

## A STRANGE VOICE

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I strolled one night beneath the trees,  
When from the shadows of Old Main,  
There floated gently on the breeze  
A voice, I knew not whence it came.

A stranger voice I ne'er had heard,  
'Twas solemn as a fun'ral knell;  
It spoke in terms that were absurd,  
Of college boys and Profs. as well.

I glided softly toward the spot  
From whence these strange words seemed to come;  
He speaks of drinking, does he not?  
I hear him mumbling now of rum.

As I drew nearer I perceived  
A sight which made my heart rejoice;  
No student 'twas as I'd believed,  
It was the latest *New York Voice*.

W. L. A., '99.



## THE VINDICATION OF THE PREX

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IT was early in the evening, and over all there hung the heavy, oppressive, sultry air which the warm day had brought with it. The sun was just setting behind the treetops of the woods beyond the orchard, and the slanting rays, catching the copper dome on the tower of Old Main, transformed it into a point of gleaming fire. Below, over the green-carpeted campus, long shadows, grotesque and sombre, were gathering. The sparrows, which during the bright day had fluttered with such noisy