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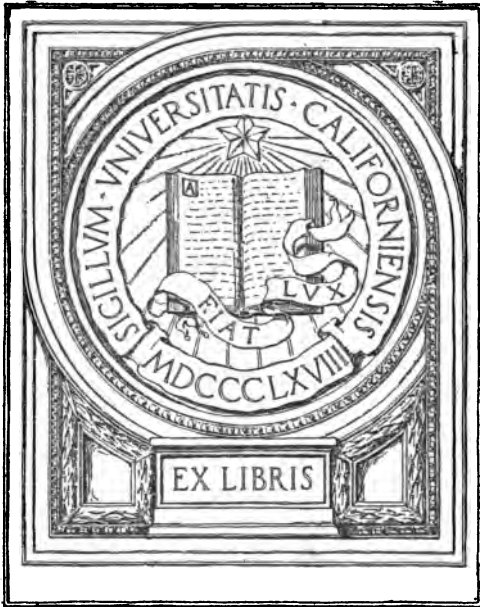
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Clover

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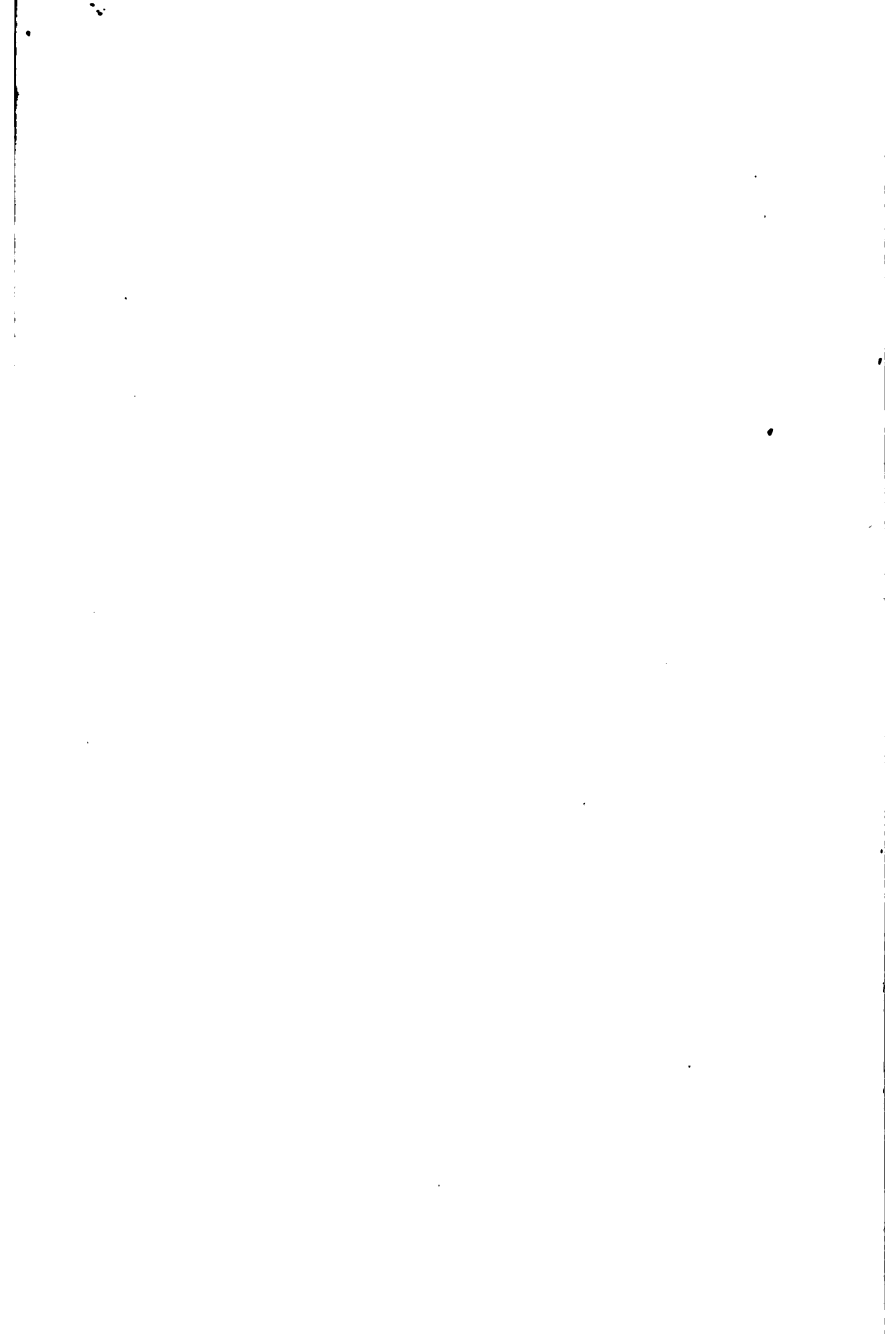
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**FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER**

TO VNU  
ABSTRACT



# FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

BEING

STANFORD RHYMES

BY

CAROLUS AGER

(CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD, '86)

REPRINTED FROM THE STUDENT PUBLICATIONS, WITH SUNDRY  
TRUTHFUL PICTURINGS, BY DONALD HUME FRY, '95,  
AND AN APOLOGY, BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

Third Edition

SAN FRANCISCO

1899



70 1880  
ABSORBIA

*Hearst Mountain  
Donation*

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*This little book may perhaps be dear  
To some who tenderly recall  
The Stanford grapes, and the Mayfield beer,  
And the girls of Roble Hall.*

679900

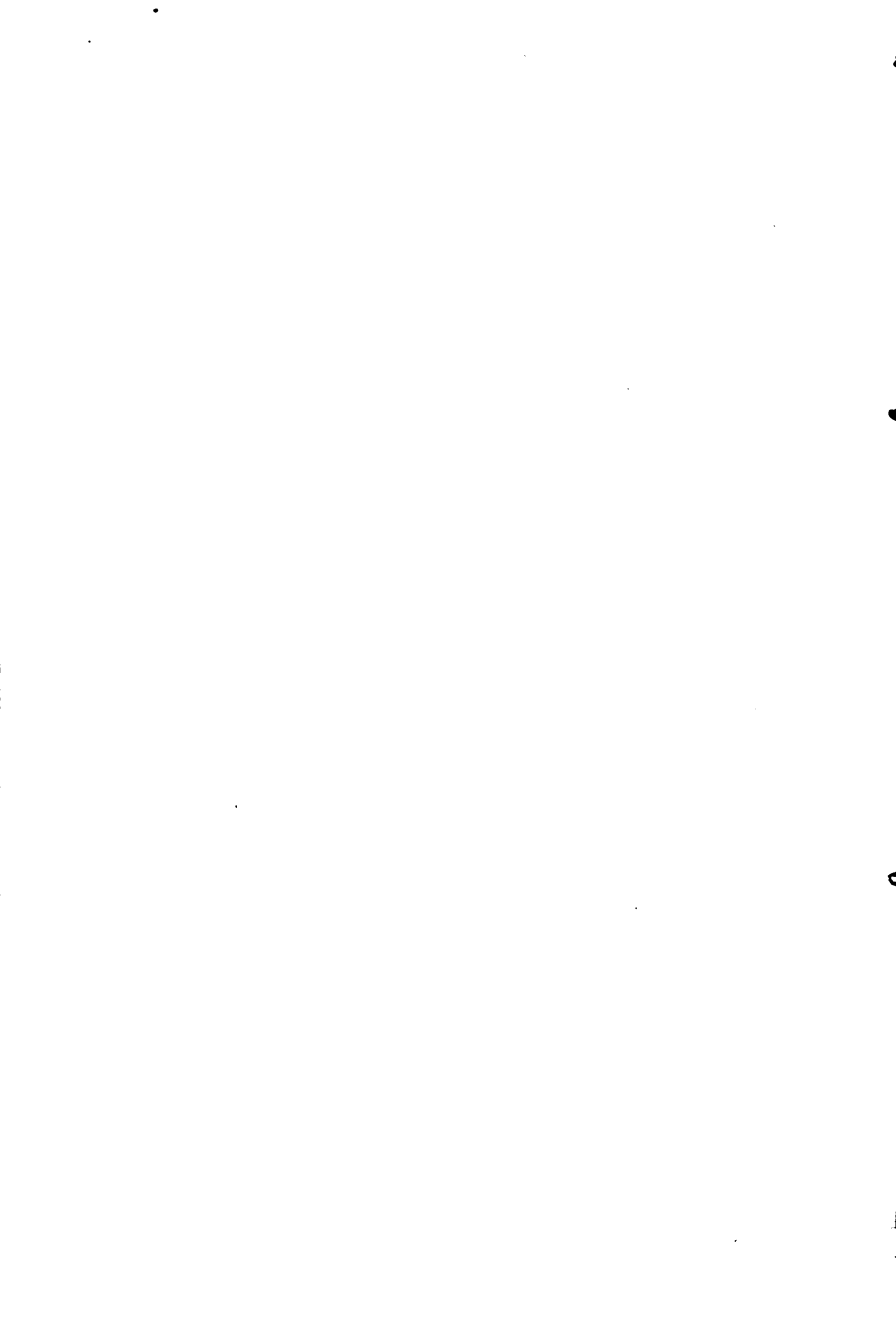
*Four of the verses printed in the first and second editions of this book are omitted in the third, and fifteen of those here printed are not included in the preceding editions.*

## FOREWORD TO THE THIRD EDITION.

**T**HESSE verses, reminiscent of the early years of Stanford University, come into a third edition to the music of hammer and saw and the ring of chisel upon yellow stone. The new roofs "rim the blue" far above the low red line of the old Quad, the great Arch towers higher still, and the Chapel lifts itself, stone by stone, toward its ideal,—little more than an uncertain dream when these rhymes were first put together in memory of the days of hope.

Yet, low-lying before the rising Chapel, dingy, to be sure, but still visible on twilight evenings, glimmers the '95 numeral in hasty paint, and somewhere beside a giant heap of earth where the feet of the Science Buildings are sinking into the Campus, a little old tree slants up with a bronze plate upon its breast.

So, perhaps, in the Club-room at Encina and around fraternity firesides, away from the noise and clamor of the broad daylight, these quiet voices of the early morning may not be altogether lost.



