## The Parnassian Society

Friends, Lewisites, schoolmates, all attention! We write here to praise them, not to censure. No evil they have done that we know of. And evil is often interred with men's bones: So let it be with Parnassians. The noble Jones Hath told you there's no book like the Annual. If it were so, it was a virtue and no fault, And hard hath Beezley worked to prove it so. Here under leave of Beezley and the rest-For Beezley is an honorable man, So are they all, all honorable men-We shall write of the gay Parnassians. You all know of our old friend, Alex Bailey, But we say more of him some day, you'll know-And we should be honorable girls. Calhoun has made many captives at Lewis, Whose winning smiles did make him blush: Did this in him seem encouraging? When Morgan got high honors others have said, "Harold, to succeed you must be made of sterner stuff." Yet he was with himself content and pleased, For was he not an honor able man? Cady was honored by the Classic Club To be the president of that stern crowd Although he thrice refused; was this ambition? Yet people say he is ambitious, Since every month his little "list" appears. And here is Lawlor, orator renowned, We all did love him once, not without cause, What cause compels us now to mourn for him? Oh foolish lad! He's joined the Delta Sigs. Spoehr, Juhnke, Lane and Lemon-bear with us-Have left their hearts in keeping of fair maidens, And we must mourn till they come back to us, Five years ago the wiles of Stickel might Have stood against the world; he's married now, And no Collegiate Girl dares try her charms. Parnassians, if we were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, We'd say that Servis never could debate. Gannon and Craven, though honorable, Have left our Institute—we miss them both, For was not Edward G. a social light And student too? And Craven loved his books. And while we write we think of gay Jay Erwin,