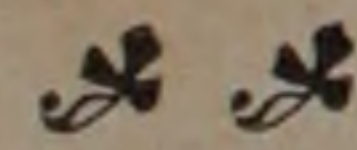


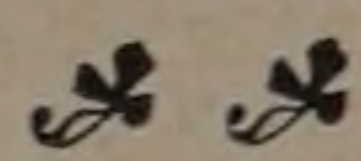
To Willie



"Willie! Willie! Can you say
 Whether or no Miss B.'s here to-day?"
 "Has the class come down from Latin?"
 "Have you seen Feindt, or Mac, or Patten?"
 "Does the Senate meet to-night?"
 "Where will I find Miss Carrie Wright?"
 "When's school out, Billy, I'd like to know?"

And thus, questions fly as thick as the snow.
 He's press agent, news center, lays hold of all tidings
 Which no *Fulcrum* agent could coax from their hidings.
 Billy will some fair day be renowned,
 For the kings of the future he hauls up and down.

To Alec



We've apparatus by the ton, and books of every kind,
 And every known facility to elevate the mind;
 We've professors by the dozen, from every shore and clime,
 But only one good Alec to always make things shine.
 Unlike our learned professors, he comes with brush and pail,
 And clears the dusty, cloudy path, where *they* so often fail.
 Alas! Good Alec, won't you try, with all your might and main,
 To see what you can do to clear the cob-webs from our brain?