

THE VASSAR GIRL'S LAMENT.

We send the pigskin flying
Like a burnt-out shooting star,
As we play our games of foot ball
Up here at old Vassar,
We chase across the gridiron,
We plan the rush and run,
But when the ball's kicked o'er the goal
The Vassar girl is done.

For here there are no plaudits,
No shout of victory.
No thundrous tongues to raise the cry,
No thousand eyes to see.
"You've won the game! You've won the game!"
Our Freshmen comrades say;
But there's no mighty voice to shout:
"Hurrah for Rose and Gray!"

"Oh, why is this?" we cry aloud,
"Give us the reason true,
Why is it that the Rose and Gray
Can't kick with Orange and Blue?"
"Hush, hush, my dears," the teachers wise
Unto the players say:
"It can not be until your clothes
Are built some other way."

NERVE.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

You may ask fur yer gold an' fur silver,
You may ask fur good looks or fur grace,
You may ask fur tact or fur talent,
To help you gay fortune to chase,
But fur me, if I war a askin'
Fur that which my purpose would serve,
I'd ask fur a supply o' that precious

Peculiar possession called nerve.

'Tis nerve that helps the great statesman,
'Tis nerve that brings a man gold,
'Tis nerve that gives a man courage
'Tis nerve that makes a man bold,
'Tis nerve that wins among women,
An' makes a man socially sure,
'Tis nerve that gives a man braveness
Th' ills of this life to endure.
'Tis nerve that helps the bank-robber,
An' th' minister preachin' o' hell
Needs nerve to help in the burden
O' its fearful tortures to tell
'Tis nerve that makes you most happy
Through all this world's buffets an' strife
An' young man you'll find it takes great
nerve

When it comes to gettin' a wife.

UNI.



1. Hare—Hello! that turnip looks good



2—but there comes a dog—



3—I guess I'll let him take the first bite—



4—and I'll finish it.

DEAD LEAVES.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

Whirl! dead leaves whirl!
In your withered waltz of death,
Whirl to the dirging music piped
By autumn's mournful breath.
Whirl! dead leaves whirl!
Dance with the ghostly breeze,
Over the bare brown earth,
Under the naked trees.
Whirl! dead leaves whirl!
And drift in a dreary dance
Like our short lives
Blown here and there by chance.

—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

HER PECULIARITIES.

How doth the little blushing maid
Employ each shining hour?
Doth she in sober thought arrayed,
Learn knowledge that is power?
Say, doth she mend her father's socks,
And cook his evening meal?
And doth she make her own sweet frocks,
With adolescent zeal?
Not much; not much. She knows it all;
She doth not need to learn.
She thinks of naught but rout or ball,
And which youth shall be her'n.
She hustles for a diamond ring;
She cares not for her dad.
She does not make him anything—
Except, she makes him mad.

—TOM HALL.

SAVED SOME.

"Be mine," suddenly exclaimed the youth.
With joy she fell into his arms, acquiescently.
"I was afraid," she faltered, tremulously,
"that you hadn't the face to ask me."
True, he had left a large portion of his
countenance on the field where last he con-
tended at foot ball but he had enough, left
for this business.

GALLANT.

London Tid Bits.

She—You serpent.
He [gallantly]—You shake charmer.