Wit
Wisdom
Pathos
Thrum, Ye Heavenly Maids, the lyre,
Ye can find no subject higher,
Nineteen-eight in radiant glory,
Ever to be found in story.
Loyalty

A COLLEGE ALLEGORY

I

The omnipotent Ruler of all good things that by mortals are felt or known,
Gathered by regal mandate a troupe about his throne.
And there came in a cloud of radiance, Courage and Love and Beauty,
And Loyalty, Truth and Wisdom, and the friend of them all called Duty.
And as worn and wearied wanderers they gathered round the throne,
For though cons of time for the haven of rest has each searched the earth alone.
And the great all-powerful Ruler gave solace and words of knowledge.
And he said in the evolution on Earth there had grown what men called
"the college."
Then he told of learned professors and of students grave and gay,
Of science, art and language and of their work and play;
And as many times before in the world he had sent them out to roam,
He sent them to the college to seek once more a home.
And each set out most joyously, especially Wisdom and Truth,
For they knew that in the college they were sought by all the Youth;
And the place where minds are formed and taught must be the home of Beauty.
She, too, rejoiced, but where work is done there is a call for Duty;
Where men may stand for true manhood and ideals noble and free,
Where better is the home of Courage and the need of Loyalty!
And where hearts are young and care-free there is always room for Love.
So each sure of the long sought rest set out to Earth from above.
And reaching the magic portals in turn they went inside,
With the hope that all in college forever might abide.

II

Wisdom and Truth together entered the marble halls,
And in the deep sweet silence felt secure within those walls.
Then they stood within each class room while all the scholars talked,
They never recognized Wisdom and Truth were even mocked.
And sadly they turned back into the world to drift;
But Truth and Wisdom departing left to the college a gift.
Then Courage and Duty entered and gravely looked for work.
For brave unselfish labor and strength which can never shirk;
They found men bent and blinded seeking the gifts of Wisdom and Truth.
And men fought on the sporting field with all the vigor of brave youth;
But there was wasted opportunity, cowardice and deceit.
So that Courage and Duty again had met Defeat,
And sadly they turned back into the world to drift.
But Courage and Duty departing left to the college a gift.
Then along the shadowy pathway there wandered Beauty and Love.
All the air seemed full of life, and stars gleamed out above.
And Love and Beauty saw happy youth in whose heart the fondest hopes
Were to gaze upon the planets through gigantic telescopes.
And the scholars seeking forever for the gifts of Courage and Duty,
Had no thoughts nor wish for Love and failed to welcome Beauty.
Love sighed as she departed for the greatest were her trials.
Beauty smiling left the portals, and a gift was in her smiles.
Loyalty saw each one go by and that not one remained. 
And from each sad departure a lesson he had gained. 
He did not enter the class room to hear the scholars talk, 
Nor in the shadowed pathways take a solitary walk. 
But he mingled with the students outside and in the class, 
And without a hearty greeting not one did he ever pass. 
Loyalty in one great bond together seemed to bind 
The Scientist and Linguist, the Athlete and the Grind, 
Loyalty grew in each heart and Loyalty on each tongue 
Of the aged and bent Philosopher and most thoughtless of the Young. 
In the gladness of his welcome Loyalty stayed on and on, 
And henceforth greater grew the gifts of each one who had gone; 
And through unselfish devotion the lesson which Loyalty taught, 
Each one of the others nearer to college life was brought.

FRANCES NUCKOLLS.

Superstition or Nerve?

"'I'm the ghost of a troupe that was stranded in Peoria,'" sang Bill Cranton, as he swung the frat house door to with a bang, and, walking into the first room, threw his cap into the group about the fire-place. 

"Wake up, there! This is a deucedly dismal bunch sitting moping before dying embers in the dark. What's doing?" He jigged out his awaited for reply, watching the fitful fire light up the panoramic expressions on the circle of faces. 

Outside the wind rattled the shutters and occasionally sang a woeful song down the chimney as the flickering flames threw weird shadows dancing on the pennant-hung walls. 

The jigging ceased when Kid Jones sheepishly asked: "Oh, say, Bill! Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" his tone of disgust could only be equaled by his expression. "A modern college man, and a football man to boot, believing in ghosts! I should say not! Who's got cold feet around here? He'd better skiddo if he's in this bunch."

Bill stood with firmly planted feet and arms akimbo, waiting for answer to the implied question. The boys were silent a moment, slyly watching the effect of Bill's bravado on the story-teller of the evening, expecting him to retallate. Fred Hartley's aquiline face flushed a little, but his large glowing eyes showed no resentment. At last he spoke:

"Well, you needn't get sore about it, Bill—as I was just telling the boys—there are some highly developed constitutions so acute to all sensations, to the slightest atmospheric pressure, to every thought or emotion of surrounding people; yes, even of the dead, that—"

"Rot! You don't stuff any of that down me! Whoever says he saw a ghost is a liar or saw an imposture!"

"Imposture? No, not necessarily. Wonderful as ghost-phenomena may be, I see much in it that you may question, yet nothing supernatural, nothing strange. You don't know all the laws of the universe and never will; neither are you constituted as all. There are some things you know, that I don't, football, for instance; and there may be some things that I have a knowledge of that are alien to you. To me there is another world than the ordinary eye sees, or the ordinary man feels—a state apart from us, yet so
woven and in-wrought with us that we are the manifestations of the essence of the other. This but touches on my theory of ghosts, and if you will have patience I'll come to that—"

Patience was out of the question with Bill, and he kicked a chair over to arouse the rest.

"Now, look here! You fellows all look like you'd been hoodoo'd. Cut it out, Fred, I say. Here are some good Key Wests—have one, Fred? Rules begin tomorrow, you know."

"Thanks, old man!"

"Guess I've got enough to go around. Now light up and twenty-three for ghosts!"

"Aw, hold on, Bill!" an eager but disappointed face turned toward him, and a soft voice drawled out, "You're too pow'ful practical. Let Fred tell some mo' ghost y'a'n's. We like to beah them. Ah, haven't he'd any equal them since ole Mammy told me the last one down in Alabama. G'wan about that blue light you once saw, Fred. Bill interrupted you when he came in."