*DEDICATION.*

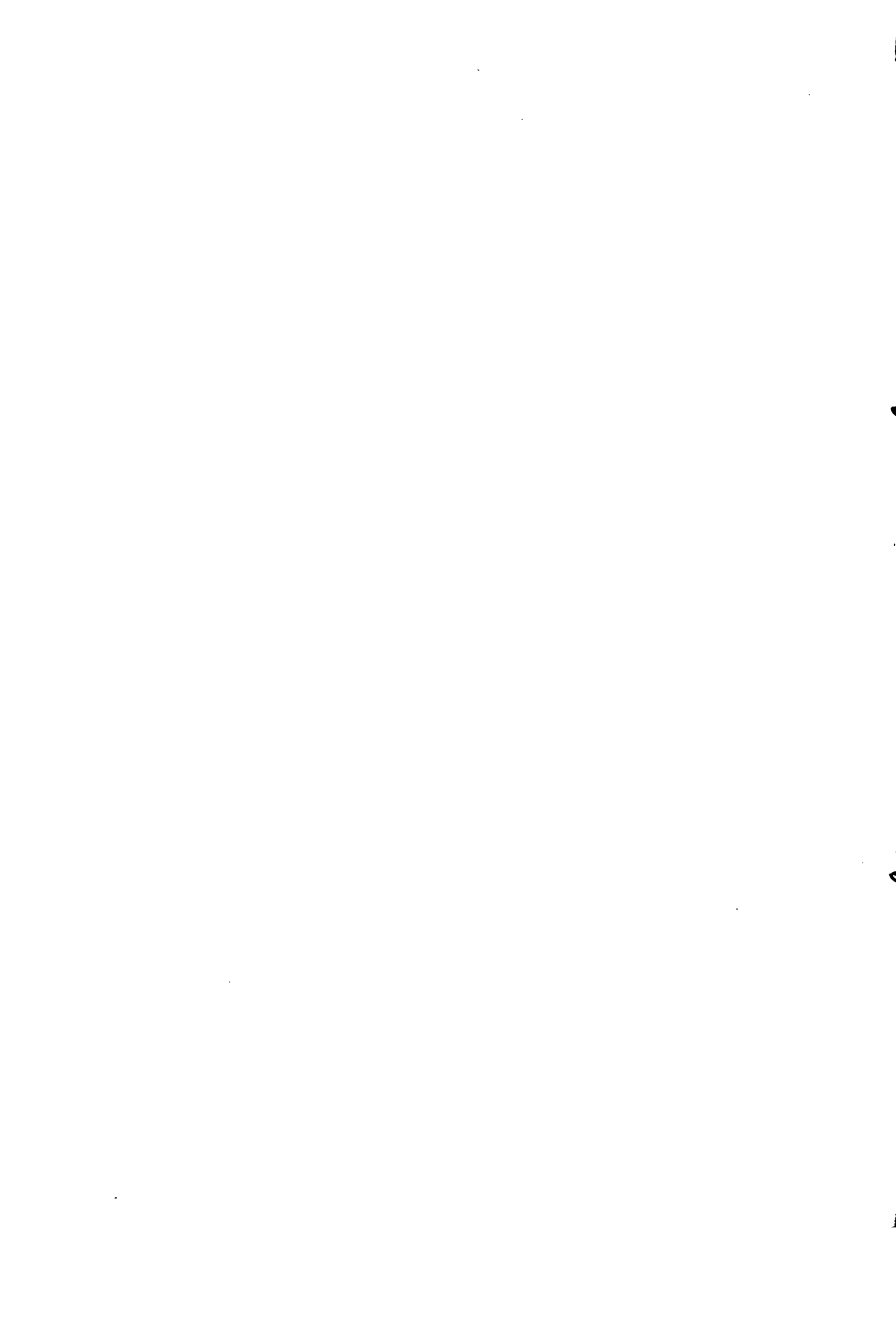
*My four-leaved clover groweth not  
Upon Parnassus steep,  
But on the Palo Alto hills  
Where Stanford poppies sleep;*

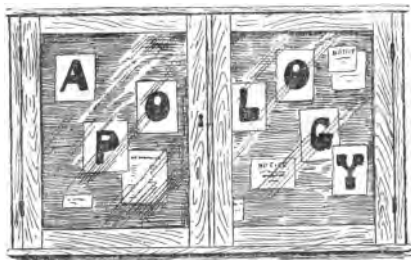
*And though these song-weeds cluster not  
Beside the Muses' well,  
The Spring-filled Lagunita Lake  
Perchance may do as well;*

*No brilliant bloom, but rooted deep  
In Stanford loyalty,  
Their still small voice may speak to those  
Who share that love with me,*

*Who once within a cloistered place  
Were college mates of mine,  
In clover there for four sweet years  
That bore the stamp divine;*

*Then, though this lyre have but two strings,  
One Love, the other Beer,  
I calmly dedicate them both  
To every Pioneer.*





**A** FELLOW can be young but once. So it is with a university. It is a royal experience when one's own youth and that of his university come together. All the more glorious is it when, with all this, one has the gift of song, if he does not take it too seriously, and when the university has the charm of beauty and the glow of hope. The highest value of tradition lies in the making of it, and the rhymes of Carolus Ager are part of the traditions of Leland Stanford Junior University. To those of us who were part of the four precious pioneer years of the university, these rhymes have a value beyond that given by any literary



APOLOGY.

cleverness they may possess. They are "original documents" in our academic history. Each one recalls a day which the now sober and decorous University will never see again. And it may be in place to remind the still more sober and decorous public, to whom these rhymes are not addressed, that they are not to be taken too literally. Love and wine in youth are metaphors only. "The color of life is red," cardinal red, according to our theory, and the Zinfandel has the same color. The red wine of these rhymes is not Zinfandel; it contains no alcohol, nor has it ever crossed "the Mayfield oar." It is the flow of young life. So, too, with Love. It is not the serious, fateful thing it seems, "once you have come to forty years." It is a symbol only, the emblem of "the great thing always to come, who knows?" But those who have been once young understand all this, and the others, let us hope, will never hear of Carolus Ager.

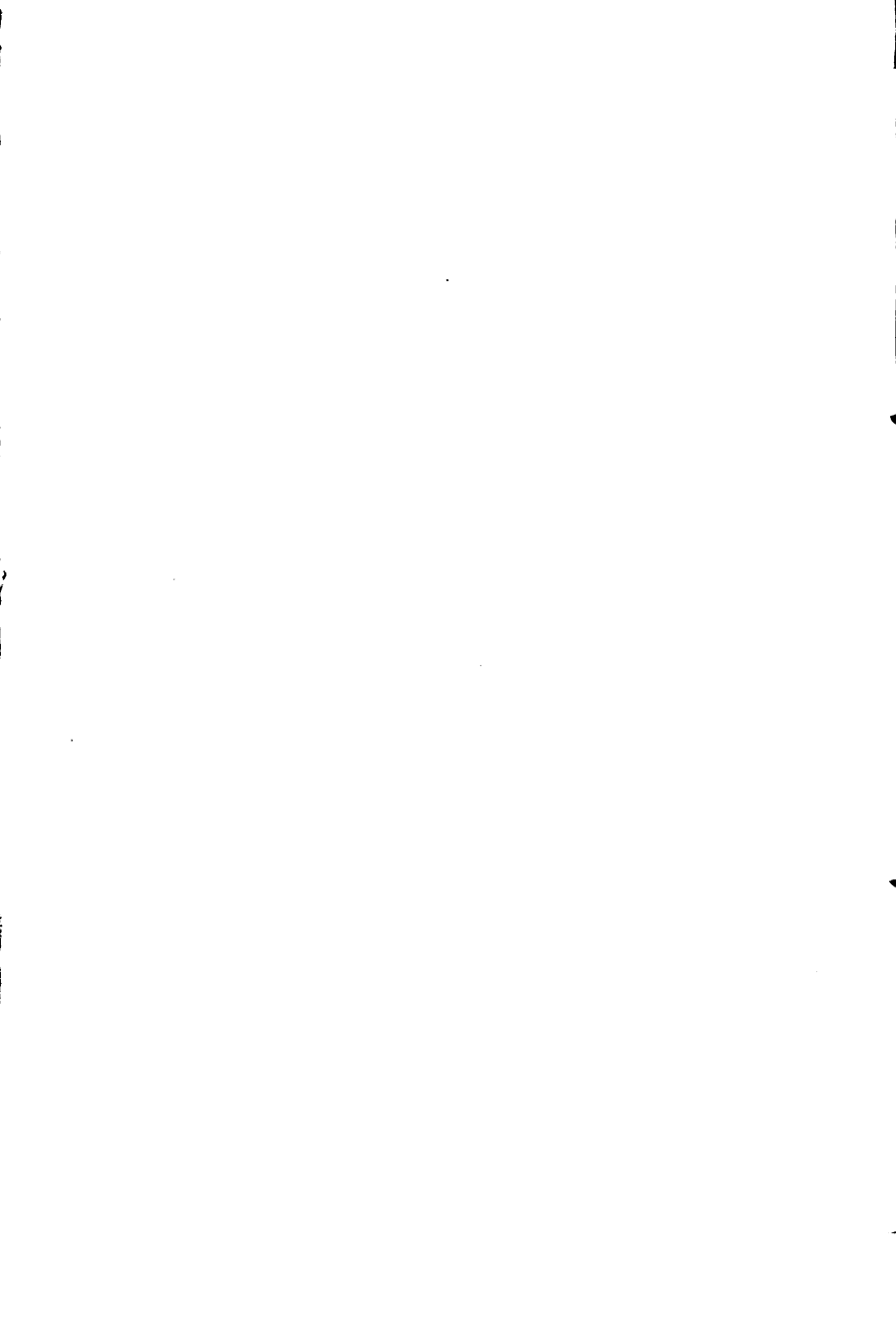
*David Starr Jordan*

*SUMMARY.*

*He who was here with us is now no more ;  
Across the river he has wandered far ;  
I wonder if upon the other shore  
We'll meet again as at the Mayfield bar.*

*—From the Sequoia.*





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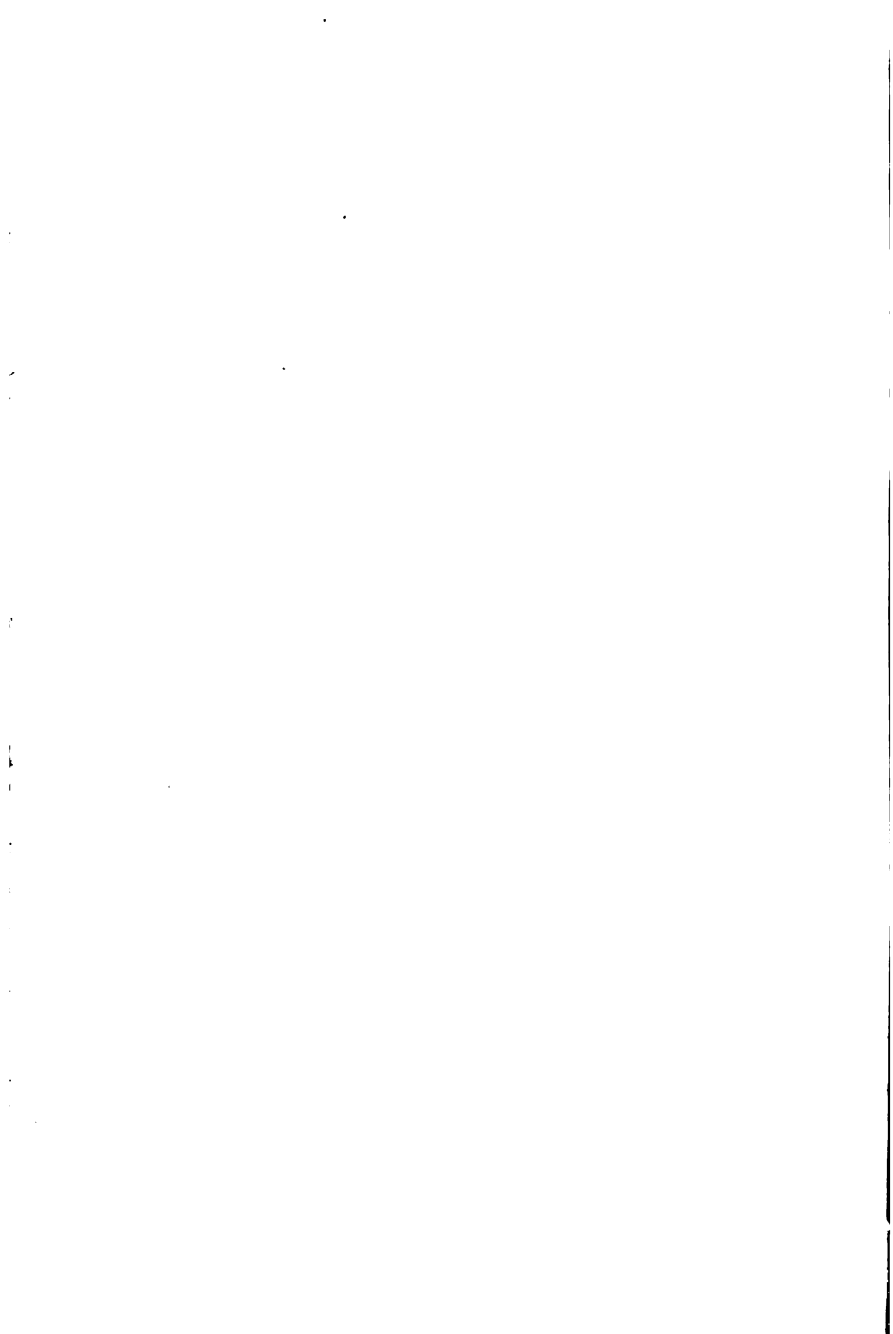


*I made myself a poet in the place,  
And blithely sang of college life and ways,  
The pleasure of the undergraduate pace,  
And all the joy between the holidays;  
No care spoke ever in my careless song,  
From graver strains I kept my pipe apart,  
And played the upper notes; ah, was it wrong  
To dream my music reached the student heart?*

*Upon a day one said, with kind intent:  
"Why sing forever of these trivial things  
For better music was your piping meant;  
Will you confess such earth-restricted wings?  
Strike some Byronic chord, sublime and deep,  
Find in ethereal flight the upper air,  
And speak to us some word that we may keep  
Within our hearts and ever treasure there!"*

*Then, with one pang for wasted hours, I gave  
Another meaning to my faltering lay,  
And sang of Life and Pain, an early grave,  
Hope and Despair, and Love that lives away;  
But when I listened for an echoing heart,  
I saw all other lips with laughter curl,  
And heard them whisper jestingly apart,  
"He's got it bad, poor fool; we know the girl!"*

AROUND THE QUAD.



