up—the ribbons, flowers and lace.

The old heads didn't like the game, they rather feared it might  
Induce familiarities which weren't exactly right,  
But the younger folks were much enthused, and soon the girls were  
at

The task of choosing partners to show how to trim a hat.

Well, Ethel Bates, the typewriter, who tries to cut a dash,  
Picked out Joe Lane the banker's clerk, in hopes to make a mash;  
Miss Lulu Mackay, who to Joe is said to be engaged,  
Looked very black at Ethel then and glared as though enraged.

Then finally they got paired off, and Ethel Bates to Lane  
Attempted in an earnest way the process to explain;  
Joe couldn't seem to take it in and Ethel had to show  
The way to hold his needle which he really didn't know.

So bending close above him, and perhaps a shade too near,  
And whispering instructions in his somewhat ample ear,  
She tried to guide his fingers and the work to straighten out,  
When Lulu shrieked with blazing eyes "Say, what are you about

"You brazen, bold, deceitful minx! You mean, audacious flirt!"  
And if we hadn't held her I think Ethel had been hurt,  
When turning round she coolly said, "Oh, don't get in a flame,  
You poor, old, freckled, snub-nosed thing,—it's only in the game."

Then Lulu in hysterics went—too much wrought up to sprak,  
'Twas terrible to hear the room re-echo to her shriek,  
And Ethel in excited tones continued to proclaim,  
She meant no harm—she thought it all according to the game.

And so the older heads who thought the scheme was quite too-too,  
Shut down upon that cheerful sport and said it wouldn't do.  
The young folks quit right there and then which probably forever  
Has broken up our local branch for Christian Endeavor.

#### THE CROWN OF THE PILLAR.

"THE men who are pillars in our churches are like the  
pillars in the ancient temples."

"In what way?"

"They have capitals."

#### ALL HE COULD FAIRLY EXPECT.

HE—"Do you love me more than all the others?"  
SHE—"Ye es, at least more than any one of them."