**Original Verse.**

**A Furniture Romance.**

A piano loved a carpet gay,
On account of its "figure" trim;
"But the chair has the 'rocks,'" the carpet said;
"I think I'll marry him."

J. H. S., '96.

**My Shipshape Girl.**

BY A COURSE XIII.

I used to know a daisy girl,—
In fact I know her yet;
And everywhere she wants to go,
The boys go too, you bet.

She's built quite shipshape, don't you know,—
A thing which I admire,—
And calculated every time
Some feeling to inspire.

Her neck is long and sinewy,
Like that upon a swan;
A very tempting hook, indeed,
To hang coat sleeves upon.

Her waist, for it is built so trim,
Reminds me of a ship,
And yet it is not like a ship,
Albeit built so snug;
For while ships often hug the land,
She often lands the hug.

In fact, so finely is she built,
I think she'd do first rate
For any captain looking for
A good all-round first mate.

She's learning now to tread that deck
On land they call the stage;
And hopes ere many years have passed
To be quite all the rage.

So when they make her admiral,
Or commodore, or such,
And she goes stamping round her deck,
And sings to beat the Dutch,
And to her maintruck nails a broom
To show she's swept things clean,
And everybody says that she's
The finest ever seen,—
Why, then, I hope, she'll send to me
A parquet pass for two;
To pay, at advertising rates,
For all the verse I do.


**In Solitude.**

Alone, far from the scenes of student life,
One summer night I drifted on the lake,—
Leaving behind all struggling and all strife,—
And let the gentle winds of evening take
My craft where'er they willed. The silence deep
Was broken only by the sighing pines;
The white mist clouds, like myriad ghosts, did creep
Across the water's face in solemn lines;
While the full moon, climbing the eastern height,
Bathed all around in soft and silvery light.

How far away seemed all our world of care,
In realms of books and city's din, now spurned!
What whispered of the nobler lessons learned
From Nature's book,—her trees, her stars, her air?
Love, beauty, peace, alike are here discerned;
Each one a step in life's dim winding stair.

Perhaps 'tis in such moments that we feel
How far our souls may rise above the clod
And mire of life; such moments may reveal
How we through Nature meet with Nature's God,
And how the mysteries of our life may
Be but a fog cloud, soon to pass away.

S. C. P., '94.

**In the Shops.**

The Freshman saunters through the shops
With some one's sister Grace;
And wonders if projecting planes
Are made in such a place.

"How plane it is," remarks the Soph,
"My tools with ease to draw;
But why straight lines resemble curves,
I never clearly saw."

From country, city, town, and village,
The jolly Junior springs!
He forges iron, steel, and notes,
And these same notes he sings.

The Senior files away his thoughts
With iron dust and waste;
And wonders why his diamond point
So often gets misplaced.

They cut their fingers, knock out teeth,
Lose coat, and vest, and hat;
But brave mechanics they'll become,
Regardless of all that.

E. S. M., '96.

**A Modern Vulcan.**

Amid the soot and smoke beside his forge,
With anvil symphonies fortissimo,
The Junior toiled until the night drew on;
Gloom settled down,—his forge had ceased to glow.

He brushed his hand across the dull, gray pile,—
A veil the situation now requires;
He realized how true the poet's words,
"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

J. H. G.