## COMING THRO' THE QUAD.

(THE PIONEER VERSE.)



If a body meet a body  
Coming thro' the Quad,—  
If a body see a body,  
Can't a body nod?  
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
E'en tho' seeking knowledge;  
Stanford girls are much like those  
In any other college.

If a body meet a body  
On the cement walk,—  
If a body greet a body,  
Can't she stop and talk?  
Sweeter far is conversation  
In the open air  
Than on Fridays, in the parlor,  
When the matron's there!

## THE DAYS OF '91.



**D**EAR chum of mine, do you recall,  
When college had begun,  
The gladness of that glorious fall,  
And how we spent the "mon"?  
The days of cheer, the days of beer,  
The days of '91.

Dear maid of mine, do you recall,  
When first my heart you won,  
There were no lights in Roble Hall,  
But, oh, such loads of fun?  
The days of dark, the days of spark,  
The days of '91.

Dear major prof, do you recall  
The night, at set of sun,  
We met, when each had made his haul  
Where vineyard pathways run?

THE DAYS OF '91.

The days of scrapes, the days of grapes,  
The days of '91.

Dear Class of '95, when all  
The four years' thread is spun,  
The Freshman follies we recall  
We would not have undone;  
Those days when youth came seeking truth,  
The days of '91.

## EVENING ON THE CAMPUS.



BEHIND a screen of western hills

The sunset color fades to night;  
Along the arching corridors  
Long shadows steal with footsteps  
light.

The banners of the day are furled;  
Thro' darkening space the twilight creeps  
And smooths the forehead of the world  
Until he sleeps.

The oak-trees closer draw their hoods;  
A bird, belated, wings his dim,  
Uncertain flight, and far above  
A star looks down and laughs at him;  
The sky and mountains melt in one;  
Tall gum-trees range their ranks around;  
The white walk marks its length upon  
The velvet ground.

EVENING ON THE CAMPUS.

From out the dusk the chimney points,  
Like guiding finger to the skies;  
Down drops the curtain of the night,  
And all the plain in darkness lies,  
When, as the college buildings seem  
To lose their form in shapeless mass,  
The lights shine out as poppies gleam  
Amid the grass.



## A LAMENT FOR THE DEAR DEPARTED.



His step is gentle, his voice is low,  
His manner meek as Moses;  
I watch him softly come and go,  
At work about the room, and know  
His murmured words obeisance show,  
Each move his awe discloses.

My rugs need shaking much, but he  
Perhaps has not been taught it,  
And so, one morning, pleasantly  
I say this must no longer be,—  
And find, alas! his awe of me  
Is not the thing I thought it.

Though this has failed, I bring to mind  
The good that coin can do one;  
And so a hoarded "half" I find,  
And hand him it, with aspect kind,

A LAMENT FOR THE DEAR DEPARTED.

And, by his dazzling smile made blind,  
Fancy my way the true one.

Another Jap this morning came  
To fix my room up neatly;  
And I presume it were a shame  
To think the vanished one to blame,  
Because—a curse upon his name!—  
He shook the room completely.

## THE RIVALS.



HERE 's such a racket round my  
room!

The fellow under me  
Has frequent fits of frightful  
gloom,

In which condition he  
Upon a 'cello wails as though  
It were the voice of one below  
Where souls in torment be.

A man who plays the cornet shrill  
Is quartered overhead;  
Its strident voice is never still,—  
I swear he plays in bed;  
But when he tackles "Robin Hood,"  
And plays it like a dirge, I would  
That one of us were dead!

THE RIVALS.

There is a poor asthmatic flute  
That wheezes on my left.  
If some fine day the heartless brute  
Should be of it bereft,  
The record-angel, I dare think,  
Would write me up in colored ink,  
And love me for the theft.

A singer dwells upon my right,  
Last but by no means least,  
Who celebrates in song each night  
Some sweetheart now deceased;  
And though his grief may be profound,  
His upper notes, it seems, would sound  
More musical if greased.


What have I done, that these should join  
To make my fortune worse?  
Is there no way, for love or coin,  
To rid me of the curse?  
The happiest day that dawns for me

THE RIVALS.

Shall be the one on which I see  
The noisy flock disperse;

For though within my room alone  
For hours I have stayed  
And practiced on my big trombone,  
It's lost time, I'm afraid,—  
The racket round my room is such  
I really cannot tell how much  
Improvement I have made.

## A TOAST.



**H**ERE'S to the Freshman, all verdant  
and gay,  
Here's to the Soph and his folly,  
Here's to the Senior afraid of next  
May,

And here's to the Junior so jolly;  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the Class,—  
Her glory shall be our excuse for the glass.

Here's to the Class that is leader in all,—  
Long may she prosper and thrive, boys!  
Then fill up your glasses and drink at my call  
The glory of old Ninety-five, boys;  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the Class,—  
Her glory shall be our excuse for the glass.

## HONOR AMONG THIEVES.



HORSEMAN rides through the autumn  
night,

(The grapes are heavy upon the  
vine,)—

He searches the left, and he scans  
the right,

And his eyes are keen in the cold moonlight,  
(For grapes devoured shall never make wine).

There crouches a student among the leaves,  
(The grapes are purple upon the vine,)—

But many a shadow the eye deceives,  
And the guard rides on in his quest for thieves,  
(And grapes devoured shall never make wine).

Somebody crawls through the yielding fence,  
(The grapes are trembling upon the vine,)—  
His Faculty whiskers give evidence

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

Of unimpeachable eminence,  
(But grapes devoured shall never make wine).

There in the shadow the two have met,  
(The grapes are fewer upon the vine,)—  
The sudden start that one does n't forget,  
The recognition that 's sadder yet,  
(And grapes devoured shall never make wine).

A clasp of hands in the hush of night,  
(The grapes are missing upon the vine,)—  
And somebody's lips are pledged so tight  
That to somebody else they need never recite,  
(And grapes devoured shall never make wine.)



## THE PIONEERS.



WEALTH of old tradition marks  
The other Universities,  
Stories of great men gone before,  
But no such things as these  
Could ever set our hearts aflame  
Like that first year  
That gave our glorious class its name  
Of Pioneer.

The college world was all before  
Us where to choose our place of rest,  
And Sophomore stock was low, and lived  
By sufferance at best;  
The other yells died out with shame  
When "Zah! Zah! Zeer!"  
Made all the echoing Quad proclaim  
The Pioneer.

THE PIONEERS.

Then, with our war-paint we profaned  
The dignity of ancient trees,  
And with our magic numeral awed  
The aborigines;  
In sundry ways we let them know  
We were right here,  
And just what deference they must show  
The Pioneer.

'Twas then that in Encina Hall  
The Roble maidens ate,  
And we, though Freshman hunger gnawed  
At us, were glad to wait;  
For as they passed along the hall  
The fact was clear  
Each maiden had among us all  
Her Pioneer.

We've watched three other classes through  
Their Freshman years since we were  
there,

THE PIONEERS.

But somehow everything since then  
Has worn a different air;  
No other days could be the same,  
None half so dear  
As those that gave our class its name  
Of Pioneer!

**"THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING."**



**A**s I came over from Berkeley town,  
The sun in the west went slowly  
down,  
And all around, when the day  
was old,  
The waves were gaudy with blue and gold.

The sun sank into the west away,  
The colors faded from off the bay;  
The waves grew dark, but overhead  
The whole sky gloried in Stanford red!

## A HERO.



ut into the mud and the wet he goes,  
My hero, tall and strong;  
Under his jersey the muscle shows,  
And, Samson-like, his dark hair grows  
Delightfully thick and long.

Out from his feet the black mud flies,  
His jacket is far from white;  
Both these boys with their dapper ties!  
Who come and compel me to turn my eyes  
Away from a nobler sight.

The hills are red with the western sun,  
The twilight comes like a dream;  
But until the practice work is done  
I strain my eyes for his every run,  
And I know he will make the team!

A HERO.

I envy the fellow who keeps his cap,  
With so little appreciation,  
While I stroll back with a soft-tongued chap  
Whose muscles I know are n't worth a rap,  
And whose hair is an imitation.

## MIZPAH.



OVER the hills and far away,  
With marvelous muscles and  
wonderful hair,  
The team has stolen for secret  
play  
Over the hills and far away,  
And only themselves know where.

Out on the oval a silence reigns,  
The stealing shadows are all alone;  
Somewhere else each champion trains,  
And all unwatched his muscle strains  
In some retreat unknown.

And we, who can only watch and cheer  
At nightly practice, must wait and dream  
Of that mighty day that draws so near,  
And, hovering still between hope and fear,  
Bet on our vanished team.

MIZPAH.

But when they come (ah! the days are few),  
The Haight-street campers shall yield the day,  
And the vanquished wearers of gold and blue  
Shall fold their tents, as the Arabs do,  
And silently steal away.



## A THANKSGIVING TOAST.



ONE of the team for the whole four years;  
Ah, what a record that!  
Strongest and best of the Pioneers,  
Fill me a glass to "Phat."  
Drink with me to his health again;  
This is no toast to sip;  
Here 's to the captain whose loyal men  
Saved us the championship!

Ninety-five, this is our triumph hour,  
Never again to be;  
But when at length our boasted power  
Fades into memory,  
Still in the hearts of us all shall live  
He whom to-day we cheer,—  
Downing! the darling of Ninety-five,  
Captain and Pioneer.

TO WALTER CAMP.



GOOD-BY, until we meet again,  
Thrice-honored friend from  
Mother Yale!  
Under whose stirring generalship  
No team can ever fail.  
We keep the hope that you will guide  
Our course thro' many another fall;  
Good-by! take with you on your way  
The blessing of us all.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.



**M**AIDEN dear, your eyes are blue,  
The glint of gold is in all your  
hair;

But never may I to those colors  
two

Be loyal, although I must own them fair.  
Still, beauty, though it bloom like yours,  
Is only transient after all;  
Virtues are strong while love endures,  
And they in you are cardinal!

A SONG IN SEASON.



Oh, the rain!

The buttercups overflow,  
And out on the hill again  
The yellow violets grow.

Oh, the rain!

And the loving mud to pass!  
The 'bus waits long for the train,  
And the prof is late to his class.

Oh, the rain!

When the bamboo bends to the rim,  
And a girl and a hurricane  
Are waging a battle grim.

Oh, the rain!

At the last sweet bell defied,  
With one umbrella for twain,  
And a sidewalk two planks wide.

**"GUTER ALTER WEIN."**



WHEN, as a Freshman, I began  
To try the German speech,  
I studied with a learned man  
Who knew the way to teach,  
And, being an American,  
Was not beyond my reach.

He used continually the phrase,  
"Guter alter Wein,"  
In showing me the devious ways  
That adjectives decline;  
I wondered, in those guileless days,  
Why he so liked the line.

Ah, days of pastimes innocent!  
The other sports that are!  
When my allowance never went  
Over the Mayfield bar,

"GUTER ALTER WEIN."

Nor in my months' accounts I sent  
Such wash-bills home to Pa;

Ere our vocabularies grew  
Until I could divine  
The meaning hid to earlier view  
In "guter alter Wein";  
Until "studieren," "schlafen," too,  
Were words not found in mine.

