“Fine evening for a walk.”
“Yes,” said Will. “Er—I say, George.”
A pause.
“Well,” said George.
“Er—oh! never mind; it’s nothing.” Silence once more.

At last George got up, carefully knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and laid it on the bureau. His extreme deliberation denoted considerable inward agitation. He turned his chair facing Will’s and sat down again.

“Will, I want to tell you something,” he said.

“Well,” said Will, bringing his chair down on four legs, “go on.”

“I walked with Grace to-night—you know—Will,” said George, speaking with increasing slowness and difficulty, and not looking at his friend; “and—I don’t know what you’ll think, but I—proposed to her.”

“You did!” shouted Will, springing to his feet in his extreme surprise.

George looked up at him helplessly. “Oh, dear,” he thought; “then he did care for her.” “Yes,” he said, aloud but feebly, “and—and she’s accepted me.”

“She has!” cried Will, kicking his chair over in the violence of his emotion, and throwing his pipe out of the window. “She has! Hurrah! And Eleanor has accepted me!”

“She has!” cried George in his turn, starting from his chair, and the blue clouds of tobacco smoke writhed and twisted before a mighty sigh of relief.

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**The Institute Dinner.**

Our annual dinner in honor of the Senior Class took place, as previously announced, on last Friday evening, April 3d, in Odd Fellows Hall, and, in all but two or three respects, was a great success.

The committee took some pains to draw up an excellent menu, with the result that the “bill of fare” was an artistic and highly creditable piece of original work; leading one to expect great things. It is not at all pleasant to state that the anticipations of a good feast were far from realized, and the less said about the dining part of the programme the better.

A company of very nearly five hundred people, including President and Mrs. Walker and several members of the Faculty and corps of instructors, sat down at eleven tables at a little before eight o’clock. At half-past eight the chairs at the lower tables were vacated in a body, and the students massed themselves together as near the head of the hall as possible, in preparation for the second part of the evening’s entertainment, which proved to be by far the better, and we are almost led to say, the only redeeming feature.

F. H. Meserve, ’92, made the opening address, which, we regret to say, we cannot commend from any point of view. For some inscrutable reason, he seemed unable to confine himself to an address, plain and simple, and aimlessly expatiated upon the virtues of his own class. Unfortunate ’92 was pretty badly treated that evening, all in all, and we sincerely hope that it will do something creditable in the near future which will prove that it possesses some ideas of its own, apart from those of a few ambitious individuals.

In the address proper, the speaker briefly touched upon the object of the Institute Dinner, and spoke of its influence towards creating a feeling of college spirit among Tech. boys, as he was pleased to call us, for reasons which he neglected to state.