To-day we're out to have some fun, But soon again we'll be 
At W.-l-l-e-s-l-e-y, 
At Wellesley. 
If you happen to be on Boylston Street, 'bout any time at all, 
You can often see some strolling long. Some fellows fine and tall, Their manners quickly catch your eye. As they swing aboard a car, Perhaps if you're a stranger here, You may wonder who they are. 
Chorus. 
For here you see two Harvard boys, Just listen to our talk, You'll see our step is quite correct, And watched the sparkling spirits as they ran; 
I felt that home could never be like this, And as I drank the nectar I knew such bliss, Could bring nothing else but joy, And I asked the man "What's this?" And with a smile he said to me "I'm Gin." And feeling rich I ordered three, And shouted those decorous cries: They put me in a cab and shunted on me the door, Well, since that time, I can't remember more. 
Chorus. 
I have that awful tired feeling now, I really don't care what I ever do, And pain and sleep are wringing up my brow, My spirits now are feeling awful blue. It seems as if the world would never stop From spinning round and round just like a top. As I step up to the stage, I think if I could die
Troubled up to my wits, 
To think of the world. 

Russia tried to coin platinum rubles and sent the price skyward as a rate that drove them out of the country to be melted down. 

HARE AND HOUNDS. 

The fourth run of the season was held Saturday, starting from the Chestnut Hill Pumping Station. A trail of four and one-half miles was laid by L. P. Myers, '03, and E. S. Campbell, '06, the Hares. The first six men finished in the following order: First, G. H. Ruggles, '06; second, H. T. Ruggles, '06; third, S. A. Smith; fourth, J. R. Hacker, '07; fifth, F. S. Mather, '07; sixth, H. Minot-Zertuch, '06. The first at the bags were Frederick, '07, and Hunter, '08. 

Time: Hares, 24 minutes; bounds, 95 minutes. The next run will be Saturday, and the start will be made from Chestnut Hill. 

TECH SHOW SONGS. 

On BOYLSTON STREET. 

If you happen to be on Boylston Street On Wednesday noon at two, You'll see some soldiers on their way, Up Huntington Avenue. Their uniforms all fit, They are often on the -- But really they are awfully nice. Oh, goodly! Here they come. 

Chorus. 

For here you see some soldier boys, "I guess we know the way to march," he says with many motions you can see, That we are very full of starch. We march our very, very best, As we pass the balconies, We're the best that you see. If you happen to be at the Army 

If you happen to be on Boylston Street, On Monday noon at two, A crowd of girls from the B. and A... You see approaching you, You notice they wear their gayest clothes As they trip along in glee. You notice it's Sunday afternoon, That's funny it seems to me. But here you see two Wellesley girls, If James E. Basket were in town And gave a Monday matinee We are -- [ giggles } -- [ giggle ]