Unlearned the lesson of the lights,  
To go out at half-past ten,  
And never know the time o' nights  
That I got in again;  
I never failed to count the flights  
Of stairs correctly, then.

A Soph to-day, and wiser grown  
Along another line  
Than German, my first year has shown  
The teacher's method fine;  
There is no tongue-inspirer known  
Like "guter alter Wein"!

## DRINKING SONG.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)



WE'LL go down the road to the Lit-  
tle Vendome  
When the stars are shining  
bright,  
And we'll fill up our glasses  
and never go home  
Through all the livelong night;  
We'll drink, drink, drink, with laughter  
free,  
A toast to our University.

But the night must pass,  
And there comes, alas!  
A dark-brown taste in the morning;  
O fill up your glasses — don't be a dig! —  
Who cares a fig  
If his head is big?

DRINKING SONG.

And what care we so long as we drink till  
the dawning?

But next day in recitation

Oh! how hard to keep awake;

Raging thirst without cessation,

All one grand headache!

Ah! ha, ha, ha, ha!

What though sadly we may suffer,

What though suspicious be our looks,

Every student is a bluffer,—

We will sleep behind our books.

Come then, drink, with laughter free,

Drink to the University!

All too swiftly each year passes,

College life is wondrous fair—

Up then, boys, and fill your glasses,

Drink to the days that know no care.

Then fill up the glass to the sparkling brim

And drink until we fall;



DRINKING SONG.

Whoever can drink it we've welcome for him  
    Beneath the redwood tall;  
We'll drink, drink, drink, with laughter free,  
Beneath the stately Palo Alto tree.

    Though the night must pass,  
    And there comes, alas!  
A world of woe in the morning,  
We'll fill up our glasses — the man's a dig  
    Who cares a fig  
    If his head is big,—  
So what care we so long as we drink till the  
    dawning?

## FALSE LIGHTS.



HAVE a little attic room

That looks upon the Row,  
My head professor's clover lawn  
Grows grudgingly below,  
And he can watch my study-lamp

Until to bed I go.

So with incentive such as this  
I trim my studious light,  
And far into the short-wicked hours  
My window-square is bright,  
And my professor knows he need  
Not ask me to recite.

Then sweetly let my beacon burn,  
And my professor smile,  
Although between my light and me  
There lies a darkened mile;  
My signal-lamp is trimmed, and I  
In Mayfield all the while!

## MY LITTLE MAYFIELD GIRL.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)



OST every one loves a co-ed —  
Some fellows love two or three,—  
But among all the girls on the  
campus  
There is n't one in it with me,  
For 'way down the road by the Brewery  
Lives one who sets me in a whirl,  
While helping her Ma make tamales,—  
My little Mayfield girl.

My pearl is a Mayfield girl,  
She's all the world to me;  
She's in it with any of the girls on  
the Quad,  
Though swagger and swell they be;  
At Dornberger's Hall, oh, she kills  
them all,  
As waltzing together we twirl,

MY LITTLE MAYFIELD GIRL.

No co-ed is in it with her for a  
minute,—  
My little Mayfield girl.

She never comes up to the classes,  
Or lectures or chapel at all,  
But when there's a fifty-cent party  
I meet her at Dornberger's Hall;  
Then I move in the Mayfield "400"  
And round in the lancers we whirl,—  
I wonder she never gets dizzy,  
My little Mayfield girl!

My pearl is a Mayfield girl,  
None is so sweet as she;  
Fred is forgotten, and Patsy, as well,—  
She makes the town for me;  
Then let all the rest of the boys go west,  
Where Roble sets young heads awhirl,  
But the shrine where I'm priest lies away  
to the east  
With my little Mayfield girl.

AT MAYFIELD.



Crossing the bar I watch my treasure  
go;  
Let no repentant thought this  
parting mar,  
Though 'tis my month's allowance leaves  
me so,  
Crossing the bar;

All memory of debt be banished far  
From this leave-taking; one more glass,  
I know,  
Will prove a Lethe for the griefs that are,  
And in this numbing flood I put below  
I'll drown the thought of my providing  
Pa  
Who'd raise all Hades could he see my  
dough  
Crossing the bar!

## RELAPSE.



STUDY Evolution,  
And hear the teacher tell  
How we have all developed  
From an isolated cell ;

And in the examination  
Some fellows make it plain  
Their principles will bring them  
To the starting-point again.

## AFTERWARD.



I've left college and you're still there,  
Spending money while I am  
saving,  
But once in a while we two meet  
where

The steps lead down from the city paving,  
And there we talk of the life each knows,  
The sun and wind of the college weather;  
We three friends, while the evening goes,  
You and Pilsner and I together.

Pilsner's a jolly, congenial chap,  
Surnamed Schlitz, and found wherever  
They keep the best of this world on tap,—  
Sparkling always, unpleasant never;  
And what if he really crossed the sea,  
Or is native-born, who cares a feather,  
So long as he makes our number three,  
You and Pilsner and I together?

AFTERWARD.

I went out into life last May,


Only a space, but it seems much longer,—  
Change comes quick when one goes away,

Pleasures weaken and cares grow stronger;  
And so, when chatting again are we,

I doubt a little and wonder whether  
This means to you what it does to me,—  
You and Pilsner and I together.



## THE PRESIDENT.

HEN our grandfathers visited  
Our fathers, then at college,  
Of course the youngsters did  
the grand

And aired their campus knowledge;  
But when they passed the college head  
They drew no recognition,  
And merely said in thoughtless awe:  
"The prexy,—big position."

Now, when our fathers visit us  
And through the Quad we're straying,  
We meet a robust man who bows  
And leaves us proudly saying:  
"The Doc,—dead right in all he does,  
Science, baseball or poem;  
The greatest, grandest man we know,  
And best of all, we know him!"

## BARBARA'S LULLABY.



ULLABY,

The night is nigh,  
Low and slow the herons fly;  
Sleep and rest,  
In the west  
All the sunset fires die.

Down canyons steep  
The white fogs creep  
And blanket all the pine-trees deep;  
Through the grass  
Wind-songs pass  
While the night-capped poppies sleep.

Hush thee, dear!  
The dark is near,  
All the oak-trees disappear;  
Dim bats fly,—  
Then lullaby,  
The red lights blossom,— the night is here.

## TRIBUTE.



THREE cheers for Dole, and give  
them with a tiger, boys,—  
Clear across the campus let the  
loyal echoes roll  
Till our exultation thrills  
All the redwood-crested hills  
And the waves beyond the marshes know  
the name of Charlie Dole!

One song for him, and sing with all your  
voices, boys,—  
While arm on shoulder through the  
twilight Quad we stroll,  
And the circled palms shall bend  
And do homage to our friend,  
And the nestling swallows quiver at the  
fame of Charlie Dole!

TRIBUTE.

One glass to him, and let us drink it  
standing, boys,—

When in Hall or chapter-house we brew  
the friendly bowl,

Or when in Mayfield town

In a circle we sit down,

We will toast in style historic all the deeds  
of Charlie Dole!

Then gather round and give him student  
tribute, boys,—

Cheer him, sing him, drink him down  
with every heart and soul;

For the man who does his best

Is the idol of the rest

And the pride and pet of Stanford,—so  
here 's to you, Charlie Dole!

## A FRIEND IN NEED.



COME hither, little Freshman,  
And sit upon my knee,  
And let me give you pointers on  
The University—  
Some friendly words of warning,  
To guide you in a land  
Whose ways are full of mystery  
And hard to understand.

No doubt the different teachers  
In whose kind care you prepped  
Have told you many a fairy tale  
Which you as truth have kept,—  
How college-life means struggle  
For intellectual ends,—  
Vain theories, as you soon will find,  
Since you and I are friends.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

My boy, the world is moving,  
The old ideas outgrown,  
And we must leave such ancient souls  
To fossilize alone.

Our battle with the brain is  
By no means what you dream;  
The hardest thing you'll have to do  
Will be to make the team.

Study your head professor  
More than the books you buy;  
The proper study of mankind  
Is man, you know,—so try.  
Fathom his favorite hobby,  
Some hidden crank unearth,—  
Whether it's books or babies, just  
Work it for all it's worth.

When suddenly you find you're  
Encompassed round about  
By men of whose affection deep  
You hardly dare to doubt,

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Whose grasp, so firm and cordial,  
Pulls you this way and that,  
Be not puffed up, but recognize  
The mystic signs of "Frat."

The girls who wait in ambush  
Along these cloistered ways—  
Fear not, they will not care to frown  
Upon your Freshman days;  
Take them on walks, to lectures,  
(When these are free, I mean),  
And when the annual hops come round  
Then get a city queen.

One's Freshman year, young fellow,  
Is all too short and sweet;  
To him we yield one precious boon,—  
The privilege to treat.  
He may indulge in beer-feeds  
Uncriticised, although  
There should be upper-classmen there,  
To give it tone, you know.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Oh, by the way, my money

This month has been delayed;

You have n't got a V to spare

Me, have you, till I'm paid?

Ah, thanks! don't lend too often.

It's lucky you've got me,

Old man, to give you pointers on

The University.



## THE SECRET OF TWO.



He came to the Quad in a sweater,  
The dude of Encina Hall;  
The rest of us wondered whether  
The skies were about to fall;  
For the whole crowd put together,  
In dressing, he beat us all.

Oh, the look on his love as he met her,  
The gaze of the prof in class!  
Transformed was the youth æsthetic,—  
What wonder had come to pass?  
Was he going to turn athletic,  
This priest of the Flat-iron and Glass?

But one in the crowd knew better,  
One soul, unconsulted and still,  
Who held in his grim possession  
A brown paper bundle, until  
This gem of æsthetic expression  
Should pay up his laundry bill.

## A SONG FOR HILDA.



HERE the sunshine warm is sleeping  
When the noon is still,  
See the baby-blue-eyes peeping  
From the grassy hill.  
All day long the great Sun passes  
Through the sky above;  
Baby-blue-eyes from the grasses  
Smile at him they love.

When the drowsy Sun is sinking  
Deep into the west,  
See the baby-blue-eyes blinking,—  
It is time for rest;  
And the Lady Moon when beaming  
On the darkened hill,  
Finds the baby-blue-eyes dreaming  
Of the sunlight still.

## THE PROF'S LITTLE GIRL.



HE comes to the Quad when her  
Ladyship pleases,  
And loiters at will in the sun  
and the shade;  
As free from the burden of work  
as the breezes

That play with the bamboo is this little maid.  
The tongues of the bells as they beat out the  
morning

Like mad in their echoing cases may whirl  
Till they weary of calling her,—all their sharp  
warning

Is lost on the ear of the prof's little girl.

With a scarred-over heart that is old in the knowl-  
edge

Of all the maneuvers and snares of the Hall,  
Grown wary of traps in its four years at college,  
And able at last to keep clear of them all,—

THE PROF'S LITTLE GIRL.

Oh, what am I doing away from my classes  
With a little blue eye and a brown little curl?  
Ah me! fast again, and each precious hour passes  
In slavery sweet to the prof's little girl.

She makes me a horse, and I mind her direction,  
Though it takes me o'er many a Faculty green;  
I'm pledged to the cause of her pussy's protection  
From ghouls of the Lab and the horrors they  
mean;

I pose as the sire of a draggled rag dolly  
Who owns the astonishing title of Pearl;—  
And I have forgotten that all this is folly,  
So potent the charm of the prof's little girl!

Yet, spite of each sacrifice made to impress her,  
She smiles on my rival. Oh, vengeance I'd gain!  
But he wears the same name as my major professor,  
And so in his graces I have to remain;  
And when she trots off with this juvenile lover,  
Leaving me and the cat and the doll in a whirl,  
It's pitiful truly for us to discover  
The signs of her sex in the prof's little girl.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.



I've heard in the noisy city  
When the football game was done  
The Stanford cry exultant  
While blood-red set the sun ;  
I've been in the dim Quadrangle  
When the moonlit palms were still  
And listened the college slogan  
With an answering loyal thrill ;  
But I heard it to-day with a feeling  
I find it hard to tell,—  
Three little faculty children  
Giving the dear old yell!

