

There are sandwiches—ham, egg, or raisin,
Spaghetti and cheese, or boiled rice,
And perhaps you may find some baked apples,
And there's chocolate—not very nice.

And from this you must make your selection—
Nothing else can you get all the year;
For of course you could never have bluepoints,
Nor strawberry shortcake, I fear.

When your plate is filled up with these good things,
You may make for a table with speed,
'Though a pretty girl stands by the counter
Just to give you a check that you need.

Now, my friend, kindly notice the others
Who are thronging the lunch room at noon.
See those girls far away in the corner—
They are Zetas—you'd find that out soon.

Next to them you will see the Iotas,
And not far from them some of the boys,
Who are laughing and talking together,
And are filling the room with their noise.

Toward the center the faculty gather,
All forgetting the worries of life;
Dr. Jones, Mr. Wade, and Miss Blanke,
Dr. Smith, Mr. Peet and his wife.

Near the faculty see those Daedalians,
They are Hazlewood, Henning, and Jones,
Who consider the question of Labor
As they argue in strenuous tones.

At two tables the C. G. C. members
Daily gather, the grave and the gay;
For they love to discuss all their pleasures
Till the warning bell calls them away.

Then here's to the lunch room at Lewis,
A cheer that is hearty and strong;
And although the same fare may be tiresome,
May the lunch room live prosp'rous and long.

ALICE SETON-THOMPSON.