was old when the foundations of the earth were laid, "That Little Old Red Shawl," THE LOUNGER was overcome with that strange emotion which arises when one greets a friend for the last time, or reads on his mid-year report his latest F.

O that wicked old brown book,
That execrable book,
That most infernal book that Getty wrote:
That Getty wrote;
It was tattered, it was torn —
'Twas a crime to have it born —
That con-demnation book that Getty wrote.
There are days of toil and pain,
There are days of grief and woe,
There are days with sorrow near and joy remote:
And joy remote;
But the fiercest days of all,
And the saddest to recall,
Is the date borne by the book that Getty wrote.
Let the years pass as they will,
Let the Klondike pass be chill,
Let the theater-pass a lucky man denote:
A sport denote;
But the fourth-year man, alas, —
Has but little chance to pass,
For that wicked big brown book that Getty wrote.

Following this pathetic song came the mortuary poem:

MORTUARY POEM.
Chaos, waste, unlimited destruction,
Turmoil, thunder, darkness, hate and tears,
Gathered into hell's resistless suction,
Boiling o'er in caldrons of the years,—
Steaming with the fume of disappointment,
Bubbling with the gas of fertile doom,
Bursting out with fear-inflated ointment,
Marking victims subject for the tomb,—
Slow, the mixture, in the parts essential,
Crystallized by undiscovered rule
And wrought a germ of death-endowed potential,—
A bloodstone in the ever-boiling pool.
Then fell the germ in neighborhoods where flourished calamitous conspiracies of things;
And there, by food of wrath and rigor nourished,
It grew — the death of life and sting of stings.

Oh, damned branch, oh, hydra-head of evil,
Oh, fruit by stern requirement picked of man,
Oh, fell, remorseless agent of the devil,
With pain you burden breath's ungirded span!

Here, your fruit, one fruit of you, beholden
Of many times and courses, yet unknown
Of all the victims burdened as of olden
Or present age: its flame shall be its throne.

Go, mis-applied avenger of mechanics;
Your deed is done, your debt to doom is due:
With memory of intellectless panics,
Retire: the crowning C has conquered you.
Farewell, you journey far to shores unbounded;
Farewell, upon that undetermined C
Where none distinguish leeward from the starboard,
And none can tell the windward from the lee.
Dis-stresses and con-tortions be your fortune;
Full, often have we taken leaves of you;
This final, fatal leave is yours, Importune!

The spectacular value of the occasion was equalled only by the enthusiasm of the occasion, and when the last Roman candle had sent forth its last gasp, and the flickering ashes alone told of what was once a monument of research, of mystification and of poor English, THE LOUNGER left. If THE LOUNGER were a S-dgw-ck, he could easily draw from this a lesson of considerable spiritual value; as it is, he can pass no comment of this kind.

THE LOUNGER was perusing the truthful columns of his dull but reliable contemporary, The Edv-n-'zg R-c-rd, when a masterpiece of Gothic art which illumined the back page fell upon his dazzled eyesight. A ravishing creature, with eyes like heaven's own stars and hair which rippled like a summer brook, beautiful beyond compare, was represented sitting in the midst of the luxurious surroundings of the drawing-room, turning off battle-ships from a facile pen. Beneath this soul-entrancing chef d'œuvre was the false and despicable statement that the above ravishing creature was a co-ed. at Tech, and, moreover, that she was "petite" and "retiring." Alas, 'tis all a lie. Who ever heard of a co-ed. that was petite and retiring? who ever saw one with such starlike eyes, such delicately chiseled features, such rainbow-hued complexion, and such enchanting personality? Let the wretch come forward!