Thin and high were their voices,  
A childish treble sweet,  
Lost, like a bird-song, barely  
Four houses down the street;

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Hardly a far, faint echo  
Of our mighty jubilee  
When the Alma Mater wakened  
To perpetuity;  
And some might have smiled to hear it,  
But I stood as under a spell,—  
Three little faculty children  
Giving the Stanford yell!

For I saw in a noontide vision  
The future of things begun,  
The acres of sandstone shining  
In the Palo Alto sun,  
And the towering tree uplifting  
Its cardinal crown on high,  
When we should have passed and scattered,  
Traditions at best, you and I;  
And these should inherit the triumph,  
In the glorious days to dwell,—  
These little faculty children  
Giving the dear old yell!

## THE LAST GOOD-BY.



THE music is hushed in the night, boy,  
The crowds from the booths are  
gone,  
The moon on the canvas is white,  
boy,

We stand in the Quad alone;  
The lanterns that pointed the eaves, boy,  
Catch fire, blaze a moment, and die,  
For it's now that the Pioneer leaves, boy,—  
He has come to his last good-by.

I welcomed the fairy-like change, boy,  
For somehow it made me feel  
Relieved that the place should seem strange, boy,—  
The heartache was all too real.  
For a man cannot help feeling shame, boy,  
And yet I'd have had to cry  
If the old Quad had looked just the same, boy,  
When it came to the last good-by.

THE LAST GOOD-BY.

I told her good-night at the hall, boy,  
Where often I've said it before;  
We knew 't was the end of it all, boy,  
The old walks would know us no more;  
And still, though I 'll never forget, boy,  
That soft little parting sigh,  
I knew in my heart that not yet, boy,  
Came the worst of this last good-by.

The girls are all right in their place, boy,  
And doubtless we both of us show  
The power of a feminine grace, boy,  
That has bettered us both, we know;  
But after these four glad years, boy,  
What co-ed attachment can vie  
With the love of us two Pioneers, boy,  
In the Quad for our last good-by?

The fun and the folly of youth, boy;  
We have shared to the full, we two,—  
The thirst of the heart after truth, boy,  
I have felt it and followed, with you;

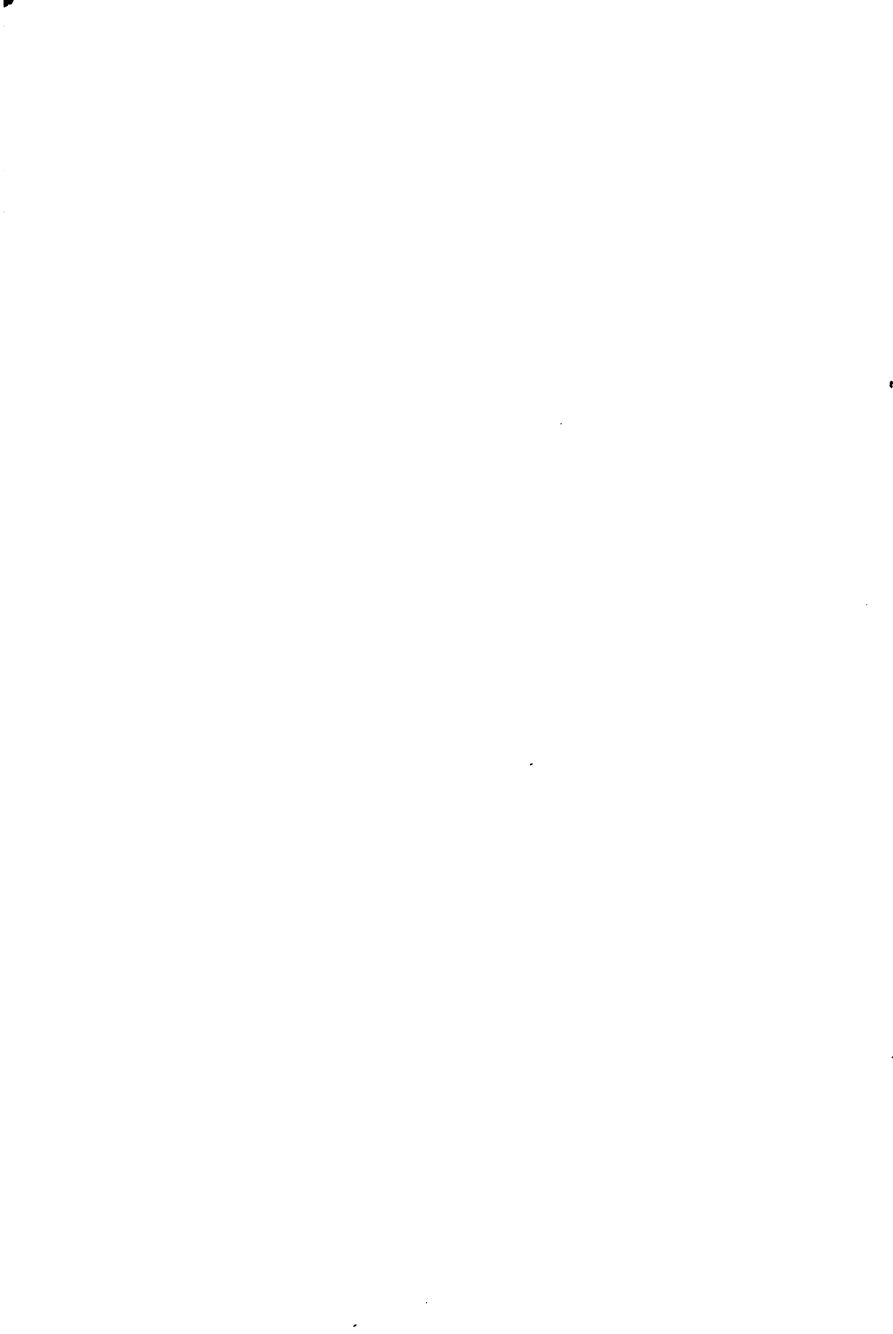


THE LAST GOOD-BY.

And now the companionship ends, boy,  
The manifold meanings that lie  
In the depths of the words, "college friends," boy,  
Make holy this last good-by.

To-morrow we go to the Gym, boy,  
And then we are done with it all;  
I'll warrant the place will be dim, boy,  
When we've answered that last roll-call.  
Then, here, with our hands gripped tight, boy,  
In the dear old Quad, you and I,  
Let us tell it together, "Good-night," boy,  
God bless it forever,—Good-by!

**THE SOBER SIDE.**



IN MEMORY OF RICHARD ALBRECHT.



AND when you fell asleep, they said  
The good die young. Dear college  
friend!

We who are left have sometime read  
A sweet philosophy, that is to lend  
Us comfort now that you are dead.

Life is a sleep, the poets say,  
A slow forgetting of the light  
Shining from home upon our way;  
Ah, happy one, ere you had lost it quite,  
God woke you, saying, "It is Day!"

## REUNION.



THE sun is warm upon the palms,  
The stately bamboos nod  
As though they felt the freshened life  
That stirs within the Quad,  
This happy time of meeting, when  
We greet so joyously  
The voices that we hear again,  
The faces that we see.

But while this gladness fills the air  
A shadow steals our way,  
Darkens the shining green and dims  
The brightness of the day;  
The fellowship that cheered us then  
And now no more may be,  
The hand we may not clasp again,  
The face we may not see.

REUNION.

Some day, perhaps, a sun may shine  
Where shadow is not known,  
Where no such hungry thought as haunts  
To-day this echoing stone  
Shall ever sadden meeting when  
We keep, eternally,  
The voices that we hear again.  
The faces that we see.

## IN GEOLOGY HOUR.



THERE was an ancient wingless bird  
Who, when some dateless flood  
Had covered half the stripling earth  
With tertiary mud,  
Went wading through his oozy world  
And questioned with a cry  
Between his labor purposeless  
And his desire to die.

Yet never knowing why or how  
He plodded on until  
Within the mud's encasing hold  
His wading legs were still;  
He died with weary gaze upon  
The waste that stretched ahead  
Nor dreamed his useless tracks behind  
Should last though he were dead.

IN GEOLOGY HOUR.

The eons passed; above his head,  
As he lay buried there,  
They piled the never-lasting hills,  
They laid it almost bare,  
Until one day above the place  
An eager scholar bent  
And found an added link to tell  
A world's development.

We who are lame with wading through  
The mud of circumstance  
Are not the judges of the end,  
The unrevealed Perchance;  
For dull though our horizon lie,  
It may not hold the less  
What store of service yet to be,  
What hope of usefulness!



IN MEMORY OF LOUIS DONALD McLAINE.



WATCHED with one who heard, as in  
in a dream,

The surging of far waters grow  
apace;

The mist that rises from the nearer  
brink

Settled in chilly damp upon his face;  
There came a gentle color to the sky,  
I saw the stars melt into morning air,—  
A little yet he knew my ministry,  
And then the river crept between us there.

When I had closed his eyes, a wonder came;  
Another watcher bent above the place  
Of my dead friend; dark, terrible, the shape  
Bent over him, I could not see its face;  
And then it turned to me; all heaven shown  
From that calm brow, those eyes serenely  
clear,

IN MEMORY OF LOUIS DONALD McLAINE.

Death left me with the body there alone,  
And witness me, I have not shed one tear.

\* \* \* \* \*

One year ago this time he went away,—  
One year of struggle, ended in the spring;  
Not all the shadow of our loss can hide  
The promise sweet that speaks in every thing;  
Out of the underworld of clinging earth  
Freed nature finds the light. We may not weep  
Aloud for him; this season of new birth  
Hushes the murmur of our grief to sleep

## COMPENSATION.



THE Mariposa lilies grow  
On Pilot Peak, all white and fair,  
As though by some mistake the snow  
In summer-time had fallen there;  
And close above this flower-snow,  
A wonder out of azure skies,  
Falling and resting lightly, lo,  
A flurry of white butterflies!

Each lily hears a butterfly:

“Ah, daughter of the earth and sun,  
My sight is dazzled by the dye  
Upon your wings, you splendid One;  
What are my pallid wings to me  
While you stand here in royal pride,—  
Two only have I—you have three,  
And all the rainbow gift beside!”

COMPENSATION.

“Light spirit of the upper skies,  
    Envy me not; you do not know  
What heavy meaning underlies  
    The radiant dress you covet so;  
What are my painted wings to me!  
    Never with life my petals thrill,  
I cannot rise like you and be  
    One of the blest that move at will.

“Sometimes I hear the false wind pass  
    And whisper: ‘If you would but try  
You need not keep here in the grass  
    But with my helping learn to fly’;  
And when, beguiled, I fancy power  
    Is in my wings, he cries in mirth:  
‘Have you forgotten, foolish flower,  
    Your feet are buried in the earth?’

“Sail on your sweet, untrameled way,  
    Your wings are free though jeweled not,  
Leave me in empty pomp to stay  
    Rootbound forever in one spot.”

## LELAND STANFORD.



SWEET rest to thee and thine,  
illustrious head,  
Sweet rest and deep,  
Where we have laid thee,  
after all is said,  
In granite-guarded sleep;  
With that stern silence of long ages dead,  
The sphinxes vigil keep.

Not yet, strong heart, into that hush of stone  
Comes perfect peace;  
Still waiting stands the third place open thrown,  
Unrest can only cease  
When from the sorrow she endures alone  
One other finds release.

Sweet rest to thee and thine; in calm content  
Sleep quietly;

LELAND STANFORD.

More than a granite tomb the monument  
That ever stands to thee,  
The gratitude of our great continent  
Thine immortality.

TO MRS. STANFORD.



HE child of California  
Shall be our child," they said,  
Bent in the heavy shadow where  
Their dearest hope lay dead ;  
"Henceforward shall our tenderness  
Encompass, by God's grace,  
The lives of those we make our own  
To cherish in his place."

They made a cradle wondrously,  
Mid flowers and sunlight sweet,  
They brought the treasures of the world  
About their children's feet ;  
But when this labor of their love  
Was but begun, at best,  
God, leaning from his heaven, called  
The father to his rest.

TO MRS. STANFORD.

