An Xmas Technic.

'T is Christmas eve. The wind, with icy plaint,
Vainly seeks entrance to ten thousand homes
And firesides where pendent stockings wait—
Like ambush'd beggars
— for the patron saint
Who up and down the earth at Yule-tide roams.

In a small chamber, carpetless and plain,
A knot of students hold high carnival;
The merry jest and boist'rous refrain
Drown the incessant rattling of the pane;
Below, the mistress of the house lays plots
Of gastronomic vengeance direful
Upon the luckless host, who little wots
The schemes within that sleep-desiring brain.

A dozen candles, picturesquely stuck
On shelf and mantel, furnish ample light,
And serve a baser purpose — to ignite
That very naughty thing, the cigarette;
For every guest the noxious tube doth suck
In intervals when feelings of regret
At thought of home rejoicings far away,
Sadden one moment of his holiday.

"Now, something lively, fellows, wake the dead!"
The little study table fairly quakes;
The load of text-books it so long has borne
Lie carefully concealed beneath the bed;
Their sight no gloomy memories awakes,
To make their owner or his guests forlorn.
A novel burden hath the table held,
Upon this night of gay festivity,
Of dainties, whose variety excelled
Their wholesomeness, still more, their harmony,
Since each youth furnished what his taste impelled.

Woe to the eater, who, an hour hence
Shall toss on wakeful couch in pain and penitence.

"Just one more song.” In revelry like this
Who asks who can, or who can almost, sing?
Their college song makes all the glasses ring
A silv'ry knell to the festivities.
And the landlady breathes a grateful prayer
At sound of footsteps clatt'ring down the stair;
Without, they pause, a parting cheer is given,
The "'rah, 'rah, 'rah" resounds across the way,
While startled neighbors wish them all in — heaven;
The cheerers calmly take their homeward way
To dream weird tunes and ghostly jokes till break of day.

The host returns to his deserted room,
Extinguishes his Christmas lumination,
Whose absence seems to magnify the gloom,
And seeks in sleep the needed relaxation.
Alas, uncanny shapes confront his sight;

The Glee Club associate membership project
has met with hearty approval among the students
and bids fair to be a source of much enjoyment
at the Institute. The Club is rehearsing three
afternoons a week until after the first concert.
The orchestra rehearses Friday evenings.