She frowned on him and called him Mr.,
Because in fun he only Kr.;
And so in spite,
The very next night,
This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.
—Beloit Round Table.

SONG OF THE SPORT.
Did you ever, turning in your bed, hear the old bell ring
For a nine o'clock, and blithely cut the damned thing?
Did you ever creep in crawling and most unwilling way
To hear what certain chappies up in U. 5 had to say?

Did you ever "run a chip," or "put down the several bots,"
Or "work a dead smooth racket" with the aid of certain "trots"?
Did you ever "hit a blue book" where "Jessie wears the beads?"
And have you ever worn a suit of Sophomore tweeds?

Did you ever "gambol on the green," or "try a little hand,"
Or "win out the erstwhile dolls," or "tamper with the band,"
Or "monkey with the left hind foot," or "snake a shoplet sign,"
Or have the "little feasti," that is, "set up the gorgeous wine?"

Have you ever ridden into Town in that old Public Cab?
In "suping" at the Howard have you ever "made a stab?"
Have you ever "seen" a "chorus-child" when "taking in the shows?"
And, let me whisper softly, have you "had it up the nose?"

Do you know of "Reddy," "Cap," and "Butch," and all the other touts?
Have you ever made a whole street sad with queerly given shouts?
Are you of they who jolly up to Mr. Billy's bar?
And have you ever failed to catch that "last," elusive car?

If you've ever done a part of all the foolish, funny things;
Been vulgar and been joyous, and had some jolly flings;
Had share in all the slashing fun of a night that soon must cease,
Then you've "got the best" of Harvard, and may go your way in peace.
—Harvard Lampoon.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.
Poor Mabel had died of heartbreak,
And Frank was disgraced for life,
And Roland had stood and thundered
A curse on his faithless wife;
Eliza was hopelessly crippled,
And Robert had lost his cash,
And the whole world seemed to totter
On the edge of a fearful crash.

But a moment, and lo! the victims
Grew merry, and taunted and chaffed,
And Mabel, who died of sorrow,
Sat up in her chair and laughed.
And it's easy to tell the reason,
Though maybe you wouldn't guess
That the curtain had just been lowered,
And the play was a grand success.
—The Red and Blue.

THE POET.
In the heavy web of the loom of life
He weaveth his fancies to and fro,
And the golden threads of his verse will show
The pictured tale of his earthly strife.

But the artist dieth; the web is hung,
With never a thought for its imagery;
And in passing years, to the tapestry,
The dust and grime of neglect have clung.

All tarnished now is the thread of gold,
The picture is blurred by the lapse of time;
But there's one has seen mid the dust and grime
That tale which the long-dead poet told,—
That strange new song with a sweet refrain,
A song that whispers of life and love,
With the singer's heartbeats interwove.
So, long forgotten, he lives again.
—Cornell Era.

THE WANDERER.
"Tis darkness alone that befriends me;
Caresses of night's cooling breeze
Is all that is left to console me;
The twilight alone bringeth ease.

And here in this haven of silence,
Where cares are laid by till the day,
Deep down in my heart love's remembrance
Burns brightly for those far away.

And softly through tightly drawn curtains,
That veil life's invisible years,
Steals the form of a tear-blended vision,
The memory of those held so dear.

"Tis only the breath of the pine trees
Can conjure from out of my breast
One moment of joy in remembrance;
The twilight alone bringeth rest.
—Yale Courant.