

## THE JUNIOR'S GOATEE.

(An Idyl in two cantos.)

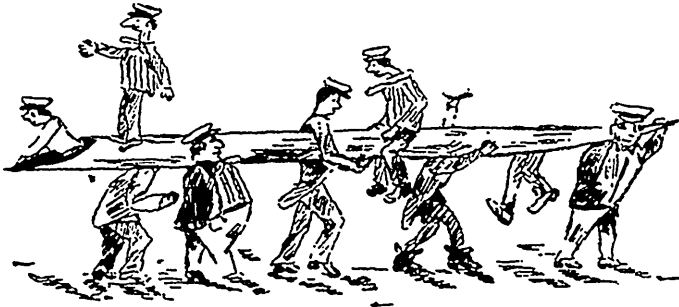
## CANTO I.—Scene : Seniors' Classroom.

The Junior entered this sacred place  
With a thoughtful, solemn and reverent face,  
With humble mien he entered there  
Nor thought him of his chin of hair.

Seniors to right of him,  
Seniors to left of him,  
Seniors in front of him  
Volleyed and thundered !  
Swore they him to shave  
Or lie in the cold grave  
Did he return, the knave,  
With goatee not sundered.

## CANTO II.—Scene : Juniors' Room. Junior before mirror loquiter.

" Scrape, scrape, scrape  
On my poor chin, oh blade,



## THE TOOTH-PICK GANG.

Air.—"I'm not so young as I used to be."

We issue forth in the latest style  
Of G. T. H. caps, though your cynics smile ;  
For we care not a whit what such pessimists say,  
But bravely set out on a *grand conge*.

## CHORUS—

Oh ! for we are the tooth-pick gang  
That never yet stooped to slang.  
Would you be *à la mode*,  
Just jump into the road  
And swell out the ranks of the tooth-pick gang.

Would you show us a student who would not buy,  
When the ware in the window attracts the eye?  
Would even the senior, who loves to preach,  
Return without buying a G. T. H. ?

## CHORUS—

And join in the tooth-pick gang, etc.

And I would that my tongue could utter  
My thoughts that ne'er will fade."

" Oh well for the Seniors proud  
That the Junior's hands are tied,  
For else of all that roaring crowd  
Each one this day had died."

" Slightly disfigured, but still in the ring," now  
applies to the S. P. G.

BEGINNING PHILOSOPHY.—A LESSON ON  
IDENTITY.

Prof. : Jacques, are you identical with Jack ?

Jacques : No, sir.

Prof. : Are you similar to him ?

Jacques (after studying the other's features),  
gleefully : No, sir ; I don't resemble him at all.  
—And Jack returned the grin.

Woeful luck !  
No more Tuck ! !

The Toothpick Gang have *capped* the climax at  
reduced prices.

To th'electric car, he'd prefer the stage,  
Who would wear a cap that is not the rage,  
He would sooner an ass than a horse of brass,  
And live like a hay-seed behind the age.

## CHORUS—

And be shunned by the tooth-pick gang, etc.

And if there be any displeas'd with our ways,  
We beg him to do what our motto says ;  
For, we'll treat him like cheese with a boarding-  
house *tang*,  
While we keep in the wake of the tooth-pick gang.

## CHORUS—

For we are the tooth-pick gang,  
That never use words like "*tang*,"  
We're as fresh as you please  
With comfort and ease  
In the G. T. H. caps of the tooth-pickgang.