A WISH.
Would that I were a gold lorgnette,
A dainty, trifling thing,
By which Bess weaves me in her net,
And makes love's arrows sting.
To be so near those eyes of blue
Were paradise indeed;
Held lightly by her hand in view
What bliss could I then need?
And though in most things we agree
And are sincere and true,
I, like the lorgnette, would not be
So easily seen through!

—Trinity Tablet.

FIRST AND LAST.
First puff,
Sick enough.
First beer,
Feels queer.
First whiskey,
Feels frisky.
First Rum,
Very glum.
Brandy mash,
Mental crash.
All combined,
Shattered mind.
All done,
Hearse for one.

—Free Lance.

COURSE V.
How doth the lazy chemical
Delight to scrap and fight.
He filters liquor all day long,
And quaffs it all the night.

—Red and Blue.

ECONOMICS.
Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the milkman merry,
And the grocer bland.

—Red and Blue.

THE MODEL STUDENT SPEAKS.
How doth the little busy grind
Improve each shining hour,
And labor foolishly to find
How knowledge brings him power!
I do not waste my time that way,—
For such I came not here;
My high aim is baseball to play,
In operas to appear.
All dates I am quite sure to make
[For glee club,—football games],
So that I may with honor take
The cuts which no one blames.
In spring recess I cannot work;
No trips must then be made;
But in my longed-for home I lurk,
’Til April fifth delayed.
I enter for the half-mile run,—
Not that I care to win;
I do it for the very fun
Of “loafing” from the gym.
The marking system I abhor;
It brings me to disgrace.
When Senior, I shall, free from law,
This tyranny displace.

—Brunonian.

BUT THEY’RE CALLED IN NOW.
You may talk of deeds of courage,
Of bravery and all that;
But the bravest man is after all
Who wears the first straw hat.

—Tattle Record.

AN ENTHUSIAST.
Should Paderewski play Tchaikowski,
’Twould make me feel sofiski
I’d have to leave the operahouski
And take a nipofwhiski.

—Yellow and Blue.

Souvenir.
It is only a bit of an old silk dress
That has fallen out of a long-closed drawer,
Yet I pause a moment before I press
Its faded folds in their place once more.
For there rises out of the hazy past
A summer evening of long ago.
When the dreamy waltz had stopped at last,
And out in the moonlight we wandered slow.
Nelly had torn her pale-blue gown,
And I took the bit that the rosebush caught;
For Nell was the prettiest girl in town,
And I,—I was madly in love, I thought.
She’s married now, and I’m single still;
She’d scarce remember me now, I know,
Yet this silken shred sends a sudden thrill
As I think of that evening long ago.

—H. A. R.