

Farewell to Supt. H. A. Cassidy and  
The High School Teachers.

As we are soon to say farewell  
To those we love so true;  
Some mem'ries of the past we'll tell  
Before we bid adieu.

You were our chief commander  
As we fought in Caesar's wars;  
And with undaunted courage  
We crossed the Rubicon.  
Our cohorts and our legions  
Were battle scarred indeed;  
But we pressed on to victory  
As Roman soldiers would.  
When we returned to Rome again—  
The victors of all Gaul,—  
They crowned us with a triumph  
And with a laurel wreath.  
We sat within the forum, too,  
And heard the stern debates;  
We heard the mighty Cicero  
Score wicked Catiline;  
We heard him thus defend the state  
Against conspirators,  
Who sought to overthrow the great  
Republic of old Rome.  
We heard the arguments he made  
For the Manilian law;  
And for the poet Archias—  
Sweet singer—and his friend.  
But Virgil is our chief delight  
Of all the ancient lore;  
Aeneas is the hero great  
Who wins our love so true;  
With his romantic voyages  
We sailed the classic seas  
And safely we arrived at last  
To friends and home so dear.

The English classics we pursued  
Through many happy hours;  
We saw the gradual rise by steps  
From Beowulf to Shakespeare.  
Oh! happy Anglo-Saxon race  
What honors can you boast;  
What mighty authors you did give  
To gladden every race.  
Such characters as Shakespeare gives  
Of men and women true,  
Are soul-inspiring to mankind  
To emulate their worth.  
You gave us much in English prose  
And English verse galore;  
And took us on a voyage with  
The Ancient Mariner.

But here my muse to Science flies,  
Those other fields of lore,  
You led us to our great surprise  
And to our profit more.

In Geometry you led us  
And with circles did surround us;  
And you prodded us with angles  
Most horribly acute.  
And you slid us down the planes  
And you whirled us round the cones,  
Till we flew off in tangents  
Enough to break our bones;  
And you ran us through the rhom-  
boids,  
And up the altitudes,  
And down the slanting surfaces  
Of many pyramids.  
You put us into cylinders  
And turned us with a fright  
Till we became elliptic  
Or like hyperbole.  
And just as we were finishing,  
Our labors almost ended,  
You hurled at our dizzy heads  
A multitude of spheres.

# The Frank Winter Hardware Company

West Main  
Street.

Oh! "The Music of the Spheres,"  
But still I think we love you,  
Oh, yes, we do adore you,  
For we can well remember  
You often gave us Pi.

You taught us much in Chemistry  
In language quite unique;  
Of symbols and equations  
And many combinations,  
From time of the alchemist  
Down to the present age,  
Including all discoveries  
That many men have made  
Upon molecule and atom  
'Pout which so much is said.  
With test tubes and reagents  
And with the Bunsen burner  
We separate the solids  
Into their elements.  
We can compute the atoms  
In almost any liquid  
And with specific gravity  
We weigh the lightest gases.  
But you burnt us with the acids  
And ne'er will we forget  
That bright and brilliant stain  
The Nitric acid left.  
And with stifling fumes you choked  
us.  
And we remember well  
That of H S gas  
We often got our fill.  
And you crammed us with a momen-  
clature  
Fit to break our jaws.

Still before we say the farewell  
While the ties are yet unbroken,  
Let us whisper to you kindly  
Just this brief and humble prayer;  
May the kindly Fates attend you  
And may Time deal gently with you;  
Thus your path be ever mellowed  
Like the rosy hue of morning,  
Like the twilight of the evening.

L. ROWLES DRIVER '08.

## Evolution.

All girls bright and beautiful,  
All boys great and small,  
All Profs. wise and wonderful,  
The High School made them all.

It made the college student,  
It made the business man,  
It made a fool of Johnnie  
And his oldest sister, Ann.

It made a man of him  
Who was made of proper stuff;  
It made a conquered coward of him  
Who said, "I have enough."

The High School made the worthless  
"Dude,"  
It made him feel quite small,  
For his swelled pate quite soon found  
out  
It didn't know it all.

The High School made a match one  
day,  
A match that burned for life,  
A senior boy took for himself  
A junior for a wife.

It made an old maid out of one;  
The lad:—well, he was cruel,  
For now that disappointed girl  
Is up here teaching school.

It makes the German teacher cross,  
But he soon smiles again  
When e'er he thinks how soon he'll  
say,  
"Mein Fraw, du bist so schon."

The High School doesn't make the  
man  
Investigation shows,  
The student makes what e'er he will,  
Just see which way he goes.

H. '08.