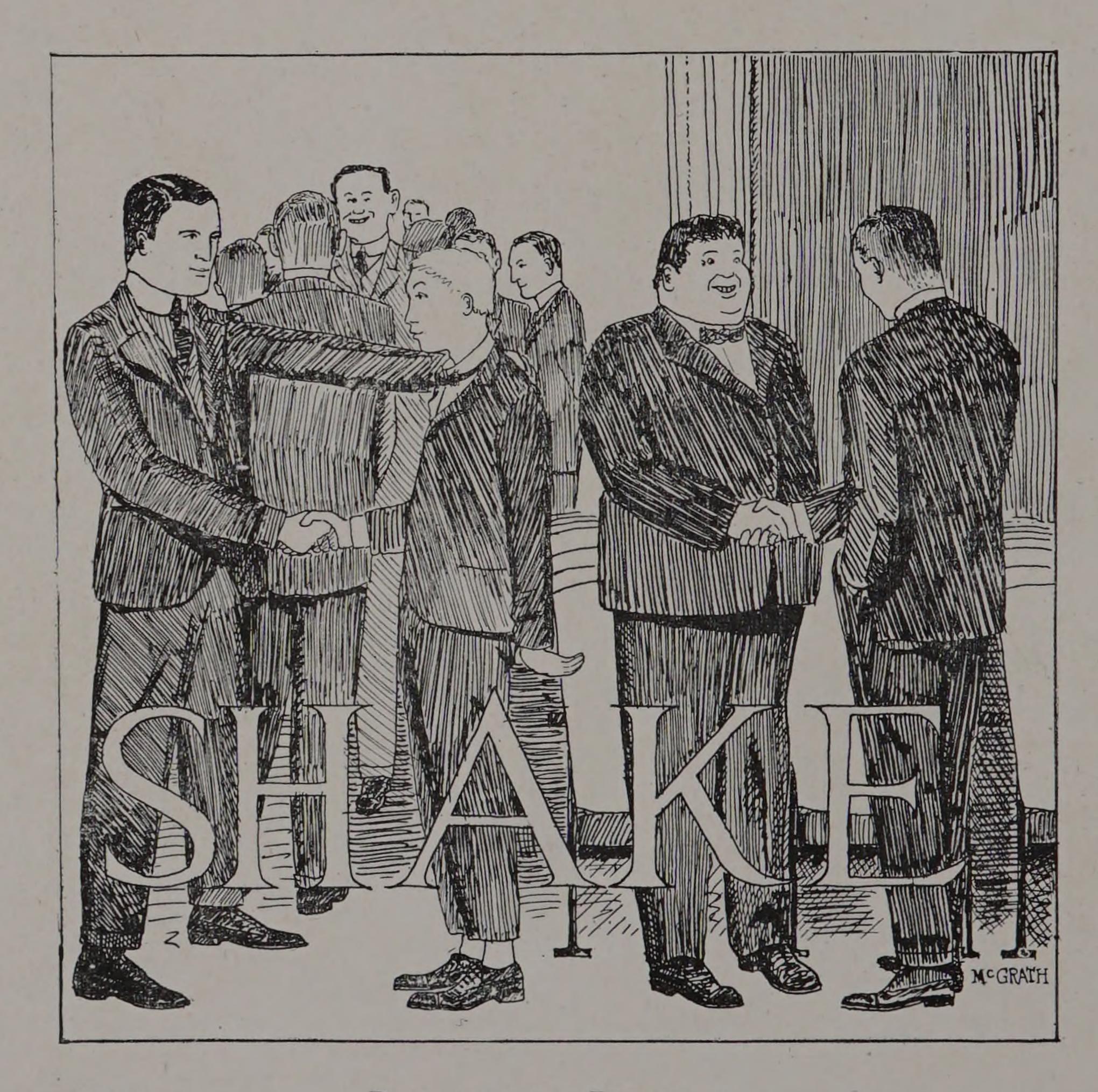
In College Days

In college days how swiftly goes
The four brief years. One seldom knows
That they are gone until, behold!
We see the seniors smiling bold,
Bringing their short careers to close.

How free, how full, how fast all flows, To see us now, one would suppose The universe were round us rolled; In college days.

O Vanity! The vision glows
With colors of the blushing rose,
And roses fade, We, too, grow old
And memories alone unfold
The joys that pen could not disclose;
In college days.



Pick out the Freshman