had been unable to bring the ladies invited. Between eleven and twelve all adjourned to the supper room, where the material comforts of life vanished with commendable rapidity. Again the tuneful strain was heard, and seemed even more attractive than the well-laid table. It was long after midnight when the policeman began to call out for the carriages.

The financial part was almost a success, too, and another year there cannot be the slightest doubt in that quarter, provided a longer notice is given, and perhaps a more timely season chosen. The affair was, after all, fairly representative of Technology, even more so than the Harvard assemblies are of Harvard.

Mutor.

Down in the meadow, under the trees,—
Aslant the while, sun beaming, streaming,
Down through the chinks in the mass of leaves,—
I saw you once midsummer dreaming.

I saw you there, and your eyes of blue
Were as soft and warm as a summer sea;
I saw you there, and straight I knew
That love's sweet call had come to me.

But years have passed, and like the moon
That glowing, waxeth but to wane,
My love its eager course has run,
And I must break the golden chain.

The long grass groweth in the field,
The long wave floweth in its ceaseless beat;
And now those Cupid wounds are healed
That once did cast me at your feet.

And you have vanished from my lay,
Your love has faded from my thought;
Another sun doth light my way,
And lo, what seemed to be, is not!

H. E. H., '94.

PROVOKING.

As to the chapel my way I trace,
There meets me daily a maiden's face.
From beneath a crown of golden hair,
There sparkle her eyes, a laughing pair.
And her rosy lips have a saucy pout
That puts my senses at once to rout;
Yet to meet the maid I cannot hope,
For she's only an ad. of somebody's soap.

—Yale Record.

And the next day it snowed. Comrades, is there anywhere a work of Dame Nature, no matter how far afield you roam to seek it, that equals the freaks she plays with Boston, overhead and underfoot? Last week the balmy breezes of soft Spring were dallying playfully with the uncoated suit. The Lounger donned his with the rest of you, and made his semiannual call, rejoicing in the conviction that Winter's hoary grip was loosed at last. The awakening buds on the trees, and the creases on the summer trousers promised much, if not more. The pile driver near St. Botolph Hall rang out its merry morning chimes even earlier than usual. The watering carts were ordered out, and what better testimony than that could one have that warmth was in the air? The eager athlete donned the white unmentionables and chased himself across the Back Bay fens of afternoons. The Lounger and Life even published their respective spring pastorals. And the next day it snowed! Verily, there is a subtle humor that lurks about the corners of Dame Nature's ruby lips. Jealous Dame! Turn on the heat, O janitor, and present thy bloody bill. Thou remonest us of the Jersey squitcher. Sing ho! the merry, merry spring!

Has the Lounger really heard aright, and are we indeed to feed the Faculty and the Seniors this year also? Is it true that '94 spurns the Lounger's suggestion to picnic in Chelsea? Ah, well! See to it that thy loins are well girded, O Juniors, and let the soup pitchers be of somewhat more seemly appearance,—let them be of variegated tints; the dreamy white is too suggestive of clam chowder to hold fittingly libations of mock turtle. And keep the dusky Hebes in the background till we have consumed our oysters, lest the bivalves become obstreperous. Choose well the toasts, and those who would respond, for the inner man is wont to be critical after an Institute dinner.