Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. William B. Rogers, Mrs. James M. Crafts, Mrs. Francis H. Williams, Mrs. Davis R. Drury, Mrs. William Z. Ripley, Mrs. Charles R. Cross, Mrs. Eliot C. Clark, Mrs. Alexander S. Porter, Mrs. William T. Sedgwick, Mrs. A. Lawrence Rotch, Mrs. George Wigglesworth, Mrs. Francis W. Chandler, Mrs. Henry G. Pearson, Mrs. Charles F. A. Currier, Mrs. John T. Bradlee, Mrs. Francis A. Hill, Mrs. John C. Phillips, Mrs. Oliver Ames, Sr., Mrs. Charles S. Sargent, Mrs. Harry W. Tyler, Mrs. Wirt Dexter, Mrs. John A. Gardiner, Mrs. Benjamin J. Lang, Mrs. Eben S. Draper.

“Medicine Man” Songs.

**ARBITRATION.**

*Words for Greater Part by C. V. Merrick, '00.*

**Simkins:**
When a Freshman begins his work in “Descript,” he thinks he’s got a cinch;
To cut his class to him is a great temptation,—
Then as the end of the year draws near there’s a Prof. he’d like to lynch,
But he has to go home and sigh for Arbitration.

**Clover:**
They say that plays of Sapho’s sort have troubles quite a peck,—
The prisoner’s dock’s their woeful destination.
“Give us two plays,” the public cries:
“Oh spare Miss Hobbs and Tech.!
We don’t want these to go to arbitration.”

**Owandah:**
You get some flunks, trouble in hunks, a notice from the S’tute,
You tear you hair and cry in consternation,—
Harry listens to your excuse, at listening he is a beaut,—
You then go home and sigh for arbitration.

**Muchash:**
When Tech. attempts to give a show; and labors long and hard,
That their work may reach a happy culmination;
To have the Faculty start up and give us all a flunk,—

Why, then the time has come for arbitration.

**Owandah:**
You work and strain, and rack your brain to get a B. S. degree;
That sheepskin fills your heart with exultation.
But when you’re through and out at work,
The salary — hully gee!
You then begin to cry for arbitration.

**Chorus:**
The cry’s for arbitration all the world around,
In every little nation where man is found;
They’re all for explanation and everyone seems bound To settle it by arbitration.

**DOWN IN THE POND.**

**Simkins:**
A bachelor bull frog lived down in the pond;
Of the young lady frogs he was known to be fond.
He was fair, fat and full of most frolicsome fun,
At cutting up capers could quite take the bun.
And of all the dear girlies he’d picked out just one.

**Chorus:**
’Tis a story, sad and tearful quite,
Of the gay old frog in his direful plight,
And the coy young thing that did not bite.

**Down in the Pond.**

**Clove:**
A brilliant young man — M. I. T. Naughty one,
He had some spare cash and he wanted some fun.
He bought him a ticket; to the “Prom” he did go;
She looked simply great, as she danced to and fro;—
But the carriage and violets, — they took all his dough.

**Chorus:**
’Tis a story, sad and tearful quite,
Of the gay young man in his direful plight,
And the coy young thing that did not bite.

**Down at the Prom.**

**Marble Heart!**

**Simkins:**
The Walker Chem. Lab., it is five stories tall;
You climb up the stairs through the grimey old hall;
At the top a door opens and shuts with a slam,
And out steps a Prof. as cool as a clam,
For the Pros. use the lift while the students say ——!

**Chorus:**
’Tis a story, sad and tearful quite,
Of the gay Tech Pros. and their troubles light,
But some sweet day all will be right

**Down at old Tech. Ah There!**