and run the risk of becoming like a coin that is carefully stamped on one side, but gross and unpleasing on the other.

Mr. Wason touched in his speech upon the promise of "The Future." He culled the evidence that the past and present offered us, and interspersed his remarks with anecdotes of a character that his hearers had learned long ago to expect from him and to appreciate.

Mr. Speer responded somewhat ungallantly to the toast, "The Ladies." That is, at first. But as he progressed he warmed to his theme, and, sweet memories aiding him, he separated those of whom he could say with Moore that "folly's all they've taught me," from others to whom he owed much, and paid the latter a most glowing tribute.

Mr. Howland spoke feelingly on the "Home Stretch." He told what ties drew together all who were running this last lap shoulder to shoulder, and called for the burying of all class animosity by those who together were about to leave behind them their college days, though they may have been drawn as opponents in the years gone by. The ever-prospering welfare of Tech was then drunk to, and the formal toast list was ended.

The toastmaster then called upon several members of the class for informal speeches, which were all delivered in a happy vein. Among these latter were Mr. Campbell, who had testified to '93 class spirit by leaving the wilds of Philadelphia to be present at this occasion, and Mr. Page.

Then the "grave and reverend seignors" filed out from the hall, and the empty chairs and bare tables remained as an eloquent epitaph to the greatest class dinner in our history.

The committee in charge of the arrangements, who are most certainly worthy of the highest praise, both for their untiring efforts and for the success they achieved, were as follows: Messrs. Harold Anthony Richmond, James Henry Reed, Jr., Jules Godchaux, Frederic Pond Simeons, and Charles Milton Spofford.

That was indeed a merry dinner that '93 indulged in last week. The Lounger soon forgot all he and other critics had said of the mournful dearth of class spirit; if "spirit" didn't win that night, the Lounger will cease playing the red. The committee was so exuberantly exaggerative that in comparing their statement of the number present with the officially enrolled members of the class, the Lounger made the startling discovery that more '93 men were at the dinner than had ever entered Tech. But it is true that there were eighty-six convivial spirits gathered about the festive board, and that certainly is a record worth "lying" about.

And so inspiring were the themes connected with Tech and '93 that nobody felt called upon even to mention St. Patrick, though it might be whispered that his snake-charming abilities were envied by one or two present. The Saint himself was not invoked, however; and the Lounger is enjoying the conviction that the most blue-blooded Alderman in the country can't claim that his patron snake-chaser had anything to do with the success of the dinner,—which same is one of the chief claims to glory that '93 can make in these days of city governments responsible to the chiefs of the hill tribes of Erin. The gentle reader may marvel somewhat at the bearing of city governments on the matter; but he will follow the Lounger's meaning when he reflects that had any of Boston's authorities obtained a previous glimpse of the evening's toast list, the banns for the ceremony would assuredly have been ordered recalled, inasmuch as there was no display of green ribbon whatsoever.

All of which, by poetical license, emphasizes the fact that the proof of the pudding is indeed in the eating.

Among the statements that many will hear, the Lounger feels called upon to vouch for the truth of one. It is indeed so that one loyal member of the Senior Class, or, to be precise, a loyal ex-member, did