

CRACKS WE MIGHT HAVE MADE

"Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low."
 "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice?"
 "A sweet attractive kind of grace."
 "A wise man never tells all he knows."
 "Pride of our school, president of our class
 A real true blue, admired by lad and lass."
 "She's small, but so is a stick of dynamite."
 "You would never know it, but he is a milk-fed baby."
 "Girls, don't look at me, I'm shy."
 "As fond of dates as an Arab."
 "A little bit of Irish keeps her always on the run."
 "All great men are dead or dying. I'm not feeling well myself."
 "She guards the cash box with zealous care."



THE STUDENT'S HOUR OF WOE

Oft in Senior Hall so dreary
 When the master minds are weary,
 And we've sickened of tort feasers,
 And the wrong that they have done;
 While we're studying all our courses,
 Math, English, Oh, so boresome.
 When each brain is like a maelstrom
 That goes blindly whirling on.

Like a volcano in vibration,
 Comes the deafening elation.
 Like the creaking of a box car,
 On a blaring heated track;
 Now like the clash of thunder,
 That rends Andy all asunder.
 Such the entity of noises
 That have kept us on the rack.

Thus the tenor of our feelings,
 When our fagged brains are reeling,
 Comes a racket within our sanctum,
 Through the sultry turgid air.
 'Tis the strain of one dang boso
 As he bangs on the parlor piano,
 And the way he transcribes emotion,
 Is no peaceful soothing lotion.

And that the long sought reason,
 Why we don't know theft from treason,
 And Art the music minded senior
 Just hands us out good measure.
 We are slaves unto the pleasure,
 That is stirred by music's measure,
 As each successive spasm,
 Stirs us from our depths anon.



Mr. McCall: "Where are the largest soil deposits in Minnesota?"
 John P.: "In the bathtubs in Stephens Hall"



THE TALE OF A SENIOR
 (With apologies to Leigh Hunt)

A Senior brave, may his tribe increase,
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 (Making it colored,) and like a rose in bloom,
 A vision writing on a card of white.
 Three years had made this Senior bold,
 And to the vision in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head
 And with a look that made the Senior's blood run cold,
 Answered, "The names of those who will not graduate."
 "And is mine one?" said the Senior. "Yes 'tis so,"
 Replied the vision. The Senior spoke more low,
 But hopefully still, and said, "I pray you then,
 Give me a chance, my grade will soon be ten."
 The vision wrote and vanquished. In six weeks it
 came again,
 With a great awakening light,
 And showed the names of those whom Jock had blessed,
 And lo! This Senior's name led all the rest.