A QUERY.
“What is college spirit?”
She blushingly drew near.
“I know that students like it;
Now is it wine or beer?”
—Lafayette.

HIS FOOTBALL HAIR.
Now doth the gay collegian
Most diligently train
Not alone his football muscle,
But therewith his football mane.
—Town.

MATHEMATICAL.
Secants and cotangents were Greek to him,
Logarithms especially hard;
But (sines) signs such as these he very well knew,
“3, 4, 5—between tackle and guard.”
—Lafayette.

ROUGH.
A young Junior Pharmacy tough,
While mixing a compound of stough,
Dropped a match in the phial,
And in a brief whial
They found his front teeth and one cough.
—Ex.

THE MOTHER MOON.
’Twas the youngest child of the Mother Moon,
Slender, shivering, shy;
And the hard old stars, with their pitless eyes,
Looked from the endless sky.

We are lingering there where the river is high,
Marie and I and the moon;
O let not the love of my life pass by!
Let her turn to me tenderly soon.

We are waiting again in the moonlight fair,
While gold fills the delicate ring,
And Love, unbound on the sorrowing air,
Has unfolded his wings to sing.

She is rising heavily, old and late;
But the fragrance of incense I offer her still,
For she carries my sorrow away from earth’s gate,
And a little new moon lies over the hill.
—Wellesley Magazine.

ADHESIVE AFFECTION.
A fish who’d been killed for the sake of his hide,
And to glue had been lately transferred,
Told his love to the blotter which lay at his side,
And fell on her face at the word.

Said the blotter so coyly, “I think that’s too thin;”
When up spoke the fish,
a la glue,
“There. Though I know that I am somewhat of a skin,
You can see that I’m dead stuck on you.”
—Brunonian.

A SIGN OF FALL.
’Tis now the football critic
Sets all the world aflame
With wise prognostications
About the coming game.

He talks of how the game has changed
Since good old days of yore;
And tells how Tackell played the game
Way back in “eighty-four.”

He criticizes every play,
And sums it all up in,
“If Yale scores more than Harvard,
She surely ought to win.”
—Yale Record.

A PONY.
His Latin and Greek, his French and German,
He came for me to read;
He gave me his thanks, but never money;
His readings were free indeed.

But I stopped one day; I would do it no longer,
Because I could plainly see,
As he received from me these free translations,
He was playing horse with me.
—The Lafayette.

“FISH ON FRIDAY.”
The landlady’s daughter was singing a song
In a voice that was sweet as could be;
And the burden thereof was a statement old,
“There are lots of good fish in the sea.”
The Freshman upstairs of his dinner thought
When he heard of “good fish,” did he;
And he sighed, for the day was Friday, alas!
To think they were all in the sea.
—Yale Record.

“ONLY A LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.”
“Only a lock of golden hair,”
The lover wrote. “Perchance to-night
It formeth on her pillow fair
A halo bright.”

“Only a lock of golden hair,”
The maiden, smiling, sweetly said,
As she laid it over the back of the chair
And went to bed.
—The Crescent.

THE LANDLADY’S SONG.
She is rising heavily, old and late;
But the fragrance of incense I offer her still,
For she carries my sorrow away from earth’s gate,
And a little new moon lies over the hill.
—Wellesley Magazine.