the table, and paused for a momentary survey of his audience, his handsome figure, graceful attitude, and the slight suggestion of carelessness about his evening dress caused even his intimates to admit to themselves that he had never appeared to better advantage, and it was several moments before the ovation with which he was greeted gave place to the hush of expectancy.

At first he aimed a score of witty shafts at the dear ones for whom he was answering, causing many a laugh at their expense, then, lapsing into a more serious vein, he said: “Happy is the man, perhaps, who, glorying in his independence, lives on day by day as his fancy leads him, but safer far is he who gains his inspiration from some fair face, or proudly holds in his possession some token indicative of the confidence and trust of a true woman!” and as he spoke, his hand which meanwhile had been nervously tugging at his coat tail pocket in search of his handkerchief, returned to the region of his face, and from his finger tips there unrolled in full view of his sympathetic listeners—not the spotless kerchief which he sought, but something which like a flash carried him back to that supper at the “Prom.” the night before—a pair of long white ball gloves, their ends woven with narrow ribbons.

II.

It was two hours later, and the hands of the wall clock in the dingy South End Café, but dimly seen through the heavy cloud of tobacco smoke, had nearly finished their first cycle in the new day.

At one of the smaller tables with which the place was crowded, in the midst of the hum of voices, clinking of glasses and occasional bursts of noisy laughter from the groups of men and women, five young men were sitting, sipping their cocktails between puffs of their cigarettes, and gazing carelessly about. They were rising now to leave—“Where next, boys?” and he cuts short his words as, reaching into his pocket, his fingers barely touch a roll of kid, a bit of ribbon—“Chinatown?” “No, I guess not to-night, fellows; I think I’ll go home.”

Don D.

Cast of Junior Week Plays.

“Mr. Jones, Instructor.”

Mr. Tom Jackson . . . Frank E. Guptill, ’96.
Miss Endora Weeks . . . Oswald C. Hering, ’97.
Mr. Jackson . . . Wm. K. Fairbanks, ’97.

“The X-Ray Machine.”

Mr. D. Andy Oldboy . . . Frank E. Guptill, ’96.
Mr. Peter Whitehead . . . Oswald C. Hering, ’97.

Those Changing Skies.

Sometimes, dear love, methinks thine eyes are blue,
The sweet uncertain blue of summer skies;
When o’er the glad earth, misty clouds arise
And veil the depth of azure heaven’s hue.

And then again methinks thine eyes are gray
Like sober, clouded skies. I see their light
Grow darker, as the dusk now fades to-night,
And in my heart all brightness dies away.

Oh, fond, sweet eyes that change with every thought,
I take thee for my own and only sky;
And pray sometime the veiling mists may part
In rosy glow, by sunbeams backward caught.

Some day, sweetheart, through love of thee, may I
Know all the wealth and beauty of thy heart.

Margaret Kenna.

With Apologies to the Harvard Lampoon.

Oh! why cannot Yale and old Harvard
In friendliest manner agree?
A word to the Y’s
Should surely suffice
To quell their antipathy!

W. S. R.