Institute dinner. This, however, was done with the best of feeling toward '93, and as an act of courtesy. The slight modifications (slight theoretically, at least) which transform the usual custom into an Institute dinner are believed to be essential for the continuance of a pleasant and commendable affair.

We print below a cutting, from a Denver paper, on the dinner given to the Western Association of M. I. T. by President Edward W. Rollins. The affair was one of the most successful meetings held during the past seven years. Institute matters were discussed with an excellent show of spirit.

On Saturday evening, March 18th, Edward W. Rollins, the president of the Western Association of the Massachusetts Institution of Technology, gave a dinner to the association at the Metropole hotel. Among those present were the following: Theodore E. Schwarz, Harry D. Smith, Charles H. Livingstone, Frederick T. Snyder, Raphael M. Hosea, Frank E. Shepard, Frederick F. Coggin, Jr., Edwin E. Chase, Bradford H. Locke and George B. Lander of Denver; Walter C. Brace of Rico, Charles A. Judkins of Aspen, and Charles W. Goodale of Butte, Montana.

Arrangements have been made for raising a fund to aid in the exhibit to be given by the institute at the World’s Fair. A letter was received from the secretary of the Northwestern association, having its headquarters at Chicago, stating that quarters had been provided at Chicago for the entertainment of all technological men during the fair.

The object of this association is to aid the cause of technical education in this section. Between the Missouri river and San Francisco about 150 graduates of this institution are now located. The number of students at the Institute this year was 1,300. The growth of the school has been very marked and particularly since President Walker was placed at the head of it, and it now ranks first among the technical schools of the United States.

The same old annual round of wire-pulling, contention, hard feeling, criticism, again confronts us, just as the top and marble seasons lend their yearly "scraps." Ninety-five has already passed the verge of that tumbling, fascinating maelstrom, and is rapidly whirling about; soon will the fatal current drag even the cautious mariner to his apparent doom, the vortex is reached, and—thank heavens!—the "Technique" Board is elected. In a sad and imaginative mood the Lounger ponders, thinks of the past,—its trials, yes, and its successes, too. The Lounger (but he was not the Lounger then) once "ran" for the "Technique" Board, sprinted, as it were. He won his heat but failed in the finals. The surprising part of it was that many thought he had captured everything, until the judges announced that his friendliest rival broke the tape two inches ahead. Ah! those were sad, exciting times for him; the world had no more charm, vain were the honors of life; the paths of glory indeed led to the grave, but they seemed almost too long then. According to the wise man time heals all wounds. So it did in this case, together with the summer vacation. Again was the earth green as the verdant one once more were honors worth striving for. The moral, friends, is yet to come. The very next winter was the Lounger elected to THE TECH Board, and his enthusiasm soon made the mighty Lounger column subservient to his will; fame came at his bidding, and glory enveloped him. Even the "Technique" editors felt humble in his presence. To be sure, dear Sophomores, you cannot all be Loungers, at least, the Lounger, neither can you all be "Technique" editors. But this each one can and ought to do: throw aside all personal, fraternity, and course rivalry, and vote for the men best fitted for the Board; if you coveted a position and are disappointed, make the best of it, win the respect of your companions, and so prepare yourself for future honors. Thus the Lounger counsels with the wisdom of experience.