"Well, the blue light came nearer and nearer, not a streak, not a blaze, but an irridescent, irradiating ball of clear blue, slowly moving toward me, so slow my heart beats seemed minutes growing into hours. Fascinated, bound in unquestioned mesmerism by the power of that light I——"

Oh, give up the ghost, Fred! Come along to bed Rolly. I guarantee a good Colt like I keep loaded under my pillow will break the spell of any ghost ever heard of. Eh, Rolly?"

"You bet! When——"

"But," interrupted Fred, "ghosts are neither substance nor matter, neither illusion nor fancy, cannot be touched, destroyed or commanded, except by a superior will alone."

"Bosh! I'll bet you a silver that any ghost you thought you ever saw, or could show me, would let out a yell—unearthly, no doubt, but still human—if one of my bullets struck it."

"You make that a bet, you say? Well, it's a go then." It was Rolly, his roommate, who said this. There was a glint of mischief in his keen blue eyes as he slapped Fred on the back. "You're somewhat mediumistic, Fred. You call up a ghost tomorrow night and I'll have a William to pay on my laundry."

Fred searched his eyes an instant, then: "Put it there old man," and gripped Rolly's hand until he tried to crawl up the fireplace to get away.

Tossing a pillow at Fred's head, Bill walked to the door, remarking:

"Well, so long! See you in Trig—the darned stuff! I've only got three problems. I'm going to dig like the deuce in them tomorrow night, and ghosts won't interrupt me, either. See? So long!"

The door slammed behind the boys and Fred was left alone to dream by the fire—dreams rooted in a creative mind, to develop by active hands, perhaps to flower in deadly night-shade.

A full moon whitely flooded the balcony window of Bill's room as he and Rolly sat attempting to study with a box of Johnson's candy opened before them.

"Gee—rus—a—iem!" yawned Rolly; "let's go to bed. I'm all in. This bucking business is pretty dog-goned tough on a feller. Put up that slide-rule and come to bed. See that clock travel? All lights out in ten minutes according to your rules, Cap."

In two seconds down went a shoe with the report of a cannonball, followed by a second crash. Following an intermission of Hindu-American vocabulary, a dirty collar was thrown into the farthest corner. After stepping on a thumb-tack and waking up the bull pup downstairs, he remarked:

"By the way, Bill, better look at your revolver and see if its well loaded, I believe you left it under your pillow this morning."
“Cylinder’s full. Haven’t had occasion to use it, you know, old boy, and it’s as I fixed it a month ago. Ha, ha! wouldn’t I laugh if Fred should try to fake a ghost on me tonight. What in the deuce does he take me for? And you, too? I’ll show you there’s no superstition in my blood! Ready to roll in, you Rolly-Polly? Now, one, two, three, broad jump!”

Whiz, crash! Down fell the springs and a tangled mess of blankets and kicking legs.

“Bill, you go to—Hellgate canon next time you start anything like this. Get a hump on you now, and help me fix these slats. I’ve a heap big notion to sleep on the floor, but I’m afraid a ghost might walk over me with heavy boots. Quit your haw-hawing, or I’ll stuff a sheet in your mouth—two if it’s necessary to fill it.”

“Get grouchy, now, Rolly!” laughed Bill as he straightened the springs. “You’re right I will if you don’t shut up and go to sleep.”

Bill, trying to tuck the shortest way of the quilt under his toes and chin at the same time, soon shot one more question at Rolly:

“Say, don’t you have the first hour class in the morning?” The answer came in a long drawn out snore.

The partial silence of night pervaded the darkened frat house until the college clock slowly numbered the midnight hour. At the last stroke, Rolly sat up in bed, and nudging Bill, breathlessly whispered:

“O—h, Bill! Look! What’s that? Oh, it’s a-coming! Quick! Your revolver!” and he covered his face with his hands.

Bill, acting quickly on suggestion, scarcely awake, reached for his revolver.

“Who is it? Where, Rolly? Oh, I see!”

Through the dimly moon-lit room, slowly came a tall white figure, moving almost imperceptibly, but without sound. Blue lights radiated from the eyes and nostrils and the white lips moved, yet were silent. An involuntary shudder came over Bill as he intently watched it. But he laughed and his voice was strong as he called out:

“Stop where you are or I’ll shoot!”

On it came, slowly, stealthily, as if unhearing or uncaring.

“Fool! Move another step and I’ll fire!”

Nearer and nearer it came, the unearthly gleaming eyes glowing more intensely. It was half way across the room now, and Bill was raising his revolver, when lo, across the breast, written in the blue fire of the eyes, burned the letters, “Believe!” Yet he was not convinced.

“Leave this room instantly or I’ll put a bullet through you! No fooling now. I mean business. Go!”

Unregarded again! An instant passed. Then he aimed and fired. But contrary to his expectations; contrary to all natural laws, the bullet rebounded, falling with a thud upon his own pillow; and, unharmed, the spectre marched slowly as the hands of the clock.

“Believe!” it bores and the silent mouth formed the syllables.

Rolly groaned under the cover.

Now trembling, Bill fired again. Again fell the bullet upon the bed. The seconds dragged. With staring eyes fairly fastened on the glowing “Believe,” drops of cold sweat began to drip from his intensely quivering body. It was almost upon him now, looming up in the darkness. One long white arm was reaching toward him as he fell back, moaning in utter agony.

“Believe! Believe! Yes! Yes! I do! I do! I do!” screeching louder and louder, “I do! I do!”

The lights flashed on. Rolly sprang out of bed, just as in rushed a crowd of excited boys.

“What’s the matter? Who’s shot?”

“Nobody! H’sh! Come here and help me. We’re in a deuce of a fix. Bring some cold water quick!”
Wild-eyed, white as the sheet thrown in the corner, writhing and clenching his hands, Bill crouched on the edge of the bed, crying in a hoarse whisper:

“It’s coming; it’s coming! I can’t stop it! I can’t shoot it! Oh, I can’t, I can’t kill the dead!”

