Loring. Most of us have regarded him as a water cracker, which is all crust.

The average expenditure of the class during the first year was $772.40; for the second, $773.75; the third, $795.25; and the fourth, $794.98. The greatest expenditure reported for one college year was $1,700. The average of what the class considers a fair allowance is $811.55.

With '94 a social Renaissance has come to Technology. This has been made apparent by the revival of the Junior Assemblies and the great success of the French play and the class dinners. Ninety-Four has done much to remove the feelings between the classes, not only by advising, but by materially aiding them in their enterprises. This magnanimity has spread to the lower classes, and good results are sure to follow.

Several poems were received, but most of them are, unfortunately, upon subjects forbidden to Seniors. One, however, is available. It is correctly entitled "Effervescence," and was written by an architect upon receiving notice that the Faculty had recommended him for a degree.

O, talk about your good old times
Which linger on the way;
Which are scheduled for to-morrow,
And which never come to-day;
Which are always just before us,
And about which poets sing
Like the warbling of the robins
At the near approach of Spring.

Heretofore we've never met the times
Though hopes were ever strong,
As we've worked away in silence
While we shoved the world along;
But at last we have attained the goal,
Our victory is at hand,
For we leave our Alma Mater
To enlist with Coxey's band.
No Faculty advice for us,
No F., F., or D.,
Nor dread of warning notices
Signed by Harry W. T.
We've only now to light our pipes
And smoke them at our ease,
While the mortgage on the universe
We'll foreclose when'er we please.

Then all stand back and hold your breath
And listen to the boom,
For '94 will spread herself
If she has lots of room.

The prophet was presented as follows:—
"We all know how in old times the prophets had a little way of running up to a king and saying, 'You die ere noon,' or 'Your family will be swept off the face of the earth in about a minute,' or some trifle like that. Let us hope, then, that modern prophecy has changed its methods, and that we may hope for a more pleasant future in the augury of our prophet, Mr. Harold Mayson Chase."

THE PROPHECY.

I FEAR that you have just disproved the old adage, "He who laughs last laughs loudest." Mr. Curtis has said that in olden times the prophet might say to the King, "To-morrow you die." I hope that after the exercises you, as the kings, will not say to the prophet, "You die now." *(A long pause.)*

I am sorry to keep you waiting so long, but it requires time, even in this rapid age, for twenty years to pass by.

As I look around upon these once familiar surroundings I can hardly realize, and I doubt if you can yourselves, that two decades have passed since the class of '94, lion-hearted but clad in sheepskin, went forth to meet and do battle with the world. (That beautiful and impressive figure of speech was supplied me by my old friend, Mr. William King, known to you of old as "Billy." William is now a minister, and delights in making such beautiful metaphors.)

In spite of the years which have rolled away since that memorable event, I see many a familiar face here this afternoon, and can almost imagine that it was but yesterday that I sat and listened to the eloquence of my classmates. In fact, I can almost remember the jokes of the statistician and historian; and as I look upon them to-day, it is hard to believe that they have grown old, unless, perhaps,