HER ANSWERS.
I vowed on my knees that I loved her,
Asked for her heart ere I went;
But she said that really she couldn't,
Because just at present 'twas Lent.
—Brunonian.

DEAD HEAT.
He called on a maiden fair one eve,
When on Heat he should have polled.
He had a pleasant time—but, alas,
In exam. he went up Cold.
—Lafayette.

EXAMS.
Examinations were being discussed
By a Classical and a Tech.
"Applied Mechanics," the latter said,
"We got right in the neck."
The Classical student then declared,
On his brow a heavy frown,
We Classicals got far worse than that—
"We got Demosthenes on the Crown."
—Lafayette.

On one Tuesday evening fine,
While walking through the hall,
I was as if by fate
On a freshman led to call.
The boy was looking very glum,
With an algebra on his knee,
And how to solve a certain sum
He couldn't exactly see.
On a soph's door I next did tap;
He was apparently very sweet,
With a yellow-backed novel in his lap
And his chemistry at his feet.
A junior's door I entered next,
He was the picture of distress;
He had written a letter to his girl,
And had forgotten the address.
The last door was a senior's room,
And I thought I would call on him;
But the freshman kindly informed me
That the senior was not in.
—W. U. Courant.

"Oh hum!" yawned young Willieboy,
Waking one morn,
And his watch ticked at ten and a quarter,
"I find that if I would
Be up with the sun,
I mustn't sit up with the daughter."
—Student Life.

You say you took me for a saint
Until, forsooth, one day
You came to know me for a thief,
Who stole your heart away.
But tarry, sir, ere you condemn,
Nor judge so hastily;
You know a difference lies between
Exchange and robbery.
—Princeton Tiger.

AN EVOLUTION.
I saw her first at Stanford,
A Miss of modest mien,
A rosebud little Freshman,
Of bashful "sweet sixteen."
When she became a Sophomore
Her days were full of joys,
Her "major" was society,
Her themes, they were on "boys."
A junior grown, more popular
Than ever she became.
The youth most unsusceptible
Would tremble at her name.
Alas, for empires fallen,
For nature's stern decree,
Arrived at aged Seniorhood,
A College Widow, she!
—Sequoia.

MY TYPEWRITER.
When'er I see her pretty face,
Low o'er the keyboard bending,
And watch her winning, girlish grace,
To this old office lending
A brighter gleam of sun and light,
I can't think, I declare,
That she's the girl with whom I fight
About my work, and swear.
And as I watch her fingers pink
Fast flying o'er the keys,
Half tenderly I sit and think
Of what my fancy sees.
And at the end of every day
When she with whom I've battled
Has gone, to her machine I say,
"No wonder you get rattled."
—Siobud.