

Germes And Dew Drops Go When Workers Scrutinize Campus

Campus day is here! At dawn the ardent workers begin to wipe the dew drops off the grass. Even the robins are house-cleaning. The rivalry between those who are polishing the pebbles in the gravel walk and those who are merely trampling down the grass has almost reached the point of blows. Everybody works! Beware, ye slackers, who are so slow in catching Deady bugs. Water is still wet to stir the spirit of such as you.

Sport fans are hunting microbes on the baseballs. One zealous patriot is trying to scrub the bricks of Johnson hall white.

Only one accident is reported. A squirrel, pursued to the top of a high tree by the brigade who are combing the hair of the fir trees, became excited and fell to the ground. He was immediately seized, declared in need of a bath, and washed in the Senior fountain.

Campus day has come and gone. The men who are in charge regularly gather to gaze upon the campus beautiful. In envy they note the wonders wrought and mutter under their breath. "Doggone it! It'll take a week to clean up after them."

GEESSE RHYMES

Little Miss Muffet
Sat not on a tuffet,
But on a cold gravestone,
'Twas there I spied her
A young man beside her
She'd never have sat there alone

Little Frosh Horner
Went round the corner
To a sorority for chow,
He put in his thumb
And pulled out his gum
Under the table it's sticking now.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How are your fraternity pins?
'I've a Sigma Chi's, a Beta Theta
Pi's,
And now I'm after Jim's"

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cubbard
A pair of overalls to don,
But when he got there
He felt pretty bare
They're not wool, but only cot-ton.

Sing a song of six pants
A pocket full of patches
Four and twenty buttons off
No place for my matches,
When a guy goes pigging,
His roommate's sure to yell,
'Hey! Take my pants off,
And my shoes as well!"

Hickory, Dickery, Dock,
A mouse ran up the clock,
It was not fair
For him to run there
For the clock was on my sock.



What They Teach in Psychology
—to analyze a slice of the absolute.
Recognition is a quiver in the stomach.

—to take a cross-section of a feeling of interest.
Embarrassment is no mental effect, but a movement of the diaphragm.

NIGHTFALL

A break of oars in the water,
A scarf of mist in the sky,
The drowsy lap of the river,
The tired day slipping by.
Out of the mist and the waters,
The sweep of a lithe canoe,
Out of the weary daytime,
Night—and peace—and you—
—M. N., Pot and Quill.

A world with blue trees
And a green sky—
Funny?
But why not?

E. W. H. ON THE DOLLAR

ONCE when I was nine
I EARNED a dollar
IT WAS the biggest dollar
I EVER saw.
IT was so big
THAT it just fit in
THE palm of my hand
AND TOO big to stick in my eye
LIKE a monocle.
YOU KNOW how big dollars
USED to be.
I THOUGHT and thought but could
not think
OF ANYTHING big enough to buy
SO I put it away

THAT'S twenty years ago
AND I found it yesterday
BUT something had happened to it
IT HAD shrunk.
THE BUTCHER, the baker, the cand-
lestick maker
HAD all taken a piece off that dollar.
IT MADE me sad to see
HOW small it had grown to be—
IT LOOKED like a dime
I TURNED it over and read
"In God We Trust"
AND I did
SO I PUT it back to grow again.
I THANK YOU.

A SHORT STORY

Brooks strolled homeward, through the park at nine-thirty, with a perfect cigar, and the expansive good humor of a man to whom all things are possible. In a dark corner, he saw a woman's quiet figure. He paused and she turned her head toward him in a gesture of invitation. With his Irish wit and his free adventuresomeness he had his arm around her in five minutes.

"Listen, honey-girl," he whispered in her attentive ear, "I told my wife I was working. Let's you and me have a gay time. I'm lonesome for a good show and a nice hand to hold—"

He drew her to her feet and led her to the lighted path. They paused under a light, and he tipped her chin up with one hand while his other drew her head to his shoulder.

The light fell full on her middle-aged features.
It was his mother-in-law.

ODE TO A LIBRARY CLOCK

Somewhat close to the library steps
Youth and maiden linger,
Will they enter the hall of wisdom
And study and cram and figger?
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half way up the steps she stands,
The moonlight is so luring,
"But French and chemistry," she cries,
"Call me now to studying."
The clock makes answer, alas,
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Forever pause but never enter,
Youth and maiden on the morrow,
Meet a quizz and fast repent,
Moonlit joy is turned to sorrow,
And like the skeleton at the feast,
The warning timepiece never ceases,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

IF THE MILLAGE BILL—

Stepped a Deady bug, slowly, grave-ly, down the wall and across the desk. From the top of an ancient volume he spake and professor paused to listen.

