

Tech Show, Class Day, the Co-eds, and others were all treated in a more or less serious manner. The speech of the evening, and a fitting close for a final dinner was the "President's Message," by President Pritchett. He opened his remarks by some allusions to his recent trip abroad, and he again thanked the class for the cablegram they sent him while he was in Germany. The President's remarks were largely in a confidential vein and were especially characteristic in that they were of the greatest interest to those who heard them and at the same time are so impossible of quotations which can do them justice. That well known manner of making each of his hearers feel that the remarks were being directed to him personally adds always a great charm to Dr. Pritchett's remarks. The sentiments and ideals which he voiced were along broad-minded and loyal lines, and every one of his hearers left the dinner feeling that the Institute may well be proud of, and may rely on its commander-in-chief.

Solomon Discourseth.

LO! Spring has come and joy reigneth throughout the land.
For the birds sing and the flowers bud forth merrily.
And the iceman's voice and the hurdy-gurdy are heard throughout the day.
And the young man's thoughts turn to love even as Arlo hath written.
So he thinketh of Tessie and Maud and Helen and so on.
And he looketh in the mirror and sayeth unto himself,
"Verily, old man, thou art the greatest fusser and lady-killer on the pike,"
And he putteth on the trousers which bag from the hip to the heel.
And he lights his dinky pipe and hath several dreams.
But, alas, he reckoneth not of the evil days which draw nigh.
For Junior Week comes apace and loometh on the horizon.
Even as a Co-ed on Boylston Street.
And ye Junior counteth his shekels and looketh sad and lonely,
For he feeleth like six car fares on a rainy day,
And he thinketh of Tessie and Helen and the rest of the bunch,
And he thinketh of *Technique* and the Tech Show, and the Prom.
For Tessie enjoyeth dancing, and Helen adoreth the Tech Show,
And they all want *Technique*.
"Truly," soliloquizeth the heart-breaker, "I'm up against it,"
And again he looketh at his shekels, and sayeth "dash" under his breath.
And he goes forth into the night and pays a visit unto fairy Godmother Springer,
And the good fairy godmother giveth Cinderella many bucks and he goeth off
rejoicing,
And the Junior inviteth Tessie and Maud and Helen to the Tech Show,
And he buyeth five *Techniques*, and he goeth to the Prom with Gladys,
But the other maids become jealous and say sweet things unto him,
Calling him "Brute," and "Wretch," and "Base Deceiver,"
And they return the empty-bon-bon boxes and they give him the stony stare,
For he is now a wreck and cannot say "Boo,"
And ye proud fusser reflecteth that this is a cruel world.
Verily, it is a strenuous life.
Is it not so even as it is written? Yea!