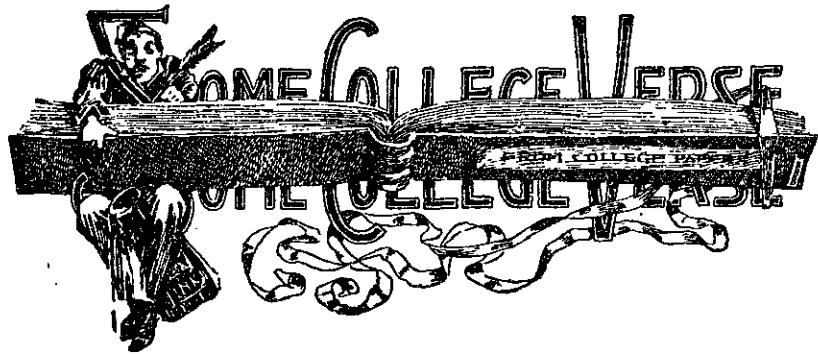


harsh restrictions and struggling against heavy odds, college spirit at Technology has had at best a hard time of it, which even the splendid victory at Worcester has not been able to ameliorate. But the situation seems to be changing in the right direction, and the Lounger hopes that the no distant day may see Technology occupy that position in the field of college athletics to which she ought to aspire.



AS PANTS THE HEART.

The bicyclienne in her bloomers gay,
Complacently went o'er the dusty way.
"Look at the pants!" was the hue and cry
That came from the lips of the passers-by.
That girl was vexed at the rude address,
And made up her mind to seek *redress*.

—Brunonian.

AN ACROSTIC.

First,—if you'll pardon some advice
Rendered in the humblest way,—
Emblazon not abroad your vice,
Smoking on the streets by day.
Hide, alas! your latent greatness;
Merit is ever truly blind.
Eager be to veil your wiseness,
Not to show vacancy of mind.

—Williams Weekly.

A curious Japanese dragon,
Carven in tortoise-shell,
Guards o'er my lady's tresses,
Defending his treasure well.

As the fabulous flame-breathing monster
Did in the days of yore,
When crouched in his dusky cavern
He guarded his glittering store.

Till the knight came charging toward him,
Fearless, and brave, and bold,
Who slew the sulphurous dragon,
And captured all the gold.

Then hail to the happy hero
Who wins the treasure rare!
But, hero, spare the dragon,
He looks so well in her hair.

—Vassar Miscellany.

THE FOOTBALL CRITIC.

The football critic! O, he knows
The game well. Pray don't suppose
For an instant he doesn't. He's not
A poor cynic; he knows what's what
From his head right down to his toes.
The finest points he can disclose;
Of knotty problems he'll dispose;
O he's the man to plan and plot!
The football critic.

—Williams Weekly.

MY AUTOGRAPH.

My autograph she begged the night
When first her beauty filled my sight;
"Not just your name, you know," quoth she,
"But something nice besides; may be
A poem, or a maxim trite."
I yielded to the witching light
Of her soft eyes, and did indite,
Entwined with flowers of poesy,
My autograph.

She perches on my knee to-night,
And in her eyes, so clear and bright,
The old light dwells. Ah, woe is me!
My check book in her hand I see,
And once again she begs me write
My autograph.

—En.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Two little girls in blue, lads,
Two little girls in blue,
In these rampant days of the bicycle craze;
Make way for something new.
For these two little girls in blue, lads,
According to popular rumors,
Have, people say, prepared the way
For two little girls in bloomers.

—The Widow.

A sophomore bold, and careless, and gay,
One afternoon of a winter day,
Fixed himself up and went to a play;
It was Richard III., and a matinee.

The sophomore sat in the front parquet;
All was serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray,
"A horse! a horse!" in a faithful way.

When the sophomore sprang from his seat, they say,
And cried, the poor king's fears to allay,
"I'll get you a horse without delay!
I know how it is! I have felt that way."

—Wabash.