



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE TWO SACKS -- A BIG SACK, AND A LITTLE SACK.

**THE SAME OLD SACK.**

'Twas on the night of the Junior banquet,  
Excitement filled the air.  
The Fish took flight for the woeful night,  
And scattered everywhere.  
The Sophomores had their plans laid well,  
They were wise to every fact;  
They even knew when the spread was due,  
And still they held the sack

Even on the Junior program  
Each speaker they could name;  
So they took a sack upon their back,  
Prepared to bag the game.  
But the sack was old and full of holes  
From use for centuries back,  
So everyone knew how the game slipped thru,  
While the Sophomores held the sack.

This is the story the Juniors tell;  
How long and loud their cry!  
That despite the toil, the strife and moil  
We let his Highness by.  
How "the sack was old and full of holes"—  
But by this very fact,  
I'll tell you now the where and the how,  
And why the Sophs still hold the sack.

'Twas on a night one year before:  
A banquet then was spread.

The Sophs of then, all mighty men(?)  
Were filled with fear and dread.  
They circled the hall from door to door,  
Patrolled both front and back;  
But you must know how great their woe,  
When it was them that held the sack.

How great their glee, it seems to me,  
To bag their game at all;  
But greater despair then rent the air,  
When thru the sack the game did fall.

'Twas then and there that hole was made,  
That hole was torn by Mac;  
And 'twas its size and not disguise  
That left us holding the sack.

Then came the Sophs of '22  
And grabbed the same old end.  
While fully aware that the hole was there,  
We found it too big to mend.

So thus he slipped or rather ripped  
Thru the same old crack.  
When thus he dropped our worries stopped,  
And left us holding the sack.

The Juniors then before the spread  
Bowed their heads to pray  
"Oh, Lord, the Just, now pray we must  
And give thee thanks this day;

For the help that Thou has rendered.  
Too well we see the things we lack,  
For by Thy powers and not by ours,  
We know the Sophs now hold the sack."

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**DIRTY WORK.**

The night was dark,  
The air grew sweeter;  
The lightning flashed  
And killed a mosquito.

We are told that Lindsey of Rice  
can step off the hundred yards in re-  
cord time, but should have seen 'Tiny'  
Keen catch that train in Calvert af-  
ter giving it three hundred yards  
start.