

ODE TO THE CLASS OF 1905.

All hail that verdant horde and great !
That mob of Freshmen here at State !
A hearty welcome we extend,
Yet still our college rights defend.
And as our ranks fill up again
We hope to find the Freshmen *men*,
Not egotists of common stripe
Nor braggarts, that unworthy type
Whose very presence here would bar
Our progress to the Gates Ajar.
And so, ye Freshmen, we advise
That you affect not to despise
The friendly counsel you receive,
But make an effort to believe.
Your trials here may hardships seem
But they are proved to be the scheme
That makes a college class unite
And trace a record wrong or right.
Adapt yourselves to college ways ;
Help entertain in divers ways
The men who come to visit you
On nights when you are feeling blue.
And think ye not the students rude,
Who in your rooms sometimes intrude,
And ask for story or for song
To help our social life along.
Keep in your places, don't be rash
And try to raise a small mustache,
For 'twill arouse the jealous ire
Of older students, who desire
That such appendages shall grace
Only the upper classman's face.