

The Freshmen and the Sophomore besmeared with grime and mud,
Go gallantly to get the ball, and quit all bathed in blood;
The Senior knocks the Junior down and kicks him in the chest;
The high school boy is carried home and gently laid to rest,
While here and there a crowded stand collapses 'neath its weight,
And forty people get more than they paid for at the gate.

Oh! brave, oh! happy, careless days. How deep the mother's joy,
What time she thinks of all the things they're doing to her boy.
How proud she is to know that he is on the team. How sweet
His face appears to her since it is only bloody meat.
With honest pride she lays away his amputated ear,
And puts his eye in alcohol to be a souvenir.

A. B., '05.

DRY STUFF.

One by one the loungers of room 4 appeared, and took their accustomed places. The dormitory philosopher took out a small leather case, from which he extracted a piece of rice paper, asked for the "makings," and rolled himself a cigarette. After lighting it and taking a few puffs, he began:

"It seems to me that our foot ball team has acted rather freakish up to this time."

"In what way?" asked Max, one of the gang.

"Well, I can't exactly explain, but somehow the fellows aren't up to their usual standard. Taking the results of one game, one would be led to believe that we now have the ideal aggregation of foot ball players; that State has reached the acme of her athletic history. Again, if we consider the score made in another game we would sadly exclaim that State has at last fallen from her high position in the foot ball world. Why, in that Allegheny game our fellows put up the poorest exhibition of line work that I ever heard of. I never——"

Pillows, two books and a tobacco pouch came flying past his head, and he was forced to say that he had seen worse playing.

"That was only one game," he went on. "From reports, it seems that our boys left a few bruised eyes and otherwise damaged heads up at Yale a few weeks ago."