Fragment of Cicylonian History.

And it came to pass in the reign of the “Great King” that a new prince was appointed to rule over the people of Cicylon; the name of this prince was Disorder, which is called in the Cicylonian language No System. Although this prince had come from a foreign country; and was clad in the rigidly simple dress of his native land, yet so pleasing was his manner that the people, being called together after much delay, received him kindly.

He promised them with an eloquent tongue that their lands, their cattle, and their goods should increase, that their crops should be abundant, and that they, being successful in war, should rule over the neighboring tribes and become the best in the land.

The first year, however, passed away and brought no crops, no cattle, and no lands. and the people began to murmur among themselves.

And it came to pass in the second year of his reign that the prince called the people together and commanded them to prepare their fields and to sow them with corn. And the people did as they were commanded; but before the corn was all sown the prince came again and commanded them to cease sowing and to gather up the corn and restore it to their storehouses, and to sow their fields with wheat. For four days the people labored as they were told, and on the fifth, just as night was approaching, the last of the corn was taken from the ground and the people returned to their dwellings.

In the eleventh hour of the night the prince, walking alone in the streets, as was his custom, met one of his subjects and commanded him to sow barley in his field. The following day the people went forth to sow, — this man with barley and the others with wheat. When this became known to the prince he was exceeding wroth because all had not sown barley. After this he shut himself up and was not seen for many days. And when the people complained of his procrastination he comforted them by answering, “next year.”

The prince had in his power to grant many favors and fill many offices. Now he was accustomed at times to appoint a number of his people to the same position, and when they came to consult him he would dismiss them with an excuse; so that people began more greatly to murmur and to worry much concerning the “next year.”

In the third year of his reign it came to pass —

The Tech Dinner.

As the warm sunshine of Indian summer precedes the chilling blasts of winter, so came The Tech dinner before the dreary annuals. While, without, the gloomy and oppressive shadow of the old building fell like a pall over the Brunswick, within were assembled the officers of The Tech, comprising the wealth and beauty of the Institute, together with the advertising agent.

An ordinary observer might suppose this assemblage to be nothing more than a meeting of bank directors or a railroad syndicate, so modest and unostentation as were the preparations. Here the portly sporting editor was talking earnestly with a florid director in regard to a slight deficiency on the Senior ball, and there a sinister eyed director was leering smiles on the Freshman editor to whom he was trying to explain something that evidently came hard. A tall, nervous gentleman, with a real mustache and retreating hair, whose commanding presence and elegant deportment marked him as a leading spirit, was talking finance with a pale, careworn director, while in close proximity the handsome editor-in-chief, amid a group of menials, toyed with his mustache and smiled a genteel, seven-words-to-the-line smile as the end man reel ed off a minstrel squib or labora tory local from his imagination.

But now the portals beyond the hall swung on their well-greased hinges and revealed a tempting vista beyond the gates ajar. The company filed into the dining-room with an immaterial—whether-I-go-or-not air, and as soon as it was ascertained that no detectives