RIGHT IN THE CROSSING.

O ye co-eds, so potential,
There is one thing you can do:
You can perch yourself upon one foot
And put on an overshoe.
—U. of M. Wrinkle.

WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

"My boy, you look weary and wan;
You are working too hard with your Greek,
To try, from constructions obscure,
Some plausible meaning to seek."

"No, no," he wearily said,
"The meaning I plainly can see;
But I'm worn out trying to make
The text and the pony agree."
—S. W. P. U. Journal.

"Pray answer me this:
What shape is a kiss,
O maiden, most charming and fickle?"

"Why, sir," answered she,
"It seemeth to me
That I surely should call it
A lip-tickle."
—Ex.

WHEN DAYS WERE YOUNG.

My heart recalls a lass of tender years,
Brings back the ken of childish smiles and tears,
Of games in mud from morn till evening dew,
Of grand stone kings and great dirt-castles, too.
She the great builder, I like slave that fears,
Ruled by those despot words that boyhood hears,
"All right for you."

Far from that dale of childish building days,
In firmer castles we have shaped our ways;
Yet airy walls and sandy castles too,
Still now remain to make the picture true.
And still there bides to add to memory's praise,
Those sweet-remembered words of long-gone days,
"All right for you."
—Yale Courant.

Morae as metrical units of feet
The Greeks were accustomed to class.
But metre's the unit that seemeth most meet,
For meters are measures of gas.
—Univ. Beacon.

A HEATHENISH RITE.

To write or not to write,
I wish I knew;
For when I've naught to write
What can I do,
When verses fresh and bright
Are over due?
These lines, and not two right,—
I'm mixed, 'tis true,—
Are tied in a knot, too right.
—Brunonian

BOSTON GIRL'S VERSION.

Scintillate, scintillate, globule orific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.
When torrid Phcebus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the region supernal,
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.
—Squibs.

GENTLY FLOWING.

Out o'er the mellow landscape,
Down in the vale below,
Creeping, the silent river
Gently moves and slow.
Like unto liquid silver,
Musing, it glides, and free,
Down in the infinite distance,
Down, melting down, to the sea.
Great in thy majesty art thou!
Sacred thy peaceful flow!
Hallowed thy beauteous bosom!
Saintly thy shimmering glow!
—Brunonian.

His Nationality.

At first-year French, "Oh, D— !" he sighed;
Alike he trembled when
The Prof., in desperation, cried,
"Etes vous Americain?"
The man to whom this question came
Knew little of the art,
And answered, with a blush of shame,
"Je suis un Democrat!"
—S. L. H.

An Impossibility.

Last night, in peaceful slumbers, we
Did dream a dream, until
In columns vast, subscribers came,
Each man to pay his bill.