

"Wilt thou, fair maid," the poet said,
"A couplet make with me?"
She smiled, she blushed, then hung her head,
"I'm not averse," said she.

"I may not be able to set the world on fire," remarked the Senior as the speedometer passed sixty-four, "but at least I can burn up the road."

THE D. S. TEA.

Delta Sigma with Donaldas is the feminine for "Lit"
Where they practice suffragetting—slay each other with their wit.
"Food for intellect and body" was the message that they sent
T'ween the College and the Union, I was starving, so I went.
I was greeted at the portal by a damsel in a gown,
And she took me unsuspecting, in a room she sat me down
Where electric lights, red shaded, glowed upon the maidens fair,
They pianoed "Cuddle Closer," but we really didn't dare;
The presider said the speaker was a feather in her cap,
We think she meant a turban, but we will not stop to scrap.
Then we heard of modern poets all uncertain in their heads
And they blamed it all on Science—rather odd 'twas not the Meds.
We heard of granny sailing downward on a river on a leaf,
Soliloquizing on the baby and expressed a horrid grief
He'd become a little scout and maybe have to fight
Crazy armies battling blindly in the middle of the night.
He drew a fancy picture—in some hollyhocks he found
Maiden Nature décolletée sleeping out upon the ground,
Her shoulders sparkling frosty—really quite a classy kid,
But think about bronchitis if she ever really did;
Then there'd be a little coffin with a tombstone over that,
Telling how with vows all tongueless she would enter Dead-head's Frat.

Can you fancy your man genius with an ill attempted grace,
Tea and sandwich in his fingers—sickly smile upon his face,
Bowing introductions, and between them try to make
A man's appetite be happy with a milligram of cake.
There, of course, are compensations—so we stand it if we can—
And we have the satisfaction "I'm a literary man."