An Elegy.

But one short term this Freshman stayed,
Though divers marks had he.
His mid-report the F's displayed;
His card, the P P C.

Freshman Logic.

In Chemistry we were told one time
By jolly Professor Pope,
"Add soluble soap to a calcium salt,
And you'll get a calcium soap."
"Then," said a thoughtful Freshman,
As his eye lit up with hope,
"If to pear juice I add the solution
Perhaps I shall get Pear's soap.

Cholly's Idea.

Latht night I called on Floththie,
Athked her to be my bwide,
Told her I loved her deahly,
Would nevah leave her thide.
But Floththie anthered cwewelly,
"I don't caah foah you, you thee,
And I can't be even your brothah"—
Then a cwewel thmile thmiled she.

Treed.

A spruce young man adored a maid,
His love she did decline;
And this young man, so spruce before,
Turned quick as thought to pine.

A word to the wise is sufficient,"
Is a maxim we've frequently heard;
And now what we want is a maxim
To tell us just what is that word.

She was walking with my rival,
As they chanced to homeward roam;
It was from my garret window
I was seeing Nellie home.

Stars.

We strolled i' the twilight when the sun had set,
And as we strolled, we looked and saw afar,
Sending its tiny beam to mortal eyes,
A single star.

I looked into her eyes, and then methought
That, tho' long lashes interposed their bars,
Before me shining bright as those of Heaven,
I saw two stars.

Who could resist! I knew 'twas wrong, and yet,
Since prudence lover's pleasure never mars,
I kissed her. Then, in half a second's time,
I saw more stars.

Cholly's Idea.

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Athked her to be my bwide,
Told her I loved her deahly,
Would nevah leave her thide.
But Floththie anthered cwewelly,
"I don't caah foah you, you thee,
And I can't be even your brothah"—
Then a cwewel thmile thmiled she.

A Decadent Ass.

An ass with long, green ears
And pinkish hairs,
Was browsing on the purple grass;
No thoughts he had,
He was a Beardsley Ass.

The Wind.

The wind is a bachelor,
Merry and free;
He roves at his pleasure
O'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake,
And he kisses each flower,
And he sleeps when he lists
In a jas'mine bower.

He gives to the cheek
Of each maiden its bloom (?);
He tastes her warm kisses,
Enjoys her perfume;
But, triumphant, often
The sweets that he sips
Are lavished the next moment
On lovelier lips.

Maids petite, and maidens stately,
You were with us only lately,
But not now.
How we loved your tender glances,
Fed our hearts on sweetest fancies.
Made to beauty which entrances,
Our best bow.

Broken hearts you leave behind,
When their number you shall find,
You'll repent.
Ah, you fickle maids, you knew,
If your misdeeds you should rue,
Fullest penance you could do,
Soon—in Lent.

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An ass with long, green ears
And pinkish hairs,
Was browsing on the purple grass;
No thoughts he had,
He was a Beardsley Ass.

—Yale Record.

The Morningside.

The Wind.

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Merry and free;
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O'er land and o'er sea;
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—Univ. W. Courant.