“Bill, wake up! Don’t you know us? This is Fred! I was the ghost. It’s all a joke—wet sheets and phosphorus. We put blank shells in your revolver and threw bullets at you.”

Unhearing, Bill still raved on:

“The bullets struck—came back! Missed me, but maybe—the next one—and he burst into a paroxysm of tears, crying as the boys had never seen a strong man cry before.

“Believe! Believe!” he sobbed. “Go away; I believe! Go away.”

Fred and Rolly bathed his fevered head in cold water, all the while trying to soothe him.

“It’s all right, Bill! See, it’s gone now. This is Rolly. There! There, old chap; cheer up.”

Gradually he grew quieter and they put him back to bed. All night Fred and Rolly watched his broken sleep, while pale, anxious boys hung about the hall.

It was a week later, just before the most important football game of the season that Bill appeared again.

“I’ll play today and win, or I’ll leave college!”

The boys looked doubtful, but there was no time to question him, as the coach came up and slapped him on the back: “Knew I could depend on you. Glad to see you out.”

The game was a fast one, the teams equally matched. Excitement ran through all the grandstand and culminated in the bleachers.

But the bleachers missed the usual spectacular plays of the captain and wondered when the coach led him from the field before the game was half finished.

They had not yet learned that the football captain would play no more—he had lost his nerve.

F. A. WARD.
Popular Songs at the "U."

Jimmie's Own Song

(To tune of "I Fell in Love with Polly.")

It is said that men are usually fickle,
But for my part I will say that is not true.
Theo' my love affairs first put me in a pickle
Long before the day when I was twenty-two.
Every pretty face I see has new attraction,
And the latest girl's the one I want to wed,
I prepare to settle down with satisfaction,
When I find I love another girl instead.

Harmon's Harmony

(Tune—My Almo, Love.)

I met my love at the 'Varsity,
On the campus wide and green;
Her radiance quite bedimmed my sight,
So radiant were her eyes.
No star in Heaven's firmament could her bright eyes out-shine,
For there's no one like this 'Varsity love of mine.

Stella's Song

(Tune—Auld Lang Syne.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?
For last ye-ah then we'll sing
And then the ye-ah before.
When times were not what they are now
And we tho't we'd be happy evah mo-ah.

Silent Night

(As Sung by James Bonner.)

Silent night, peaceful night,
All is calm, all is bright.
Out for a stroll are Minta and I.
Sadly wondering as time goes by,
When the rest will get home from church,
So we won't be in the lurch.

Silent night, peaceful night,
All is calm, all is bright.
Out in the moonlight are Minta and I.
Forgetting to see that the time goes by.
First we know, it is ten o'clock,
And the Dean, we shock,
(By coming late, as usual.)
Massey in His Glory
(Tune—Excelsior.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
    Tra-la-la-la.
As straight across the campus passed,
    Tra-la-la-la.
A youth who bore up straight and fine.
And sang out loud the following rhyme:
    If I am going here to school,
    I'll take my time to play the fool.
    I'll cut my boy friends out straightway—
    I'll have a girl or bust.

Sally's Song
(Tune—Love's Old Sweet Song.)

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mist began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Lo, my heart love sang an old sweet song.
And on the night when I first came to the dorm,
Up in my mind some things began to storm.
Just some "chem" in the morning,
    When I want a class,
Then a friend at noonday,
    The time away to pass,
Then to "lab" so weary,
    Then to town I chase;
But when it comes to evening,
Then I want a "case."

Ted's Favorite
(Tune—She's a Beaut from Butte, Montana.)

In the days so long ago,
    When I was coming
To this college in the West—
    Where all is funny.
I tho't I'd learn to smile and bluff
    Just for the knowledge.
And I like the mischief mighty fine.

Refrain
I'm a beaut from Butte, Montana,
    And I'll tell you something new—
We have lots of sport and fun up there,
    And I like to say it too;
You'll know there's something in this school
    When I begin to play.
For we only laugh and dance and sing
In Butte alway.
The Last Junior Prom

The late afternoon sun shone dimly through the high windows of the gymnasium and threw an incongruous and unsuitable glow over the red and white decorations. The last rows of bunting and paper were in place, the last pillow settled in its cozy corner and a group of juniors wearily closed the doors upon the scene.

Two seniors in cap and gown stood on the side porch and glanced into the great, dim, deserted space, exaggerated like a tinselled gown in daylight, which would appear glittering and brilliant at night.

"It's our last junior prom, Ruth," one of the girls remarked.

"Yes, and doesn't it seem different from the time when we were Freshmen, thinking of all the glorious things we would have accomplished by the time of our last junior prom. I wonder how far we really are from what we planned, Lillian?"

Lillian's dreamy blue eyes glowed happily.

"I know I never accomplished what I planned and I never dare to suggest to the literary Miss Ruth that something else means more than just plans."

From the glance directed to it the "something else" evidently was all implied in the diamond ring on Lillian's finger.

"And I'm happier than you are too, Ruth," she went on defiantly, "even if you have made every staff and honor society in school."

"Well, I'll tell you, Lillian, love in college seems to me just like——," she looked about for a simile and suddenly found one; "just like the decorated gym for instance, all fine in artificial light, but it doesn't stand the sun. I mean there is a sort of glow over the love affairs you have in college—they're not downright real, and like the gym again, there's too much decoration about them. It's too often based on the good times and pretty things, not like real life. Don't mind what I say, because you know I have to convince myself that the only things that count in college are theses and honors and degrees."

"Well," sighed Lillian, "it's a good thing we all care for different things and that you and I each got what we wanted, and don't be hurt, dear, but you don't know how glad I am that you don't care at all about Hal. He's good looking and has everything, but——," she hesitated mysteriously, "he's not worthy of you and you'll be so much happier without him bothering you."

