And what is worse, when you pop the question, and as you kneel before her waiting breathlessly for the fatal answer, your heart beating nervously in anticipation, even in that supreme moment your mind calculates automatically the length of the pendulum beating the time she has taken to decide to be your most loving and tender . . . sister."

These charges I say are not true. Notwithstanding that our training is a scientific one, we get all the liberal education that a practical man of the world desires. After all, an extensive study of literature, philosophy, etc., should be pursued only by those who have a true and never-dying love for them; and if a Tech. man has such a love, he will have ample time to satisfy it when his profession is learned. But to pursue such a course of studies as do students at non-technical schools is, if not entirely undesirable, certainly very impracticable, unless, to be sure, one is burdened with an oversupply of the latest U. S. gold bonds.

THE FUTURE OF NINETY-EIGHT.
[Read at the Sophomore Dinner by Mr. George H. Wright.]

From year to year we grow apace,
With life's young blood still in our veins;
Gathering strength when in the race,
With not a care for wounds or pains.

We ask what coming years will bring
In trophies rare, or laurels won?
Will care leave free our way to wing
In joyous song, in noon-day sun?

Ah, could the veil be drawn aside,
To see the future's mystic plan,
Our eyes would know whate'er betide,
"The mind's the stature of the man."

Our future's made from day to day,
In duties done, in battles won,
In right and truth and full fair play,
To classmates all and every one.

The ties that bind are words unspoken,
Upheld by love and strengthening fate,
We'll march with line and aim unbroken
Till goal is reached by "Ninety-Eight."

POSTPRANDIAL.
Toastmaster, Charles-Edward Amory Winslow.
"I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."
Address . . . . . William Montague Hall.
"So let us welcome peaceful evening in."
Technology . . . . George Reed Wadsworth.
"Persuasion tips his tongue when'er he talks."
22-7 . . . . . . George Frederick Ulmer.
"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."
Song . . . . . . . . . '98 Quartette.
G. R. Anthony. F. E. Coombs.
Freshman Meetings, past and present . . . . . Wm. Randolph Strickland.
Massachusetts . . . Herbert Ivory Lord.
"I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none."
Music . . . . . . . . . Banjo Duet.
F. M. Blake. D. L. Wing.
The "Tech Man" . . . . Leon Alland.
"He holds the cel of science by the tail."
At Worcester . . . . . A. N. Waters Grosvenor.
"The gifts ordained to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race."
"Technique" . . . . . John Stearns Bleecker.
"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."
Song . . . . . . . . . . 98 Quartette.
Poem . . . . . . . . . George Henry Wright.
"A very pretty poet and a great admirer of easy lines."
Co-Eds (and others) . . . . Ward Wellington Ward.
"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."
Music . . . . . . . . . Mandolin and Piano.
J. S. Barber. G. F. Ulmer.
Technology Organizations . . Lester Durand Gardner.
"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."
The Class of '98 . . . . Raymond Smith Willis.
"Although the last, not least."
Music . . . . . . . . . Piano.
W. L. Learned.

A Student's (?) "Break."
Flunk, flunk, flunk,
In Walker twenty-three,—
And I would that my tongue could utter
The questions he asks of me.
Ah, well for the freshman green
Whose troubles are just begun.
Ah, well for the Junior proud
Who thinks that his work's all fun.
And the "pluggers" and grinds move on,
Their "C's" are secured—they're free.
But with finals flunked my college joys
Will never come back to me.

—M. K.