Old Colony Press

 Bought the plant which has printed The Tech for eight years, and which during that period has never failed to get it out on time—besides other large work for Technology.

 Mr. William A. Nichols formerly of Puritan Press is now with the above concern and cordially invites the further patronage of all his old friends. Send to him for estimates.

 Symphony Hall

 POPS

 Every Night except Sunday

 BOSTON, MASS., MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1906

 SONGS FROM THE PLAY.

 OH, PURR! PURR! PURR!
 (Bryan, '97)

 I went one day to make a call—
 A merely friendly one, that's all,
 And when I turned the house, the maid
 In silk and satin was arrayed.

 Somewhat, I never can explain
 Just what got working in my brain;
 But anyway, before I went,
 Straight down upon my knees I bent.

 CHORUSES.

 Oh, Purrrr! Purrrr! Purrrr!
 She was a delightful girl,
 Of silk and satin, lace and furbelows,
 I've always had a notion.

 Why did my poor heart stir
 Into such working? I have got no brain
 Where classic Waban lay.

 Oh, Purrrr! Purrrr! Purrrr!
 I went one day to make a call—
 A merely friendly one, that's all,
 We'd fill every whimsy.

 Purrrr! Purrrr! Purrrr!
 There was a lad, a love he had
 From far away, far away.

 And in spite of all your folly,
 But in spite of all our folly,
 And how he loved! Ah me! 'twas sad,
 You don't call it that here but that's what

 In our little cafe on Montmartre.

 Some friends are all there on the dear
 Boulevard,
 The dear Boulevard Montmartre:
 To where the moon (hid hazy show,
 Far away, far away,

 There was a lad, a love he had
 For sweet she said, "That you loved me"
 To dine with us there a la carte,
 For my thoughts will never stir
 To our little Montmartre cafe.

 There's only one thing in this world pour
 Soothing
 Le cafe petit Montmartre,
 A place on the Boulevard we have in view,
 She's the cause of all the sorrows of

 She's the cause of all the sorrows of
 Our lives.

 But anyway, before I went,
 We'd escape their affectionate sway.

 If woman could only be courted,
 For them to put on and display.

 CHORUSES.

 Sung to the audience—
 O, woman, lovely woman,
 She's the cause of all the sorrows of
 Our lives.

 If women could all be transported,
 I have only one reply—that's Purr!

 I just sit still and gaze away so far,
 For Mathematics,
 Oh, Purr! Purr! Purr!

 And somewhere he the tuish found.

 But anyway, I brought him round,
 Somehow, I wish I never had,
 And though I very well could see
 That 'twas nothing else but

 But then I was oh, so fond of her
 A merely friendly one, that's all,
 We'd do all the shopping,
 All for you

 If woman could only be humored,
 Far away, far away,

 We'd fill every whimsy

 And out of all your folly,
 We do fool stunt

 In our little cafe on Montmartre.

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