be no lunch room, and hence no question. For years it has been his fate to behold the greedy crew crowd and cram around the festive board, while the waiting maids pursued their unmolested way within the pale. But as we must eat, "it would seem that the Faculty" have been indeed slow to apply their interest in testing machines to intestinal ones. The lunch room officials appreciate the almighty dollar with the rest of us; and, above all, do the chair-tilting, grub-grabbing students render oppressive the steam-laden atmosphere ascending the spiral. Here are "eleven hundred students" (1#?; [-]!]) who alternate from Priest's to the "lunch" room, from boarding houses to "tin lunch pans," and yet the sticker remains. What an opportunity for capitalists! Even the Lounger is tempted to borrow a few scents, erect a commodious train shed, and dispense hash sandwiches, string croquettes, froth pies, water milk, salt and crackers to the groaning multitude.

**HER POSTSCRIPT.**

A postscript she wrote
At the end of her letter.
'Twas but a short note,—
A postscript she wrote,
On her postscripts I dote,
(Ten pages or better!)
A postscript she wrote
At the end of her letter.

---U. of P. Courier.

SHE SAYETH "NO."
She sayeth "No,"—my lady fair—
And lightly laughs at my despair,
She quick evades my least caress,
Nor grants to me a single tress
From out her wealth of golden hair,
Yet to her cheeks creeps crimson rare,
When I for her my love declare.
But while her blue eyes tell me "Yes,"
She sayeth, "No."
The maid well knew I would not dare
Try to escape her gentle snare.
And, if I really must confess,
I own I trust her lips far less
Than her blue eyes beyond compare.
She sayeth "No" —Dartmouth Lit.

**AND SO DID I.**

Before the fire, that winter's night,
None seemed so sweet as she,
With winning smile, and dark eyes bright,
And playful repartee.
The dancing light—as 'round it flashed
To her seemed drawing nigh—
Her slender waist pressed unabashed;
Thus guided, so did I.
It softly touched her cheeks aflame.
I scarce repressed a sigh.
It touched her lips. Dared I the same?
Too tempting; so did I.
Her ruby lips half-pouting seemed
My boldness to decay.
Pa's step was heard. The flame scarce gleamed,
Went out—and so did I.
---Dartmouth Lit.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.
Tell me, darling, if I asked you
Now, to be my wife,
Told you that I loved you madly,
More than my own life;
Would you answer 'yes' or 'no,' dear?—
Hopefully I stood.
But I wonder which she meant by
"Well, I think I would."
---University Cynic.

WHY?
The list of inconsistencies
It seems is never done;
Now, why should colors be called "fast"
Whene'er they never run?
---Lehigh Burr.

A STOLEN GLANCE.
I sing of the grace of a fleeting face,
And the charm of a hurried glance,
Of a form so neat, and a smile so sweet,
In the maze of the whirling dance.
I see her alone, then the vision has flown,
And the music grows dreamy and low;
The gay flashing light is not half so bright,
And my heart-beats are heavy and slow.
But my heart I conceal, till once more do I feel
The magical charm of her glance;
For she blushes so sweet, as our eyes again meet,
In the maze of the whirling dance.
---Brunonian.

Her hair as airy forms doth take
As wind-clouds in the skies;
A clear, unfathomed mountain lake,
The depths of her tender eyes.
Why is it then that I love best
Her hand so soft and fine,
And seeing it forget the rest
In wishing it was mine?
---Harvard Advocate.