



H U M O R

TITLE?

A love-lorn microbe met by chance
At a swagger bacteroidal dance
A proud bacillan belle, and she
Was first of the animaculae.
Of organisms sacchrine
She was the protoplsmic queen,
The microscopical pride and pet
Of the biological smart set.
And so this infinitesimal swain
Evolved a pleasing, low refrain:
"O, lovely metamorphic germ,
What futile scientific term
Can well describe your many charms?
Come to these embryonic arms.
Then hie away to my cellular home
And be my little diatome."

His epithelium swelled with love;
He swore by molecules above
She'd be his own gregarious mate,
Or else he would disintegrate.
This amorous mite of a parasite
Pursued the germ both day and night,
And 'neath her window often played,
This Darwin-Huxley serenade.
He'd warble to her every day,
This rhizopodical roundelay:

"O, most primordial type of spore,
I never met your like before;
And, though a microbe has no heart,
From you, sweet germ, I'll never part.
We'll sit beneath some fungus growth
Till dissolution claims us both."

The case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend to have been intimately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."