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## Have You Seen Them?

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- Youngblood's eyeglasses.
  - Weems' photo in full dress uniform.
  - The pink wart on Arky's nose.
  - Thompson's gait.
  - The latest colors on the L. C. I. goats.
  - The photo of the Bowery gang.
  - Poullain's busy day.
  - John Boston on the stage.
  - Fitzgerald in tights.
  - Spence's latest mash.
  - Hayseed Anderson's gunboats.
  - Joe Drewry playing tennis.
  - Bob Gannt at command "Right Dress."
  - Lieut. Johnson drilling the green squad.
  - Ed Cohen's late silk hat.
  - Mynatt's new sword.
  - Anybody who went to Mitchell's Bridge April 1st.
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O, cupid! turn your gaze to me,  
Tell me what chance will unfurl;  
Meanwhile I sing in joyous key—  
I'd like to see Little's NEXT girl.

## Wanted.

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Something that knows less than Hope Polhill.

A composite photo of Tub, a bull pup, and Spence.

To know how Edwards found out he was such a fine lawyer.

To know what has become of Echols.

A photo of the Engineering Class to run the rats out of the Ivy building.

A receipt for washing red paint off of stone steps and iron gate-posts.

Something to keep Rube Lanier company.

To know where *Judge Cannon* got "that hat."

A white linen collar for Dan Green.

A jumping jack and teething ring to amuse Fitz Green and Avary during recitations.

A reef in the seat of Alexander's military trousers.

To know why Maynard goes to Americus so often.

A good reason why Ponder should be allowed to live.

To know how old Barclay really is.

A baby carriage for *Hall's kid*.

## College Idyl.

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Ram it in, cram it in, students' heads are hollow ;  
 Slam it in, jam it in, still there is more to follow.  
 Hygiene and History, Astronomic Mystery,  
 Algebra, Histology, Latin, Etymology, Botany, Geometry, Greek  
 and Trigonometry,  
 Ram it in, cram it in, students' heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in, what are teachers paid for ?  
 Bang it in, slap it in, what are students made for ?  
 Ancient Archaeology, Caryan Philology, Prosody, Zoölogy, Physics,  
 Clinictology, Calculus and Mathematics, Rhetoric, Hydrostatics,  
 Hoax it in, coax it in, students' heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in, all there is of learning ;  
 Punch it in, crunch it in, quench the students' yearning  
 For the field, and grass and nook,  
 Meadows green and rippling brook ;  
 Drive such wicked thoughts afar,  
 Teach the students that they are  
 But machines to cram it in,  
 Bang it in, slam it in, that their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in, all that they can swallow ;  
 Fold it in, hold it in, still there's more to follow,  
 Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,  
 Tell the same undying tale ;  
 Tell of moments robbed from sleep, meals untasted, studies deep ;  
 Those who've passed the furnace through,  
 With aching brows will tell to you  
 How the professor crammed it in, rammed it in, jammed it in,  
 Crunched it in, punched it in, rubbed it in, clubbed it in,  
 Pressed it in, caressed it in, rapped it in, slapped it in,  
 When their heads were hollow.

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In Memoriam.

Henry Woodfin Grady.

Class of 1869.

Died December 23d, 1889.

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