**DAY AND NIGHT.**

Day is a gorgeous butterfly,
That hovers aloft in the azure sky;
Night is a beetle, grim and black,
That rolls the world on its ebon back!

---Distaff.

A girl once had me for a beau,
And oft to her house did I go.
But when the time came,
I proposed to the same,
She archly replied, "Eau, neau, neau!"

---Oberlin Review.

**AFTER THE BALL.**

After the ball is over;
Nay, it is never done!
All the year round some lover
Keeps up the spheric fun!
Ivory ball or leather,
Someone will run or sprawl,
Whate'er the hour or weather,
After the ball.

---Academic Observer.

Our housetop rook, a pet of pa's,
One day made much ado;
We asked him why, he said his caws
Was that the chimney flue.

---University Chronicle.

**THE PROPER BRAND.**

A bachelor dwelt in this city, 'tis said,
In smoking he passed time away.
He liked his cigars of the Havana brand;
For these any sum he would pay.

He loved three sweet maidens of beauty most rare,
Named Florence and Anna and Ray,
But which one to marry he never could choose,
So matters continued that way.

His love of cigars solved the question at last;
He said as he asked for her hand,
"Of course I'll have Anna, for every one knows
Havana's my favorite brand."

---Free Lance.

**MATHEMATICS.**

There was a man in Stevens Tech.,
And he was wondrous wise.
By differentiating he
Had ruined both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were bad,
As bad as bad could be,
Said he, "Now let us integrate,
And thus get back our C." (See?)

---Stevens Life.

**CRIOLETS.**

I.

As I fastened her skate
The strap wouldn't buckle,
And the rest wouldn't wait
As I fastened her skate,
For they said we'd be late;
Whereat I did chuckle.
As I fastened her skate,
The strap wouldn't buckle.

II.

So cold was the night,
And her cheeks were cold, too.
Though it wasn't quite right,
So cold was the night,
And so sad was her plight,
That I—well, wouldn't you?
So cold was the night,
And her cheeks were cold, too.

---Free Lance.

**A SOLILOQUY.**

Shall I be like the other girls,
When I'm in love?
And "blush," and "sigh," and "toss my curls,"
When I'm in love?
Shall I look in the mirror from morn till night,
Arranging my toilet to charm his sight,
When I'm in love?
Shall I be jealous, scold or fret,
When I'm in love?
Shall I "spoon" every chance I get,
When I'm in love?
When he goes away shall I ever miss him?
And when he comes back shall I want—to kiss him?
When I'm in love?
Shall I agree on "woman's sphere,"
When I'm in love?
Shall I say, "As you think, my dear,"
When I'm in love?
Shall I slight my own for his high ideals,
Content with the rapture of cooking his meals—
Oh, I don't want to be in love!

---Chronicle.