RONDEAU.

O modern girl, we know you well,  
In Life and Puck you always dwell;  
A dainty form, a pliant face,  
A tiny foot, a cloud of lace;  
In short, a charming personnel.  
On every heart you cast a spell,  
Poor foolish hearts, they cannot tell  
You lead them but an idle chase  
O modern girl.  
And yet—(I've heard such things befell)  
Sometimes the coldest demoiselle  
Will look to find in its old place  
Her heart, and meet but empty space.  
At such bold theft does she rebel  
O modern girl?  
—Vassar Miscellany.

IN BACON'S TIME.

Lo, I flunkede in Greeke  
And felt smal as a mole.  
'Tis a queer sillie freake,—  
Ye flunkying in Greeke;  
It is only to speake  
And grete is thy dole.  
Lo, I flunkede in Greeke  
And felt smal as a mole.  
—Unit.

THE TRAMP.

He decided to go  
When he met our dog, Towser.  
But he was too slow  
In deciding to go,  
For the fence was not low,  
And the dog held his trowser.  
He decided to go  
When he met our dog, Towser.  
—Brunonian.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

He stood quite near the Pullman car  
To say good-bye unseen,  
And as it started with a jar  
They kissed in joy serene,  
While many smiled “So singular”!  
It was a touching scene.—Brunonian.

AT THE POPS.

Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
To-night no ring I see;  
But to-morrow night, if I get tight,  
I fear that there'll be three.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

A NEW VERSION.

The teacher whacked the boy, one day,  
Who disobeyed the rule,  
The scholars did not laugh nor play,  
To see that lamm in school.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

INCREASE OF KNOWLEDGE.

When Chaucer was of tender age,  
Men knew him only as a “page”;  
But now the modern scholars look  
And find they know him like a book.  
—Brunonian.

BE-WEAR.

"This hat is very much worn this year,"  
Said the clerk to a poet wan,  
Who sadly sighed as he turned away—  
"So is the one I have on."  
—Unit.

SITTING OUT UPON THE CAMPUS.

I sit upon the Campus,  
And breathe the evening air;  
I sit upon the Campus,  
Because I have no chair.  
A sweet girl sits beside me,  
The reason is implied,  
A sweet girl sits beside me,  
Because I'm by her side.  
I ask her if she loves me,  
Dearest of all her beaux;  
I ask her if she loves me,  
Because I know she knows.  
She says she will not tell me,  
And, as I start to go,  
She says she will not tell me  
Because she knows I know.  
Now leave us softly, stranger,  
Don't hesitate or pause,  
But leave us softly stranger,  
Because you know the cause.  
—Aggie Life.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

’Twas in her parlor. Still I sat  
Though at twelve the clock-hands stood;  
I slipped my arm around her waist,  
But she smiled and said, “Be good,  
I beg you, and forbear.”  
“ I know this proverb, dear,” I said,  
“ To ‘ bear and forbear ’ is true;  
But don’t you really think to bear  
Is easier for you  
Than for me to forbear?”  
—Brunonian.