

Modesty

I sing a song of students, who
Didn't want to be joshed in this book, they're few,
So I don't care if they care, do you.

One said he had a reason good,
He chummed with fellows who never could
Take a thing as a joke; he's from Englewood.

Another tall lad, he's been Radical X-ed,
Said *he* didn't care, but when people got next,
The girl would hear of it and she would be vexed.

Another one, "Novelty Dresser." he's classed,
Talked long and talked hard, and then at the last,
Said if that thing went in he'd fix Mike mighty fast.

Then there was another who offered a bribe,
Not money, but "copy," and then he'd subscribe;
He's a red-head, belongs to the "Terrier" tribe.

Another, who hardly belongs in this rhyme,
I won't tell you about him, just guess and take time,
Wanted his name in sure. To expose him's a crime.

And these, 'cept the last, have each just one thing,
Which they don't want outside a particular ring.
Other jokes are all right—"Put 'em in! anything!"