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.