

*The Free Lance.*

## THE UNTRUTHFUL DAISY.

She wandered where the daisies grew;  
 Her lips were red, her eyes were blue.  
 She plucked a daisy from its bed,  
 And broke each petal as she said:

"He loves me, he loves me not;  
 He loves me, he loves me not;  
 He loves me—daisy, tell me so."  
 The final petal answers, "No."

She laughed, but one small tear-drop bold  
 Spread secrets of the heart untold.

"He loves me not?" She tossed her head;  
 "Why, daisy, you tell lies," she said.

*Richmond College Messenger.*

## JUST BEYOND.

I want to be a sophomore,  
 And with the freshies fight,  
 An enemy of faculty,  
 To flunk my chief delight.

I want to be a junior,  
 A man of fair report,  
 A fashion plate of the latest date,  
 A good old royal sport.

I want to be a senior,  
 Admired throughout the land,  
 A cap and gown speak my renown,  
 Diploma in my hand.

*—Syracuse University Herald.*

## IN SUMMERTIME.

Said he to his fair lady,  
 On a lovely night in June:  
 "I long to linger longer  
 In the fullness of the moon,  
 But it gets so awfully late, you know,  
 So awfully soon."