"Shall I brain him?" cried the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't: it is a Freshman;
Just hit it on the head."

—University Courier.

DOUBLY LEFT.

My sweetheart sings in the choir;
How often I've wished to sit b'hoir.
I tried to get in,
But my voice was too thin,
And I scarce can repress my fierce ihoir.

—Oberlin Review.

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phillis and I fell out,
And natural it came about;
For once we took a toboggan slide,
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So—
Phillis and I fell out.

—Harvard Lampoon.

PETE'S SERENADE.

(After Shelley.)

My alarm clock wakes me up
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the clouds are hanging low,
And the east is showing light;
I put on fishing jeans,
Hang my rod upon my back,
And walk unnumbered miles
Far along a railroad track.
The weeping willows hang
O'er the dark, the silent stream;
The swirl of leaping fish
Breaks the water's rippled gleam.
The whippoorwill's complaint,
It dies within his throat
As worms will die in thine;
Only bite beneath my float.
O come out from the brook;
I splash, I wade, I roll;
Let thy tail the waters fling
Like nectar to my soul.
My legs are cold and stiff;
And hard it is to move,
O come and make me warm again.
Most noble trout, My Love!

—Courant.

AT THE PLAY.

Through an opera glass,
E'er the play was half over,
I once gazed at a lass,—
Through an opera glass,—
Of the tailor-made lass,
In the box with her lover.
Through an opera glass,
E'er the play was half over.

In the orchestra chairs
Her eyes rested a minute,
And she smiled—but who cares?—
In the orchestra chairs;
Yet the sweet look she wears,
Oh, who would not win it?
In the orchestra chairs
Her eyes rested a minute.
Through an opera glass
In my dreams I sit gazing,
For the face will not pass—
Cruel opera glass—
Of the tailor-made lass,
With her beauty amazing;
Through an opera glass,
O my heart is still gazing.

—Yale Courant.

A BALLAD OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

What do the dear girls learn, nowadays,
At all the colleges where they go?
They've no cane-rushes, nor football frays;
Whence can their wealth of wisdom flow?
Up at Wellesley they learn to row;
Gowns and mortar-boards, there, are swell;
They flirt in the shades of "Tupelo":
I have been there,—but I won't tell!
The Smith girls had the dramatic craze.
And even the critics puffed their show;
The Amherst men are loud in their praise;
They diet on pickled limes and Poe.
At good Mount Holyoke, which some deem slow.
They learn to cook and to sweep as well;
Along with their Greek they're taught to sew:
I have been there,—but I won't tell!
Cornell's "Co-ed's" have flattering ways;
Many a soul they have filled with woe;
Up at Vassar they're prone to stays,
And no girl there can have a beau;
All those beautiful blooms must throw
Their sweetness away where no man may dwell;
Rules can be cheated, sometimes, though:
I have been there,—but I won't tell!

Envo.

Girls, the Blue and the Crimson know
How a tryst is kept after bedtime bell.
"Hush-sh," you whisper, "be cautious!" Oh,
I have been there,—but I won't tell!

—Ex.