We reverence his memory,—  
The power of his name  
Is in our loyal hearts to-day,  
The impulse of his fame;  
But ah, how can her children's love  
Be adequately shown  
The mother-heart that folded us  
And fought for us, alone!

Gray mother of our fostered youth,  
Some day, through clearer air,  
Your eyes shall search our souls and read  
What you have written there;  
Take now the comfort of our love  
Till that rich guerdon when  
The God you bring us nearer to  
Gives you your own again.



COMPANY K, 1st CAL., U. S. V.



BOVE their white Presidio tents  
Through weeks of dreary weather  
They flung the gleaming stars and  
stripes

And cardinal together,  
And clear above the growing din  
And stir of camp commotion  
They sent the sound of our old yell  
Out-ringing to the ocean.

While others in the sunlit Quad  
Stood with their friends around them,  
And pledged alumnus fealty to  
The common love that bound them,—  
These tramped it to the waiting ships  
To face what lay before them,  
The Stanford yell was on their lips,  
The Stanford colors o'er them.

CO. K, 1ST CAL., U. S. V.

For some Encina shone with flowers  
And buoyant music thrilled them,  
Commencement flattery made sweet  
The parting grief that filled them,—  
These crowded down between the decks  
Of that cramped first flotilla,  
Behind them love and home, ahead  
The menace of Manila.

You went before Commencement Week  
To drudgery unceasing,  
To dangers of disease and war  
With every day increasing ;  
God give you safely home again  
From your far-off endeavor,—  
Your grim Commencement lies engraved  
In Stanford hearts forever!

AT NAGASAKI.



THE great black ships fade out to sea;  
In loneliness I know  
How little time they lie,— ah me,  
How soon they go!  
And what a world of waves they span,  
*America no heitai san!*

Jinricksha men are in the street,  
Their calling makes me start  
Only to hear their native feet  
With sinking heart;  
To what sweet purpose once they ran,  
*Ihito American!*

Out where the silent rice-field lies  
The sad crane watches long,  
My samisen accompanies  
A listless song,

AT NAGASAKI.

The life is gone from foot and fan,  
*Toku hanareta heitai san!*

Plum-blossoms spend their fragrant breath  
    Upon a vacant air,  
The wan moon has a face like death  
    That once was fair,  
Dull weariness fills all Japan,—  
*Oh hayaku, American,*  
*Heitai itoshii, tomasu san!*

## GOD'S ACRE.



Oh, so pure the white syringas!  
Oh, so sweet the lilac bloom  
In the Arboretum growing  
Near a granite tomb!  
By the arching pepper-branches  
Let us tender silence keep;  
We have come into God's Acre  
Where the children sleep.

In the trees the quail are calling  
To the rabbits at their play,  
While the little birds, unknowing,  
Sing their lives away;  
In the night-time through the branches  
Wistfully the young stars peep,  
But, with all these playmates round them,  
Still the children sleep.

GOD'S ACRE.

Once within that leafy shelter  
Some one hid herself, to rest,  
With another little dreamer  
Folded to her breast;  
And a sense of consolation  
Stealth unto them that weep,  
While that mother-heart lies sleeping  
Where the children sleep.

Year by year the Christmas berries  
Redden in the quiet air,—  
Year by year the vineyard changes,  
Buds and ripens there;  
We give place to other faces,  
But the years' relentless sweep  
Cometh not into God's Acre  
Where the children sleep.

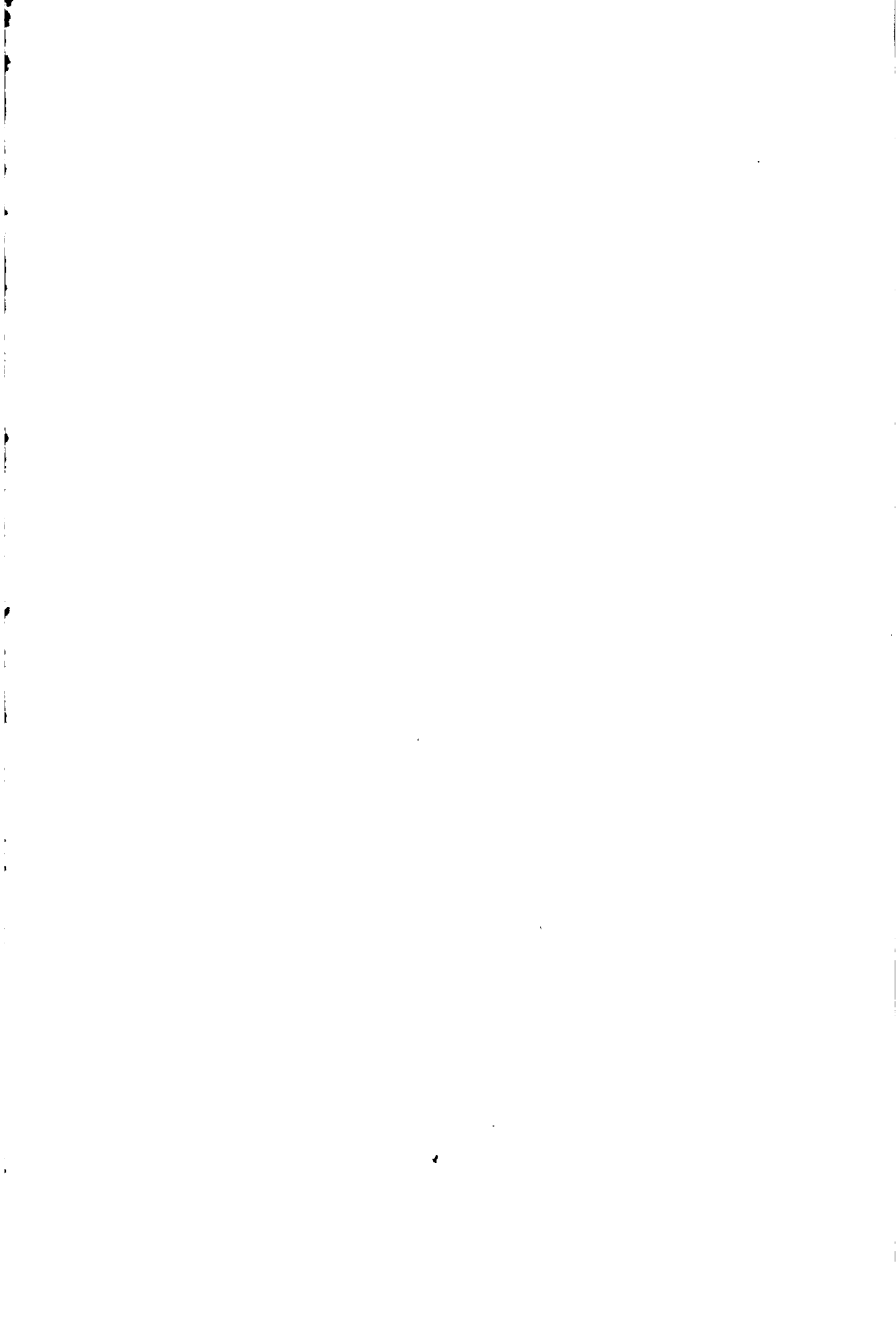
## A MEMORY.



OCTOBER fullness in field and flowers,  
The ebbing tide of the summer  
time  
In mellow music of days and hours  
That beat in rhythm and blend in rhyme;  
Leaves that tremble before their turning,  
The green that fades and the gold that  
grows,  
A stifled brook, and a throb of yearning  
In all that changes for all that goes!

**IN JOSHING MOOD.**





**BEWARE!**



KNOW a prof, not much to see,—

Take care!

Mistakes are made here frequently,—

Beware!

Bluff him not, he is watching thee!

He seems in awe of you and me,—

Take care!

He is not what he seems to be,—

Beware!

Bluff him not, he is on to thee!

He seems the age of you or me,—

Take care!

He is the Boss of English B,

Beware!

Bluff him not, he'll be flunking thee!

## THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.



COME, gather round, ye merry men  
Who live within the Hall;  
The feast is done, the door is shut,  
Then gather, gentles all,  
And hearken to a tale of six,  
And what did them befall.

Now, Sir Adolphus was a Knight  
Of mickle might to see;  
He hailed from off the frozen shore  
Of Northern Germany;  
And no one in the brazen band  
Was half so bold as he.

His fists were iron-clad in strength;  
His arms were made of brawn;  
Along Encina's reverent halls  
He walked with splendid scorn,  
And blew his own horn valiantly  
From eve to dewy morn.

THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

Then up rose wily Billinoles  
And listened to the strain;  
The sound of Sir Adolphus' horn  
Gave him a subtle  
pain,  
He vowed unto his  
patron saint  
It should not blow again.



He hied him up the winding stair,  
Up to the eastern tower,  
Where dwelt the doughty warrior, Milt,  
A knight of dreaded power,  
Whose fists to many a reckless foe  
Had brought his passing hour.

Sir Milt reclined within his hall,  
His pipe was in his hand;  
He filled it from a casket near  
That bore the "Old Bull" brand.  
The dust upon his books was deep;  
(You yoemen understand).

THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

The wily Billinoles stepped in  
And softly locked the door;  
With hellish art he argued there,—  
Ten minutes. 't was or more,—  
Until Sir Milt was pledged to wade  
In Sir Adolphus' gore.

Then up rose Billinoles again  
And hied him forth in  
glee;  
Adown the hall he sped as  
though  
Upon the track was he;  
The baleful light within his  
eyes  
Was dreadful for to see.



“Now, Sir Adolphus, hark ye well,  
Encina's bravest knight;  
The bold Sir Milt has challenged thee  
To meet in bloody fight.

THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

Up, then, and battle for thy fame,  
And Heaven defend the right!"

The Lord Gambrinus swore an oath:

"By Adderson," quoth he,  
"And every other evil power  
That blasts the land or sea,  
I'll make this upstart bite the dust  
Ere he be done with me!

"Go get thee to the Earl of Jeff;  
Borrow a glove or two  
And cast them at the feet of Milt,  
My high defiance, too,—  
Or may all Roble cease to smile  
At me, as now they do!"

Oh, who can tell from words alone  
What lieth in the heart?  
No sooner did the gleeful Bill  
Upon his way depart,  
Than Sir Adolphus showed himself  
A man of boundless art.

THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

Up to Sir Milt he made his way  
And pressed a novel suit,  
Which was that they should pull the leg  
Of Billinoles so cute,  
And give to him through all the world  
The lasting name of "Fruit."

Bright dawned the day on Woodside town;  
The lists they were prepared;  
The swelling muscles of the knights  
Were to the sunlight bared.  
Now listen, merry men, and hear  
Of how the heroes fared.

Sly Billinoles was there, and Vann,  
And a Scot of equal worth.  
They turned away their evil eyes  
To hide their godless mirth;  
(But Heaven took away from them  
Their mortgage on the earth).

Now would they brook no more delay,  
But bade the foemen stand.

THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

They rubbed them down and faced them there  
Upon the good green land;  
But both Adolphus and Sir Milt  
Showed woeful lack of sand.

Nor this nor that had been arranged  
As they would have it done;  
Each hemmed and hawed, and so delayed  
To meet the other one,  
Till Vann and Billinoles were tired  
And sweating in the sun.

But now at last they take their stand  
Within the oft-changed lists;  
Up in the glad spring air they raise  
Their murder-dealing fists,—  
When suddenly there comes a cry,  
And every one desists.

A cloud of dust, a frantic form  
Coming at breakneck speed,  
Whose lightning rate the watchers know  
Bespeaks an urgent need:



THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

It is the great Frazierius  
Upon his iron steed!



With gasping sides he wildly speaks:  
“For love of life, no more!  
King David hath got on to this,  
And all your days are o’er,  
If on this day the Woodside green  
Be stained with student gore.”

This said, he fainted where he stood,  
And when in time brought to,  
The gathering of valiant men  
Discreetly then withdrew.

THE BALLAD OF WOODSIDE FIELD.

The plot had failed, and three of them  
Were indigo in hue.

Down to the Redwood market-place  
They made a quick retreat;  
Where Billinoles did set them up  
With sundry things to eat,  
And all the dough that he could raise  
Was swallowed in the treat.

