



PAN-HELLENIC

German.

(Given by the Six Fraternities Named Below.)

Deupree Hall,

June 19, at 9 P. M.



Committee:

R. M. CHARLTON, \approx A E,

D. V. HOPPS, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$,

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J. B. LAWRENCE, A T Ω ,

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R. FALLIGANT, \approx N.



An Idyll From Yahoo.

(With Apologies to the Great Poet.)

Bite, bite, bite, on my cold great toe, O flea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me—
Oh well for the hairless dog
On whom no flea can stand—
Oh well for the Esquimaux
Who lives in a frozen land!
And the tired hands scratch on
Where the insect leaves his bill
And yearns for a touch of the vanished flea
Who never will sit still.

Jump, crawl, hop, on my cold backbone, O flea,
Till I rise in wrath and bitterness
To catch a hold on thee.

Oh well for the elephant's skin
Through which no probe can slide—
Oh well for the finny fish
Who swims in the wide, wet tide!
And I get my powder out
From under the window-sill
To try for a fling at this devilish thing
Whose tickler sticks me still.

Her Dream of Love.

I.

When the empearled doors of morning
Were about to ope,
When soft sleep was lingering lightly
As some passing hope
On the fringed lids of her,
Came a rosy messenger
Whispering thus: "Life is astir;
Bid farewell to dreams that were
And wake to love."

II.

Dreaming so, her curls that clustered
On the pillow moved,
And she sighed and smiled as smiling
On the one she loved;
Nor could the world that dream affray,
For she heard through all that day
Mystic music far away,
Lingering echoes of that lay
Of life and love.



III.

Who can tell? The flowers' odors
Meet along the stream—
Might not dreams that I am dreaming
Mingle with that dream?
Might she not perchance discover
That the trailing glory of her
Dream-love was a light to prove her
Life were sweeter for a lover
Loved in truth?