

## THE TOAST.

(With Humblest Apologies.)

(*F. T. C.*, '00.)

*Scene, A room in Old Main.*

*Time, 11 p. m., Fall Term, Steen years ago.*

*(Enter a Senior carrying a pile of books, and singing.)*

THE SENIOR: Grind thee! Grind thee!  
All the day long.  
In class room and study room,  
Grind hard and strong.  
But if the Seniors do,  
So must the others too.  
Make ye no more ado,  
Though it be wrong.  
Into this habit, all  
Sooner or later fall.  
Grind thee! Grind thee!  
All the day long.

*(Throws his books upon the table and sinks wearily into a rocking chair.)*

A plague upon these lessons one and all.  
Here with a fellow classman I have spent  
Four weary hours in pouring over them,  
And yet I have not learned them more than half.  
Shall I go on and burn the midnight oil?  
Would I then see as by Aladin's lamp?  
Ah no, 'twere better that I try to "bluff,"  
Or ask the "Profs" some question to explain;  
For I have heard that they have said of us,—  
"Never i' faith was Senior wit so dry."  
So dry! Ah ha! and so it is, and yet  
'Tis not so dry as I. By George! But wait,  
Here Soph, you lazy chap, come here to me.

*(Looks around for his room-mate, a Sophomore, who just then enters.)*