

The Song of the Trick.

The original from which Hood conceived his "Song of the Shirt."

With eyelids heavy and red,
 With tense, distracted look,
 A student sat, in scant deshabelle,
 Turning the leaves of a book.

Turn—turn—turn—

Though heartily tired and sick
 Of rhetorical beauties, hard to learn,
 He sings, and closes his "trick."

Read—read—read—

For to morrow we have an "exam.,"
 And read—read—read—
 'Till your head with Greek you cram!
 Noun and adverb and verb,
 Verb and adverb and noun,
 'Till over the task I fall asleep,
 And parse in my dreams profound.

Read—read—read—

Though the fire is dying fast,
 And read—read—read—
 'Till the lamp goes out at last!
 O 'twere better to be a clown!
 A dull, unlearned hind—
 Than slave away for Learning's crown
 To calm contentment blind!

O pride, ambitious pride,
 Which to be foremost strives,
 Not only the brain you are wearing out,
 But the warp and woof of lives!

Work—work—work—

With boyish, eager zest,
 And maddening strife for worthless things—
 Disdaining peace and rest.

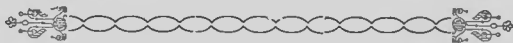
Work—work—work—
With mind in thralldom bent—
And what do I gain—is it worth my while—
When the tiresome time is spent?
A higher place on the “Blue List,”
A deeper knowledge of things
Whose use no man has ever found—
Such is the meed it brings!

Read!—read!—read!—
The thoughts of other men
Are crammed and crowded in my brain—
And nothing else, I ken.

Read—read—read—
I seek and seek in vain
Some thought which is my own,
And find a jumbled heap of things
My mind has never known!

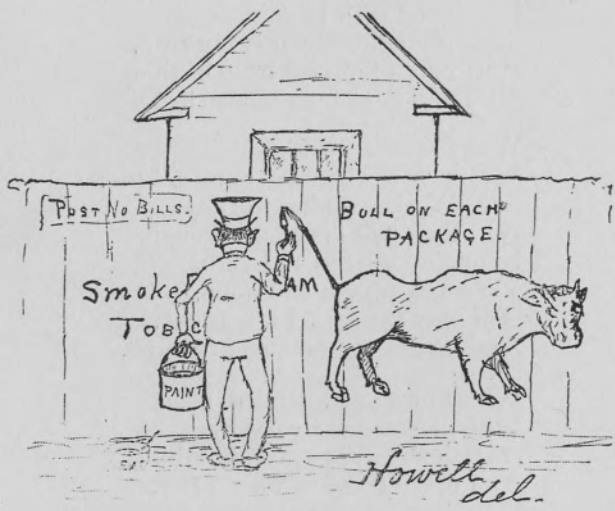
Work—work—work—
With “tricks” and “ponies,” too;
Work—work—work—
And they will drag me through.
Noun and adverb and verb,
Verb and adverb and noun,
’Till over the task I fall asleep,
And con in my dreams profound.

With bowed and bended head,
With closed and weary eyes,
A student sat, in scant dishabille,
And dreamed of making a rise.
Sleep—sleep—sleep—
So heartily tired and sick
Of rhetorical beauties—hard to learn—
He snores, with his head on his “trick.”



(In Prof. Rutherford's room) “Mr. Green, what formula do you wish?”

Green (who is thinking of his dinner hour) absent mindedly—“Ah, the wing, thank you, if its convenient.”



THE MYSTIC THREE.

It was a mild midnight,
A storm was on the sky,
The street lamps trembled faintly
In the winds that whistled by ;
The rains poured down in torrents,
Drenching the thirsty earth,
And seemed to have no limit
In the clouds which gave them birth.

The quiet folks of Athens
Have long since been asleep,
When to the College chapel door,
Three unknown students creep.
What can they mean by coming forth
At this unusual hour,
Defying firm old Boreas,
In all his raging power ?

See, now they break the window pane,
And in the hall they go,
And for a minute all is still,
Except the tempest's roar.
But hush! there comes a swelling sound
From out that chapel dome,
Which travels through the wind and rain
To every Athens home.

Pale merchants haste to find the fire,
Atremble with distress,
And ladies crowd the window panes
With slight regard to dress.
Cran Oliver, the police chief,
E'en braves the raging storm,
And sallies forth with rapid strides,
To—show his uniform.

"Where is the fire?" he cried aloud—
It seemed that none could tell.
Till bye and bye some fellow said :
"Its that darned College bell!"
At once the crowds went to their homes,
With anger and disgust,
And those three students still unknown,
Ye Gods! How they were cussed!

❖ MAID OF ATHENS ❖

I.

She's but joking, must be joking,
When she vows she's sweet sixteen —
'Tis a monstrous fib she's telling,
Just because you are so green;
For I speak in sober earnest,
Telling what I surely know,
That she reached the age of twenty
Ten or fifteen years ago!

II.

Do be careful, do be careful,
For she's growing desperate now;
Many lovers, but no husband —
Direful fate you must allow!
Do not let her e'er persuade you
E'en to whisper words of love,
Lest she suddenly entrap you
In a "match that's made above."

III.

Let her siren voice not tempt thee,
Turn thine eyes and close thine ear;
Credit not her phrases artful —
Steel thine heart and do not hear.
Do not let her form bewitch thee,
Let her not enthrall thy heart,
Lest she yokes you, beast of burden,
To the dull domestic cart!

Break, Break, Break!

ADDRESSED TO THE SUMMEY HOUSE BISCUIT.

Break, break, break!
This unbreakable biscuit crust,
And I would that my teeth could crumble
This bread into finest dust!

O, well for the hungry man
That his massive jaws are strong!
O, well for the feeble boy
That he bringeth a hammer along!

And the tiresome meal goes on,
And the starving ones get their fill;
But O for a taste of a nice hot roll,
And a steak that is tender still!

Break, break, break!
With your jaws, as best you may,
For the tender beef you have prayed for so
Will not come for many a day!

Prof. Woodfin's recitation room. "Mr. Hawes, you may read next."

Mr. Hawes—"Professor, that's as far as the lesson goes."

Prof. White—"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Hawes. I marked the place myself several lines lower down."

Mr. Hawes—"All right, Professor, I can read it." Thereupon he adjusted the leaf in his book, and, to the amusement of the Professor, proceeded to read the balance of the lesson with remarkable ease and fluency. There are tricks in all trades.

How our Alumni will Spend the Summer.



JOHN DANIEL: "ON THE ROAD."