TO MY PIPE.

Soft clouds of smoke rise from you, meerschaum bowl,
Where lies the stuff that binds the soul to soul;
And never shall I send thee whence thou came,
Till earth, and moon, and stars no longer roll.

For memories of the long and dreamy past,
Those times so quick receding, gone too fast,
And memories of my own in earlier day,—
Thou givest these, thou givest all thou hast.

And when the sadness of the present day
Hides out the joy that long has passed away,
Your lips to mine in ecstasy I bring:
Oh! thee I'll keep until I turn to clay.

—Harvard Lampoon.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GERMAN.

As an infant a hobbyhorse he rode;
As a youth a sawhorse gay he strode;
In college a Bohn-y horse was his slave;
And a horse will carry him to his grave.

—Rutgers Targum.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

Yes, was engaged to a Dr.,
But all of his studies quite Shr.
Said she, "They are low,
And improper, you know."

At which the Chicago Girl Mr.

—Brunonian.

ÆNEID, BOOK V.

A gold-wrought scarf—
Inwoven there the princely boy,
Along the wooded hills of Troy,
Is following on the flying deer,
With eager foot and lifted spear,
So keen his pants are almost heard.

—Madisonensis.

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

I murmured, "Ma chere, je t'aime!"
To a prep maid, shy and meek.
'Twas a flash from a hidden flame,—
My murmured, "Ma chere, je t'aime."
The answer, soft-syllabled, came
With a swift flush, "I don't take Greek."
I murmured, "Ma chere, je t'aime!"
To a prep maid, shy and meek.

—Unit.

TENDERNESS.

A tender note I send Marie,—
I've managed to offend her;
I write to win her back to me,
And so 'tis very tender.

A tender note I also send—
He's dared his bill to render!—
To Mr. C., my tailor friend,—
But this is legal tender.

—Yale Record.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

I tried to smoke rings.
But I tried all in vain.
They are beautiful things,—
These airy smoke rings,—
But the pleasure it brings
Does not pay for the pain.
I tried to smoke rings,
But I tried all in vain.

—Unit.

WHILE DRESSING.

I go down on my knees,
But it's not to say prayers.
With a volley of D's
I go down on my knees
When my shirt button flees
Under bureaus and chairs.
I go down on my knees,
But 'tis not to say prayers.

—Brunonian.

A VERSE.

In vain with sonnets to the maid
The poet to win her heart essayed.
A verse she liked, but—woman's whim—
She still appeared a verse to him.

—Harvard Lampoon.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

I sit and vainly try to grind,
Some sense in Lotze try to find.
And Schopenhauer.
Alas! no use! my mind will stray,
For there on mantel-piece all day
And hour by hour,
A photograph looks down at me
With calmest, smiling scrutiny
Most fascinating.
Those clear gray eyes, that light brown hair
Brushed back from brow with careless care,
Are captivating.
Oh, fair young flower! Shall I then tell
Why is it that I love so well,
Am so enraptured?
Mine is that smiling photograph,
Mine is the likeness—please don't laugh—
Which Pach has captured.

—Lampoon.