A Senior nursing his first mustache,
A Vassar maiden on the "mash."
Quoth he, to chaff her: "I've heard they row,
Play baseball, swim, and bend the bow;
But, really now, I'd like to know
If they play football at Vassar?"
He smiled a smile that was sharp and keen,
She blushed a blush that was hardly seen,
And thought him just a little mean,
Thus trying to surpass her.
But she straightway blushed a deeper red,
While the sunlight danced on her golden head;
With an artful look in her eye, she said,
Gazing modestly on the ground:
"'Tis awfully rough to tackle and run,
And one's complexion is soiled by the sun;
But once and awhile, for the sake of the fun,
At Vassar we do touch down."
The Senior nor left, nor fled his place,
But "tackled" her gently about the waist;
She whispered, "Held," with a winning grace,
And then touched down for safety.

Sing a song of Freshman
Coming up to college,
Thinking what a lot he knows
In every branch of knowledge.
But when exams are over,
And he has "flunked" them all,
He will then discover
His learning's very small.

"I saw her coming down to-night,
So beautiful, and calm, and white.
The pale moon shone upon her there,
The rippling beach was bright and fair.
A chair? And are you tired of this?
But can't I have another kiss?
Why didn't I stay with her there?
And are you jealous? Well, I swear!
That's one on you, Bess, is it not?
I simply spoke, dear, of my yacht."

AT EVENING.
The sun had kissed the western wave,
And bade the world good-night,
While in the sky the little clouds
Hung blushing at the sight.
The little waves came laughing in
From out on the rolling sea,
And paused a moment on the sands
And kissed them merrily.
The evening breezes gently played
About the boulders bare,
And kissed their loneliness away,
And lingered fondly there.
A youth and maiden walked the while,
I tell no wondrous deed,
When twilight's shadows kissed the shore,
He followed Nature's lead.

—Williams Weekly.

A FALLEN IDOL.
I dashed cold water in her face,
Because the girl had fainted;
And found, alas! in woman's case,
She's not as she is painted.

The church was burning. Flames of fire,
Fanned by the East wind's fiendish ire,
From door and window broke;
And as he watched the curling wreaths
Mount up to heaven from spire and eaves,
He murmured, "Holy smoke."

—Brunonian.

"OLE CLO'ES."
I dink her college built fer me,
I vanders all about;
I knocks kervite softly on der doors,
To see if dey is out.
I dry der knob; and, if unlocked,
I valks in gust to see
If any of dose gareless men
Has left some glose for me.
I gathers in vat ere I vind,
Olt trousers or dress cloes;
I hastends vith dem down der stairs,
Und kervick vor Gort Street goes.
I alvays make it strict my rule
To zerch on all der shelves.
I believes dot "Brovidence helps dose
Who always helps demselves."

—Yale Record.