In the joyous bedlam of dressing for the prom, Ruth was thoughtful, and a pre-occupied expression was in her eyes as she performed the usual services of joining quite widely separated hooks and eyes and applying powder to happy shining faces. It is hard to think when girls are dressing in a dormitory for a party, but her four years came like a panorama to Ruth's mind, as the girls of all classes chattered around her. It had not been an ordinary experience for her to be in a happy group like this in the first years of her college life; and to make that college life last for four years had been a struggle in which achievements and work had had none of the relaxation or illumination of the brighter side, and although she philosophized so often on the artificial glow of college life, no ray of it had come into her own. And now an aunt had made possible other years to be filled with the same achievements, and without the struggle she knew they could be so much greater. That Ruth was to be the literary star of the class was the confident feeling of all of them.

As she waited for Hal to take her to the gymnasium, Ruth thought seriously of all this and when she lifted the roses out of the box, she thought lightly of how good Hal had been, and was mildly sorry for his unworthiness.
of her. Yet when she stepped beside him into the long stately moving line of the grand march, the often repeated phrase, "happier without him," had perhaps not an interrogation after it, but possibly less of a final period than ever before.

The hands of the big clock were nearing the hour of the last dance when Ruth and Hal walked into the shadow of the stone steps, where just the faint melody of the music broke in now and then on the stillness, and the scent of spring blossoms breathed with the coolness of a stirring breeze, and long shadows of the waving boughs divided the darkness and moonlight. It is there on one's last junior prom that the quiet and rest seem welcome and where the spirit of the stone steps has inspired many a beautifully spoken farewell and the opposites of farewell. Ruth's face and the regular distinct features of the man were clearly revealed against the darkness. The girl's face was far less beautiful than his, but it showed all the definite force, brilliancy and the strength which seemed regretfully lacking in his sculpture-like beauty.

Ruth glanced about her into the long purple shadows and once in a while she caught a glimpse of a bright figure and what might have been a dark shadow beside it, as they passed into the light from the clock tower, mingling their footsteps on the gravel walk with the music inside and the hush of the night. A strange sense of remoteness seemed to oppress her and once she tried to analyze the psychological reason why she and Hal seemed in a world of their own. But the inspiration from the stone steps must have been prompting Hal, and before his argument she had no more cold logic than Lillian. The glow which had been so easy to analyze in others possessed her whole being and in its radiance the thought of career and talents faded into the shadow of forgetfulness. Perhaps, somewhere in her consciousness, there stirred the faint sense of the man's weaknesses or the differences between them which could produce only inevitable incongeniality, but far dearer was an answer.

"If you loved only what were worth your love, 
Love were clear gain and wholly good for you. 
Make the low nature better by your throes, 
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above."

She smiled simply and happily into Hal's eyes and said slowly, in not at all the glorious poetic words with which she had dreamed of expressing her final surrender:

"I guess I won't go to college any more, Hal. You and the last junior prom have settled that."

FRANCES NUCKOLLS.
Little Fred Linley

Little Fred Linley.
He got canned
One morning very bright.
And the boys they took him
And buried him, right in the broad
daylight.
They mourned his loss.
Spite of what they did.
And marched with him round the
circle,
Till a girl looked out at the “lab”
window
And began to giggle.
Prof. Elrod then.
With his little black box.
Went out to shoot the sinners;
But the way they started out
With Fred
Gave proof that they were the win-
ers.
Prof.’s failure though,
Was success you see,
As all things Prof.’s will do.

What Some Authors Have Said of Us, To Us and For Us

Charles Dimmick—“I think it’s a blamed sight better to play a square
game than turn a fine compliment.”
Phyllis Gagnon—“Her good looks surpass her powers of discretion.”
Elmer Johnson—“You can go home when you can go no where else.”
Frances Nuckolls—“If ever the devil fitted together a conundrum box
it’s that girl.”
Charley Farmer—“He is as good as a news-sheet.”
Arbie Leech—“He carries his credentials in his face and physique.”
Win. Feilgner—“Earnestness is ever deeply solemn.”
Claire Salisbury—“Unheard-of combinations of circumstances demand
unheard-of rules.”
Helen Goddard—“I declare and testify, it makes me as cross as sin, jest
to think how good-natured I be.”
Roberta Satterthwaite—“I don’t say it in a frivolous or sentimental spirit
in the least, but I do affirm that there is hardly any juncture in life where
one isn’t better off for having a man about.”
James Bonner—“There is no voice in this world which is completely
human to me but your voice only.”
Hovey Polleys—“In friendships I had been most fortunate, yet never saw
I one whom I would call more willingly my friend.”
Dillwyn Thomas—“Strange thoughts beget strange deeds.”
Ralph Harmon—“Every great man is an unique.”
Prof. Elrod—“And thereby hangs a tale.”
May Hamilton—“This speech of yours hath moved me.”
Russell King—“I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair.”
“Frances J. oft with anxious care
Adjusted twice a single hair.”
Ida Cunningham and Hazel Wallace—
“And wheresoe’er we went, like Juno’s swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.”

And here is the picture he gave to me
To show as a warning to you.
Merely A Few.
The Tea Party

Once Alma Mater gave a tea party. She invited only four, not because she wanted to be exclusive at all, but she knew that she wouldn’t have dishes enough to go round.

Alma Mater was getting along in years, but she still was fond of young folks. So she invited Delta and Theta, two nice little girls, and Bobby Chi and Billy Nu, two very good-mannered little boys.

“We’ll have a very simple luncheon,” said Alma Mater. “We’ll have frat sandwiches, and some sorority cookies, and tea. Then we’ll have a Kappa Kappa Gamma cake for Delta—that’s her favorite. You ought to see her ‘reaching for that cake’,” she added with a twinkle in her eye. “Guess we’ll have some Kappa Alpha Theta ice cream for Theta, too, though I mustn’t let her eat too much, she’s awfully fond of it.”

The invitations said, “Come at four,” but they didn’t any of them come till half-past. That’s the way to do, you know, when you want to be extra stylish.

Delta had on a lovely dress—pink. It was—and a green hat. Delta just loved green, and always wore it whenever she could.

