What a field for the moralist may be found about our forest of bulletin boards from day to day. There appear the most unique character sketches in endless succession, to instruct, amuse, and then to be rubbed into oblivion. Year after year has the Lounger seen the numbers climb toward the perfect mark, and regarded the long-suffering boards as his truest friends. With him they have beheld nonchalant Freshmen ascending the stairs, haughty Sophomores thronging the corridors, dignified Juniors instructing the Faculty, and apparently self-satisfied Seniors passing the portals. They have witnessed the same pleasures and borne the same troubles as he, and their changing, yet lingering life has had much in common with his own. However, the Lounger leaves for others the many morals to be withdrawn from these standard bearers, and now, smiling, presents his friends with a few oddities which he has stumbled upon during the past week.

The list of "thou shalt nots" particularly strikes his fancy. Thus for instance: Thou shalt not persuade my hand servant to give thee stamps, nor envelopes, nor paper, nor pens, nor anything that is my hand servants, that thou mayest not decrease our stock beyond measure. How fittingly might be added: Thou shalt not wear thy hat in my office, nor speak above a whisper therein, nor otherwise compromise the dignity of its occupants! Farther round we now take our stand and read the threatening appeal of him who in beseeching indignation advertises, "Lost or STOLEN, please RETURN." On this same patch work of notices, what a crazy collection! Safeties and pins, storm clouds, Tech notices, and excursion rates are lost in one confusion. But it is when we go one better that we find the hugest joke. Here we read that "Private A will consult Cadet Captain B to receive an 'E,' else the Faculty will—will—!" And here, too, is the honor list of unconquerables! So and So, three marks straight,—"to be reported!" X and Y bluffed the Cadet Captain, hence excused. Beside this are the mighty orders of the potentates I., II., III., IV., and thuswise to the end of the lesson. See to it! How long will the budding Freshman continue to toy with the moustache of the mighty one! And now the Lounger turns his back on these valiant achievements to read, "'96! '96! '96! Baseball players—be on hand prompt—per order Mag." What a doughty girl our Maggie is, and how the children obey her! So might we linger on, but our time is come. Variety truly is the spice of life, and with what a spicy spice do the bulletin boards confront us!

In the sun-browned South, in the month of May,
We sat on the beach and watched the spray;
"Though I stole the kiss, ought you not to pay
A tribute for beauty?" I asked in play.
"I do not know," laughed she. "You may
Go and see what mamma will say."

"May I write?" I asked, as she left one day
For the Golden Gate, for a long, long stay;
She answered, "Yes, I think you may,
Though I do not know what mamma will say;
And my picture you’d better keep out of the way,
As I know very well what mamma will say."

A year dragged on. Again to-day
We silently watch the saucy spray.
Since June is for weddings, I’ll ask her in May.
"How I long for that month, dear, to pass away;"
She answers, "Yes;" and whispers in play,
"Now go and see what mamma will say."

—Harvard Lampoon.

TO POETRY.

Simple maiden, I have caught thee,
No; thou shalt not flit away.
Long, drear hours wert thou hidden
In thy temple all forbidden.
While I, heavy laden, sought thee
Through the dreamy summer day.

What soft garlands have you brought me
From thy incense laden dell?
Lovingly and long I wooed thee,
Sweetly and with song I staid thee,
Yet thou wouldst not love return me,
For I loved thee passing well.

But I turned my back upon thee
Thinking thou couldst ne’er be mine.
Soft arms round my neck are stealing
Pouting lips all slights are healing,
O’er my heart sweeps tender’est feeling,
For I see that thou dost love me,
And thou knowest I am thine.

—Brunonian.