ions in this respect be made in an institution like our own, whose purpose it is so to train its students that on graduation they may be prepared at once to take up and pursue intelligently some practical scientific vocation? Perhaps it is thought that our unusually long vacation in summer may give the students ample opportunity to acquire the means of supporting themselves during the school year. But he would be a remarkably smart man who, if dependent on his own resources, could earn enough in the four months of vacation to pay his way through the other eight; and certain it is, he could not do outside work during the school year and do justice to his studies at the same time. Thus it is evident that the Institute is really closed to the poor man, unless he can get help from his friends, or from the school itself.

The catalogue shows us that the opportunities for a free course of study for graduates are more abundant, for five scholarships are open to those who wish to pursue post-graduate courses. While these are very useful, it seems as if at least the same number should be open to the students of each of the four years. It seems to us that in no better way could friends of the Institute benefit the same than by founding scholarships that will enable young men, rich in brains but poor in purse, to enjoy the opportunity of a technical education without expense, providing they first prove their ability to profit thereby.

The Tech Dinner.

Every thought of business or literary toils was banished from the minds of the directors and editors of THE TECH, as they gathered at Young's, Saturday evening, April 25, for their annual dinner. A half-hour's wait for late comers was all that could be borne, and the last arrival joined the party on its way to the dining-room in time for the blessing and half shells. Much regret was expressed at the enforced absence, in Baltimore, of Pres. Alexander R. McKim; all others who have served on the official staffs this year were present.

The dinner was up to Young's usual standard, and heartily appreciated by the hard-worked journalists. The menu card was a fac-simile of the cover of THE TECH, quarter size, the list of editors and directors on the back, and the menu and list of toasts in the interior, with the hint that the time for subscribing had arrived. The toasts were four in number, as follows:

"THE TECH," Thomas W. Fry; "The Situation," H. C. Spaulding; "Our Future," W. R. Ingalls; "Our Griefs," F. W. Hoadley. After the remarks on these subjects, in which THE TECH's past struggles, present satisfactory condition and bright prospects were discussed, the piano was opened and singing indulged in, followed by poems, anecdotes, and stories from various members, affording amusement until about eleven, when the assembled guardians of THE TECH's destiny separated.

It was acknowledged that there are some pleasant duties connected with official position, as "for instance," — and that these duties are what compensate for other less pleasant ones in the profession of journalism.

Witchcraft.

They say witchcraft has passed away,
That charms and spells are things forgot;
That superstition's had her day,
Perhaps 't is true, but I think not.
'T is true the old-style witch we spurn,
With tattered gown and aged mien;
Who witched a cow or else a churn,
'T is true that she's no longer seen.
But yet, I think, there's one I know,
Possessing charms that work a spell,
And eyes that do bewitch men so —
Is she a witch? Ah! who dare tell?
If she is not, whence comes her power
To work enchantment with her smiles?
Does Cupid all these gifts down-shower,
To aid his work, his numerous wiles?
You cannot answer, then I say,
Though time has changed the witches' ways;
That witchcraft has not passed away,
And charms are still worked nowadays.

F. W. H.