Theta wore a swell yellow dress, with lots of ruffles and lace, and made quite a hit when she came—only her petticoat, which I think happened to be green, showed a little in the back.

Bobby Chi wore an awfully high collar, and some new shoes that squeaked pretty loud. He had a yellow necktie and blue socks. Bobby was a kind of a dude, though he didn’t want you to say so.

And Billy Nu! Billy wore everything he could find, I guess. He had a black suit with yellow socks and a collar just a half inch higher than Bobby Chi’s, because they measured to see.

They all walked in demurely enough, and said they were frightfully glad to see each other, and asked Alma Mater if she thought it was going to rain. Alma Mater showed them the album and played a piece for them on the piano, and then when she thought they’d waited long enough, she said:

“Tea’s ready!”

They all sat down very stiffly. Bobby Chi said something funny and then they all laughed and felt better. Everything seemed funny after that, even when Bobby asked for the sugar the girls just about died laughing.

Things tasted pretty good, because Alma Mater had made them wait just long enough. Bobby and Billy ate sandwiches till they began to be afraid there wouldn’t be room left for anything more. And Delta and Theta ate every cookie on the plate.

They acted beautifully, too. Bobby didn’t get a thing on the table cloth, and Billy remembered to drink out of the side of his spoon every time. Alma Mater was proving an excellent hostess, certainly.

But presently the door opened and the cake and ice cream were brought in.

“Oh-h-h!” said Delta, and her eyes grew big and her cheeks grew red. “Kappa Kappa Gamma cake!” and she looked at it, and looked at it, and looked at it.

“Kappa Alpha Theta ice cream!” cried Theta, and she gave a jump-nearly out of her chair. And she looked at it, and looked at it, and looked at it.

“I wonder,” said Bobby Chi, getting nervous, “if we’re going to get any.” For Delta was to serve the cake and Theta the ice cream.

Just about then to make matters worse, the tea gave out.
"I must get some more tea," said Alma Mater, a little flustered. "Pray excuse me for just a moment."

The very minute after she had turned the corner—the very minute after—Delta did an awful thing! She leaned clear across the table, she bowled over three teacups, she stepped on Bobby's toes, she made one grab and got the cake! Out of the door she flew and home, where they say she ate it—every crumb—though I don't know, I'm sure.

And Theta, when she saw the cake running off, made one dive for that ice cream and was gone!

When Alma Mater came in, you can imagine her feelings! No cake—no ice cream! And Bobby and Billy were crying just as hard as they could.

"I'll get some doughnuts," said Alma Mater, in order to cheer them up a little. "We'll finish up our party just the same."

Which they did. But all the while Bobby gave little sniffs, and Billy nearly lost his handkerchief in the cream pitcher, trying to wipe away tears and pour cream at the same time.

"Good-bye," said Bobby, as they went to go. "I hate girls—boo-hoo!"

"I never—boo-hoo-hoo, did like them," said Billy. Which things made Alma Mater smile in spite of herself, for she knew better.

ETHEL ORVIS, '09.

The Rhyme of the Triggers

'Tis a sunshiny morning on our campus today
And in doors all smile at their work,
For it's early September,
And at duty and play,
No one yet has attempted to shirk.
And those who are sad,
And those who are cheery;
There are those who take science and art;
But of all that are bucking,
In the general flurry,
The "Triggers" are doing most part.
With gentle low laughter,
Or well-meaning boasts,
Or nods that are truly significant,
The Freshmen are starting their college career
And doing "Trig" to the following chant.

Refrain

We must figure all morning
And again all the noon,
And all evening with grit, pluck and spunk,
For our trigonometry trials have come very soon,
And in "Lit." "Chem" and "Duch" we can flunk.

'Tis a cold chilly morning, now late in the fall
And all out at the "U." seem inspired.
They are wrinkling their brows,
Or are shouting out calls,
As though to day wages work they'd been hired.
There are some who write papers,
And some who do "lab,"
And a few who are drawing with ease;
But by far the majority,
Who are making a stab,
Are the "Triggers" who now wish to please.
It's a cosine in this place,
And a secant in that,
And here is a sine or a tangent;
But it's always pathetic and in every sad case
We again hear the same tiring chant.

Refrain

We must figure all morning,
And again all the noon,
And each evening with grit, pluck and spunk,
For our trigonometry grades are brought up often and soon,
And all else we must "stuff" or just "flunk."

'Tis the end of the term and the poor old Dorm "digs."
And all those who live over town
Are pacing the halls,
Both their arms laden down
With full notebooks and much wornout "trigs."
There are those who do hasten,
And those who go slow,
And many who do sigh and moan;
But they all of them halt,
When it comes to fourth hour.
And utter the following groan:

Refrain

We have studied for days,
We have worked hard for weeks,
We have fought like good troopers for months;
But the end of the term's here,
And still we don't know
Whether trig's come to "A's" or to "flunks."

M. M., '08.

The Law of Love

Last night I had a dream, dear heart,
And wondrous sweet it seemed to be;
For all that makes life worth the while
Was waiting there, love, just for me.
A low, sweet music, so I thought,
Arose and thrilled me through and through.
Because it was of love, dear heart,
Because it was of love, and you.
At first the strains could scarce be heard,
But quickly, with intense desire,
They bore me unresisting on
And rose triumphant, higher, higher.
Until with one vast joyous chord
The music ceased. Then in its place,
A voice, that uttered some strange poem
Came to me, ringing through all space.
It told of men's heroic deeds
Swayed by a power divine, above;
It told of women, noble, true.
But most of all it told of love.
Again my heart was stirred and thrilled,
And then I felt with instinct true.
That all the world held but one law,
That law was love, dear heart, for you.
The voice ceased as the music had.
And I awakened with a start.
But all the dream seemed vague, unreal,
I could not think of one small part
Until I looked into your eyes.
And there, dear heart, I saw my dream.
The music, and the voice, and all
Symbolic of a love supreme.
The music, passionate, intense.
Thrilled through me as it had that night;
The real poem far surpassed the dream.
Perfected by your eyes' love-light.
Again my heart was stirred and thrilled,
Again I felt with instinct true.
That all the world held but one law,
That law was love, and love was you.

