EVEN THE BALL PLAYER.
He catches hot liners and difficult flies,
While the cheering crowd tosses up hats;
But like all the rest of humanity frail,
He gets in a box when he bats.
—Brunonian.

MOSES TOOK THE RIVER COURSE.
Now Moses went to college, I think,
But did it very young,
For he was started in the course
'Fore he knew his mother tongue;
He was right in the rushes, too,
With canes on every side,
And yelled like mad, as I suppose,
While the flags waved as he cried.
—Red and Blue.

CHAPPED.
I'm glad the spring has come again,
With birds and flowers fair,
When bitter winds and driving sleet
Give way to balmy air.
And this is why I love the spring,
'Tis easy to be seen,—
My Phyllis' lips are not so sweet
When soaked in vaseline.
—Brunonian

WHY IT GOES.
Spring poetry is all the go,
The editors all say,
Because within the sanctum doors
Spring poetry cannot stay.
—Harvard Lampoon.

EXCLUSIVE.
I care not to join the "four hundred";
I cherish of that no design.
I'd rather be far more exclusive,
And belong to the much-favored "nine."
—Brunonian.

HARD ON AARON.
Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest
In the book of those whom God had blest; but yet
The names were all, if truth must be confessed,
Arranged in order of the alphabet.
—Brunonian.

A SPRING IDYL.
I meet him on the campus
With the first faint sign of spring,
When roads are mud and elm trees bud,
And all that sort of thing.
When I'm hastening to the chapel,
Or at leisure slowly walk,
With blandest smile, meant to beguile,
Straight up to me he'll stalk.
Sometimes I glare in anger,
Or I roughly hurry past.
He never cares; the smile he wears
Is always sure to last.
No longer I'll endure him;
I will smite him hard and well.
No more my ear that sound will hear,
"Shents, any ole clo's to sell?"
—Yale Record.

NOT IN IT.
You ask me for a little rhyme,
And beg me to begin it,
And so I'll occupy the time
By telling who's not in it.
The man who's training for the crew
And thinks a little work will do,
Yet boasts of form enough for two—
He certainly's not in it.
The student who for honor tries
And thinks that talking wins the prize,
He has in store a sad surprise—
He'll find he is not in it.
But when you on your sweetheart call,
And fail to kiss her in the hall—
Why, you're the biggest fool of all;
You're certainly not in it.
—Columbia Spectator.

A QUESTION.
'Twas only last night I saw her,
Amidst the ballroom's crush;
Her eye met mine in passing,
And—could it have been a blush,
Or only the joy of conquest
That had set its crimson seal
In the fair cheeks of the maiden
At whose feet I gladly kneel?
I thought I caught her smiling;
I hope she doesn't flirt
With every man she passes;
But, anyway, where's the hurt?
Those eyes and that smile together
Have set my head a-whirl.
But now comes the important question:
How the deuce can I meet that girl?
—Yale Courant.