HE PREFERRED A CONTRAST.
Her cheeks are like a red, red rose,
Her lips are like a cherry.
From cheeks and lips, alas! her nose
In color does not vary.—Trinity Tablet.

A DIFFERENCE IN TERMS.
I wrote a verse to Mary Ann,
Also some lines to Cora,
Later, an ode to Margaret,
And then a rhyme to Nora.
Alas! the girls as old school chums
 Compared notes with agility;
Said my lines showed base fickleness.
I call it versatility.—Oberlin Review.

AND ABSOLUTELY PURE.
That advertising woodcut
In our comic journal,
Of the urchin with his eyes shut,
Undergoing scrub diurnal,
Proves the maxim's lasting truth,
"Where there's life, there's soap" for youth.
—Trinity Tablet.

A PARTING.
'Twas time to end my call
And homeward hie,
She came into the hall
To say good-bye.
Well, chide me if you list,
Such life who could resist?
Not I, who rashly kissed
Her on the sly.
But then, a swift regret.
Alas for me
If naught but frowns I met!
I turned to flee.
She calmly locked the door
And hid the key.
—Yale Record.

ONE MORE ON THE HUB.
"How alike are my darlings!" the fond mother cries,
As o'er the twins' cradle she tenderly leans.
"Yes, indeed," says her cultured Bostonian friend,
"They resemble each other as much as two beans."
—Brunonian.

A QUERY.
Though this is not an "Aggies" school,
Where farmers fill the soil,
But college, where the men are found
Who otherwise do toil;
Why is it in our building here,
Though it was built for men,
In every section that we go
We find a college hen?
—Trinity Tablet.

RONDEAU.
(From the French of Voiture.)
"Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau."
By Jove, I'm done for now, for Isabeau
Has conjured me to write her a rondeau.
This renders my embarrassment extreme;
What! thirteen lines to rhyme with eau or eme!
'Twere easier to build a boat, I know.
And now but five are done, a modest show.
The writing of a rondeau must be slow.
Now seven, now eight, add to complete the scheme;
By Jove, I'm done!
Again five verses must be writ in row,
Each verse in rhyme and metre so-and-so;
Eleven are done, and now I really seem
Near finished. Adding one more rhyme, say deem,
To close, I simply have to write below,
By Jove, I'm done!
—Trinity Tablet.

THE BIBLIOPHILE.
I sometimes wish that I could be
A very bookish man,
And read old authors lovingly,
As only bookworms can.
To sit curled up before one's fire,
A pipe between one's lips,
Absorbed in Herrick, Gay, or Prior,
The while old wine one sips,
Seems such a very perfect life,
The kind one reads about,
Where sorrow, envy, care, and strife
Have all been trundled out.
I dream that I'm a bibliophile
And run to first editions,
To bindings rare in every style—
Illusory cognitions!
I try to read,—but as a rule
Soon rest in silent sleep;
My tastes,—just cigarettes and pool,—
Are very low and cheap.
It's very nice to dream such dreams,
To fancy this and that,
But when one retrospect, it seems
One's thinking through one's hat.
—Harvard Lampoon.