DOUBT.
I write my jokes and spin some dainty rhymes
To fill our Lampy's page with mirth and glee,
And yet I've wondered many, many times
Do they please others half as much as me?
—Harvard Lampoon.

BANG!
Oh, the barber bold, he stood by his chair,
And this is the song that he sang:
“If the ladies would only powder their hair
It would much more easily bang.”
—Trinity Tablet.

A FLIRTATION.
An evening’s walk on the seashore,
An afternoon’s talk on the sands,
A waltz or two at the German,
And parting a pressure of hands.
I went back to my books and the fellows,
She returned to society’s strain,
And to-night in the smoke from my meerschaum,
I am living last summer again.
The charm of her low conversation,
Which mamma was unable to hear,
The meaning that lay in her glances
When anyone came very near,
The dainty white hand on my coatsleeve,
The moon shining full on her face,
The pictures imprinted on memory,
Which Time can never erase.
It was but a gay flirtation,
An acquaintance made for a day,
Time, we fully intended,
Should wear remembrance away,
She’s been the same to a dozen,
And I’ve had flirtations before,
Yet the days of this short week in August
I’m thinking of more and more.
—The Dartmouth.

A FABLE.
One day some flies, with sad surprise,
Flew into fragrant glasses,
Wherein, tho’ fleet, they found their feet
Held fast by the tempting ‘lasses.
So may the swell, on whom flies dwell
In large or smaller masses,
Take careful heed to mend his speed
Or he’ll flounder amid the lasses.
—Brunonian.

JOB, M.D.
Job was indeed a doctor great,
A fact not well denied,
For Scripture does distinctly state
His “patients” never died.—Lafayette.

RONDEAU OF MEMORIAL.
(After Dobson.)
“I can’t stand this,” I heard him say;
“I must get out, yes, right away.
It will not do for such as I
Of slow starvation now to die,
In this bright dawn of youth’s fair day.”
And so I wondered why did stay
This mortal piece of human clay,
For often would I hear him cry,
“I can’t stand this.”
But when I saw him eat one day,
And stow three pecks of fruit away,
And call, as I can testify,
Six separate times for apple pie,
I thought I heard a waiter pray,
“I can’t stand this.”—Harvard Lampoon.

PERDITA.
’Twas only a tiny, withered rose,
But it once belonged to Grace,
The goody didn’t know that, I suppose—
’Twas only a tiny, withered rose,
No longer sweet to the eye or nose,
So she tossed it out from its Dresden vase.
’Twas only a tiny, withered rose,
But it once belonged to Grace.
—Harvard Advocate.

THE MERRYTHOUGHT.
’Twas a happy little maiden,
Eyes with cunning fraught,
Who, one dinner, with me tried to
Break a “merrythought.”

“Which of us will live the longer?”
So she whispered low;
Soon the fateful lot determined
Who was first to go.
Presently there came another
Wishbone by her way;
And she asked me: “Who’ll the sooner
See the wedding day?”
But she paused—then with her sister
Pulled it; for she knew
That the bone could not be broken
Equally in two.
—Lafayette.

A PASTORAL.
“Where are you going my little man
With pail of chalk and bright tin pan?”
“I’m going to the brook amid the glade,
I’m going a milking, sir,” he said.
—Brunonian.