Now, all ye merry men, who hear  
The story of this scrap,  
Remember oft the trapper falls  
Into his own sly trap:  
It is not always whom we fool,  
That later wear the chap.

## PERSONA NON GRATA.



HE moves in the best of society circles,  
No sport on the campus more  
blooded than he,  
The spot that is given the closest  
attention  
Is always the one where he happens to  
be ;  
His presence can make a place swell in  
a moment,  
He's generally sought after,—vainly by  
some,  
For many a co-ed has found him elusive  
Though sure that she had him 'twixt  
finger and thumb.

To fraternity bodies, however exclusive,  
To Faculty parties the password he  
knows,

PERSONA NON GRATA.

He enters a class and the prof grows  
uneasy,

He makes a sensation wherever he goes;  
He holds the world's record for long-dis-  
tance jumping,

Yet the whole college hates him and  
wishes he 'd leave,

He's full, half the time, but he bluffs the  
Committee

And laughs at the President, too, in  
his sleeve.

For not all the learning of you or of me  
Can keep from the campus this curse of a  
Flea!

## IN THE COLD, COLD WORLD.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)



We were jolly Pioneers

Not so many moons ago,

All the joys of Mayfield evenings

We were said to fully know;

But there came a day for leaving,

And the great world lay before,

So we packed our little schoolbooks,

And we'll use them never more.

In the cold, cold world,

Ah, goodbye to youthful follies,

All those lazy days are o'er;

Bumming now must have cessation,

For just after graduation

Comes a painful revelation

In the cold, cold world!

In those happy days we labored

When we pleased, or not at all,

IN THE COLD, COLD WORLD.

And we made a great impression  
On the world,—at Roble Hall.  
Now we get a cold reception  
From the world we thought to win,—  
When we ring her iron door-bell,  
We can never find her in.  
In the cold, cold world,  
Things are very, very different,  
It is not the dear old Quad;  
There the palm-trees gently rustle,  
But outside it's noise and bustle,  
And it's *we* who have to rustle  
In the cold, cold world!

## AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

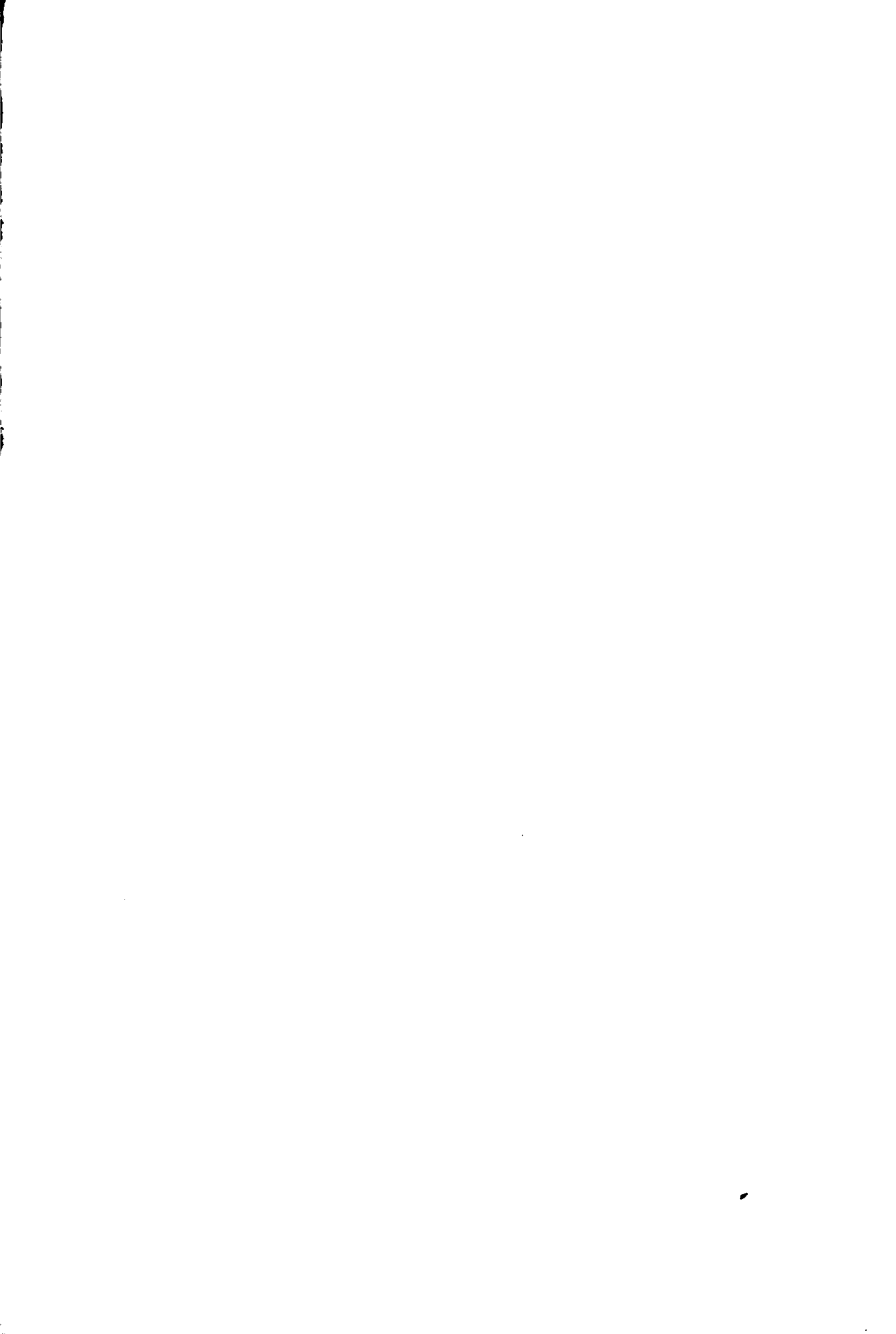


WHEN back into the Quad I came  
In my alumnusship,  
It did not wholly seem the same;  
The old companionship  
Was missing, and I longed to hear  
Familiar accents in my ear,  
To feel a well-known grip.


The while I mourned this chilling change  
With trembling of the lip,  
I heard a voice no longer strange,  
I felt a well-known grip,  
And knew that Hodges' Dog was nigh,  
And that he had not passed me by  
In my alumnusship.

**CO-EDUCATION.**





## THE GRASSHOPPERS.

HEN all the Palo Alto hills  
Grow green beneath the feet  
of Spring;  
When meadow-larks' rich music  
thrills

The crowding grass, and everything  
Is dreamy with enchanted days  
And April's exaltation,—  
Then sing, heigho for woodland ways,  
Heigho, co-education!

When Palo Alto hills have turned  
To lifeless yellow in the sun,  
When dying poppy-fires have burned  
The grass that Summer treads upon,—  
Still sing the meadow-larks, alone,  
Untouched by meditation,  
But oh, if we had only known,  
Alas, co-education!

## DANGER!



THEY were strolling slow together  
Where the oak-leaves scattered lay;  
In the sky, with sunset burning,  
Floated many a flaming feather  
Fallen from the wings of day;  
And the eastern hills stood yearning  
For the daylight fled away,—  
Yearning for the vanished bright-time,  
Shivering, naked, in the night-time,  
Till the mist rose from the bay.

In the quiet of the gloaming  
Slowly up the path they strayed,  
Sophomore and Roble maiden;  
Love, on vagrant pinions roaming  
Where the last long sunbeams played,  
Winged an arrow mischief-laden,—  
Wounded deeply man and maid;

DANGER!

And they wandered ever slower,  
While the sun sank low and lower,  
And the hills grew dim with shade.

Ah, for them the days are over  
Which in earnest work were spent;  
Study must give place to dreaming,  
Student has been changed to lover,  
Cupid is omnipotent!  
Single-hearted ones, esteeming  
Logic more than sentiment,  
Oh, beware of woodland rambles!  
Flowering paths have hidden brambles,  
Safer far is plain cement.

## AT STUDY-TIME.



At study-time the white lamp  
throws  
Its light on many a page  
sublime,  
Where many a master's im-  
age glows,  
At study time.

Yet evermore, through prose or rhyme,  
One sweet thought buds and gently grows  
Full-flushed as roses in their prime.

At length, unread my books I close,—  
Ah, let them go! too sweet the crime  
To think on thee, forgetting those  
At study-time.

## TWO WINDOWS.



OPENED my window at sunset,  
And close to the sill I stood.  
In the shadowy grass each poppy  
Had put on a pointed hood,  
And over me far I saw the star  
That comes with the sleep of things;  
The last bird dreamed in her hidden nest,  
Yet I heard the sound of wings!

I have watched the warm lights blossom,  
Like poppies that bloom at night;  
These have faded away in the darkness,  
And only the stars are bright;  
But I am still by the window-sill,  
Though all the day-world sleeps,  
For the distant lamp of a midnight witch  
Over the oak-tree peeps.

## THE IDEAL CO-ED.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)



THE ideal co-ed is a thing of books,  
A creature of brain entirely,  
With stooping shoulders and studious looks,  
She digs all day and half the night;  
People say she is wondrous bright,  
But her figure's an awful sight!  
Her thoughts are deep in the classic past,  
She only thinks of A. B. at last;  
She has fled this world and its masculine charms,  
And a refuge found in Minerva's arms.

Now, the kind of co-ed that I describe  
Is a co-ed seen very rarely;  
The real co-ed's a thing of grace,  
With dainty figure and winsome face;  
She walks and rides, and she cuts, mon Dieu!

THE IDEAL CO-ED.

But every professor lets her through;  
For her each year is a round of joy,  
A. B. means nothing if not "A Boy,"  
And you and I must yield to her charms,  
And take the place of Minerva's arms.



## STRATEGY.



COME, Cupid kills with arrows,  
Some, with traps;"  
But this spring the little rascal  
Found, perhaps,  
That he needed both to slay me;  
So he laid a cunning snare  
On the hillside, and he hid it  
In a lot of maidenhair;  
And I doubt not he is laughing  
At the joke,  
For he made his arrows out of  
Poison-oak.

## METAMORPHOSIS.



DEAR maid, but yesterday  
You passed along a shaded way;  
Filled were your arms with maiden-  
hair

And poppies warm; against your face  
The light fern found a resting-place,  
But more than flower or fern I thought you fair.

Ah! that was yesterday.  
Your window ledge is wondrous gay  
With green and gold; and you are there;  
But poison-oak upon your face  
Has found a second blooming-place,  
And flower and fern, dear maid, are far more fair.

## IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

(WRITTEN TO MUSIC.)



**T** was once upon a time,  
That the hero of this rhyme,  
Guileless Freshie, green as grass,  
Met an artful Senior lass.  
Oh, she smiled on him demurely,  
She had loved none other, surely,  
And her heart was his securely,—  
Poor little maid!

For she had never seen the mau-  
soleum,  
By the stock-farm she had never  
strayed,  
She had never seen the Quad by  
moonlight,—  
Poor little Roble maid!

So this Freshman lent his aid,  
Just to introduce the maid

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

To the beauties of the place,  
But she set him such a pace  
That he spent his monthly ration  
All in ice-cream dissipation,—  
Now he damns co-education

And the Roble maid;

For it was not quite true that


She had never seen the mausoleum,  
Nor never near the stock-farm  
strayed;

She knew each corner of the Quad  
by moonlight,—

Sly little Roble maid!

## EMANCIPATION.

*(The Basket-ball Girl speaks to an old portrait.)*

Y Great-grandma Dorothy,  
Just supposing you could see  
Down along the century  
Out of your dim yesterday  
Into my to-day, I wonder  
What you'd think of me.

So demurely sweet to see  
In your dainty dimity,—  
I am gowned but to the knee,  
And my hair hangs any way ;  
Could you see me now, I wonder  
How you'd look at me.

When you touched the spinet-key  
Some one listened lovingly,—  
I am playing hard, and he,  
From the side-lines, sees me play,

EMANCIPATION.

If you heard him yell, I wonder  
What you 'd say to me.

