TO A BEER MUG.
Cribbed from the “keller” one evening last fall,
Just as the lights were being turned low,
Now you hang in my room on the wall,
Not to be used, but simply to show.
Many a man from our old alma mater
Gayly has kissed with his lips your cold brim.
Then, too, you never once contained water,
But held a half litre of brown malt within.
Many a chorus girl lifted you slyly,
Peeping coquettishly over the foam,
Valuing meanwhile your contents most highly,
Never once thinking ’twas time to go home.
Then the gay revels in which you’ve assisted,
What, if you only could tell all you’ve seen.
But it is better you are not thus gifted,
For then what now is—might not have been.
—Red and Blue.

MY WISH.
If I could have a wish, I’d wish
You were my opportunity;
For then, you see, my dear, I could
Embrace you with impunity.
But if I ponder longer, dear,—
Second thoughts are best, they say,—
I’d rather that you were the poor,
Then you’d be with me alway.
—The Inlander.

SERENADE.
The peaceful sea has doffed to-night
Her garment gray and old;
Embroidered with the foam so white,
She wears a cloth of gold.
The summer stars all lie asleep
Upon the sky’s soft bed,
And silently the thin clouds creep,
Like shadows, overhead.
The moon in clouds would veil her face,
The sea foam blush for shame,
The stars would seek a hiding place
Should I but name thy name.
The wind that blows across the sand
Sings, in low tones, of thee;
The stars, thine eyes; the foam, thy hand;
Thy voice—the rippling sea.
—Conrant.

AN IDYL.
A maiden rare
With golden hair
Clust’ring round her neck so fair;
With eyes of brown,
Now looking down,
Now coyly raised to meet my own.
Alone we stand;
I hold her hand,
And softly make a bold demand;
A whispered “Hush!”
A timid blush
Spreads o’er her cheeks a roseate flush.
Her bosom swells,
And silent tells
The answering love that in it dwells.
Oh, joy! oh, bliss!
The boon was this,
No need to tell it, ’twas a kiss.
—The Red and Blue.

“THREE’S A CROWD.”
Crisp and hard lay the snow beneath,
The frosty air made young blood tingle,
As we glided over the polished road
To the sleigh bells merriest jingle.
We were warmly wrapped up to our chins in rugs,
Fur-proof against winter’s biting weather;
There was room in the sleigh for only two,
But,—three of us sleighed together.
The moon from the clear, cold sky above
Flooded the snow with a golden glory;
And I whispered—for how could I refrain—
The old, old, world-famous story.
Must have seemed quite a crowd, you say,
With three in the sleigh? Well, you are stupid!
Three’s a pleasanter company far than two,
When the person who crowds you is Cupid!
—Ex.

Ancestry.
If what we read in history’s true,
Course IV. dates from the flood,
For Noah was an architect
Of blue and noble blood.
Now Mrs. Noah made the bunks
And helped him, so ’tis said;
It seems to me ’tis likely quite
She was the first Co-ed!
H. E. H.

Fact is Stranger than Fiction.
There’s a ballad ’bout a bucket that little Willie kicked;
’Tis the sequel to the mirror that little Willie licked.
But Willie’s deed was nothing; now wonder never fails,—
A courageous old professor once swallowed ponies’ tales.
R. B. P.