

A silence, then a clamor, and then in marched the crew; the judge, sedate and portly in his cap and gown, the highly indignant attorney, ready to hang the prisoner, the bailiff with his tin star and (dangerous) weapon of the type of B. C. 64, the Junior Class, bending under his burden, the Jury of Convicts, etc.

The Judge solemnly swore in the Jury, and the Prosecuting Attorney told the story concisely, then called the plaintiff who, old, decrepit and ready to fall from exhaustion, told how he had been dragged into the classes of Palmer Leigh, Pell and that arch-demon Campbell. He had not yet rid himself of Campbell, for he carried on his back a great book labeled "Campbell's Soup," under which strain he almost tottered. With tears he depicted his wrongs, the meanwhile the unseen Math was chuckling with a grim smile. When the Prosecutor pointed out Math to the Junior Class, the latter, overwhelmed, standing on his last legs, created a commotion in court by throwing a fit, and it was a hard struggle for the bailiff and others to bring him to. The Prosecutor then rested his case, and Math started out to cross-examine the plaintiff. Arrogantly he began to question the poor unfortunate, and to cap the climax, he asked the Junior Class what the cosine of  $975^{\circ}, 15'28''$  was, and even when he was reprimanded for using profanity, he persisted, and when the poor Junior Class stated "that was not in the lesson" he raised a high "ha! ha! he! he!" He closed by saying that all students at A. I. T. were idiots, "except of course, the Jury," but it was seen that even with the compliment, the Jury had decided his case. The Prosecutor then resumed the plea, and with a heart-rending, tear-bringing speech, demanded that the defendant be judged guilty of murder in the first degree.

The Judge, portly, proud, and with august mien, charged the Jury to bring a verdict of guilty. The Jury then looked at one another, nodded to the foreman, who then handed the Judge the sign "guilty." Then and there the multitude went wild with joy, they threw arms around each other and wept happy tears. The Judge declared that Math must be burned at the stake, which he was, and what a great burning there was and what a happy spirit there was in the crowd and with what a happy mien the Junior Class dropped his math and joyously poured the kerosene on the prostrate body of the guilty one.

A relay race was run between the Radics and the Convicts, which the Radics won. Then the interdepartment relay race was run, with the Civils "copping" the first place and the banner. The Radics again tried to become millionaires by staging Zubelda, "the great and only one" for a dime, and the Profs and their wives said it certainly was a fine show.

Wrestling and fencing matches then took the floor, and the great Frenchman, the renowned fencer Fitterman, now Mol Devaneau, was beaten by Miranda. The red hots and sandwiches sold to a great extent, the fellows buying them for their "Janes."

Now the tents were taken down, the field court removed, and the Senior-Faculty game was staged, and what a game! Oh, fellows, the Profs skinned the wild Seniors by the trifling score of 17 to 13. (Read about it in the sporting sheet.)

On Friday night, the classes held their banquets, and these were notable affairs from all standpoints. Dean Raymond, the guest of honor of the Junior Banquet, made a great speech, in which he exhorted the Junior Class of '14 to keep up their good work of previous years and hold to the Honor system.

The Junior Prom was the best dance of the year; it was held on Saturday, May 10, at the Colonial Club. This was a financial as well as a social success, and a good time was had by all.

Taking it all in all, '14's Junior week was a memorable one, success was written over the "face of the week," with blazing letters '14 feet high. Much credit must be given to the Rooters Association whose efforts helped to make the week a success.