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## THE INTEGRAL

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### SUSPECTION VISITS

*In the quiet of home life, once was a young man,  
Credulous, easy. Focused his optics,  
Clear-sighted lanterns, upon the Tech. year book.  
Read all the pages, gloated upon them.  
But what in the pamphlet caused him most joyance  
Was legend in bold face, footing the column:  
"Suspension Visits." (See page one hundred.)*

*Stayed not a minute then, hunted up father,  
Asked for the needful forty big cart-wheels,  
Moderate ante. Planked down the dough then.  
Freshman then was he, verdant and callow.  
Sophomore year found him somewhat disfigured  
But still in the Tech. school, excellent knowledge works,  
Pining for wisdom, practical shop lore,  
Power-plant visits, steel-work inspections.*

*Junior year came and confirmed him a skeptic  
Who once was a knocker. Believed he not yet  
That all men were liars, but that catalogues practised  
Prevarication, percent-paying pastime, exploited the people.  
Senior year made him a case hardened cynic.  
Had he not passed through the four years at college?  
Where in the blank then were suspension visits,  
Much talked of advantage?*

*In mighty rage then he hit on a method,  
Of direfullest vengeance, wicked and cruel,  
Mixed up some lyddite, mined 'neath the main wall.  
Then straightway gat he up and lighted the fuse-end—  
Lingered a moment. Thunder enormous  
Rent the whole structure. Nor is it recorded  
That of his body enough was recovered  
To fill a cigar box, horrible end point.  
But a wireless message from our correspondent,  
Celestial reporter, claims that e'en now  
He earns a good living inspecting the gold harps  
Used by the angels.*

—M. T. J.