

Hale was there with face upraised
Like an angel upward he softly gazed;
With parted lips he hummed a song,
As Mephistopheles grave happened along.

"You fooled them with your chants on
high,
But they couldn't boost you to the sky.
You can gurgle, coo and sing and yell,
But you're fixed for good down here —
(a sell).

Packard was there, still jumping around,
Flopping and dancing all over the ground.
The Devil he hit him and made him limp,
Mistaking him, said he, for a rebellious
imp.

There were the harmless men, elflike—
Hindley and Moody, Wilson and Spike;
The Scotch as usual cursing the "deil,"
Sandy the strongest, then eloquent Mc-
Neil.

Suddenly a comomtion on earth's far
shore
Increased and developed into a roar;
A bulk of hardly human form
In Charon's barge appeared, forlorn.

With outstretched hands and lips awide:
"Men and women of Hades," aloud it
cried.
But Charon bawled, "Oh, stop that lip,
No more your sec'tary of the noble Lit."

Then Plimsoll, bulky, with scarce a
sound,
But bowing profusely, till he touched the
ground,
Signified to his hearers how he died,
By ruffians killed, 'twas Regicide.

But Charon's barge again had crossed the
stream,
Bearing a youth of mortally pasty mien;
As Richard, son of Jack, sat stately in
the stern,
He scanned the shore, from habit, seek-
ing aught to learn,

As Charon, returning, crossed the flood,
And pushed his barge against the mud,
There in the stern a form reclined,
Stern of demeanor, from joy resigned.

Pluto, in silence from his den,
Not recognizing the tardy Lem,
Coming forward as to greet another,
Mistook him, and yelled, "Oh, my lost
brother!"

Again the boat of Charon was turned
from farther shore,
Carrying its freight from earth, as they
gathered more and more,
And as the barge far off approached to
Hades din,
There came voices mingled, raising a
mighty din.

For far off across the water in sweet
tones, and singing as a dove,
"In spring the young man's fancy's light-
ly turned to thoughts of love."
Thus sang our fair knight Walter, and
added, all in rhyme:
"I wonder why it is my life is nearly all
springtime?"

And Charon sweated as he rowed,
And swore and cursed and fumed and
blowed,
For little Laurie, in the bow
Persistently kicked up a row.

With earthly curiosity he asked:
"Oh, Mr. Charon, what's in this mast?"
But gruff old Charon answered, "Don't
you see,
This is no place for you, M. Y. O. B."

When '09 assembled 'mid scenes of mys-
tery,
What she did becomes the claim of his-
tory;
But Pluto, judge, declared the finest of
the fine
In shades, as mortals, were members of
'09!

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