

What other class in college here
Has done a deed so useful,
In helping one whom all revere—
And yet we are not boastful?

As Juniors it became our fate
To keep "naughty-six" secluded,
And yet again incurred their hate,
Those mortals so deluded!

When on that day of great renown,
Our campus dear they marred,
To all save those in cap and gown,
The chapel doors we barred.

Who else but they would take offense,
And such an act resent?
Again they proved their lack of sense—
For it was kindly meant.

Originality is our fort,
And 'twas once more displayed,
When we donned gowns of every sort,
The circus to invade.

"What have the Juniors done?" they say;
You surely see 'tis true
The question in this latter day should be,
"What is there left to do?"

—*The "Triumvirate."*