"The last student is going,
And silence comes to our college,
As a blanket falls on and smothered,
An eagle in his flight.
The halls are as deserted,
As the graveyard on week-ends,
And Deady bugs alone
Are learning French.
The eight o'clock bell
Has gone on a strike,
And the Mill Race is as silent
As the tennis court in exam week."
He paused and the professor whis-
pered sadly, "If the the Millage Bill—"
From the ancient volume the voice
made answer, "Then the Deady bugs
will inherit the earth."—L. M., Pot
and Quill.

Howe We Love Him!

There is a professor named Howe
Who raises a deuce of a rowe
With his seven o'clock classes
Where no one passes
For that he would never allowe.

French Professor Wins Publicity
There's another professor named
Timmie

Who is very fon dof the shimmlie
He always speaks French
With an Irish accent
But he hasn't a voice like Jimmie.

BLUE MONDAY HYMN OF HATE

I hate the ground, I hate the sky,
I hate the students walking by,
I hate my hands, I hate my feet,
I hate the stuff I have to eat,
I hate my face, I hate my hair,
I hate the clothes I have to wear.
I hate to laugh, I hate to cry,
I hate to live,—I'd hate to die,
And here is something I'll confess
I hate the whole blame blooming mess.
—A. Dyspep Tick, Pot and Quill.

DENTISTRYACTION.

I was seeking some means by which, as the ballad has it, "just to pass the time away." As far as appearances were concerned, my time was being well cared for. I was facing the prospect of spending an hour in the society of a most well-meaning dentist. Perhaps this is enough said on that score. It may need no further demonstration that I must find some amusement. My experience has always been that the society of the most amiable dentist was inevitably boring.

I took my place in the dentist's chair. I didn't want to have my tooth filled. All right, this wasn't my tooth that was aching. Let's see. It was my great-aunt's tooth—my great-aunt Arabella. Poor old Auntie! To have such a tooth! I was very sorry for her; but, after all, it was to be expected that one's teeth would not be found at such an age. I had forgotten how old she was; people had usually lost their teeth at that age, though. She should be willing to put up with a good deal, if she could keep her own.

Still, I was very sorry for her. It was a very bad tooth—But—hang it all—if that was Aunt Somebody's tooth—what in the name of the seven stars was it doing in MY head! And oh, how it hurt—
The dentist looked at me in slight surprise, for I had been behaving very well. Obviously, I must calm myself again.

There began to drift into my mind lines of poetry by which I had more than once put myself to sleep at night: "There is sweet music here, that softer falls Than petals from blown roses on the grass; Or night-dews—"
—The steady internal grinding seemed to penetrate the inner chambers of my very ego. I could hear the turning of the wheel below—a soft, purring note that might in some places have been soothing, but could not now possibly be quieting to the nerves.

"Music that softer on the spirit lies—"
Oh, it was too much! Since that day the "Lotus-eaters" has lost its soothing charm for me. Firmly I planted my two feet on solid earth, and watched the dentist mixing things up in a funny little dish. I acquired some very interesting information about the amalgamation of mercury with silver, and about the difference in the feel of an empty tooth, and its ultimate capacity.

And then, at last, it was finished, and the little stand was swung back to allow me to step down to the floor. I turned to the dentist, who was really a very pleasant man.
"It must be hard to have everyone so glad to get away from you," I said.
"It is," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"I, at any rate, can thank you for a very pleasant afternoon." But still, I know of better ways to pass the time.
—E. V., Pot and Quill.

A PORTRAIT

She sat very still with one elbow on the library study table. She did not look up and therefore I did not know for fully ten minutes that her eyes were brown. The dark lashes were provokingly long, reminding me of rich draperies. Once in a while she frowned, but in an instant the frown melted and left no traces behind. Wavy brown hair followed the head line closely, leaving behind two little neck curls, and then rolled over in a loose coil on the top of her head. The neck was partly hidden because she rested her chin in her hands, causing the white collar to rise, on my side of her, almost to the hair and chin line. It was tantalizing and so I walked to the other side. The neck was long and full and belonged to an out-of-door girl. The tan of her cheek matched the neck coloring. The nose measured large and on it I detected small freckles. Since my change of position her face tilted my way and a large full mouth curved toward me. Every muscle held its place; she did not even turn a page. Presently she raised her eyes. She moved one hand, then the other, making queer little passes. Again she looked at her book. She took in little gasps of air and again flipped her hands in graceful curves. I walked by her chair and looked carelessly over her shoulder. She was reading "The Art of Swimming."



Item: Women's baseball is attracting a good deal of attention on the campus this year. Nobody understands who wears the diamond, but they all know that freckles are sun-kisses and not to be weighed against home runs. Third base sometimes offers opportunity for a little touching up.

