Eyes were made to droop,
Cheeks were made to blush,
Hair was made to crimp and curl,
Lips were made—oh hush!

—Obertin Review.

"Tom talks like a book, in this you'll agree."
"Well, yes," said his rival, "tis true.
He talks like a book—would to heaven that he
Would shut up as easily too!"

—The Lafayette.

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.
A nymph there was in Arcadie
Who owned a crystal spring;
And there she'd wash, sans mackintosh,
B'gosh, or anything.

A youth there was in Arcadie
Who hunted o'er the brooks;
He would not tote no overcoat,
But traveled on his looks.

Though Ancient Greece had no police
The gods did as they orter;
To put them quite from mortal sight
They turned them into water!

—The Morningside.

IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.
Alone, absorbed, she sits and reads
From heavy tomes of dingy brown
The history of ancient deeds,
Of old beliefs, of worn-out creeds;
And flooding all the open space,
The sun shines in upon the place,
Rests lightly on that fresh young face,
Revealing in her simple grace,
Elizabeth in cap and gown.

What though no lover may adore?
And marble heroes all look down
With cold eyes changeless evermore
At this sweet girl, a sophomore—
I know no picture half so fair
As she is, with her dark brown hair,
Her earnest face, her quiet air.
May Heaven bless her reading there!
Elizabeth—in cap and gown!

—Bachelor of Arts.

EUCHRED.

Act I.
My roommate to a card party went;
On his breast flashed a diamond grand.
Said his partner: "Your diamond quite takes my heart,"
And with it she gave him her hand.

Act II.
When I learned how the diamond had won him a heart,
I thought I would try it a rub;
But her father dealt out the hand for the girl,—
My diamond won only a club!

—The Unit.

ACKNOWLEDGED SUPREMACY.
Said old King Cole,
I'm a merry old soul
And my tune has not been forgotten,
But between you and me
As a two-step, said he,
I will have to give up to King Cotton.

—Yale Record.

SHE TOOK THE HINT.
A robber chief bold
A new woman told
She could only be freed by a ransom.
But bloomers, they say,
Give the limbs freer play,
And you bet your sweet life that she ran some.

—Yale Record.

A FOOTBALL TRAGEDY.
She clung to him, the game was o'er,
Content was in her soul;
"Dear heart, I'm very happy, now
That you have come back whole."
With gentle hand he smoothed her curls
And tried to keep a laugh back;
"My dear, your joy is premature,
For I am only half-back."

—University of Chicago Weekly.

A LITTLE SARCASTIC.
"Twas Harry who the silence broke.
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm bored," she spoke.
"Oh, no, because you're woo'd," said he.
"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a—heart?" he asked so low.
Her answer made the young man red:
"Because you're sappy, don't you know."

Once more she asked, "Why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes, and make a bough,
And you may also bough and leave."

—The Tatler.