—M. B.

To the Glee Club

In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those boys a singing.
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those voices ringing.
How the Dorm girls did enjoy it;
They could sit all night and listen.
To the Glee Club in the evening by the moonlight.

We've been working at the 'Varsity
All the live-long day.
Now we're doing all we can
Just to drive dull care away.
Don't you hear the Glee Club singing
Out on the campus in the night?
Don't you hear their voices ringing
Out in the clear moonlight?

"Goodnight, Dorm girls, good night, Dorm girls.
Goodnight, Dorm girls, we're going to leave you now."
Sadly then we hear this tune, hear this tune, hear this tune,
Sadly then we hear this tune for it's all gone by too soon.
"And then it's goodbye seniors for evermore."
Yes, we know our days will soon be o'er.
Oh, we've had a good time, "sluffed" our classes free.
But we heard, O Glee Club, and listened to thee,
And we'll ne'er forget.
No, nevermore.
Oh, the cases that come and the cases that go,
Bringing their burdens of weal or woe!
Some sail so smoothly for a time and then
All's off in a jiffy; they're jilted and wilted,
poor men!
But while there's life there's hope, don't pause
to quail.
Cases start as a moonbeam, gossamer frail;
Fearlessly follow, you'll win a prize;
You needn't be learned but you must be wise.
J. W. STREIT . . . . . . . President
JNO. YOUNG . . . . . . . Vice-President
STELLA DUNCAN . . . . . Secretary
LAWRENCE GOODBOURNE . . . Treasurer
RALPH HARMON . . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms
J. S. SNODDY . . . . . . . Advance Agent

Requirements

Previous experience.
Statements of personal experience with heart and hand bureau.
Poetical inclinations.
Knowledge of use of Nervine.

Roll of Members

EDNA FOX
MAY HAMILTON
JOSIAH MOORE
CLAIRe SALISBURY
*FLOYD HARDENBURGH
HELEN HATCH
MARY FERGUS
AGNES McBRIDE
JAMES BONNER
LOTTIE GREENOUGH
CHARLIE COTTER
RALPH GILHAM

*Conditioned on last requirement.
The End of the Semester

There are salty, briny tears
In my eye.
For the hours they are going
Quickly by,
And my hands, how they do shake!
And my knees, how they do quake!
For the end of the semester's
Drawing nigh!

I wonder all the time
If I'll pass,
I have nightmares every night,
And, alas!
I can see my mother frown,
And hear father "call me down."
When Professor Scheuch ejects me,
From his class.

What wonder that I'm growing
Kind o' pale
A'watching for report cards
In the mail.
If the folks should get it first,
Of this "deal" I'd get the worst
And sad would be the end
Of this tale.

I really do not know what
To do
Since now this whole semester's
Nearly thro'.
I feel awfully blue and sad,
And say, but I'll be glad
When this first semester's over,
Won't you?
The Lover’s Litany

(Sung by an Undergraduate.)

Eyes of gray—an autumn day,
Driving doubts and yellow fears,
From the football man away,
With the hope of future years.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lover’s Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

Eyes of black—a canon file,
Rocky walls to left and right,
Whispered converse on the stile,
In the brilliant moon-lit night,
“Bear” that rules the Northern sky!
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lover’s Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

Eyes of blue—the S’nt’nel hills
Silvered with the moonlight dim,
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round the gym,
“Mable,” “Frat boys,” “Good-bye.”
Glamour, punch and witchery—
On my soul’s sincerity,
“Love like ours can never die!”

Eyes of brown—’er dusty flats,
Flying hoofs and cowboy hats,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune;
Side by side the horses fly,
Form we now the old reply
Of the Lover’s Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state,
Four times Cupid’s debtor I,
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite these many cases,
And a maiden showed me graces,
Four and forty times would I
Sing the Lover’s Litany:—
“Love like ours can never die!”

F. A. W.
With apology to Kipling.
A University Fable
(Apologies to George Ade.)

Two doting Fathers, in widely segregated parts of the State, had each a Son. These Sons were World-Beaters when it came to a Show-Down in the Home ring. Therefore these Fathers decided they were Worthy of going to College. Joseph Went but Jimmie was Sent. On the Eve of their Departure, each Father handed his Son a splendid Bunch of Advice. They were told that they were now ready to mould their Futures. They were to stay in Evenings and Bone hard and it was hoped they would mind the Faculty. They must stand high in their Classes and devote their Spare Moments to Reading rather than to Whimsies and Mimical Fooleries of a University Town.

With these good Send-Offs, Joseph and Jimmie came to the University, located on the last Ruffle of the skirts of the Burg. In fact, it would be quite a while before enough Tucks would be let out so that the University Ruffle would have to trail in the Dust of the Common Herd. Under the influence of this Preservation for High Ideals and Good Habits, Joseph remembered what his Fond Parent had said, so he cooped himself up in his room and became a Dig and soon enough was greatly despised as a Pet of the Professors. Jimmie wore a white Sweater and a Johnnie Jones Hat in the Approved College Style; that is, turned up in Front with a "23" on the Back. He joined the Track Team and worked into the Glee Club. He went to his room when all the other Places had closed up. Every Time a Show struck Town he was in the Front Row to wink at the Chorus Girls and pick up some New Gags. He went to Call on all the Dorm girls who would stand for his Fresh Ways and he was known as the best dancer in the Ki Hi Chapter of the Chow-Chow Greek Letter Fraternity.

The only girl Joseph knew for a long Time was the Assistant Instructor of Mathematics, with whom he was wont to discuss the Relation between the Plotting of the Curves and the Solar System. Even at a Football Game, Joseph was as calm as the Plaster cast of Demosthenes in Chapel. He never Flickered an Eye-Winker when the Girl-Be-Worshiped Half-Back went down the Field like a forked Flash of Lightning, leaving the Gridiron strewn with writhing masses of Copper and Blue, who were sure to get their Names in the paper with a Toss up between the Obituary Column and the Sporting Page. At the Supreme Moment, when Partisans chas ed up and down the Side Lines and yowled like Coyotes and Girls squeaked, and All responded to the Rah-rah yells that Jimmie, as Yell Leader, had started, it was then that this Human Encyclopedia sat there reading a Thesis on the Influence of the Nebular Hypothesis on the Processes of the Brain Cortex.

