

Thoughts on Sherbrooke Street.

(Any hour after 4.30 p.m.)

Wobble, wobble mushroom hat,
Foised upon a little rat,
All around the head so snug
Hiding many an ugly mug.

Bobble, bobble rippling curls,
Stuck all over little girls.
Up above the hair so thin
Just depending on a pin.

Rubber, rubber little neck,
Which the "Dutch style" doth bedeck,
Some are fat and some are lean
Few should ever thus be seen.

Squeeze her, squeeze her little corset,
Stylish women all endorse it:
If by chance she stouter grows,
You stop bulges in the clothes.

Hobble, hobble little skirt,
How I wonder if you hurt.
Tied around the ankles neat,
Like a handcuff on the feet.

Draggle, draggle little train,
Gathering microbes in the rain,
Sometimes hiding pretty legs
More than often ugly pegs.

Pinch her, pinch her little shoe,
One size smaller than should do,
Fitting snugly on the feet,
Make this poem quite complete.

—B. & D.

When you cheer, follow the yell leaders and keep time.