

The Architect's Muse

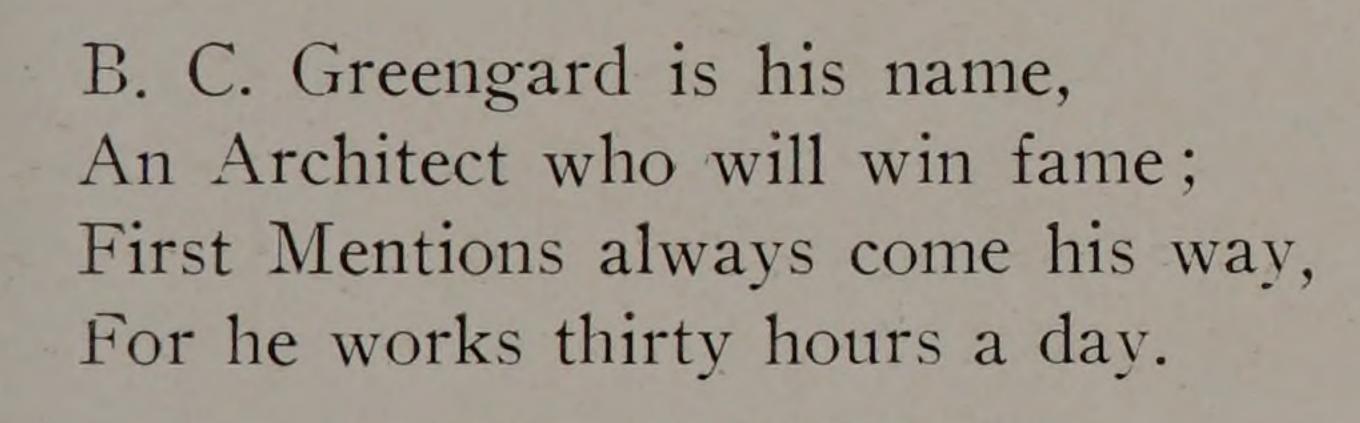
Esma rose among six thorns,
Pure as Mary's lamb;
Profanity he ever scorns,
Though sometimes he says—(slam!)

Now behold our Homer G. Peer to none at repartee; Ever ready to give proof Of his powers as a "goof."

Merry Merri lost his heart To a girl named Sadie, Merry Merri likes the part, For he loves the lady.

An Art Club in a Medaille book
Doc thought great enough to hook;
The Prof the plan knocked all to pieces,—
Now Doc's looking for a thesis.

Little Harry whenever alone
Up at the office, grabs a 'phone,
Calls up a dame he never knew,
Makes a date, and then he's through.



Sophomores a vengeful score
Attacked the sinful Seniors' door,
Of cream puffs sweet they had been robbed,
The Seniors seven they would have mobbed;
But Ralph the brave stood at the gate
And shielded us from their mad hate.
Leonidas the Greek of old
Scarce equalled R. N. F. the bold.