UPON BEING ASKED FOR A CONTRIBUTION

Once upon a midnight dreary,
Did I ponder weak and weary
A biting of my fingernails and tearing
of my hair.
I labored not for money,
But to write something that's funny
Not one single chuckling thoughtlet
came to lighten my despair.

Once all through the daytime, weary,
Did I scribble sad and teary;
And at noon that day I went without
my lunch.
But with all my bitter sighing,
There was just no use in trying
To scintillate in humor down the page
of Lemon Punch.
—L. B., Pot and Quill.

He Was Too Mique.
A pianist renowned for technique
Met a maiden who thought him a
trique

When down on his knees
Presenting his plees
She said "What's that language you
spique?"

Probably a Member of the Band
There is a young man with a banjo
Who strums an eternal fandango.
With its plunkety plink
He nigh drives us to drink,
This troublesome youth with a banjo.

Soph is Treated Roph.
We have here a happy young soph
Who thought he could make a sneak
oph
His campus day work
He wanted to shirk
So they gave him a dip in the troph.

Strange that the pottery clay
Entrusted to my hands, should all be
gray—and coarse.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

(Tune of "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder")
When the trumpet of the band shall sound and feet start on the floor,
When the student body meets all brave and fair,
When they waltz and step and foxtrot and when time shall be no more,
When the jazz band hits the cowbells, I'll be there.
Chorus—When the dance begins up yonder,
With a girl that's getting fonder,
When our minds begin to wander,
When the jazz band hits the cowbells, I'll be there.

(To a well-known tune—"Why Don't You Try?")

Do you think that you could love me,
If I had a job in view?
Do you think that you'd be angry,
If Dad had some money too?
Do you think that you would kiss me,
In the sweet, sweet bye and bye,
Without thinking of Dad's million,
"Why don't he die? Why don't he die?"

(Tune of "Twenty Years Ago")

I wandered in the graveyard, Tom,
I've stood behind a tree,
I've seen so many couples there,
Who thought that none could see;
But none can spoon like we can, Tom,
And few do even know
How close together two can sit
With dead men down below.

(This has no tune, but one chants it effectively.)

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo ho ho! and a stick of gum,
Grapejuice and raisins have done for the rest,
(Cider is good but grapejuice is best)
Yo ho ho! and a glass of some.

(Tune of "Comin' Thru the Cemetery")

If a body meet a body
Rising from a tomb!
If a body greet a body,
Need a body swoon?

(Tune of "Well, We'll All Stand and Sing")

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light?
(I never can see till it gets really bright)
Where so loudly it hailed in the daylight's first gleaming,
(And when I got up it was just simply streaming)
In the sunrise's red glare,
(I was doing my hair)
When we saw in the yard that our flags were still there
Oh when will the students let flowers still wave
In this town of the free(thinkers)
And the home of the brave (flower-takers)?

(Sung with mournful accompaniment of "I'm Coming—")

Gone are the caps
Once so verdant, bright and gay—
Gone are the Frosh
From the campus walks away.
But when there's paint
From the Senior bench to waste,
We'll still hear gentle voices calling—
"Here, you Frosh!"

("School Days")

School days, school days,
Dear and costly fool days,
English and Latin and campustry,
Slipping one o'er on the faculty,
You were my Jane in georgette crepe,
I was your silk-socked, silk-shirted fake
And you wrote on my gloves
"J'aime vous, mon Jake"
And ruined a couple of kids.

A PHILOSOPHER

(To understand this poem, either read it aloud to someone, or look for the translation further down the page.)

Ice it tin frun toff dee dee Anne dye wash these stew dints spax
Zoa appic ass tin chadoc sup ponth e'en gnuk cud gras
Wee awl oar merly esha doe sofa bee in yeton scene,
Eye ope e iss ass sap pie cass ting gossip ont thighgrene.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN"—BUT "HARK, I HEAR A VOICE"

'Tis the wall of the night watch, I heard him declare,
'They have filled all the benches; they crowd the dark stair.
There is no place to sit on this campus at all
When I go round at night time to see that all's well,
In the grandstand, the track shed, beneath each tall tree
There sit couples and couples who coo foolishly
And giggle and shuffle. I'm up on my ear;
How can I watch for burglars when they interfere?
I don't like to tread on a fair lady's hand.
I have no desire to walk over a man.
And though trees may make excellent chair-backs, I vow
That the same tree can't serve as a rock-a-bye
cradle and an observation post for the campus
detective when he thinks he has some dope on a
prowler and wants to dart back out of sight
to make further investigations;
And I register my most emphatic protest
against the existing order of things!"
—G. J. (Pot and Quill).

A PHILOSOPHER (A Translation)

I sit in front of Deady and I watch the students pass,
So happy casting shadows upon the new cut grass,
We all are merely shadows of a being yet unseen,
I hope He is as happy casting us upon the green.