only is an annoyance but a serious inconvenience, as it greatly retards a man in his work. And this is not a rare occurrence but one which happens every day, and for which the only remedy is more platinum dishes.

We feel sure that something will soon be done about this. Indeed, steps have already been taken in this direction.

**Gaudeamus Igitur.**

Won! O months of repressed emotion, Patience and hope, you were not in vain; For the hand that penned that cold dismissal Lies subdued in my own again. And the lips which said, "I did once love you; Pardon—I own it—my fickleness; But mine is a heart forever changing,"
—Meet my own in a soft caress.

Hail, New Year! Though your clouds are leaden, Silver linings they turn to me; For my harrowing doubts are ended, And at last my soul is free. Priceless is the gift you have brought me; Long, I trust, may its stay: Yet for the joy that is, I thank thee, Though it tarry but a day.

Dear! now more my beloved than ever, Sad was our parting, and hard to bear; But while your heart was not another’s, How could I, loving you, ever despair? Ever forget the cup I had tasted, Banish the longing to taste once more Joy so ambrosial, celestial, immortal, Though but one sip—and the transport were o’er?

"Fickle,” you call yourself; when did a faith, Swayed by mere impulse and idle caprice, Ever return in one short season’s space Back to the bonds whence it first sought release? And what if you were,—am I then so true, So upright, so perfect, that I should require A constancy ardent, immaculate, clear As globule of silver refined in the fire?

He is a coward who weakly refuses Aught that is good which the gods may provide, Cravenly fearing lest future disaster Ravish his treasure, and humble his pride. Doubt may be conquered, and hope is eternal; Ours is the present—why then let us cry, “Drink and be merry, the morrow is changeless, And when it cometh, at worst we can die?”

**A Student’s Letter.**

[**Dear Tech:** The inclosed is a letter from my chum to his father, which I came across the other day lying on the table in his room. Poor fellow! he got a good deal used up after making that night of it. Thinking it might serve as a warning to those who remain behind after hours to draw, I now send you a copy of it.]

**My dear Father:** I have to write you today of one of the most horrible nights that I have ever passed through. My tale of woe would be sufficient to wring tears from a