



## The Ideal Co-Ed

THE ideal co-ed is a thing of books;  
 A creature of brain entire'y,  
 With stooping shoulders and studious looks  
 She digs all day and half the night;  
 People say she's wondrous bright,  
 But her figure's an awful sight!  
 Her thoughts are deep in the classic past—  
 She thinks only 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 quite frequently;  
 The real co-ed's a thing of grace,  
 With dainty figure and winsome face;  
 She walks and rides, and she cuts, Mon Dieu!  
 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.

