worn his way out of Philadelphia, and brave the terrors of troublous encounters with a strange and long-left world. How he got here, the Lounger doesn't know; that he was present and safe when last heard from, is sworn to by companions. His courage should certainly be recorded by the class historian.

The Lounger regrets that much of his information concerning the events of the dinner was imparted in strict confidence; otherwise there are many salient facts which would testify incontrovertibly to the ability of '93 men to dine, even though there would be some hypercritical one who might asseverate that they dined not wisely, but too well, if the author of that pregnant phrase will accept the Lounger's apologies.

The Editor.
The editor sits in his study
And vainly endeavors to think;
He wastes a quire of paper,
Six pens, and a bottle of ink.

While he scribbles and painfully ponders
The long night silently flies;
The candle burns lower and lower
To an infinitesimal size.

The clock in the tower strikes midnight;
Still he chews his moustache in despair,
And endeavors to find an idea
By running his hands through his hair.

A page and a half to be written,
And not a moment to lose,
Or THE TECH must appear in the morning
Minus part of its usual news.

'Tis along about six in the morning
When he wearily hies him to bed,
Having filled out the requisite pages
With events which transpired in his head.

Yet in spite of all this, 'mongst the critics,
We're continually meeting the chap,
Who gives us his private opinion
That "the editor has a soft snap."

B. S. H., '94.

An athlete stout,
A sparring bout,
A silver cup, a "thug,"
A few hard blows
On athlete's nose;
A badly tarnished "mug."


Rondeau.
In twilight hours the shadows fall;
The darkness creeps along the wall;
Damp mists upcuri; through leafless trees
Whispers and sobs the dying breeze,
While dim night settles over all.

Here, where a crumbling ivied hall
Glooms through the dusk, the grey owls call,
And wraith-like shapes the wanderer sees
In twilight hours.

Even so, vague, shadowy thoughts enthral
The mind, and from the past recall
Dead hopes, long-buried memories
Of joy and grief. Then over these
Comes the dark future like a pall
In twilight hours.

—Harvard Advocate.

"The evil that men do lives after them,"
The Roman speaker said.
No wonder, then, the world is bad,
So many men are dead.

—Blue and White.

The Landlord.
An austere will once leased his lands,
His heritage of right,
And as a landlord ruled them all
With most exacting might.

This landlord once evicted sin,
The tenant of his mind,
And after that, he had a case
Of quite another kind.

For Love had come into his heart,
And would not pay his rent;
To turn this braggart beggar out
The will in person went.

He argued, stormed, used all his force;
Love laughed, and did not care;
And very soon it came about
That Love was landlord there.

—Williams Weekly.

M. A.
She can dance, she can sing, she can play the guitar,
Her wiles entrap masculine hearts;
She may take her degree, for most surely is she
A mistress of feminine arts!

—Trinity Tablet.