

The Seven Ages of a (Fresh)man.

Adapted from an old Author. By Zig-Zag '03.

"All of Tech's a stage
And all the Freshmen merely comic players;
They have their exits and their entrances.
And one youth in his time plays many parts,—
His acts being seven ages. At first the bumpkin
Paying mighty sums for books and instruments.
Then the grinder toiling o'er the midnight oil.
But soon a change,—a mighty change,—doth come!
His coat was of an ancient cut, but now
He's clad anew. His stockings were of worsted gray,
But now, good heav'ns, they scare me quite! He is a
sport.

Oh! sad to tell, a change again does come!
No more he sits upon old Roger's steps
To show his stockings to the passers-by;
But all alone save for his landlord grim
Who clamors for the rent, he sits and thinks
And racks his brains, then to his father writes,
And asks and begs for money, money quick.
Next, fifth, we have the penitent who sits
And sees the F's, the double F's, come in.
Then, sixth, he says he will reform;
And though he does not, yet he flunks no more
And is a gay and sportive Sophomore.

A Sympathetic Nature.

I was sick of paying bills without any money, I was sick of trying to raise a loan on my furniture; and I sat brooding over the half-extinguished embers of the fire; waiting, waiting,—waiting for something to turn up.

Suddenly, a knock roused me from my aimless dreaming, and the landlady handed me a letter. It was a delicate little note, with a crested envelope, and as I broke the seal a faint odor of perfume seemed to hover in the room. Written in a pretty little hand, this is what I read:

"True gentleman that you are, I feel,—I am sure,—that you will be willing to help me—a woman in distress. It is with a great struggle that I write this; but I must have help. I can bear no more. It is maddening. You will help me? You shall help me. Come to 3—Commonwealth Avenue at eight and show the ring I send you. Do not fail. Oh, do not fail me."

Hurriedly dressing, and throwing to the dogs every consideration but love of adventure, I sallied forth like a knight of old. How would my errand end? Should I find a beautiful heiress in trouble, or a handsome adventuress playing her last card. Quite trembling with excitement, I ran up the steps of the house and rang the bell. A moment's stillness was followed by the slow steps of the butler. I showed him the ring. He looked at it gravely for a moment and then—then,—a broad smile covering his face, he said, "It is the first of April." R. C. T.

Communications.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by Correspondents.

TO THE EDITOR OF TECH,

Dear Sir:—I wish to say a few words in reply to a criticism which appeared in your paper in regard to my resignation of the office of vice-president of the Football Association. The article appeared to be written by one who knew nothing of the circumstances of the case and blindly condemned my conduct because it did not agree with his views.

The facts are these: I was nominated for the office without my consent or even my knowledge and found myself elected to the vice-presidency of an organization in whose very existence I did not believe. Several men present at the meeting for nominating officers knew my views on the subject and should not have allowed the nomination. To resign was the only thing I could do under the circumstances.

Personal criticisms of the actions of others written by men entirely ignorant of the causes governing those actions, appearing in your paper cannot but injure its standing.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. McDONALD, JR.

[ED. NOTE—THE TECH was incorrectly informed of the state of affairs of which Mr. McDonald writes and withdraws its previous statement in view of the later facts.]

The class of 1900 held its last under-graduate meeting of the year on Tuesday, May 1. A graduate constitution was adopted and nominations made for graduate secretary and vice-secretary, to be elected on graduation day.