

Our money is not like dirt down here,—not so easy to get as to spend.

Funny that I should always be broke, and none has a shekel to lend.

The same every year, it seems rather queer, I never can save up the dough;

And while you are out of the little iron men, your life at a college is slow.

This life is only a jumble. B.A.'s are not always the best.

Many a fellow is famous, though he has not drawn one with the rest.

Often I sit and wonder, if it's worth while this learning to seek,
When I think of the long, long hours alone spent on English and Latin and Greek.

Seven long years at the college,—struggling to soar above,
Striving to study old Ganot and Zig., and things that I never can love,

Bathed in her praise and glory,—fighting her censure and blame.
Seven years in the college,—years that all seem the same.

They seem all the same, but no matter, I must keep on learning still more,

But I can't settle down to review, in my mind, the work I've done before.

The exams. are on and I'm so tired, I'll just lie down on the bed,—
To-morrow 'll study,—then I'll repent for the life that I have led!

THEODORE J. KELLY.