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LOVE-LIFE OF AN ENGINEERING STUDENT

Fools may sing of hearts and love
And eyes and cheeks and hair—
Write sonnets to a woman's glove
And swear her wondrous fair.
Bah! She's an artificial thing:
All powder, paint, and lipstick—
But hearken to the song I sing,
And hail my love, the slipstick.

Women are babbling all the time
Of dates and drinks and dresses,
Which wouldn't help at all when I'm
Computing torques and stresses.
It conquers without fear or doubt
Whole hosts of sines and surds,
And helps me work in peace without
An avalanche of words.

Slide rules are always accurate,
And women never so;
And while rules are not affectionate,
They never answer "No!"
So hence with women's wanton ways,
With eyebrows, lips, and curls;
My little log-log polyphase
Is worth a dozen girls!
—Cornell Widow.