

The Empty Inflator

By J. M. J.

DEDICATED TO A. I. T. CYCLISTS WITH APOLOGIES TO THE ENGINEER.



how dear to my heart are the scenes of old Armour
When sad reminiscence recalls them to view.
The hall, where I met my dear little charmer,
And the Registrar's office my pocket-book knew,
The sewing departments, the seals that stood by them,
The gym. and the check room that always was late,
(The pie-woman's tables—I wish I were nigh them)
And e'en the inflator that would not inflate.

The empty inflator.

The airless inflator.

The dear old inflator

That would not inflate.

how frequent the wrath, the rage beyond measure
When just after noon with a tire that was flat
I found it the source of Lake Michigan treasure,
And filled it with water, the tire that was flat,
How sweetly I blessed it with wrath overflowing
As I recked of the mile I must walk ere I ate,
And the empty inflator, as bashful of blowing
As any true Juhior, refused to inflate.

The empty inflator.

The airless inflator.

The dear old inflator

That would not inflate.