THE REGISTERING.

Before.

Full darkly doth he frown, I note;
Ah me, what terror is in store?
My “credits” seem so passing small
I would I had not come at all.

A look so piercing and so cold,
The “credits” shrink to half their size.
Yon Senior jokes and laughs the while
In shockingly irreverent style.

After.

’Tis done, at last! Such shattered hopes!
“Four terms conditioned,” saith my card.
I meekly bow to stern-eyed fate;
I would I were a Senior great.

HUMAN NATURE.

The spinster writes a set of rules
For “Keeping Baby Well”;
The jay reporter earns five plunks
With “Hints on Being Swell.”

TO SOME NEW BOOKS.

Books, with your lips yet dumb,
How strange to think you will be
Friends in the years to come,
An inseparable part of me.

A SAD AFFAIR.

In the spring he met a maiden.
Nothing very strange, I know;
But the summer found him flirting.
Ah! but she was pretty, though.

In the autumn, luck would have it,
That his wife discovered all.
And now he looks back sadly
At his state before the fall.

SOLID COUPLE.

We walked together in the wood,
We wandered far and wide;
About the same in class we stood,—
We flunked there side by side.

NO WONDER.

No wonder at the thoughts of war
Our feelings are made sick,
When brought to send their death afar
The cannons even kick.

No wonder that the sea is rough,
And waves so lofty break,
Since every ship that sails across
Tries many knots to make.

No wonder artists have good taste,
And they enjoy their plenty;
For every artist has, I know,
Of palettes well-nigh twenty.

—Yellow and Blue.

THE POINT.

“‘Well, that sticks me,’” the Preplet said,
And looked perplexed within.

“What, that subjunctive?” asked the Prof.
“No,” said the Prep.; “this pin.”

—Oberlin Review.

RENVOL.

Hark! hark! they’re on a lark;
Collegians have come to town;
Some with bags, and some with “jags,”
But none in cap and gown.

—Brunonian.

THE MER-KING’S DAUGHTER.

The mermaid high on the crested wave
Sings a song, now high, now low.
Wild is its pathos; she seems to rave;
Plaintive the song and full of woe.

Loud is the song, wild, wild its tune;
Clouds skim over the fitful moon.

She lashes the water with her tail,
Oh, voluptuous is the sight!

Her limbs all clothed in burning mail,
Outshining the moon so bright.

Then ceasing her song she parts the foam,
And dives deep down to her coral home.

What did the mer-king’s daughter see,
As the ospreys paused to watch her dive,
Paused in the deep all things alive,
As up from the depths ‘neath the ken of man
The sea-maid bore—a tomato can!

—Lampoon.