That some night Joseph would be found Humped over his Books, while Jimmie donned his Pumps and a Bunch of Hardenburgh's College Specialties and went to the Gym to write his Name on Dance Cards and show off his Accomplishments as a Moon Chinner. He would talk Low and make any girl believe that all the Flowers that ever bloomed, she was the One and Only $40,000 Carrie Nation.

At the beginning of their Senior Year, Joseph went to a New Students' Reception because every one told him that it was the only Thing for a Loyal Student of the University to do. In the Tortures of a Stiff-Collar and New Shoes he sized up the Herd with a Dull-luster Eye, while seated on a Gym bench made in the Mechanical Engineering Department. Near him sat one of the New Attractions with a Home-made expression of Innocence Abroad.
She sort of squirmed over to make room for some more of the New Faction, who were turned loose in the Arena to see what they could Rope In on the First Throw. Her elbow chanced to touch lightly the Dress Coat of the Intellectual Proposition. He felt a couple of Volts enter his System and he began to Curl. Although he considered himself a non-conductor, Frances, the Magnetic One had done the Trick. He got some one to Pilot him through the Introduction Ceremony. Then while his Pulse pounded like a Steam Riveter, the Arc lights, suspended from the ceiling of the Gym, became shooting comets and the Orchestra played "Waltz Me Around Again Willie," he sat by her side. And when she said something about the good music, he replied that He never could listen to Vogner without going into a Cold Sweat and particularly if the Interpretation was made with a Broad and Comprehensive Virtuosity and such Mastery of Technique as he was glad to see was being Used that Evening. Later when he saw her dancing with one of those superfluous Sophomores he went out and gnawed the Lilac Bushes.

For a greater part of the year he followed Frances around like a Trained Pug Dog. He wrote Notes, sent her Half-pound Boxes of Taffy from the Howard-Spa and called her up on the Phone. At Christmas time he sent her an illustrated copy of Prof. Schule's Thesis on Bacteriology. When he desired to be particularly interesting, he would discuss the law that for every Psychos there is a Nurosos. He took her to all the open Literary Programs and once to hear a free lecture at the Episcopal Church on "The Missionaries in South Africa," delivered by a Re-spectacled, Re-vested, Had-Been-There Englishman. On such occasions he always remarked that it seemed a Pleasant Evening and they might as well Hoof it. The fact was, he belonged to the Student Anti-Hack League. Although she was a veritable Seven Years Wonder when it came to spreading her Dates, still after a while whenever he called her up, she always gave him that So-sorry-but-Engaged gag. Finally he gave up in despair and went back to his Den and his Thermodynamics.

In the meanwhile, Jimmie had been taking Frances to the Theater and out riding in one of those Contraptions from the Junk which hangs out the Sign, "Autos To Rent With Shover Trown In." He invited her to Luncheon with him at the Coffee House. He would push a Half Plunk over toward the Waiter as if it annoyed him to see money lying around. He would walk out as light as a Toy Balloon in his Pegtops and put her in a Cab and take her out to the Dorm. Then he would be down to his Frat Pin and a Bunch of Keys. That night he would write home that he needed Fifty of the Long Green by Return Mail to pay for Chemicals used in the Laboratory. When ever Frances objected to all these Demonstrations she would be met with one of those But-You-Know-Back-East Arguments.

At Commencement Joseph received all the Honors and Jimmie just got through by the Skin of his Teeth. The Faculty graduated him for Fear if it didn't, he would come Back another year. They received their diplomas after the Customary speech had been received. This address was on the same Order as that delivered at the Graduation exercises of Adam. These enterprising Candidates for Life's School were informed that they were now ready to Launch out on the Tempestuous Sea. Climb the Ladder of Fame. Hike up the rugged Mountain Side and go into the rich Harvest Field, all at the same time.

As for Frances she found a Junior the next year who possessed a Calm untheatrical and proportionally educated Generosity. They came to an Understanding, she wore his Frat pin and they lived happy ever after.

Moral: Always strike the Happy Medium.
The Old, Old Story

(Apology to Nixon Watterman.)

Where the campus is strewn with the wealth of June,
And the sunshine glads the day,
Where the boys and girls in caps and curls,
Are resting on un-mown hay,
There are tender sighs, there are melting eyes,
And a thrill at the touch of hands,
For doves will coo and youth will woo
As long as the 'Varsity stands.

Where the prof's dull song the whole day long,
Thro' the lecture halls is whirred,
Whose grinds ne'er see fields glad and free,
Nor list to the voice of bird,
There are tender sighs, there are melting eyes,
And a thrill at the touch of hands,
For doves will coo and youth will woo,
As long as the 'Varsity stands.

In lab, or free, in library,
It counts not where nor when;
And weal or woe, this truth we know—
Where'er there are maids and men,
There are tender sighs, there are melting eyes,
And a thrill at the touch of hands,
For doves will coo and youth will woo,
As long as the 'Varsity stands.

F. A. W.
Idyls of the Summer “Boonch”

“We wanted to get even.”
Dedication

These to their memory, awed by a common fear,
Perchance unconsciously they find here
Some image of a past held dear;
To them who dwell in like estate,
To them, these lines we consecrate.
Coming of the “Boonch”

With laughter and song she bounced along,
Till the Woman’s Clubs’ din squelched our poor Brin;

Tommy came on in the very same way,
But ere it was over she turned quite Gray.

With thoughts of good hard study laden,
Came Idle Pat, the Fisher maiden;

Next of the Boonch was little Loafer
With dreamy eyes that boys all go fer.

Billy came delayed in starting
By flooding tears of friends at parting;

Sling Lee then with rapid jumps
Bumped right into a case of mumps.

