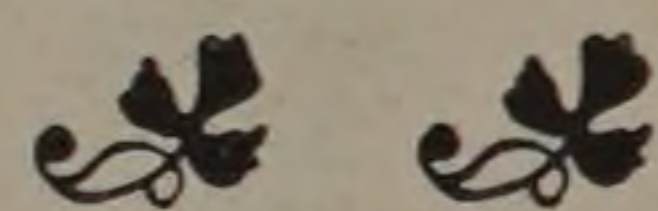




FREEMAN & HIS SUNFLOWER

Anent Mr. Freeman, C. E.,
Brought up 'neath the sunflower tree,
The clubs he can swing, to the banjo can sing,
And a clear-headed talker is he.

A "B. S." and "M. S." degree,
From Tech. a "B. S." and "E. E."
And how many more has the future in store
Cannot be computed by me.



H! Nina, I've a notion that
You would'nt think me true,
In spite of all the times
I've sworn fidelity to you.

If you could see how I make love,
In my impassioned way,
To such a pretty State Street girl,
And do it every day.

But, Nina, it's not fickleness
That makes me seem untrue,
I still affirm my heart belongs
Entirely to you.

She's waitress at our table, and
I worship at her feet,
Because I know that if I don't
I'll get cold things to eat.

—H. L.