THE Class Supper, as a means of promoting good fellowship among the students, has never received at the Institute the attention it deserves. '81, we think, was the first to study advanced French collectively from a hotel menu; and her example has been tardily followed by her successors. Life at the Institute needs more of these environments to give it what it lacks, and the Class Supper is among the best. Under its genial influence the dig. becomes a story-teller, the special architect endurable; only the punster is worse than ever. It has all the advantages of the mass meeting for the oratorically inclined, with that other advantage which the meeting cannot always boast, an audience. Things are not as they should be, when, as now, the subscription agent is the only man who counts all his classmates as his acquaintances. We have little enough to bring us together: let us make the most of what we have.

Mr. Frank L. Locke has been elected to represent the class of '86 on the editorial board of the Tech. Congratulations to the Tech, the class of '86, and the gentleman himself have been duly forwarded. With this issue Mr. Locke uncaps his stylograph and begins his duties. He is heartily welcomed by the editors, and it is sincerely to be hoped that through his efforts there may be found the key to the intellectual treasure-house, which '86 has so long and so skilfully kept concealed.

Mr. R. W. Hardon, '84, takes the place of Mr. Wilder as advertising agent. Mr. Hardon's business ability and perseverance are well known, and our advertising pages already show the good effect of his management.

The Institute recently purchased 50,000 feet of land adjoining the Providence Railroad, and reached by a new street, to be built from Huntington Avenue. It is proposed to build at once a one-story building, containing 12,000 square feet of flooring, with a basement of the same capacity, and the whole to be devoted to shops for the use of the mechanical engineers and students in the School of Mechanic Arts. Next year the building will be enlarged for the accommodation of the weaving department, while the mining and metallurgical laboratories will also be transferred to the new building.

We publish in the supplement to this issue an article by Prof. Geo. L. Vose, in reply to the article in our last number on the "Education of Engineers," taken from the Railroad Gazette. The first article has excited considerable comment and criticism on the part of the students and others, and the able reply by Prof. Vose will, we hope, be read by every student at the Institute.

A Connubial Episode.

"CENTIMENT, Centiment. This train for Wedlock and Felicity. Passengers for Singleton change cars." As the brakeman threw open the car door and shouted his message down the aisle, the train rushed into a little station and came to a sudden stop with a jolt that knocked the eye-glasses from the nose of the sallow-cheeked passenger, slid the chubby baby from the lap of the motherly looking woman on the right, and nearly buried the back of a seat in the capacious paunch of the fat passenger on the left. The whistle sounded and the train was off again; while down the aisle came a large, russet-leather travelling bag, preceded by a rather good-looking young man, and followed by an equally good-looking young woman. The eyes of all the passengers were turned upon the couple as they approached an empty seat in the middle of the car; but, far from being abashed, they seemed to glory in their privilege of being gazed at, and smiled as if confident of entire sympathy. As they reached the seat, and the travelling bag was with some difficulty induced to enter, the faces of all about expressed deep interest in their movements.

It was very evident that a peculiarly blissful atmosphere enveloped these young people, and with a sympathetic smile the motherly woman replaced her babe upside down upon her lap, as her thoughts gled away toward the by-gone days and the sweet associations of a similar journey once on a time. The sallow-cheeked passenger, with a grunt of intense disgust, balanced his eye-glasses once more upon his nose and buried himself profoundly in his newspaper. The plump passenger, having released his portliness from its unpleasant proximity to the seat-back, smiled benignantly as he smoothed his waistcoat; while the other passengers appeared to fully appreciate the situa-