

## HOW ABOUT IT.

Tell me not deluded student,  
Ponies are an empty dream ;  
If they're used with proper prudence,  
Of their presence Profs. ne'er dream.

Cribs are real to their possessors,  
And they help to reach the goal ;  
How to reach the stern professors  
Bothers every student's soul.

Not enjoyment, only sorrow,  
'Tends the honest student's way ;  
Slyly we our lessons borrow,  
Then play football all the day.

Greek is long, and time is flying,  
Maidens are strolling down the walk ;  
Quickly then our clubs applying,  
We go out and have a talk.

In the college field of learning,  
In the class room's busy strife  
While the rest success are earning,  
We ride ponies big as life.

Trust no author for your lessons,  
For the pony's much the best ;  
Crib—crib your language lessons,  
And stop your flunking like the rest.

Former students don't deceive us,  
For the ponies used of yore,  
Though departed still they leave us  
Footprints on the sands of lore.

Footprints which we view with gladness,  
Sailing o'er the college main.  
Though forlorn and filled with sadness,  
Quickly we take heart again.

Thus we go all study spurning ;  
And maybe when our course is done,  
We will have as much of learning  
As when it was first begun. —*Ex.*

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"Tempus fugit," said the Roman ;  
Yes, alas, 'tis fleeing on,  
Ever coming, ever going,  
Life is short and soon 'tis gone.  
But as I think of next vacation,  
Pouring o'er these lessons huge  
Ever harder, ever longer,  
All I say is, "Let her 'fuge'." —*Yale Record.*

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Latest law in physics—The deportment of a pupil varies directly as the distance from the professor's desk.—*Dickinsonian.*

We have another law at P. S. C. ; the liability of a man to get *fred* varies inversely as the third power of his *pull*.

## MEMORY'S HARP.

Easter lilies tall and fair,  
Shed sweet perfume on the air,  
From their bell-formed throats so yellow,  
Hark ! I hear a music mellow.

For their fragrance softly rings  
Gentle music to the strings  
Of my memory's harp ; I hear  
Sweet vibrations echoing near.

As that music gently swells,  
Tales of long ago it tells,  
Life's sweet spring time it recalls ;  
Fallen are Time's barrier walls.

But the fragrance slowly wanes,  
Dying are the memory strains,  
Sweeter music ne'er was known  
Than this music that hath flown.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

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Decline " 'Ihr Geliebter " "  
The teacher said ;  
But the modest maiden hung her head,  
And with sly glance at the teacher said,  
"Oh ! But I can't,  
For I've accepted my Geliebter." —*Sibyl.*

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## LAW OF LOVE.

No formal contract is required,  
No attention is desired,  
No witty lawyer need be hired  
To plead in equity.

If only love their hearts has stirred  
And each that love has felt or heard  
They may without a single word  
Commit embracery. —*Ex.*

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A little iron,  
A cunning curl ;  
A box of powder,  
A pretty girl.  
A little rain,  
Away it goes ;  
A homely girl  
With a freckled nose. —*Ex.*

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Two maids as fair as fair can be,  
Fair maids, both blonde are they,  
But both coquettes and shallow-souled,  
Dressed up in style to-day.

They paint sometimes when color fails,  
Delight in laces fine,  
Two maids, two ready-mades are they  
Those russet shoes of mine." —*Williams Verse.*