THE TECH

the most. The handsomest man in the class has also been troubled with a tie vote. The candidates are Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Charles Arthur Meserve. Could a contrast be more marked? To whom shall we give it? The man with the most graceful carriage is Bill Taylor.

At last we have the twins:

Now fill up a glass to our promising twins,
I never could tell them apart;
I am eager to grind them, too, in my mill,
But can’t tell with which one to start.

If Francis dons a striped tie,
Then Jerry sports one too;
I’ve looked in vain for differences
Betwixt and between the two.

I hope the recording angel
Has discernment keener than I,
And will have their records separate
When their souls go up on high.

And yet I can’t help thinking
In order that both may pass,
’Twould be better if the angels
Regard them “as a mass.”

Let Francis score an honor
While Jerry get an “L,”
Yet Jerry reach high heaven
And Francis

As I was about to say:

The Tech should be patronized for the amount of material it does not contain. Popular prices 5 cents a copy, for sale in corridor after the exercises.

The ’96 “Technique” is a volume of vacuity, a marvel of mediocrity, an enduring monument to the insufficiency and incompetency of the Junior class. All this, “mein freund,” you get for $1.25.

Dear kind friends,—who honor us with your company to-day,—the Class of Ninety-five is before you, ground to pulp in the statistician’s mill.

Let its mute helplessness appeal eloquently to your sympathies and commiseration.

I have shown you its better aspect; for the other, I’ll leave you to the tender mercies of the class prophet.

Mr. Booth then resumed as follows:

“We have now reached the interesting, though sometimes risky, task of looking into the future, uncertain as to whether it will result in drawing a prize or a blank. As I before stated, however, it will soon be shown that the blanks are few and the prizes many. The methods pursued are strictly scientific and may be regarded by you as accurate or not according as to whether you draw a prize or a blank. I introduce to you Albert Wesley Drake.”

Mr. Drake’s prophecy was witty and amusing, showing the foibles of his classmates in a pithy manner. We regret exceedingly our inability to reproduce it here, but unfortunately Mr. Drake destroyed his manuscript before The Tech could secure it for publication.

More music by the orchestra followed, after which Mr. Booth presented the orator in the following words:

“Like every other good and honest fable, our story is still incomplete without its moral attached. To-day, celebrating, as we are, the close of our undergraduate career, there are thoughts and feelings common to us all which are peculiar to the occasion. As we endeavor to sum up in one brief moment the advantages, mental, moral, and social, we have derived from our course, as we try to analyze our feelings of regret that the end has come, tempered with hope for the future, we find our powers of expression surprisingly deficient.

“It is my pleasure to present to you one in whose judgment and experience we have the fullest confidence, who shares our own thoughts and impulses, and who, above all, we know will give expression to them in a way in which we would have them expressed, and in a way in which we would have you hear them. I present to you Robert Kimball Sheppard.”

THE ORATION.

Mr. Marshal, Mr. President, Classmates.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Yesterday! To-day!