Along the hall marched Reddish Frawley
Straight to bed, for the Boonch was squally.

Copper Crest, a dear little wag,
Was dainty and sweet, so they called her Hag.

Grandma Ret, the whole Dorm’s pet,
You just bet they love her yet.

With the Boonch was school girl Mad,
Who never, never did act bad.

Akkie came in with giggling glea,
The theme of her giggle was he, he, he.

Arriving thus by little bits,
They scarcely knew when they got Fitz.

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The Wrong Table

KING CHARLES THE HOST.

"A false alarm." 'Twas thus he spake.
And cheer'd his Table Wrong, for
Some were pale as the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half frighten'd at the coming of a light step.

Gathering of the Clan

LO LO, JUNE 30, '06.

Everybody went but Snoddy,
    He stayed home all day,
Writing his blamed old thesis,
    That was a shoddy way.

Everybody had a good time,
    The day was heaped with joys;
We never shall forget them
    The summer boys.
A Sudden Attack of Tremors

GREENOUGH PARK. JULY 14, '06.

"Catch him!" "Hold him!" "Duck him!"

"They are after me! Where's my bike? I'm going home."

The Muddy Trail

"Oh such a brilliant sun-set!" Its glory shone upon the face of little Patty, the Fisher maiden, and not one of the four who beheld it dreamed of the shadow which so soon darkened their countenances.

"Oh such a brilliant sun-set!"
Hitting the Trail

Yes, close to the tiny foot-print, was a deep, a manly tread
On the opposite side
There rose a hill that none but the valiant climb,
Scarr'd o'er with bullets, bombs and cupid's darts—
Storm at the top, and when we gained it
Storm round us and rout; for every moment glanced
His silver arms amid the gloom; so thick and fast
With lightning strokes to left and right he
Struck! Yea, the very cottonwoods round about us
Shook with awe and fear.
Down that embankment as far as eye could see,
A great black swamp and a slimy ditch,
Not to be crossed save at the head-gate.
And how our feet recrossed the mire and ridge
No memory in us lives; but that we groped
And found the narrow plank across the water-way.
Thence on the other side seeking the water's edge.
We paused to wash and scrub; vowing
Vengeance, back to the grim old Hall
We sought the bath and laundry tubs,
And washed and scrubbed again.

Then, on that summer night, it came to pass,
While the pale moon rose above the Hall,
That out upon the balcony the vanquished host did crouch and watch;
And all at once, at half past ten, they heard
The footsteps of the Mightiest and his lady fair.
Up the walk they came, then paused without
The very roof that held the Boonch o'erhead.
And lingered there, perchance to say, farewell—
A chuckling, a scurrying, a pattering of feet upon the roof,
A sending of a blast from overhead;
Bewildermment, and in bewilderment a cry.
And in the blast that smote the twain upon the walk,
A stream of darkness seven times more dark than night;
One sought the shelter of the porch, the other
Faded into the gloom of night, leaving behind a muddy trail.

Cleaning the Trail

MIDNIGHT

And those who had gone out upon the quest,
In garbs forlorn and but a tithe of them.
And those that had not, stood before the Dean.

Swish, swish, swish.
"Here she comes!"
"Shall we run?"
"No."
Q. "What does this mean? Who are you?"
A. "Miss A., Miss G., Miss L., Miss H."
Q. "What are you doing?"
A. "Scrubbing."
Q. "Why are you scrubbing?"
A. "Because the walk is muddy."
Q. "How did it get muddy?"
A. "We spilled mud on it."
Q. "Where did the mud come from?"
A. "From the porch roof."
Q. "How did it get there?"
A. "Oh, Miss Y., we don't like to tell you; it is so silly."
Q. "I can see it is silly; but where did you get the mud?"
A. "We made it."
Q. "Where did you make it?"
A. "In our rooms."
Q. "How did you make it?"
A. "We carried mud up to our rooms and mixed water with it."
Q. "Were you trying to keep Miss P. out?"
A. "No, we didn't care anything about Miss P., we wished to get Mr. F. muddy."
Q. "Why did you wish to get it on Mr. F.?"
A. "Because he got us muddy."
Q. "Where?"
A. "Down at the river, and we wanted to get even."
Q. "Do you think you did?"
A. "We hope so."
Q. "Where did you get the brooms?"
A. "From the bathrooms."
Q. "Well, go on with your scrubbing and I'll sit here until you get through."

"Go on with your scrubbing and I'll sit here until you get through."

A. "Don't come too close because we look awful."
Q. "Are there any boys around?"
A. "We should hope not."
Q. "Is Miss P. in her room?"
A. "We don't know. We hope so. We don't want her to see us. You'll not tell, will you?"
Q. "No, I'll not tell. Go on with your scrubbing."
A. "We'll have to have more water. Miss H. and Miss G., bring us some water."
Q. "Where do you get the water?"
A. "At the hydrant."
Q. "I left the door open, you’d better go to the bathroom for it."
A. "All right."
   Tramp, tramp, tramp.
   Swish, swish, swish.
Q. "Girls, if you had to do this for a punishment, it would be awful."
A. "Yes, the thought of it nearly spoiled our fun."
   Swish, swish, swish.
"Oh, look at those mud patties clear down at the end of the walk!"
Q. "Well, girls, I think that will do. You’d better go to bed quietly now."
A. "We’ll be glad to."
Q. "That was the funniest thing I ever saw. Now go to bed quietly so you won’t disturb the others."
Cho. "Good night, Miss Y."

The Last Tournament

"In the gym’s deep gloom
Where mindful of impending doom,
All moan and groan in mournful tone."

The Passing of the “Boonch”

"Dear College Chums, farewell."
So said they, and the train moved slowly out,
Carrying the Boonch along the winding road of steel;
Long stood their friends straining their eyes beneath
An arch of hand, they saw or thought they saw,
The swaying curving line that bore the clan
Through that long water opening, past the foot of Sentinel,
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new year came, bringing a new “boonch.”