



IT was incumbent upon the class of '00 to give to the class of '99 a banquet. They rose not to the occasion, thus destroying this praiseworthy custom. **** So some choice members of the class of '01 conceived the idea of banqueting the Seniors. The finances did not permit of a total gift, so a man-for-himself affair was suggested. This fell through. The twenty merry slobs, alone, were left. They stayed to the end. Ten only returned.

The Song of the Skirt

[This poor effort may probably be attributed to some studious Academite.—*Ed. note.*]

*Have you ever heard the song of the skirt?
'Tis different far from that of the shirt.
In the library room, when all is at rest,
And every last one is trying his best
To read some book or study some face,
There is heard this noise at a terrible pace:

Swish, swash, swash,
The silk is stiff and never was washed.
Ting, Ting, Tong,
It sounds as if she'd a cow-bell along
Instead of three bracelets and one little chain.

Ever listen to what the exhaust has to say?
Well, the song of the skirt is the self-same way.*