Ah, Great-grandma Dorothy,  
Those prim folded hands would be  
Quickly raised reprovngly,

I can guess the things you 'd say,—  
But, in your heart's heart, I wonder  
What you 'd think of me!

**WARNING.**



**AIDENS, when near the museum,  
Hush your confidential love,  
Lest you teach a fatal habit  
To the statues up above;  
For reflect, what dreadful discord,  
Think, what awful anger-blasts  
Would be stirred up, if those statues  
Ever got to "trading lasts"!**

## FATE.



took my books the other day,  
And studied in the Quad, alone;  
But no professor passed that way,  
I was n't called on the next day,  
That work was never known.

Up on the road beside the brook,  
One little hour we two beguiled;  
I never looked inside a book,  
But I met each prof whose work I took,  
And when I flunked, he smiled.



## FOUR VALENTINES.



O-MORROW is the day for valentines;  
Then let me leave my thesis for  
a space,  
Lower the lamplight on these  
weary lines,

And dream a little in the shadowed place.  
In my three years at college, I have named  
My Valentine and kept the season thrice;  
The jolly saint himself is to be blamed  
If I have never had the same one twice.

In Freshman days, with all about me strange,  
And home's sweet halo shining on my way,  
My heart had never known the sense of change,  
And one dear face was with me day by day;  
So, when the time was here, I wrote my verse  
And drew the heart and arrow up above,  
And, happy in the thought I might do worse,  
I sent it off to Mother with my love.

FOUR VALENTINES.

When I had felt the thrill of Sophomore days,  
My thoughts were given to a dainty maid  
At college with me, and in woodland ways  
And quiet music-rooms my court I paid.  
But, with my Junior dignity, I chose  
My Queen abroad, within the city's glare,  
Forgot the violet for the gayer rose,  
And lost my heart and pocket-money there.

Saint Valentine, those days were long ago;  
Your power is lost upon this penitent,  
For, with my Senior gravity, I know  
That life means more than your light sentiment.

And yet, this once your day shall have from me  
Some of the old observance, though I scoff;  
My thesis waits,—my Valentine shall be  
The old-maid sister of my major prof.

## LORELEI.



He fareth in a joyous wise

Where runs the road 'neath gentle  
skies ;—

How should his canine heart sur-  
mise

That where the red-roofed towers rise  
The blood is red upon the slab?  
His way is warm with sunlight yet,  
He knoweth not the sun must set;  
And he hath in the roadway met  
The Ladye of the Lab.

How should he read her face aright?  
Upon her brow the hair is bright,  
Within her eyes a tender light,  
Her luring hands are lily-white,  
Tho' blood be red upon the slab;  
Her calling voice is siren-sweet,—  
He crouches fawning at her feet,—

LORELEI.

(It is a fatal thing to meet  
The Ladye of the Lab!)

And she hath ta'en him with a string  
To where the linnets never sing,  
Where stiff and still is everything,  
And there a heart lies quivering

When blood is red upon the slab:  
O little dog that wandered free!  
And hath she done this thing to thee?  
How may she work her will with me,—  
The Ladye of the Lab!

Q. E. D.



THE wide sky above  
Is like violets blue;  
Like the heavens on high  
Is my passion for you;  
Equating, as we  
May by axiom do,  
My passion for you  
Is like violets blue;  
And if we take Time  
And multiply through,  
As violets wither,  
So passion dies, too.

WHEN WE COME BACK NO MORE.



WONDER, when from summer sleep  
The old Quad wakes again,  
When calling bells their vigils keep  
And watch for us in vain,—  
Those bells on which we heaped,  
last year,

Anathemas galore,  
But now are grown so strangely dear  
When we come back no more,—

I wonder if among the leaves  
A voice will whisper low,  
A little dreaming voice that grieves  
Over the long ago;  
If new-filled places will forget  
Who loved them best before,  
Or stir a little with regret  
That we come back no more.

WHEN WE COME BACK NO MORE.

When underneath the sacred shade  
Where shines our name to-day,  
With stranger steps the man and maid  
Of '99 shall stray,  
Will our old tree, bent down to hear  
The same things o'er and o'er,  
Forget this is not yester-year  
And we come back no more?

Beyond the Palo Alto hills  
The days slip stealthily;  
The echo of their footsteps fills  
The Quad with memory;  
There where we made a painted boast,  
The chapel site before,  
Lies glimmering the twilight ghost  
Of what will come no more.

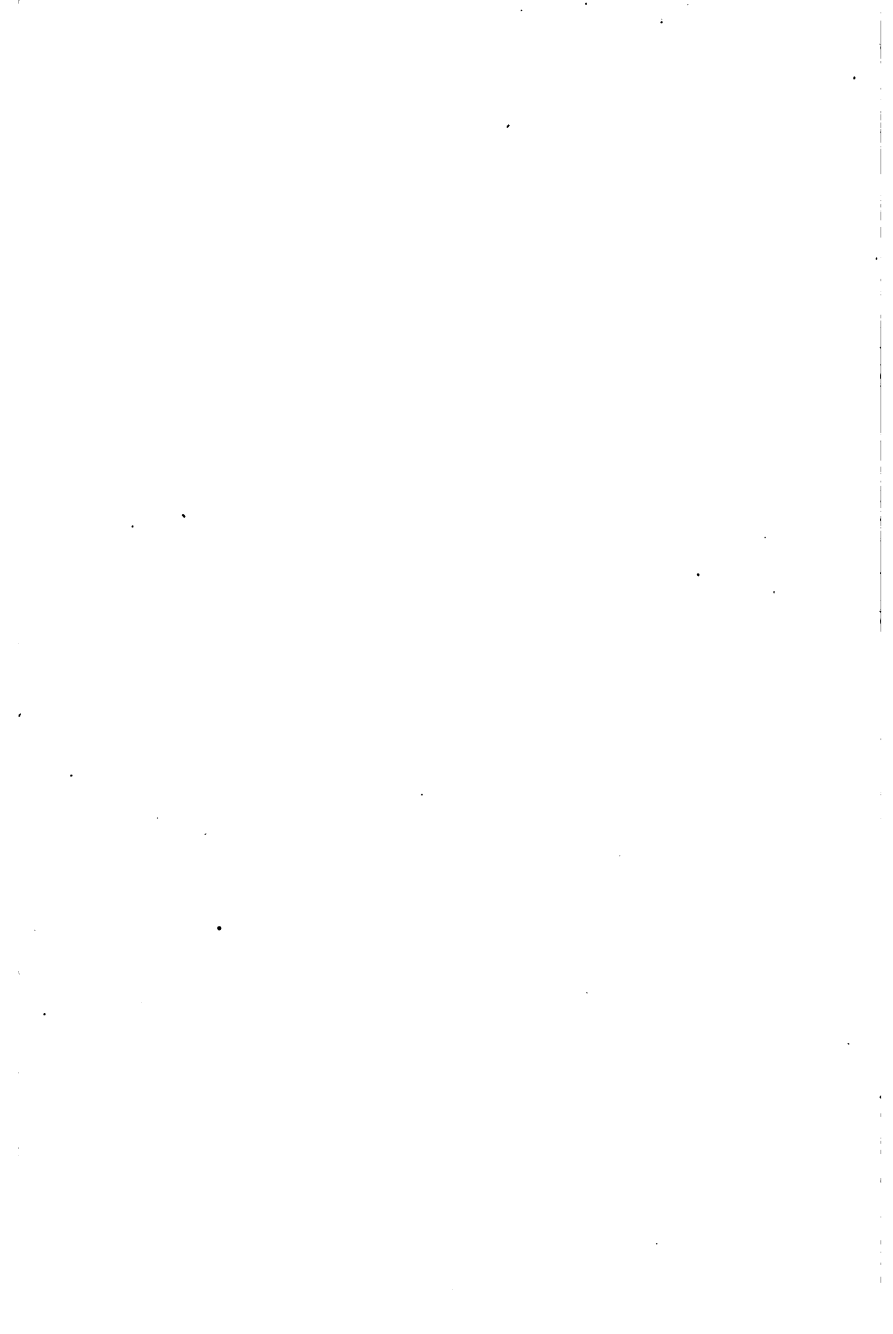
We scatter down the four wide ways,  
Clasp hands and part, but keep  
The power of the golden days  
To lull our care asleep,

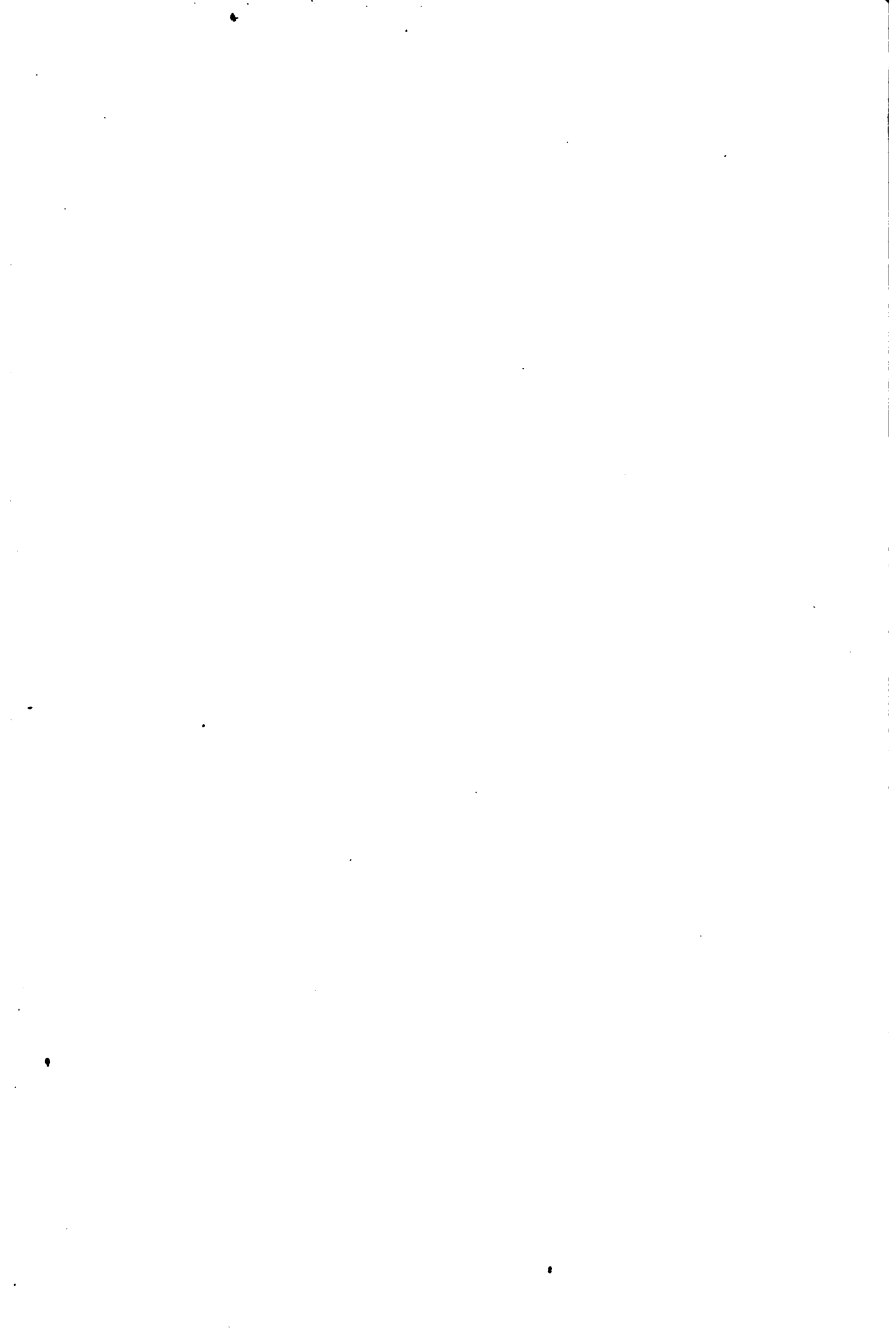
WHEN WE COME BACK NO MORE.

And dream, while our new years we fill  
With sweetness from those four,  
That we are known and loved there still,  
Though we come back no more.









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